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The
Confederate Veteran
Magazine
1912

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Confederate Veteran.

TWENTIETH YEAR

JANUARY, 1912

NUMBER ONE

2230676



MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PARIS, TENN.,
Tenth President General United Daughters of the Confederacy



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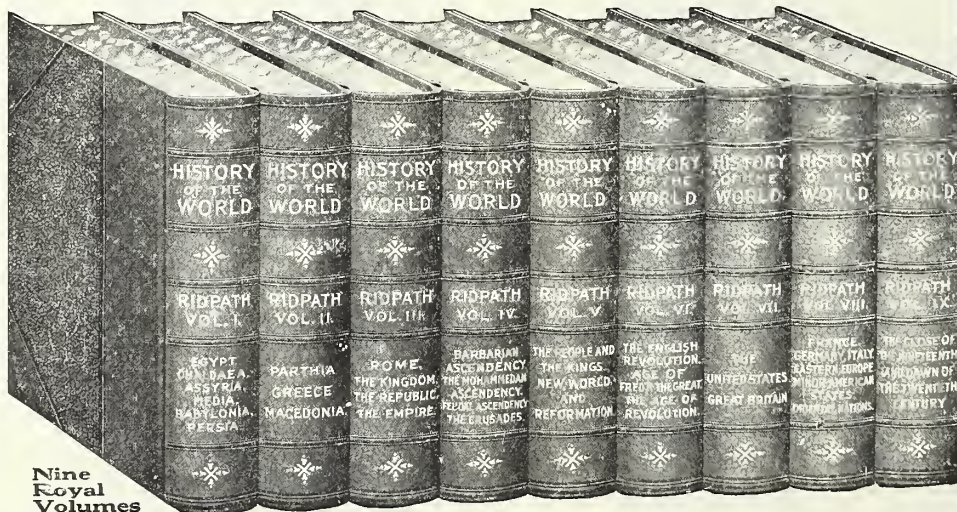
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.
Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR.
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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1912.

No. 1.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

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ARLINGTON MONUMENT REPORTS.—Two monthly statements by Mr. Wallace Streater, Treasurer of Arlington Monument, came too late for appearance in this issue. He reports absence from Washington as the cause of delay. The list may be expected in the next issue of the VETERAN. His aggregate on hand December 1, 1911, was \$21,673.70.

MONUMENT TO NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN.

Hon. Ashley Horne has contributed ten thousand dollars for a monument to the women of the sixties in North Carolina. In a letter to Col. Bryan Grimes he writes: "I have been thinking for a long time that the State would never build a woman's Confederate monument; and, being a soldier of Lee's army for four years, and seeing the work that the women of my State did in carrying food and clothing, and being in every battle that was fought around Richmond, and knowing that they were as great, or greater, soldiers than the men, I have decided to build this monument myself. The time has come in my life when I think no loyal citizen of the State could think that I have an ulterior motive in so doing."

It is understood that the design by Miss Belle Kinney, reared in Nashville but now a resident of New York, 61 Fifth Avenue, has been adopted.

Gen. Julian S. Carr wired Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman Executive Committee, at Charleston, S. C., from Durham, N. C., December 10, 1911: "I have the good fortune to hand you as a Christmas gift a ten-thousand-dollar subscription for the erection of a monument to the women of the

Confederacy pledged by my friend, Col. Ashley Horne, monument to be after the design submitted by Miss Kinney and to be placed on the grounds of the capitol at Raleigh."

ANOTHER CONTRIBUTOR—FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Charles Scott, of Rosedale, Miss., chairman and leader of the Mississippi Women's Monument Committee, and also a member of the general committee for the South, originally made a handsome subscription to the monument fund of \$250. On his return from a summer's absence he found that the fund had not been materially increased, so he makes a strong appeal to the people of Mississippi to raise the balance needed. Moreover, he sets a splendid example to his people by adding \$750 to his previous subscription, making his patriotic donation one thousand dollars. This is the largest amount contributed by any one man to the women's monuments in the entire South save the princely gift of \$10,000 by Colonel Ashley Horne for the North Carolina monument.

UNIFORMITY OF DESIGN DESIRABLE.

It is to be deeply regretted that the South Carolina Women's Monument Commission was obliged to adopt a design before that most beautiful, appropriate, and expressive design of Miss Belle Kinney had been even conceived, for then the State could have acted in sympathy with her sister State in having a uniform design for the bronzes. It was planned that while each State should erect its own monument, yet by the similarity of the bronze group that all the women of the South would be honored as well as those of each State, and it is now suggested that South Carolina should erect another monument—one of the Kinney design—in some other part of the State to be in line with the other Southern States.

A subscriber in declining to renew for the VETERAN states: "I think all has been published that will be of much importance." If truly a friend of the VETERAN, he would be surprised to see the accumulation of manuscripts, which are received much faster than they can be used. In truth, the importance of the publication is enhanced every month.

Comrades and Daughters of the Confederacy should secure from every person friendly to the South a careful investigation of the VETERAN. Surely they could afford to try it one year. If they would do that and read it, they would realize their duty in keeping informed upon the subjects that it treats.

SYNOPSIS OF U. D. C. CONVENTION REPORT.

REPORT BY MRS. ROY W. M'KINNEY, RECORDING SECRETARY.

The opening ceremonies of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy were held in the Academy of Music, Richmond Va., Tuesday evening, November 7, 1911. The convention was called to order by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President of the hostess Chapter, and the invocation was offered by Rev. Dr. James Powers Smith, *aid de camp* on the staff of General Stonewall Jackson. Under the direction of Miss Evelyn Rex, a choir of two hundred children of the Springfield public school of Richmond, arranged picturesquely upon the stage to form the "Stars and Bars," rendered the opening chorus. Mrs. Nathan D. Eller, of the Virginia Division, welcomed the President General, Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry. Addresses of welcome were delivered, on behalf of the State, by His Excellency, Gov. William Hodges Mann, and on behalf of Richmond by Mayor D. C. Richardson. The Confederate Memorial Literary Society gave a welcome by its President, Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel, through Hon. George L. Christian. The President General introduced Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, of Mississippi, who responded happily to the words of welcome. The gavel of office was then presented to the President General by Mrs. A. A. Campbell, President of the Virginia Division.

The President General introduced Mrs. William Cummins Story, President of the Manhattan Chapter D. A. R., of New York, who presented to the President General personally and to the convention two gavels of Egyptian cypress, made from a tree which had been a gift of the Khedive of Egypt to the Emperor Napoleon and planted upon the grounds of Washington's headquarters on Manhattan Island.

The President General announced the following committees:

General Memorial Committee.—Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Mississippi; Miss Mary Poppenheim, South Carolina; Miss Decca Lamar West, Texas.

Rules and Regulations.—Mrs. W. R. Clement, Oklahoma; Mrs. W. W. Watt, North Carolina; Mrs. John Willis Heatfield, Illinois; Mrs. H. F. Sloan, Arkansas; Miss Mary Stribling, West Virginia.

Amendments.—Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Georgia; Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Alabama; Sister Esther Carlotta, Florida.

Resolutions.—Mrs. B. B. Ross, Alabama; Mrs. James Y. Leigh, Virginia; Mrs. Monroe McClurg, Mississippi; Mrs. L. Z. Duke, New York; Mrs. William K. Beard, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Roma J. Wornall, Missouri.

President's Recommendations.—Mrs. John P. Hickman, Tennessee; Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Maryland; Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Louisiana; Mrs. T. T. Stevens, Georgia; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Kentucky.

On behalf of the Richmond Chapter, Mrs. N. V. Randolph and Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart presented Confederate battle flags to the Richmond Howitzers and the Richmond Light Infantry Blues in memory of the Confederate dead of those companies. The emblems were accepted by Captain William M. Myers, of the Howitzers, and Sergeant James McGraw, Jr., of the Blues. With the singing of "Dixie," the meeting adjourned to convene the next morning at 10 o'clock in the auditorium of the Jefferson Hotel.

MORNING SESSION, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8.

The convention met at 10 o'clock in the auditorium of the Jefferson Hotel, and was called to order by the President General. After prayer by Rev. J. Powers Smith and the reading of the ritual, the memorial service was held and resolutions

of respect to the memory of Generals C. A. Evans, George W. Gordon, W. L. Cabell, and D. C. Cowan, also Mrs. S. E. Gabbett and Mrs. Edgar James were drawn up. Mrs. Lizzie Henderson, Chairman of the General Memorial Committee, presented resolutions as to members in general of the U. D. C. who had died since the last convention.

Roll call of the general officers showed all present.

A roll call of States was had, and in response the representatives came forward and presented their State flag. These were presented by the Custodian of Flags and Pennants, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, to the hostess Chapter.

Mrs. B. A. Blenner, of Virginia, presented the report of the Credential Committee, which gave a total of 1,890 votes to the convention.

Many telegrams of greetings were received and sent, and the report of the Committee on Rules and Regulations was presented by the Chairman, Mrs. W. R. Clement, of Oklahoma, and, with some amendments, was adopted.

At one o'clock a recess was taken, and the delegates were entertained at Lee Camp Hall, where a delightful luncheon was served.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After the Secretary read a report of the opening ceremonies at the Academy of Music, which was ordered printed in the minutes of the convention, Mrs. Raines, of Georgia, gave notice of the following amendment to the By-Laws: "That the Treasurer shall be a member of the Credential Committee, and that her books shall close thirty days prior to the General Convention."

The President General's Decisions.

1. That no one who cannot give proof of ever having joined the Confederate Army can receive a cross of honor.
2. That a Chapter receiving a member from another active Chapter should require a demit.
3. That a member of one Chapter wishing to join another should certainly ask for a demit from the former Chapter and present it to the latter. Her name may, if desired, be retained on the roll of her old Chapter as a past or honorary member without dues and without a vote in that Chapter.
4. That under the constitution Chapters of the U. D. C. cannot affiliate with the Consolidated Charities.
5. That the U. D. C. Chapters of Little Rock can admit into their membership members of the Margaret Rose Auxiliary who had already been admitted into the auxiliary prior to the Little Rock convention. (See Decision 4, Fifteenth Annual Convention, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President General.)
6. That the U. D. C. have no authority under the constitution to decide whether a State Division President may reside outside her State, but it is certainly inexpedient that she should do so.

(Since rendering Decision 6, further study and thought have convinced your President General that she erred, and she wishes to reverse it herself, feeling that Article III., Section 5 supplies authority by analogy for requiring a Division President to reside within her Division; and Decision 2, Fifteenth Annual Convention, Mrs. C. B. Stone, former President General, also required such residence. So the Chairman of the Jurisprudence Committee is requested to submit to her committee the revised decision.)

7. That certificates of membership cannot be signed by a retired Division President, even when the Chapter for which they are intended was organized under her administration.

8. That (a) a Chapter is not obligated to accept as a member one who is not personally acceptable to the Chapter, however

eligible she may be; (b) a Chapter is not obligated to accept a member by demit who is not personally acceptable to the Chapter merely because she has a demit from another Chapter; (c) a Chapter is not obligated to give a demit to a member merely because her dues are paid, if she is not otherwise in good standing in the Chapter.

Recommendations by the President General.

1. That the principle of dealing with the Divisions through the State Presidents as established by the Little Rock Convention be maintained in *all* things, except that the minutes of annual conventions may be sent direct to Chapter Presidents by the Recording Secretary General, so that the expense of sending them may be borne directly by the General Association. This manner of dealing with Divisions may have seemed difficult at first, but in the main it has been satisfactory and is steadily becoming more so. It is the correct principle, the most business-like way of administration, and is for the interest of the work.

2. That a By-Law be adopted by this convention requesting all individuals or Chapters in the U. D. C. who wish to appeal to the Chapters of the General Association for contributions to secure first the indorsement of the President General, so that Chapters or individual Daughters receiving such appeals without such indorsement may know that they are not officially authorized. Appeals made within a Division should have the indorsement of the President of that Division. This will be a protection to Chapters without conflicting with their rights to give where they wish.

3. That for official or formal occasions the insignia of the Association shall be suspended from, or worn upon, a red, white, and red ribbon, to give it the dignity to which it is entitled and to prevent its being worn as a brooch.

4. That the Honorary Presidents of the Association be allowed to have a badge, to be selected by them, with the approval of the convention. This badge to be paid for by the Honorary Presidents and to be the personal property of each, thus being an article of value and honor for their family.

5. That the Committee on the Revision and Condensation of the Minutes be abolished and the preparation of the minutes for publication be left in the hands of the President General and Recording Secretary General of the convention, for these reasons: (1) These two officers are responsible for the minutes under parliamentary law by obligation of office; (2) there is always a difficulty in finding ladies who can remain after the convention to serve on the committee; and (3) a needless expense is imposed on the Association.

6. That thoroughly approving of an amendment to come before this convention from our able Past President General, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, that the constitution shall remain untouched for a period of five years, your President General, out of her experience in working under the present constitution, would recommend that such amendment be adopted with a clause deferring its going into effect until such time as the constitution may be revised by a competent constitutional committee, so that its lacks may be remedied and any superfluous matter be removed to the by-laws.

7. One more recommendation your President General would make, in the interest of our work and for the sake of our future Presidents General, which is: That this Association shall allow to the office of President General an expense fund, to be paid from the treasury upon proper vouchers, sufficient to enable the incumbent of the office to meet the expense of necessary financial demands incurred in the proper discharge of the duties of the office. *Reasons.*—(1) It is due

to the self respect of an Association so important as ours that all *necessary* expenses of its offices be paid by the Association; (2) it will prevent the declination of our highest office by women most capable of filling it with honor to the Association on account of the inevitable expense attached to it.

The President General's report from first to last gave evidence of a thorough knowledge of the work of the U. D. C. and of an administration of great credit to her and to the Association.

The report of the Recording Secretary General told of the continued growth of the organization. During the fiscal year 5,036 application blanks, 3,235 certificates of membership, and 73 charters have been issued.

The Corresponding Secretary General reported 298 letters written, 220 circular letters sent out, and 250 letters received.

The Registrar General brought two volumes, which were placed in the Confederate Museum. The first volume contains, in round numbers, 43,000 names, and the second volume has a total of 26,088 names. This represents three years of the most careful work of the Registrar, who took the office when there was nothing back of it to give her support. Through her efforts it has brought forth these splendid records and takes its place as one of the most important offices of the Association.

The Custodian of the Cross of Honor in making her report called special attention to the importance of the fact that "On and after November, 1912, no more crosses will be issued." This makes it necessary for recorders to send as early as possible for all blanks, so that the Custodian can supply the demand without having large numbers left when the date of bestowal expires.

The Custodian of Flags and Pennants reported the flags in good condition, but no new flags to care for.

The Historian General's report is now in pamphlet form and is a great credit to the organization and to the retired Historian General, the maker of the office, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson.

[Here is included in the report the program of the "Third Historical Evening," in which Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Historian General, pays appreciated tribute to Mr. S. A. Cunningham for the preservation of the original copy of "Dixie."]

After the reports of the officers, the Convention adjourned to attend a reception at the Confederate Museum.

MORNING SESSION, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

Rev. Dr. Cecil opened the convention with prayer. After the minutes were read and approved, Mrs. James Y. Leigh announced that Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart was in the hall, and the Chair requested Mrs. Leigh to escort Mrs. Stuart to the rostrum. Mrs. Gantt asked that Mrs. Grif. Edwards should sing "Dixie," in honor of Mrs. Stuart, for the convention. Mrs. Edwards came to the platform and delighted the audience with her voice and the old words of "Dixie."

The report of the Arlington Monument Committee was taken up, and Col. Hilary A. Herbert presented the report of the Executive Committee. The chairman reports the work of the monument progressing in a most satisfactory manner. The heroic figure, which is to represent the South, is nearly completed in plaster, and the photographs transmitted by the artist for the use of the committee indicate that it will be very beautiful. Two payments have been made, one of \$2,000 and the other amounting to \$3,000, the latter being for the purchase of material for the monument, which is to be of certain volcanic stone found in Italy.

With the coming two years approximately \$25,000 must be raised to meet the Daughters' obligations. Following the re-

port, for which a vote of thanks was extended, Colonel Herbert presented the following resolution which was adopted:

"Resolved, That this convention hereby approve the proposition of Sir Moses Ezekiel, the artist, that, of the \$50,000 dollars heretofore voted as the price of the Confederate monument at Arlington, \$40,000 shall be paid to him for the work he has agreed to do, and that the remaining \$10,000 be reserved for expenses with the shipment, foundation, and dedication of said monument."

(The reports of the other officers of the committee having not been received by the Secretary, are unavoidably omitted.)

After Mrs. B. B. Ross presented the report of the Central Committee on Seals of the Florence Chapter, it was decided to appropriate \$100 annually from the U. D. C. Treasury for the expense of this committee, and that a further sum of \$100 be appropriated from the treasury, and that the Florence Chapter be requested to accept that amount toward reimbursement for the sum so generously expended in the dissemination of information and distribution of seals for the benefit of the Association. Great interest was manifested in the success of the seals, and the convention was enthusiastic in the support of the enterprise.

After the Corresponding Secretary read the communications and several invitations were extended to the delegates, the convention adjourned until 2:30 P.M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

When the afternoon meeting was called to order the President General introduced Mrs. William Gerry Slade, of New York, President of the United States Daughters of 1812, who extended the greetings of her organization to the U. D. C.

Mrs. Williams, of Kentucky, presented the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the convention of the U. D. C., through a committee consisting of a member from each Division, and Chapter where no Division exists, appeal to the next Congress to enact a law prescribing that hereafter wherever any official allusion is made to the war from 1861 to 1865 it be designated as the 'War between the States.'"

Mrs. Bocock, of Virginia, and Mrs. Odenheimer, of Maryland, asked the convention to lend its aid in the sale of "The Dixie Book of Days," by Matthew Page Andrews. "The Journal of Julia Le Grande," the "History of the U. D. C.," by Mrs. James B. Gantt, and the "Historical Account of the U. D. C.," by Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, received commendatory notice from the convention.

The report of the Treasurer was made and received with thanks. (This report has not yet been received.)

Mrs. Wassell, of Arkansas, offered a resolution as follows:

"Whereas the Confederate Navy and its wonderful achievements were the admiration of all lands; be it

"Resolved, That this, the Eighteenth Annual Convention, now being held in the former capital of the Confederacy, do also add the flag of the Confederate Navy, thereby showing a just and proud appreciation of Admiral Semmes and all officers and seamen who faithfully served the Confederacy during those strenuous days; and that the State of Alabama, in honor of the Alabama, be the first to present the flag, the other States to be accorded this honor in alphabetical order."

Sister Esther Carlotta, of Florida, called attention to the naval ensign which had been indorsed by the U. C. V. and offered as an amendment to Mrs. Wassell's resolution that that design be the one adopted for presentation. The resolution as amended was adopted.

Mrs. A. R. Howard, of Texas, spoke in opposition to the use of Elson's "History" and offering this resolution:

"Resolved, That no university could use this history as a textbook or in any way that gives it prominence without creating in the mind of the student a distrust of all that pertains to the South, its institutions, and its statesmen, and that they will in time become ashamed of the noble, self-respecting actions of their fathers in the terrible days of the War between the States; and that we, as an organization, join against the attempt to force this history upon the youth of the South and by our outward acts repudiate its biased teaching and ask with one voice that all universities that have used it discard it in the future."

Mrs. Eller added to the strong protest from Texas the following resolutions from the Virginia Division:

"Whereas we as a body of Southern women have organized ourselves together for the purpose of defending the honor of the South and to see that a truthful history of our Southland and of the War between the States is written; and whereas this convention desires to be frankly understood in this matter; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That we most positively and heartily condemn this Elson's 'History,' as it ignorantly and falsely represents the Southern character in dealing with its history before the war and in chronicling the history of the War between the States. It is written with a prejudiced heart that obscures the truth and renders this production unfit for use.

"2. That the thanks of this convention be extended to Judge W. W. Moffett, of Salem, Va., who first discovered that this history was being used in an institution in Virginia, and who indignantly exposed its false teachings and protested against its use; also to the press of Virginia for the stand they have taken for truth and honor, and to our friend, Mr. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose work of love for the South deserves the gratitude of all.

"3. That we will combat and condemn, with all our strength and might, individually and collectively, this Elson's 'History,' or any other history defamatory or unfair to the South, and we will not desist till none other than a fair and true history of the war from 1861 to 1865 be taught in our schools and colleges."

So hearty was the approval of the convention that both resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Miss Poppenheim addressed the convention, commending the history now being written by Col. Hilary A. Herbert, and offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That we believe that the true history of the causes of the War between the States should be taught in our schools, and to that end we recommend for use in our Southern schools for supplemental reading in the study of American history the book entitled 'The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences,' by Hilary A. Herbert."

The "History of the United States," by Mrs. S. P. Lee; Rhodes's "History;" and "Our Republic," by Professor Hamilton, of North Carolina, Professor Riely, of Mississippi, and Professor Chandler, of Virginia, were favorably mentioned at the convention.

When the convention adjourned, the delegates were entertained at a reception at the Home for Needy Confederate Women in the afternoon and a reception at the Jefferson Hotel in the evening.

MORNING SESSION, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

After the convention was called to order and opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Poindexter, the minutes were approved.

Mrs. Randolph, of Virginia, thanked the convention for having, on the previous afternoon, invited her guest, Mrs. Cooley, of Florida, to a seat on the platform, in honor of her services as Corresponding Secretary General of the U. D. C., and Director of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association.

Mrs. Halliburton, of Arkansas, announced that Miss Nellie Wilson, of Fort Smith, Ark., had a sword that her father had obtained during the war, bearing upon it the name of Capt. John A. Bell, 6th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., which Miss Wilson is desirous of returning to the former owner.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Virginia, offered the following resolution:

"Whereas the city of Richmond, Va., the former capital of the Confederate States of America, was evacuated upon the night of Sunday, April 2, 1865; and whereas the Honorable Joseph Mayo, the war mayor of Richmond, and a party of prominent and representative citizens left the city that night and went out and met the oncoming Federal forces at a point several miles to the southeast of the then city limits for the purpose of surrendering the city to said forces with a view to reducing to a minimum the probability of pillage and rioting; and whereas the growth of the city has become so rapid in recent years that point will soon be obliterated beyond identification; and whereas those now living and able to aid in the location and identification of said spot are fast going to their reward; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this, the said Eighteenth Annual Convention of the U. D. C., do hereby petition the city of Richmond, Va., and Hon. David C. Richardson, the mayor of the city—to whose office the work of honoring his predecessor in office would most naturally fall—to take such steps as may be necessary to locate the spot where the above-mentioned negotiations took place and to have the said spot marked by an appropriately inscribed granite marker."

The resolutions were adopted and sent at once to the mayor, who at once expressed his approval of the matter.

Mrs. James Pryor Tarvin, of Kentucky, on behalf of Miss Alice Bristol, presented the U. D. C. a scholarship in the Bristol School at Washington, valued at \$1,000 per annum. This splendid gift was received with many expressions of appreciation and thanks to both Miss Bristol and Mrs. Tarvin. The scholarship is the largest ever given the Association and is called the "Alice Bristol Scholarship."

Mrs. Wornall, of Missouri, offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, by the Missouri State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in annual session at St. Louis on the twentieth day of October, 1911, That the U. D. C. in general session at Richmond, Va., be invited to participate with the D. A. R. of the State of Missouri in awakening public interest in the establishment of a national highway from ocean to ocean along the historic trail made famous by the pioneers; and that appropriate steps be taken to prepare and lay before Congress memorials for the establishment and construction of such highways by national aid."

Mrs. Dibrell, of Texas, offered the following substitute, which was adopted:

"That we, the U. D. C., indorse the highway movement and request that each State make an effort to have historical points and battlefields marked by historical Confederate roads

and highways leading to them, thus giving them Confederate recognition as Confederate roadways."

Mrs. Cantrell, of Kentucky, presented the report of the Committee on Mottoes and Emblems and displayed a model of the Jefferson Davis platter.

Miss West, of Texas, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That in the future the names of members who have died during the year shall be sent, one month prior to the convention, to the Corresponding Secretary General, who shall prepare a typewritten list and furnish a copy to the Chairman of the Memorial Committee; that this memorial service shall take place the first hour of the afternoon session of the first day's meeting. *Reason*.—It would tend to make the list correct and the memorial service more fitting and impressive."

Miss Poppenheim presented the splendid report of the Committee on Education. This report should be carefully read by every one interested in the education of the youth of the South. The report is divided into two parts. In summing up Part 1 we find nine U. D. C. scholarships, six filled and three vacant. The value of these scholarships is \$1,260, an increase over last year of two scholarships and a money value of \$240. In summing up Part 2 we find a total of one hundred and sixty-five scholarships at \$14,920, an increase from last year of nineteen scholarships. To this add the nine general scholarships valued at \$1,260, and we have a total of one hundred and seventy-four scholarships, valued at \$16,180, an increase over last year of twenty-one scholarships and a money value of \$6,092, and an increase in money expended for education of thirty-three per cent. The report was received and adopted with much enthusiasm.

Upon motion of Mrs. Williams, of Kentucky, it was decided to appropriate \$300 annually to pay the living expenses of the Association's student at Washington and Lee University.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention reassembled at 2:30 P.M.

Miss Rutherford, of Georgia, offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"Resolved: 1. That we as Daughters of the Confederacy heartily indorse the movement on the part of the Medical Association of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States to erect here in Richmond a monument to Samuel Preston Moore, Surgeon General of the Confederacy, and his able assistants, and thus commemorate the valuable work done by him and his assistants during 'the time that tried men's souls.'

"2. That we as Chapters will stand ready, if possible, to aid the Association financially in this work, if they request it, rejoicing in an opportunity to honor such heroic men, who too long have remained unhonored by us as a body of Confederate women."

Mrs. White, of Tennessee, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Committee, presented her report. (This report is not yet in the hands of the Secretary and cannot be reviewed.)

Mrs. McKinney read the Treasurer's report of the Shiloh Monument Committee, which showed the collections of the year to be \$3,881.18. Total in hands of Treasurer, \$12,361.07.

Mrs. Merwin, of the District of Columbia, extended an invitation to the convention to hold its next meeting in Washington, D. C., and Sister Esther Carlotta urged the acceptance of the invitation to St. Augustine, Fla. The vote was taken by roll call of States, and resulted in Washington receiving 1609 votes and St. Augustine 219.

Mrs. Hyde, of Arkansas, spoke to the convention in behalf of some future memorial to the soldiers who died in youth and left no descendants. She suggested the establishment in each State of a scholarship named for some conspicuous sacrifice, or a bronze tablet in each State house marked in an appropriate way.

Mrs. Rose, of Mississippi, offered the following resolution:

"Whereas the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, at Nashville, Tenn., has stood through all these years a faithful 'watchman on the tower,' keeping the truths of our Southern history before the world and defending our Southland from false statements, ever honoring the cause for which our noble sires and grandsires stood; and whereas it is the duty of our organization to support our Confederate publications and disseminate our literature and place on file copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN (containing as they do valuable historical articles) so as to be of easy access as reference books in our homes and towns; and whereas several years ago Mr. Cunningham gave complimentary subscriptions for a year to all U. D. C. chapters and has repeatedly asked for our support, especially now that the veterans, who have been the loyal supporters of this publication since it was first started, are now so rapidly passing away; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the U. D. C. give substantial proof of their loyalty to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and that every chapter pledge to subscribe to the VETERAN this year, and that each Division President notify all Chapters in her Division and secure their subscriptions and send them to the VETERAN herself as soon as possible after this convention."

Mrs. Parker, of New York, suggested that an amendment be made to the resolution, that each Division President write to their Chapters and urge upon them very strenuously to respond to this appeal. The resolution as amended was adopted.

The meeting adjourned, and at eight o'clock the delegates attended a meeting at Lee Camp Hall, where the books of Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, were given into the keeping of the Solid South Room of the Confederate Museum. Mrs. Raines was presented with a beautiful silver service as a testimonial of appreciation for the work she has done.

MORNING SESSION, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

The first business after the reading of the minutes was the election of officers, which resulted in the election of the following:

Mrs. Alexander B. White, Paris, Tenn., President General.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Jessup, Md., First Vice President General.

Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, Washington, D. C., Second Vice President General.

Mrs. J. J. McAlester, McAlester, Okla., Third Vice President General.

Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, Paducah, Ky., Recording Secretary General.

Mrs. Katie Childress Schnabel, New Orleans, La., Corresponding Secretary General.

Mrs. C. B. Tate, Draper, Va., Treasurer General.

Mrs. James B. Gantt, Jefferson City, Mo., Registrar General.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga., Historian General.

Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah, Custodian of Cross of Honor.

Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Norfolk, Custodian of Flags.

Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah, Ga., Custodian of Badge.

Immediately after the election Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart read to

the convention a touching letter written by Col. John S. Mosby to his troop.

After adjournment the delegates were the guests of the D. A. R. at a reception at home of Mrs. M. Allen Chambers.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Corresponding Secretary read two letters from Gen. C. Irvine Walker, one extending an invitation to the unveiling of the South Carolina woman's monument, the other expressing greetings to the convention and asking the President General to serve as matron of honor at the reunion at Macon, Ga. These letters were received with appreciation and thanks. Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, of Alabama, presented the Association bound volumes of the minutes during her term of office as Recording Secretary General.

Upon motion of Miss Rutherford, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That we as United Daughters of the Confederacy indorse Mrs. E. K. Trader, of Washington City, as most worthy of our loving sympathy; that we express to her our deep appreciation of the valuable services she rendered her beloved South during the War between the States and say to her that if at any time we as Daughters of the Confederacy in our various Chapters can serve her we will ever be ready to respond as we are able."

Upon motion of Mrs. Williams, of North Carolina, the action of the President General in making the investigation and notifying the Chapters in the way she did was indorsed.

Miss Mary Johnston, the authoress, was presented to the convention and made a pleasing talk expressive of the pleasure she felt at being able to be present.

Mrs. Rounsaville, of Georgia, Chairman of the Committee on Amendments, presented the report of that committee. She moved that the recommendation of the President General that a committee be appointed by her to revise the constitution and by-laws and report at the next convention be adopted.

Mrs. R. C. Cooley, of Florida, who had proposed Amendment No. 8 in the committee's report, asked the privilege of the floor, which, upon motion of Mrs. McKinney, was accorded. Mrs. Cooley read her proposed amendment, as follows:

"Article VII. Indorsement of President General.—All circulars or letters sent to chapters or members of the U. D. C. soliciting funds shall bear the indorsement of the President General. No recognition shall be given petitions for funds unless so indorsed."

Mrs. Cooley asked that the committee amend its report by recommending that this amendment be considered at that time in order that the incoming President General might not be put to any embarrassment in regard to any solicitations for assistance that might come to the Daughters during the year.

Mrs. Rounsaville replied that if it were adopted as a standing rule it could be printed in the minutes. Mrs. Cooley accepted this recommendation, and, on motion of Mrs. White, of Tennessee, it was carried.

The committee recommended that Amendments Nos. 1, 2, and 3 be referred to the Committee on Revision, and that Amendment No. 4 be adopted as a standing rule, which was accordingly done. Amendments Nos. 5 and 6 were read, and Mrs. Rounsaville stated that as Nos. 5 and 6 covered the same point the committee recommended the adoption of No. 6, which recommendation was, on motion of Mrs. Vaught, of Louisiana, adopted. Amendment No. 7 was referred to the Revision Committee. Amendment No. 9 was read, and, on

motion, was adopted. The report as amended was adopted as a whole.

Mrs. McClurg, of Mississippi, moved that the Treasurer General be allowed clerical assistance for two months at \$25 per month. The motion prevailed, and the convention adjourned to meet at 8 P.M.

CLOSING SESSION, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

The report of the Executive Board was read by the Secretary, the report of the Stationary Committee was presented by the Chairman, Mrs. Heatfield, and Mrs. Tench submitted the report of the Committee on Cross of Honor. All three of these reports were adopted.

Mrs. Schuyler presented the report of the Committee on Prize Essay at Teachers' College. The subject of the essay was "The South's Part in the War between the States," and the prize was awarded to Miss Katherine de Rosset Meares, of Ridgeway, S. C. [This essay is in type for the VETERAN.—ED.]

Miss Benning, of Georgia, presented the report of the Committee on Selection of Badges for General Officers.

Mrs. Stone, of Texas, moved that the report be adopted, and that the present insignia be enlarged and beautified as much as the committee may see fit and used for the President alone (the others to be provided at some future time when the treasury would permit). The motion prevailed.

The report of the Committee on Correction of Flags was read by Mrs. Walke, of Virginia, who also told of her visit to President Taft in the interest of having the proposed fort at Cape Henry named after Commodore Maury.

Mrs. Raines read the report of the Committee on Insignia, and it was adopted. The present cost of the badge with the State bar is \$4.50; without the bar, \$3.75.

Mrs. Leigh, of Virginia, asked the convention to indorse the "Echoes of Dixie," a collection of Southern songs by Mrs. Griff, Edwards, and, upon motion of Mrs. Rose, of Mississippi, this was done.

The sum of \$76 was subscribed and \$131 was appropriated from the treasury to pay the balance due on the portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, which was unveiled at the Confederate Museum during the convention.

The report of the Jurisprudence Committee was presented by Sister Esther Carlotta, the Chairman. (The report has not been submitted to the Secretary and cannot be reviewed.)

Mrs. W. R. Clement, of Oklahoma, asked that part of the report bearing upon the Oklahoma Chapter question should not be adopted until the other side might be presented. She said that she did not know that this would be referred to the committee or come before the convention in any way, and that they had had only one side of the proceedings presented to them, which sounded very logical and very good. She also said that she would like at some future time to present the other side and have action deferred until that time. She hardly expected that "State Rights" would be interfered with.

The Chair stated that when the President General on the first day of the convention was asked by Mrs. Gill, President of the Atoka Chapter, to make a decision the President General referred Mrs. Gill to Mrs. Stone, a member of the committee, for advice, and the report was the decision of the committee. After discussion the matter was referred back to the Division for settlement.

A motion was made and carried to omit the whole matter from the report of the Jurisprudence Committee.

Mrs. A. L. Dowdell, Chairman of the Finance Committee, presented that report. The following expenditures were ap-

proved by the committee: \$250 appropriated each to Shiloh and Arlington by Little Rock Convention; \$100 to reimburse the Florence Chapter for expenses on seals; \$100 for expense of Seal Committee; \$600 for historical china, to be paid on demand, recommending that such payments be paid in installments, if such arrangements can be made; \$300 for Washington and Lee scholarship; \$100 for expense of office of President General; \$50 for expense of office of Treasurer General; \$131 for balance on portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis; \$400 each to the Shiloh and Arlington Funds.

The committee recommended that the Treasurer General be empowered to send checks for these appropriations. The report, with its recommendations, was adopted, with thanks to the committee.

The report of the Committee on Recommendations of the President General was presented by Mrs. Odenheimer in the absence of the Chairman, Mrs. Hickman, of Tennessee, and was, in full:

"Your Committee on Recommendations of the President General would state that after consideration we would recommend the indorsement of Recommendations Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6. We recommend as a substitute to No. 4 that an Honorary President be allowed to add to the insignia and her State bar a second bar with "Honorary President, U. D. C." engraved thereon. Regarding No. 7, we respectfully suggest that \$100 be set aside from the General Treasury to be used as an expense fund at the discretion of the President General."

On motion of Mrs. Randolph the report was adopted.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was read by Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama, and eloquently expressed the appreciation of the convention of the many attentions and pleasures received by delegates from Richmond people.

A resolution offered by Mrs. E. E. Moffett, of North Carolina, was adopted indorsing the present-day movement for the judicial settlement of international disputes by other means than that of war.

Miss West, of Texas, offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the convention sustain the rule made by the Atlanta Convention that entertainments at conventions be limited to one afternoon and one evening, with the exception of midday luncheons."

The resolution was duly seconded and adopted.

Upon motion of Mrs. Dibrell, of Texas, it was decided that a Program Committee should make out a complete program, with the full order of business for each day during the entire meeting of the convention to appear printed upon the program and with a specified time given each number; and that the program shall be submitted to the President General at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the convention.

Miss West moved that the President appoint a special Program Committee, one member of which should be a member of the hostess Chapter. The motion carried.

Upon motion of Mrs. Randolph, of Virginia, it was decided that a Relief Committee be appointed by the Association to solicit funds from the Chapters, these funds to be sent to the General Treasury.

The new President General and the other officers were presented to the convention by the Chair, and the old, familiar hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," was sung, after which the President General declared that the Eighteenth Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy stood adjourned. The next meeting will be held in Washington, D. C., November, 1912.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE TWENTIETH YEAR AND ALL IS WELL.

Trusting that this number of the VETERAN will be read by many thousands during the holiday season, it bears greeting to all of its friends, with expression of profoundest gratitude to the Creator and Preserver of the humble founder and editor. He is grateful above all else for the fact that in only small parts of two issues has he been unable to direct every sentence that has appeared on about eleven thousand pages in an aggregate circulation of more than four millions of copies. The most satisfying feature is that in all these he did the best he could all the time.

He is next grateful for the steadfast patronage of thousands of men and women whom he has never seen. A surprising and painful reminiscence is that a multitude of personal friends who have sympathized with his work have not become patrons. Many of these care not for the price. They may wait for him to solicit them. They ought not to do so.

There has prevailed the unreasonable supposition that the VETERAN is intended only for those who served in the war. Can anybody explain this? Such not being the fact, won't comrades universally use their influence to bring about a revolution? Don't young people feel interest in this particular history? It is the rule of life to know the history of one's own country.

The liberal policy of awaiting the convenience of patrons to pay has caused deplorable loss. The families of a multitude who have died allow the issues to continue a year and more, paying no attention until receipt of statement, when they usually make the callous reply that "——— is dead," without inquiry as to what is overdue. Now, comrade, will you be the cause of such loss? You don't expect to die, but you will. Won't you make the request of those who will survive you to give this attention? If you don't regard this obligation as important, please direct that the subscription be discontinued while you live. With so widespread circulation, it is utterly impossible for anybody in the world to know enough of patrons to do otherwise than to trust their integrity. Again, it is desirable to pay brief tribute especially to every comrade patron who dies, and yet you surely are patriotic enough to influence some one to give such notice, and that the VETERAN print your name as a record to be preserved until the judgment day. Those who pay are entitled to the best that can be given, so the comrade who takes advantage does injustice to the sacred cause and his comrades.

The response to appeal for friendly notices by all Southern newspapers in the December issue is most gratifying. The best daily papers were surprisingly prompt and liberal. The only objection known was by a man who resides in an adjoining State, who in a personal letter commented upon the request that it was "a smart Yankey trick." He evidently had never heard of the VETERAN before, although he is conspicuous in Confederate gray. This fact recalls the embarrassing attitude occasionally of U. C. V. officials who know nothing of the great work the VETERAN is accomplishing; men who are at the time decorated with wreath and stars. Friends,

patriots, all be zealous for the cause. The founder would not have undone the great good accomplished by the VETERAN during the last nineteen years for all the millions owned by the richest man in the world. Please help him to do more and more. Tell anybody to read three issues, and if not pleased the money will be returned.

LIBERAL SENTIMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Henry Campbell, Superintendent of Purchases of the Department of Public Works, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

"Through the kindness of my friend, Col. J. Watrous, I find myself receiving and reading the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and derive much pleasure in doing so. Colonel Watrous and I are a unit in our sentiments toward the boys who wore the gray through those terrible four years. A large part of my time for the last ten or twelve years has been spent in the South and among Southern people, and I have learned to like them, as who could help it? Next to meeting one of my own immediate comrades, I think I derive more pleasure from meeting one of the veterans of the Confederate army than in meeting a stranger who served on the Federal side. I get the other fellow's viewpoint, which we should all strive to do.

"A few years ago while in Northern Georgia I had occasion to spend the evening in the mountains, taking up my quarters with an ex-Confederate soldier, one who had been wounded and crippled in the battle of New Hope Church, in which I also was engaged. A more enjoyable evening I have seldom passed, and we kept it up till nearly three o'clock in the morning. It was a great pleasure to me to exchange experiences with him, and I think it was to him.

"I find much pleasure in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to commend as tending to obliterate the factional lines which divided us during the war and has divided us more or less since."

SEEKING A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The best present any American patron can make and one that would exert an influence for good all the way down the ages is requested by the VETERAN. It is to help pay for a monument heretofore mentioned in the VETERAN to a Federal officer of Indiana, permission having been given by that great State in the choicest spot in its capital city for that purpose. No matter who you are or where you served in the war, provided you are "a friend to the 4,000 Confederates" who were generously and most kindly treated by Col. Richard Owen in the winter and spring of 1862, fifty years ago.

The Editor of the VETERAN is one of the very few, comparatively speaking, of those prisoners yet living. He intends to build that monument, and he asks the help of his friends and all others who approve the principle. Each dollar will add its credit to Confederates and to the country. The cause is as worthy as was ever proposed. Miss Belle Kinney, the eminent sculptor and the noble woman, will create it, and a fine bust will be made in his honor.

A complete list of contributors will be printed ere long. Will you send your name and any amount from one dollar up? Such, whether large or small, will be the most worthily applied patriotic money in America.

A revision of the rule in regard to Last Roll notices must be made. The VETERAN seeks to pay tribute to the virtues of Confederate veterans whose careers have ended in this world, but contributors must confine themselves to the statement of leading facts. Preference is given to the records of those who were patrons. Let every friend coöperate.

BEAUTIFUL CHAPTER FLAG—A. J. HARRIS.

The Capt. A. J. Harris Chapter U. D. C., of Nashville, Tenn., was organized with fifty charter member on April 25, 1911, by Mrs. M. M. Ginn, President of William B. Bate Chapter, assisted by Mrs. J. B. McDougal and Mrs. Harvey Hogg, of the same chapter. Greetings were read from the State President, Mrs. R. H. Sansom, and Mrs. M. C. Goodlett. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Grace Handley; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. B. Armstrong, Mrs. Charles G. Allen; Secretary, Mrs. L. A. McMurry; Treasurer, Mrs. Mattie Alexander; Registrar, Mrs. Charles Price; Historian, Mrs. Lucretia Price.

Miss Handley and her sisters have been diligent visitors to the Confederate Home and have made many friends there. Mrs. A. J. Harris donated a handsome flag to this Chapter.



PRESENTATION OF FLAG TO THE CHAPTER.

In appreciation of the honor paid to her beloved husband in naming the Chapter for him Mrs. A. J. Harris presented the Chapter with a magnificent flag. The Tulane Hotel parlors were chosen for the formal service, and Rev. R. M. Inlow, pastor of the First Baptist Church, made an invocation and two little granddaughters of Captain and Mrs. Harris made the presentation. Frances Harris, on the right in the picture, standing in front of her mother, Mrs. Eugene O. Harris, said: "Madam President, in the name of my much-beloved grandfather, Capt. Andrew Jackson Harris, I present you this flag, the first flag of the Confederacy, the stars and bars. On behalf of my grandmother, Mrs. A. J. Harris, who donates this flag, I ask of you to accept it in memory of one who wore the gray and fought for the Confederate cause."

Then following this gracious speech little Miss Harriet

Brush, daughter of Mrs. Ida Harris Brush, of Austin, Tex., standing on the left in front of her mother, said: "Madam President, my grandfather, Capt. A. J. Harris, fought in an Alabama division during the war. This flag is a reproduction of the original one which my grandmother helped to make and which she has now in her possession."

Miss Handley, the recipient of the flag for the Chapter, accepted it very graciously, reminding the fair presenters that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor than silver and gold." In accepting the flag she pledged the sacred care of it by the Chapter, and bespoke for its members the emulation of the virtues of the noble man whose name is inscribed in fine gold letters on the streamer.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, PREVIOUS TO DECEMBER 12, 1911.

District of Columbia: Post cards sold by Mrs. Munroe, \$10. Georgia: Marietta Chapter, \$1; Thomaston Chapter, \$5; Griffin Chapter for post cards, \$1.

Illinois: Mrs. May Walton Kent, Chicago (personal), \$1.

Kentucky: Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton (for post cards), \$2.50.

Tennessee: Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Puryear, \$25; Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin (personal), \$1; Frank Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, \$5; Mrs. R. A. Hardin, Savannah (personal), \$1; Miss Sue Irwin, Savannah (personal), \$1; Miss Mariah Sevier, Savannah (personal), \$1; Mrs. James M. Paisley, Savannah (personal), 50 cents.

Virginia: Mrs. Kemp (personal), \$5; post cards, 55 cents.

Total reported at Richmond convention, \$12,361.07.

Total collections since convention, \$70.55.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$12,431.62.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The following quotation will be interesting to many: "Any Chapter may elect as associate members those who, not entitled to membership in any organization, are in sympathy with and desire to aid in the work. Such members shall be members of the Chapters only; therefore not entitled to certificates of membership or U. D. C. badges, and may not vote except on matters pertaining to Chapter to which they belong and may not have representation in Division or General U. D. C. Conventions."

HOME OF COL. (AFTERWARDS GEN.) R. E. LEE, BALTIMORE.

Rev. H. M. Wharton, pastor of the Brantly Church, Baltimore, Md., writes: "During the fifties Gen. Robert E. Lee had his home in this city. He was then Colonel Lee. We propose to purchase that home as a memorial to our great leader.

The VETERAN readers will hail with delight the idea of such a memorial in Baltimore.

Information is desired of the war record of Maj. George Boardman Clark, adjutant of the 4th Missouri Infantry. He was perhaps also captain of one of the companies, and at the close of the war an aid on the staff of Gen. Martin E. Green and discharged at Shreveport, La. Major Clark, or Captain Clark, as he may be recalled by comrades, was State Auditor of Missouri from 1872 to 1876. Any friend of his in service will oblige his daughter, Miss Catherine Salmon Clark, care John B. Wilkes, Pulaski, Tenn.

TOAST TO THE ARMY.

Among the many delightful social functions that made the entertainment of the Georgia Division Convention at Griffin memorable, none was more enjoyed than the luncheon given by the D. A. R. of that city. A delicious luncheon was served in several courses, and the toastmistress, Mrs. Drake, conducted the speech-making of the day with ease and brilliancy. Response to the toast, "The Confederate Army," was made by Mrs. Lamar, President of the Sidney Lanier Chapter of Macon, and was received by the several hundred women present with hearty appreciation. She said:

"The Confederate army! What a militant sound! What glorious charges! What marvelous tactics! What masterly retreats! The roster of that army is but a roll call of world-heroes, each man actuated by the highest principles, loving his cause, his country, and his home.

"Born with the martial spirit, nurtured in an atmosphere of highest ideals, impressed with his country's right to live in his own way, impelled to service by birth, environment, and justice, the Confederate soldier was the incarnation of righteous indignation, the most powerful force known in any conflict.

"Achievements at Gettysburg and Shiloh redound to the glory of the Confederate army—as surely as the signal victories at Manassas and Bull Run. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was as fierce and desperate as was the charge at Bala-klava when 'Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred.' The defense of Sabine Pass was as determined and brave as the conflict at Thermopylae.

"Land and sea beheld valorous deeds of the Confederate soldier. Thrice armed was he, having his quarrel just. Great in battle, he was yet greater in defeat. There is not in the history of the world a more thrilling or more hallowed scene than the surrender at Appomattox. There of a truth the Southern soldier suffered! The crashing of bones, the tearing of flesh, the ebbing of life blood, the groans of physical suffering were as naught to the agony of spirit that submerged his soul on that sad day. Wasted in body, tattered in garment, he turned sorrowfully to his burned or pilfered home.

"Into the fierce flames of Reconstruction Days strode he, nor ever quavered his spirit, nor ever faltered his arm. The same determination that leveled his gun or thrust his saber forth on the field of battle, now directed the salvation of his beloved Southland from the foul fiend of carpetbaggers and rid the country of the vultures that thought her dead.

"Is it any wonder that we, descendants of these men, glory in the records of the Confederate army? The wonder is that there are some who have not established their direct descent from these heroes. This should be done, not to cultivate a spirit of opposition to the flag of a reunited country, but that we may look upon the splendor of the past and build thereon worthily. Let the army of descendants from Confederate soldiers that now people and rejoice the Southland wake to the glory that is theirs. Look to thy record, O man and woman of the South! Establish thou it!

"The time is coming when your children's children will prize that story of the glory of their grandsires. Let the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans form in the Confederate army of to-day, confederated on the glorious history of their sires and emulating their courage and nobility for the duties that arise.

"Sing it as you will, it never can be sung;

Tell it as you may, it never can be told—

All the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray."

ZEAL OF U. D. C. AT THE NORTH.

Close readers of the VETERAN will have observed during several months the zealous service of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Northern cities, from New York and Philadelphia to the far Northwest. These things argue much for our cause in general. A recent issue of the Evansville (Ind.) Courier. States: "The Evansville Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. T. Gregson, on Powell Avenue. A very large number were in attendance, and several new members joined. It was a most enthusiastic and delightful meeting."



MRS. WATT, ORGANIZER OF CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Watt, daughter of William Gibbons Reed, of Savannah, Ga., an officer in the Confederate army, with Mrs. Stonewall Jackson organized Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and was its first leader under her.

Mrs. Watt served as State Registrar of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and for three years was a member of the Committee on Education of the general organization.

She served as Regent of the Thomas Polk Chapter, D. A. R., of North Carolina, as State President for the North Carolina National Society U. S. Daughters of 1812, and was the North Carolina member for the Jackson Highway Committee.

The interesting poem by A. H. Sharp, page 581 December VETERAN, on Sam Davis should not have been quoted. The author of the article was also the author of the poem.

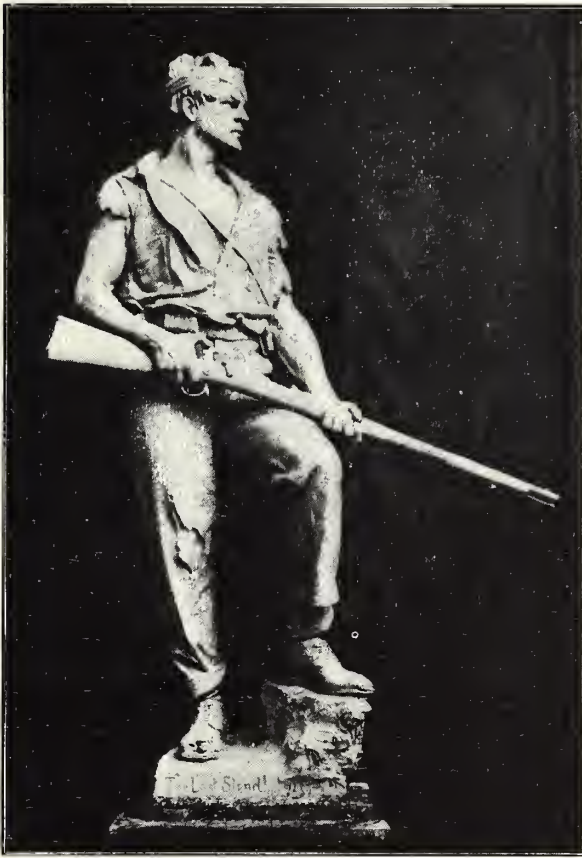
"THE LAST STAND"—MONUMENT AT VICTORIA.

The subject for this monument of bronze to be erected June 3, 1912, in Victoria, Tex., is designated "The Last Stand" by the William P. Rogers Chapter, U. D. C.

The artist's conception of the Confederate soldier was to follow the truth of history and embody in this figure the heroic struggle in which he had engaged for four long years and the sublime sacrifice and undaunted purpose with which he is making his "last stand."

No dress parade soldier on an elevated shaft can express this. As one gazes upon the handsome young face and lithe form of this youthful figure the heart is thrilled with the sublime devotion that called for such sacrifice for home and native land.

"The strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power which fills
The freeman battling on his native hills."



DESIGN FOR THE VICTORIA MONUMENT.

The monument is now being cast in the Roman Bronze Works, New York, is to cost \$5,000, and is the work of Mr. Pompeo Coppini, sculptor.

The committee is composed of Mrs. M. Wheeler, Mrs. Thomas O'Connor, Mrs. M. O. Pridham, Mrs. Eula Marmion, Mrs. John B. Hudson, Mrs. C. Allnoch, Miss G. Power, M. D. Monserratte, E. Parker (Treasurer), Mrs. J. M. Brownson (Chairman).

Perry Henderson, Commander of Camp No. 400, U. C. V., at Athens, Ala., seeks the address of Elder G. B. Noland (or Nowland), of Co. I, 54th Alabama Volunteers. Important.

MARBLE FOUNTAIN, U. D. C., AT HOPKINSVILLE.

With impressive ceremonies a beautiful drinking fountain given by the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Chapter, U. D. C., in honor of the Confederate soldiers of Christian County was formally presented November 29, 1911. The fountain is seven feet in height and of white Georgia marble. It cost about \$700; and, except for a \$50 contribution from the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Louisville, the amount was raised entirely by the Christian County Daughters.

Capt. Charles F. Jarrett, Commander of Ned Meriwether Camp, U. C. V., presided. The orator of the occasion was the Hon. Charles K. Wheeler, of Paducah, who paid eloquent tribute to the virtues and valor of Southern soldiers and the nobility of its women, with special reference to the splendid service of the Christian County men and women identified with the cause. Mrs. W. E. Warfield, of Casky, with brief and beautiful remarks, presented the fountain to Hopkinsville, and Mayor C. M. Meacham accepted the gift for the city in a short and thoroughly appropriate address.

The theater where the service was held was crowded. Special seats were occupied by members of the Christian County Chapter, U. D. C., and the Ned Meriwether Camp, U. C. V. In honor of the occasion the public schools and the high school were given a half holiday.

Following the exercises the unveiling of the fountain at Ninth and Main Streets took place and the curtains of red, white, and red were drawn by little Miss Elizabeth Dudley Wood, the youngest member of the U. D. C. Chapter, daughter of Judge Hunter Wood, Jr., and a granddaughter of Mrs. L. McFarland Blakemore, former President of the Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. George C. Abbitt, rector of Grace Church.

GREAT RECORD OF NAMES COMPILED BY U. D. C.

The Richmond (Va.) News-Leader states:

"Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., was the proudest woman of all those at the reception at R. E. Lee Camp in Richmond given in honor of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was the recipient of an elegant silver service which came as a token of appreciation from the U. D. C. for her long and faithful labors as Custodian General of the association. The service is a combination tea and coffee set consisting of a tray and five pieces, the latter having gold lining. Inscribed on the tray were these words: 'Presented to Mrs. L. H. Raines by the General Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in loving appreciation of her labor so thoroughly and conscientiously performed as Custodian of the Cross of Honor.'

"In fitting words Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President General of the U. D. C., presented the gift on behalf of the association.

"Immediately after this ceremony Mrs. Raines was presented with a gorgeous bouquet of white chrysanthemums by the Georgia Division, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, of Macon, President of the Division, making the address.

"At the same time Mrs. Raines formally turned over all her books for safe keeping in the Confederate Museum. These are models of their kind, having been kept in perfect order and containing the names of more than 50,000 Confederate veterans upon whom crosses of honor have been bestowed.

"Mrs. Raines will retire from the office in 1912, when the time limit for bestowal of crosses will expire."

BELLS FROM THE SOUTH SOLD IN BOSTON.

BY MRS. M. M. BANNERMAN, GRAND CANE, LA.

I notice in the November VETERAN, page 547, a request for the story of "how, when, and under what circumstances the large lot of bells fell into the hands of Butler which he shipped North and sold for government aid." Believing the following in a measure answers the question and at the same time may not prove uninteresting to many of your readers, I take pleasure in submitting an extract from "Beauty and Booty," by Marion Southwood, of New Orleans, published in 1869:

"General Beauregard's appeal for the bells was a very touching one. He knew how highly they were prized by the owners and how useful they were; still, nothing daunted, he knew they were needed, and such faith was placed in his request that all the bells which could be gathered were placed at his disposal.

"WHY THE BELLS WERE NEEDED.

"The supply of tin was deficient, while copper was abundant to furnish the material for bronze. Bells contain so much tin that two thousand four hundred weight of bell metal mixed with the proper quantity of copper will suffice for a field battery of six pieces.

"Beauregard's solicitation was for the purpose of providing light artillery for the public defense. When General Butler took possession, the first thing his eyes gloated upon were the bells. He forthwith seized upon them and sent them North as a trophy, the first trophy of his hard-earned victory."

Although General Beauregard in his proclamation only called for the "plantation bells" along the Mississippi River, it is yet clear from the tenor of his remarks that the church bells would likewise be acceptable. We find that a single village (Marietta) contributed the bells belonging to its three churches, and doubtless others followed the noble example.

It was to illustrate the moral grandeur of such sacrifices that the following beautiful verses were composed by P. H. Hayne:

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.

Yea, though the need is bitter,
Take down those sacred bells
Whose music speaks of our hallowed joys
And passionate farewells!

But ere ye fall, dismantled,
Ring out deep bells once more
And pour on the waves of the passing wind
The symphonies of yore.

Let the latest born be welcomed
By pealings glad and long;
Let the latest dead in the churchyard bed
Be laid with solemn song.

And the bells above them throbbing
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if in the grief for a human death
They prophesied their own.

Who says 'tis a desecration
To strip the temple towers
And invest the metal of peaceful notes
With death-compelling powers?

A truce to cant and folly!
With faith itself at stake,
Can we heed the cry of the shallow fool
Or pause for the bigot's sake?

Then crush the struggling sorrow!

Feed high your furnace fires

That shall mold into deep-mouthed guns of bronze

The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks no common vengeance,

No transient war eclipse

Will follow the awful thunder burst

From their "adamantine lips."

A cause like ours is holy

And useth holy things,

And over the storm of a righteous strife

May shine the angel's wings.

Where'er our duty leads us,

The grace of God is there,

And the lurid shrine of war may hold

The eucharist of prayer.

Having the bells sold in Boston was one of Butler's diableries. The satisfaction at having such trophies sent them is shown in the following piece taken from one of their papers, the Boston Traveler:

"N. A. Thompson & Co. sold at auction this forenoon at Lombard's north wharf, East Boston, the lot of church, plantation, school, factory, and other bells, which had been presented to the Rebel government to be cast into cannon, but were captured at New Orleans and confiscated. There were 418 in all, a motley collection in shape, size, weight, color, ornament, and tone. There were the mellow wedding bells, loud alarm bells, brazen bells, bells with molten golden notes and liquid tones.

"There were metal dealers, relic seekers, Church and school committees from the country, and some only curious. The labels which declared where they had been used were mostly torn off, although some were found indicating their donors. The greater part of them were cast at the Buckeye Foundry, Cincinnati, though many were from foundries at New York, West Troy, Pittsburg, and Louisville. Among the number were several Catholic bells cast in France—one with the inscription, 'Fait par Jean Bagin, 1785,' over a cross; another cast at Nantes, France, 1786; others cast in 1775, 1776, and 1783. One very elaborately ornamented was from the First Presbyterian Church, Shreveport, La.

"Colonel Thompson before beginning the sale read a note from a Mr. De Peyster, of Dutchess County, N. Y., who desired the privilege of purchasing a bell which he gave several years ago to the Episcopal church at Nacogdoches, Tex., founded by a friend of his, Rev. Thomas Bacon, who was driven from the place on account of his Union sentiments. The Colonel also took the opportunity to make a stirring speech on enlisting, taking for a text the bells as an evidence of the terrible earnestness of the South.

"All were sold in lots of from three to one hundred and eighty-seven, except the three heaviest, sold separately, and a few others bought as relics and for individual use. One was bought having painted on it the words: 'G. T. Beauregard, from the Baptist Church of Durhamville, Tenn.' The prices ranged from twenty-one and a quarter to thirty cents a pound. The bidding was spirited, and the amount realized was probably upwards of \$30,000."

[The foregoing illustrates strongly the great benefit of gathering fragments of history while survivors of the sixties are living. When the inquiry was published, it seemed hardly worth while.]

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT BROOKVILLE, MISS.

September 14, 1911, will long be known as a great day in the history of Brookville, Miss., for it was the day that the Confederate monument, so long the object of earnest efforts, was unveiled with fitting ceremonies in the presence of many interested spectators. For several years the women of Brookville worked faithfully and untiringly for this monument, and their efforts were aided especially by Dr. J. S. Stanley, who had given four of the best years of his life to the Confederacy.

The exercises were at the school auditorium and the leading address was by Adj. Gen. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, with Hon. E. D. Cavett, of Macon, closing.

The Noxubee Rifles Chapter, U. D. C., was most prominent



in working for this monument. The Noxubee Rifles took an important part in the brilliant history of the 11th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, A. N. V., and in honor of its members the Chapter was named.

After completion of the program, the line of march was formed for the grand parade to Russell Square, where the monument stands. One of the floats forming a part of the

effective parade contained thirteen young ladies, wearing white dresses and large red hats, who represented the Confederate States. Upon reaching the square the calvary company and medical corps formed on the outside, while the Veterans, Maids and Matrons' Club, and the U. D. C.'s formed in front of them. The young ladies representing the States then marched around the monument, placing laurel wreaths on the base and sang "The Bonnie Blue Flag," after which the monument was unveiled by Miss Sue McLeod, daughter of a gallant Confederate soldier, assisted by Misses Ida May Jamison and Edna McLeod. When the beautiful shaft was revealed, standing as a silent token of esteem for the brave men who laid down their lives for their country, a great shout burst from the throng of people standing about. The ceremony was closed by the singing of "Dixie" by the Confederate Choir, and Troop A fired a salute.

This monument is the second to be erected in Noxubee County. The statue surmounting it is of Italian marble, and represents a young and handsome soldier. On the front of the die is this inscription "Love's tribute to the noble men who marched 'neath the flag of the stars and bars and were faithful to the end."

CAPT. W. W. CARNES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY JAMES BARNETT GRACEY, BRIGHTON, TENN.

A few weeks ago I stood on the battle field of Chickamauga on the very spot where there were heaped in a pile forty-nine dead horses with the ground all around strewn with dead and dying men. I wish I could fitly portray to all survivors the brave young captain of that battery as he stood with tears streaming down his face, his sword aloft, urging the few men that were left to stand firm. The battery was every moment in jeopardy of capture, and did become temporarily the property of the enemy; but after some of the mightiest surges of battle from two o'clock until dark it was at last the undisputed property of the original owner. The heroism of that brave and modest captain is not marked by this instance alone, but in every battle that he engaged in he wore the marks of a true patriot and Christian soldier.

Such deeds as these cannot be known to all; and since this hero is modest in the extreme, it is clearly the duty of some friend to record that of which he forbid the slightest mention. He was then a small black-headed captain of artillery of Cheatham's Division—W. W. Carnes, of Memphis, Tenn. No braver man ever lived, and the old veterans could do themselves no greater honor than in honoring him.

J. Fred Keplinger, of Shepherdstown, W. Va., desires to locate a comrade of Elmira Prison named Edward Pegg. Of their first acquaintance he says: "I found a letter addressed to Mr. Pegg on the sidewalk at Elmira Prison in which there was seventy-nine cents. I put a notice on the bulletin board asking Mr. Pegg to come forward and receive the letter. The following day I found a notice on the bulletin board for me to report to Major Colt at the adjutant's office, where Mr. Pegg was secretary to Major Colt. Is Comrade Pegg still living?"

Mrs. M. J. Eagan, of Crystal Springs, Miss., desires to recover the sword of her father, Lieut. Thomas H. Lewis, who was killed in the battle of Shiloh. The sword was then given by her mother to Capt. Tol Lindsey, Company F, 6th Mississippi, who was also killed in some battle. Information about his sword will be very much appreciated by her.

MEMBERS OF SOUTHERN SOCIETY, CHICAGO.

HOW ROBERT LINCOLN AND FRED GRANT BECAME MEMBERS.

When it was announced that J. M. Dickinson had been appointed a member of President Taft's cabinet, a reception was given in his honor by the Southern Society of Chicago, at which a number of speeches were made. The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, former Secretary of War, and Maj. Gen. Frederick D. Grant, on account of the well-known friendship existing between them and Mr. Dickinson, were guests of honor and sat upon the platform. In the course of the proceedings the president of the society stated that it was proper for him to explain why he would not call upon Mr. Lincoln to make a speech, for otherwise the omission would naturally cause comment. He said that when Mr. Lincoln accepted he stated that, on account of his health, it was coupled with the condition that he would not be expected to speak. Mr. Lincoln immediately arose and said: "Yes, I will speak; I want to speak." He proceeded to talk in a most attractive and interesting manner. He said, among other things, that the most pathetic thing to him in connection with the war was the suffering endured and the heroism displayed by the Southern women; that he read every book of memoirs and reminiscences written by them; that it was an unceasing source of interest to him and always aroused his profoundest sympathy. He related an incident in substance as follows:

He and other officers went under flag of truce with a communication from General Grant to General Lee. The weather was intensely hot, and he and his companions wore loose negligee garments, making themselves as comfortable as possible. He was surprised and ashamed when he met the Confederate officers, all of whom were in full uniform, with coats buttoned to the chin in perfect military style. A long time after the war he met one of these officers and they referred to the incident. He in an apologetic way commented to the Confederate officer upon the difference in their appearance and expressed his mortification at the contrast. The Confederate officer replied: "O Mr. Lincoln, you must not feel bad about that, for it was not designed on our part. We had to button to the chin, for not a man in the crowd had on a shirt."

Mr. Lincoln's address was received with genuine and enthusiastic applause. Immediately the president arose and said that, as Mr. Lincoln's parents were both Southern-born, he was eligible to membership in the society, and that if he would consent it was moved that he be made an honorary member. Mr. Lincoln at once most graciously expressed his pleasure at the proposed honor, and it was unanimously voted. At once General Grant arose and said that his mother was a Southern woman, from Missouri, and that his wife was a Kentuckian, and that he thought that he was just as eligible as Mr. Lincoln. It goes without saying that General Grant was also elected, and thus the sons of the two most conspicuous men on the Northern side during the war became and are members of the Chicago Southern Society.

GOOD WAY TO HELP CAMP CHASE.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS TO R. E. LEE CHAPTER SOLICITED.

The few organized Southerners in Columbus, Ohio, are trying to carry out a plan to provide means to care properly for the 2,205 graves in the cemetery there of men who died as prisoners in the sixties. Mrs. Leroy Rose, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter, and Robert B. Harrison, Secretary of the Publicity Committee, send out an appeal for associate membership, the annual fee of which is \$1, while \$5 constitutes a

life membership. Mr. Mahlon Brow is Chairman of the Membership Committee, to whom application should be made with remittance. Mrs. E. T. Sells, 63 Cleveland Avenue, Chairman of the Associate Membership Committee, also makes earnest plea. These good friends should not only have co-operation but the gratitude of Southern people in their worthy work. It would seem especially fitting that every one who has a loved one in that cemetery and can respond should do so. The dead there are from the States named as follows: Alabama, 431; Arkansas, 55; Florida, 62; Georgia, 265; Kentucky, 158; Louisiana, 52; Maryland, 9; Mississippi, 202; Missouri, 8; South Carolina, 85; Tennessee, 239; Texas, 22; Virginia, 337; unknown, 280.

The fond love and affection of dear ones at home that could not reach these valiant soldiers who died in the enemy's prison can now do much to help beautify their last resting places. Loving hands and warm hearts cannot show their appreciation more generously than to help in this cause.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 519, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, is doing everything in its power to beautify Camp Chase Cemetery, but it has a membership of only thirty-six.

The local Chapter desires to raise a fund sufficiently large to perpetuate this work, and through the veterans, the sons and the daughters of veterans, and the press generally solicits associate members to further this end. Kindly interest your newspaper in giving this work publicity if you can do so.

TENNESSEE DIVISION CONVENTION.

The Louisiana Division, U. C. V., passed resolutions at its last meeting on several subjects worthy of record.

Tribute is paid to Gen. George W. Gordon, the late Commander in Chief U. C. V. They commend the achievements of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and recapitulate some of the important things done by them. They urged vigilant and generous action for the completion of the Southern woman's monument, which was indorsed at the Opelousas convention with the appointment of the following officers: Gen. T. W. Castleman, President; Gen. A. B. Booth, Vice President; Col. W. W. Whittington and M. L. Costley, Secretaries; Col. Alden McLellan, Treasurer. They are now proceeding with the work of raising funds for this sacred and patriotic work. The following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That this convention does most heartily urge all Confederates and Confederate organizations and citizens to aid us in this glorious work, that we may in the very near future have a beautiful and lasting testimonial to the worth and loyalty of our Confederate women which cannot do them full justice (for no work from the hands of man could do that) and which shall stand as a testimonial after we are gone, that we held them as the most sacred, patriotic, and inspiring gift of God to our people in the entire history of the South."

At a second meeting they urged the importance of completing the records of the Louisiana Confederate soldiers and commended the necessary legislative action for that purpose.

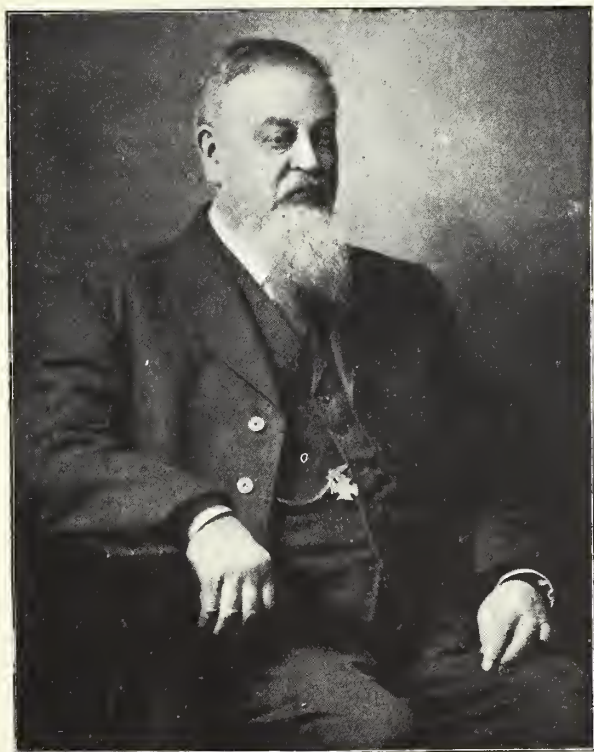
They approved a resolution submitted to them by the LeRoy-Stafford Camp for the pension of all deserving widows of Confederate soldiers. This is to include all widows of Confederate veterans who were married previous to April 9, 1885, a limit of twenty years after Appomattox. The LeRoy-Stafford Camp also submitted resolutions in behalf of a monument to the women of the Confederacy. A resolution was adopted to the effect that all honors to individuals connected with the Confederate cause include Jefferson Davis as the sole and eminently worthy President of the Confederate States.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AT PEA RIDGE.

BY THOMAS DEPP, CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

After reading the paper by Rev. J. R. Perkins in the *VETERAN* for October, I write briefly of the battle of Pea Ridge or Elkhorn Tavern. I served in the 1st Brigade and 2d Regiment of the Missouri volunteers, C. S. A., and Gen. F. M. Cockrell was my captain.

General Curtis was in camp north of us and fortified on the south. General Price marched his division all night from Elm Springs, which was seven miles west of General Curtis, to a point north of him, and at the dawn of day he came to where General Sigel had been camped, and there formed his command along a ridge overlooking the camp. When it was light enough to see, the last wagon was moving out. We had marched all night so silently that little was heard but the tread of the soldiers' feet and the moving of trees that had



THOMAS DEPP.

been cut and thrown across the road. We followed on, and about ten o'clock the battle began north of the old tavern. I was standing near Captain Cockrell when a bullet passed through the flesh of my left arm and into my left side and the shoulder blade, turning downward. My gun fell and I sank to the ground. I was left within a mile or so of the battle ground in a small log cabin in which young Gilbreath and his wife lived. They did all they could for me for three weeks.

I was told that a Northern soldier said General Curtis had corralled his wagons to burn them just a little while before our army retreated. He said: "You left us the battle ground, but had gained the victory." I learned also from a Southern soldier that General Price had requested General Van Dorn to give him one-half hour longer and he would gain the battle, but it was not granted him.

Gen. F. M. Cockrell, now United States Senator from Missouri, could give a true history of that battle. An account of

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what I endured and learned during the war would sound more like fiction. It has been but a few years since the pains in my side ceased. I have had good health since, and am now in my seventy-fourth year. I have been in Virginia about five years, and belong to the Preston Camp, U. C. V., of Christiansburg. There is only one other member from Missouri.

WORK OF THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

BY MRS. IRENE PAGE SOLOMON, 723 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Perhaps the readers of the *VETERAN* would be interested in knowing something of the life of a U. D. C. Chapter planted on Northern soil. The Philadelphia Chapter was organized in March, 1906, with twenty-five charter members. The intervening years have shown the hard work of its officers and members by a steady growth in numbers and an increasing power and influence in the community.

In spite of the hated word "Confederacy" which "riles" many of our Yankee neighbors, they are looking upon us in a more friendly spirit.

We now number one hundred and twenty, representing every State in the South but one. We hold interesting, well attended meetings once a month, some of a business character, others purely social, all pervaded by the cordial spirit of the true daughters of Dixie. The newspapers are always interested and give us nice notices.

We have several associate members, some of them Northern women, the wives of Southerners. One of these entertained the Chapter beautifully at her country home on Jefferson Davis's birthday. General Lee's birthday is always celebrated in an impressive manner.

Once a year we give a subscription luncheon at the best hotel in the city, and our Northern friends are there in goodly numbers and enjoy our hospitality, our songs, and our stories.

While not forgetting the monuments raised to our honored dead, charity and philanthropy are the objects dearest to our hearts. Since their inception we have sent \$115 to Shiloh and \$185 to Arlington, at the same time helping smaller monuments to the best of our ability. Poor veterans are helped while living and buried when dead. One was sent by us to the Soldiers' Home at Richmond, there to spend his last days in comfort and peace. Three indigent Southern gentlewomen have been helped to enter homes for the aged, there to round out in security their hitherto storm-tossed lives. A family of four helpless and sick Southerners, two women and two children, were helped to health and self-support; and when the old grandmother died, she was buried with honor in a lot the Chapter had purchased. Another Southern woman (deserted by her husband), young and ignorant of work, with two children to care for, was supported until a suitable position was found, where she is now happily earning her way.

The Chapter has recently established a scholarship for a girl, the lineal descendant of a Confederate veteran, in the Virginia College at Roanoke, Va.

Many more instances might be cited of deeds accomplished. We must not seem egotistical, but our experience may be an inspiration to other Chapters struggling against opposition and drawbacks. Never despair, my sisters. Determine to do and dare, and success will crown your efforts. With best wishes for the *VETERAN*.

W. S. Freeland, of Wapello, Iowa, decides to stay with the *VETERAN* a little longer: "I was going to stop my subscription in August, but delayed. From the way you old Johnnies talk it seems as though you were right and we were wrong."

INQUIRES FOR AND ABOUT VETERANS.

Mrs. A. A. Hamilton, 1522 St. Mary Street, New Orleans, La., desires to secure information of the war record of her husband, John Walkinshaw Hamilton. He served in the 154th Tennessee Regiment under Colonel Preston Smith and Lieut. Col. Marcus J. Wright. He was prisoner at Johnson Island in 1863-64, and was a member of the U. C. V. camp at Galveston, Tex., at the time of his death, 1894.

George J. Shelton writes from Windsor, Mo.: "I belonged to Company G, 6th Texas Cavalry, L. S. Ross's regiment. I was wounded at Thompson Station, Tenn., in March, 1863, and taken from there to Columbia, where Mrs. James K. Polk and Mrs. Pillow cared for me while in the hospital. I was next taken to Pulaski, Tenn., and there, as in Columbia, fell in the hands of some of the best women God ever put on earth, of whom I can remember Miss Etta Pankey, Misses Sallie and Maggie Riddle, Miss Mollie Keelin, and Miss Mollie Ezell. If any of them or their descendants should see this, I would be gratified to hear from them. After my discharge from Quitman Hospital, in Mississippi, I was on my way back to my old command when I met the soldiers returning home. God grant that I may never feel again as I did at that time!"

Capt. Perry M. deLeon, of Atlanta, Ga. (care Capital City Club), is writing a history of the Confederate States navy, and makes inquiry for any of the kindred or friends of Commodore James W. Cook, who commanded the Albemarle. He is also writing a "Life of Admiral Buchanan," and will appreciate any important data in regard to him.

Todd M. George, of Lee's Summit, Mo., would like to hear from any comrades of his father, who was Richard Bohannon George and went into the Confederate army from Versailles, Ky., under General Buford. He seeks his father's record.

TRIBUTE TO W. C. MAYES FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

BY P. B. DARLING, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

In the October VETERAN the Last Roll sketch of Lieut. William Curtis Mayes, of Company D, 62d Alabama, interested me. As an ex-Federal soldier I wish to pay a loving tribute to Mr. Mayes. He and I never met, but had corresponded for some time. None other than a good man could write such letters as he wrote to me. We fought each other at Spanish Fort and Blakely, Ala., in March and April, 1865, for thirteen days, and much of the time we were not more than two hundred yards apart. I know he was a true Confederate soldier. He was a loyal citizen of the Southland, to which he was ardently devoted. He was a true husband, father, and Christian.

At the time mentioned, although but eighteen years of age, he commanded Company D, and was on outpost or vidette post that Sunday afternoon, April 9, when the Federals made the charge at Blakely. They charged past Lieutenant Mayes and his company; so they were not captured.

Mr. Mayes and I believed that after those two great men, Lee and Grant, signed those papers at the McLean House, Appomattox, all of us were American citizens. We had in our correspondence hoped and prayed that we might be spared to meet, and we had arranged that if ever the gray and blue held a reunion and we were spared to attend that we would lodge together. We knew that the war was over.

It was Julius M. Joyner (not Payne), of Byhalia, Miss., who made the correction in the November VETERAN of the statement by Earl Mead in his speech before the Sons of Veterans at Manchester, Mass.

A VETERAN POET—J. J. CRANE.

J. J. Crane, author of "The Unconquered Banner," a poem published in the VETERAN for August, page 372, was the youngest of four brothers who espoused the Confederate cause, and he alone survived the unequal contest between the States. He was mustered into State service at Canton, Miss., April 22, 1861, and went to Corinth, Miss., where on June 7, he enlisted with Company C (color company), 18th Mississippi Regiment. The regiment went to Manassas by way of Lynchburg, and was initiated at Bull Run into the horrors of war.



J. J. CRANE.

From there they went to Leesburg and participated in the battle at that place, where were killed, wounded, drowned, and captured more men than the Confederates had engaged. The regiment stayed at Leesburg until March, 1862, and was then sent to the Peninsula via Richmond to meet General McClellan. Later military movements made it necessary to withdraw and form a line of defense around Richmond, where the batteries were supported for several days in artillery duels between the two armies. Stonewall Jackson having charged and doubled the right wing of the opposing army back on their center, the center was then forced back to Savage Station June 30, and there again driven from their position. On Monday, July 1, was fought the battle of Malvern Hill, one of the most desperate struggles of the war.

"Here was shot down by my side," said Comrade Crane, "my noble, gallant brother, G. B. Crane, who was a classmate of Burton Harrison, President Davis's private secretary, and for whom came next morning a commission from President Davis; but, alas! too late, as he was borne from the battle field to his last resting place at Hollywood Cemetery to awake in blissful immortality."

At Fredericksburg J. J. Crane had the calf of his right leg torn off by a shell. This wound kept him in the hospital at Richmond for five months, "more dead than alive;" but he finally got back to Mississippi. He suffered for some thirty-

six years from his wound, going on crutches much of that time. He writes that he is still working and waiting to join the innumerable hosts "beyond the river."

After getting back to Canton, Miss., though he had to go about on crutches, Comrade Crane was appointed adjutant by Capt. J. A. Flanagan, who was assigned to special duty in Mississippi, his promotion being awarded for gallantry on the fields of Malvern Hill and Fredericksburg.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. MARY WEBB.

BY JOSEPH HUFFMASTER.

I attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary Webb at Terrell, Tex. She was a pioneer of that city. No woman was ever more highly respected and beloved in the community. Such was her holy and upright life that she could go into a crowd of the roughest men that ever assembled there and be treated with reverence and motherly respect. Each man recognized the influence of her godly life and would respectfully bow in her presence. She was left a widow when her children were very young. They have grown under her watchful care and supervision, and she could at any time have pointed to them and said: "These are my jewels." I saw at her funeral the representatives of many families in whose homes I knew Mrs. Webb had been a ministering angel. In their suffering and sorrow she alleviated their pains and wiped away their tears. In that mighty day that is to come when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead there will be many poor people who will point to her and say: "When I was sick, ye visited me; when I was hungry, ye gave me bread."

She lived in the stormy period of the Civil War. Experiencing many hardships, she knew what it meant to be turned out of home and deprived of the necessities of life by bands of ruthless soldiers. She was true to the Confederate cause, and ever honored and loved the Confederate soldiers. Perhaps she did more for the cause of the old soldiers at Terrell than any other woman. She sympathized with and encouraged them personally in all their undertakings. At the time of her death she was actively interested in the Confederate monument work. She was buried the very day the work upon it commenced. The old soldiers came many miles to attend her funeral. They buried her with military honors, firing three rounds of musketry at her grave. This is a distinction that was never before thus paid to a woman outside official circles. It was a tribute to her worth as a Southern woman and friend of the men who bared their bosoms to the blasts of battle in the dark and bloody days that tried men's souls. Those floral offerings surpassed anything I ever saw. Some lady's pen will have to describe them; I cannot.

"PRISON EXPERIENCES."

RY J. W. SANDELL, MAGNOLIA, MISS.

An article in the *VETERAN* for November under the above heading moves me to write. I enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1862, in Company K, 39th Mississippi Volunteers, and was elected second lieutenant. Our regiment was in the siege of Port Hudson in March, 1863, when the Federals attacked the port from the Mississippi River and got possession of that waterway between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. I saw the burning Mississippi float down the river and heard the explosion of her magazine.

General Gardner was in command and held the port until July 9, 1863, after Vicksburg surrendered. The officers were sent to Johnson's Island at different times. Some of them

were kept in the customhouse in New Orleans about two months. I was in a group that arrived on Johnson's Island the last day of September, 1863. The article by John Orr, of Austin, Tex., calls to my mind many interesting features of our confinement there. I was a local preacher in the M. E. Church, South, when I entered the Confederate army in Pike County, Miss. An attack of measles was followed by declining health through the war, but in the good providence of God I have survived and entered my eighty-third year. I know of only two of my surviving Johnson's Island comrades to-day, J. J. White and W. W. J. Maye, a David and a Jonathan indeed to me.

Many of our Southern preachers joined the Confederate army. They had an abiding conviction that the cause was just. I met with a considerable number of them in prison. Colonel Hamilton, of an Alabama regiment, died there. Colonel Lewis, of a Missouri regiment, was a very eloquent and popular preacher. Many entered the ministry of the gospel of Christ. Many souls were brought to life through the preaching and prayers of the ministry in prison, and the ordinance of baptism was performed there and in Lake Erie. It was there that impressions developed which brought to light the little book, "The United States in Scripture," by the writer, and this book has been given to ministers of the gospel, and Confederate veterans to help along worthy undertakings.

NAVAL OFFICERS IN THE SIXTIES.

BY H. T. OWEN, 2601 E. FRANKLIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

The total number of officers in the United States navy when the war commenced in 1861 was 1,563. Of these, 892 were from the Northern free States and 671 from the Southern slave States. Prior to June 4, 1861, the number that resigned to enter the Confederate navy was 321, while 350 remained in the United States service. Eighteen months later (October, 1862) there were 1,464 officers in the United States navy, of whom 298 were from the slave States. Among the Southern-born officers who became conspicuous during the war were:

Rear admirals: David G. Farragut, Tennessee; E. A. F. Lavalette, Virginia; Samuel Phillips Lee, Virginia; William B. Shubrick, South Carolina. (4.)

Commodores: Henry H. Bell, North Carolina; Thomas Crabbe, Maryland; William H. Gardner, Maryland; William M. Glendy, Virginia; John S. Misroon, South Carolina; William C. Nicholson, Maryland; G. J. Pendergrast, Kentucky; C. Ringgold, Maryland; William Smith, Kentucky; C. K. Stribbling, South Carolina. (10.)

Captains: James Armstrong, Kentucky; John H. Aulick, Virginia; John M. Berrien, Georgia; Charles Boorman, Maryland; Percival Drayton, South Carolina; John P. Gillis, Delaware; William Jameson, Virginia; Thorton A. Jenkins, Virginia; A. J. Kilty, Maryland; William K. Latimer, Maryland; A. K. Long, Maryland; Charles Lowndes, Maryland; John N. Nicholas, Virginia; L. M. Powell, Virginia; Cicero Price, Kentucky; John Rogers, Maryland; William Radford, Virginia; William Ramsay, Virginia; Alfred Taylor, Virginia; Thomas Turner, Virginia; Henry Walke, Virginia; William M. Walker, Maryland; John A. Winslow, North Carolina, captain of the Kearsarge that sunk the Alabama. (23.)

Commanders: George B. Balch, Tennessee; John P. Bankhead, Virginia; J. C. Carter, Virginia; Thomas G. Corbin, Virginia; Henry K. Davenport, Georgia; Edward Donaldson, Maryland; B. D. Moore, Virginia; Donald McN. Fairfax, Va.; James M. Frailly, Maryland; Alex Gibson, Virginia;

John Guest, Missouri; D. A. Harrell, Virginia; N. B. Harrison, Virginia; Charles H. Jackson, Georgia; E. Lanier, Virginia; M. C. Marin, Florida; Edward Middleton, South Carolina; F. K. Murray, Kentucky; E. T. Nicols, Georgia; Thomas H. Patterson, Louisiana; Alex M. Pennock, Virginia; R. Perry, Maryland; D. B. Ridgeley, Kentucky; H. Rolands, South Carolina; B. F. Sands, Maryland; G. H. Scott, Virginia; James H. Spotts, North Carolina; Fabias Stanley, North Carolina; Charles Steadman, South Carolina; Roger Stunbel, Maryland; James M. Watson, Virginia. (31.)

In addition to the above list, there were twenty-seven lieutenant commanders, twenty-one lieutenants on the active list, ten surgeons ranking as commanders, fourteen surgeons ranking with lieutenants and two ranking next to lieutenants, nine assistant surgeons ranking next after masters, three paymasters ranking with commanders, and twelve paymasters ranking with lieutenants—all born in the Southern slave States.

When Admiral Farragut's Mississippi flotilla of twenty vessels attacked Forts Jackson and St. Philip in February, 1862, eight of his ships were commanded by Southern-born officers; while the forts were heroically defended until the rising waters drove the artillerists from their guns by Gen. Johnson K. Duncan, a native of Pennsylvania.

Corrections of and comments upon above list desired.

The foregoing names were garnered from the United States navy register, 1861-62, and tabulated for publication before. The VETERAN should record the facts.

TENNESSEE U. D. C. ANNOUNCEMENT.

BY MRS. HARRIET HOLLAND, PRES. TENN. DIVISION, U. D. C.

APPOINTMENTS MADE BY PRESIDENT BECAUSE OF RESIGNATIONS.

Mrs. W. B. Dobbins, on account of sickness in her family, resigns the chairmanship of the Sam Davis Memorial Committee, and Mrs. Albert Dodson, of Humboldt, is made chairman. She will push to completion by the early spring the memorial window in the museum at Richmond.

Mrs. Clift is succeeded as chairman of the Educational Committee by Mrs. W. T. Davis, of Nashville. Miss Martha Handly is succeeded by Mrs. J. B. Armstrong on the committee for service at the Soldiers' Home.

The State Convention of 1912 will be held at Dayton.

Mrs. Ellis, our State Recording Secretary, has had to leave for Florida on account of a sick son and resigns, being unable to discharge further duties. Your President called the Executive Board together, but failed to get a quorum to elect a successor to her; so she appointed Miss Sue White, of Jackson, to fill the unexpired term, which ends in May, 1912.

The name of Mrs. L. E. Williams should be replaced by that of Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Pulaski, Va. (See Nashville Minutes.)

Your President's address through the winter months will be Jacksonville, Fla., P. O. Box 723. I am looking for a prosperous year's work in our organization.

THE LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY MISS LISE ALLAIN (2033 PRYTANIA STREET), NEW ORLEANS.

The Soldiers' Home of Louisiana, Camp Nicholls as it is called, is situated on picturesque Bayou St. John, one of the most beautiful bayous in the State. This haven of rest, where the white-haired warriors of the Civil War can dream their dreams of peace and sing their songs of camp and battle, is named after Governor Nicholls, once Governor of Louisiana, and who was himself a Confederate veteran.

The Home is managed by a board of directors and a superintendent. This board is composed of members of the various organizations in New Orleans. The superintendent is elected by the board, and he is responsible to it for his management of the Home. The board of directors supply the veterans with all possible comfort and administer the affairs of the Home so that the best possible use is made of the revenue which is derived from the State.

There are in the Home an average of one hundred and thirty veterans the year around. Many of these are hearty old soldiers with whom time and marches and battles have dealt kindly. Others again are infirm, bent with the weight of years. For these an infirmary is specially furnished. Here there are twenty-five white-enameled beds, easy chairs, and all the accessories of a sick room. The infirmary is under the supervision of an experienced nurse and two assistants. Here the sick are served their special diets and are looked after with tender care.

While the sick are receiving attention and consolation, the well are being looked after with as much solicitude. For the veterans are the especial care of their old comrades, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Every Christmas the old soldiers are feted and remembered with gifts. This celebration is under the especial charge of the Custodian of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C. Contributions of good things to eat and nice things to wear are made by the various Chapters throughout the State. It is the duty of the Custodian appointed by the State Division, U. D. C., to receive these contributions. Besides this feast, there are music and Christmas trees and good cheer. Nor are the soldiers forgotten on other holidays. On these occasions they are provided with extra good dinners, even as on the Fourth of July and then with a watermelon party which they enjoy hugely.

The Home is open to visitors on week days as well as on Sundays, and every courtesy is extended by the superintendent and veterans to those who wish to spend an afternoon here.

RUDYARD KIPLING DESCRIBES "A MAN."

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count, with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a man, my son!

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Hark to the shrill trumpet's calling
As it pierceth the soft summer's air;
Tears from each comrade are falling
For the widow and orphan not there;
The bayonets earthward are turning
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
Yet he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound.

But though hearts that now mourn for them sadly,
Soon joyous as ever shall be;
Thy bright orphan boy shall laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee;
The man thou didst love as a brother
A friend in thy place shall have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

Sleep, soldier, though many regret thee
Who stand 'round thy cold bier to-day;
Soon, soon shall the kindest forget thee
And thy name from the earth pass away;
Yet there's One who will still pay thee duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept o'er her soldier's grave.

The foregoing is sent by Lamar Fontaine, who wrote: "In the November (1911) *VETERAN* I saw a request for a copy of the above song. It was a great favorite during the war, and was frequently sung around our camp fires. The words are very old and were coexistent with 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' 'The Grave of Bonaparte,' and 'I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree,' etc. I do not know who composed them, as their genesis is lost down the dim shades of the brave old stream of time. I sent a copy to the gentleman whose address was given in the *VETERAN*. With kind regards for you and those near and dear to you, I am, as in the long past, in sunshine or shower your friend and comrade."

BRIEF SKETCH OF LIEUT. GOVERNOR J. J. MCALESTER.—Request for sketch of Gov. J. J. McAlester was answered, but came too late for use in November *VETERAN*—see page 509—so it is given here. He was born in Sebastian County, in the State of Arkansas, in 1842. He served four years in the Confederate army, commencing as a private and closing as second senior captain of his regiment. He was complimented and taken from one company and put in command of another at the close of the battle of Helena. He left the State of Arkansas and came to the Indian Territory in 1866. He has lived in the Indian Territory, what is now Oklahoma, from that date until the present time. He was United States Marshal under Cleveland's administration four years. He served as one of the members of the Corporation Commission for three years. He is now Lieutenant Governor of the State of Oklahoma, and he prides himself on having been a faithful supporter of white supremacy all his life.

E. R. Cone, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "My old comrade, John Fitzpatrick, of Slingerlands, N. Y., having passed away from this life, will need the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* no more. I suggest that you send the paper for the unexpired term to some poor 'Johnnie.' I paid for subscription for him."

M'CAUSLAND HOME IN LEXINGTON, MO.

In June, 1861, when General Price marched west from Boonville, Mo., to Camp Holloway, near Independence, in that State, he became ill and was nursed back to health in this historic house, which was then owned by Mr. George Wilson. Then in September, when Price's army marched into Lexington, after having fought the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, this same house was occupied as a hospital. The Wilson family moved upstairs, and the lower floor was used for the sick and dying Confederates. Over twenty wounded men were nursed there, and five of them died. The floors still bear stains of the blood of those Confederate patriots.

Mrs. William McCausland was a bride of a few months when the battle of Lexington was fought, and was living a few blocks from the home she now occupies. (Her husband purchased this present home some twenty-five years ago.)



FROM RECENT PHOTO OF THE HOME.

It is told of this beautiful bride that when Mulligan's army marched up the street from the river and passed her home she rushed to the window and, leaning far out, waved the first Confederate flag that was waved that day in Lexington. For her daring courage she was forced to yield her precious flag to a Federal officer. In August, 1910, Judge and Mrs. McCausland celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The engraving gives an imperfect view of the landscape. Standing on the lawn, except in the immediate front, a magnificent view is had for miles along the Missouri River valley, as it is on a high bluff of the river. The old fortifications of Lexington are still well outlined along the bluffs.

COMMENTS FROM FRIENDS OF THE VETERAN.

M. A. Drane writes from Charleston, Mo.: "I am a subscriber to the *VETERAN*, and my leisure hours are spent in reading the many interesting communications found in its columns. After finishing one number, I wait impatiently for the time to come when I will receive the next."

From J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark.: "The *VETERAN* is worthy to be read in every household in America; and when you have done so much for the South in publishing this magazine, the only medium we have for correcting history and getting the facts of the Southern side before the people, it well behooves all Southern people to assist you in every way. It gives me great pleasure to get the *VETERAN* in the hands of those who are not familiar with it."

W. S. Askew, of Newnan, Ga., says: "The happiest moments of my life are those when I am reading the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, and I assure you of my hearty support and coöperation in your great work."

AT UNVEILING OF UNION CITY MONUMENT.

[The presentation was by Dr. W. M. Polk for the Leonidas Polk Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. He is the only son of the bishop-general who gave his life to the Confederacy on Lost Mountain, Georgia. Dr. Polk is not only an M.D. but an LL.D. of Columbia University. He is President of the New York Academy of Medicine and Dean of the Cornell Medical College.]

Had any one of those for whom this monument is now raised looked over the confederated States some thirty-five years ago, he might have had occasion for some troubled reflections upon the attitude of his people toward the events of the Civil War and toward the memories of the deeds performed by himself, his comrades, and his leaders in maintaining their obligations in that unequal strife. While from a large body of survivors many and able voices were raised in defense and praise and some few monuments were erected to the memory of the greater leaders, this was with few exceptions the work of relatives and personal admirers, but which, accepted and appropriated by the people, was not of their initiative; and, indeed, monuments even of this kind were so few and far between he might well have asked: "Have my people no monuments? Have they nothing in their history which they care to commemorate? If such be their attitude, surely defeat has borne its deadly fruit in them. For show me a people without monuments and I show you a people barbarous or in decay."

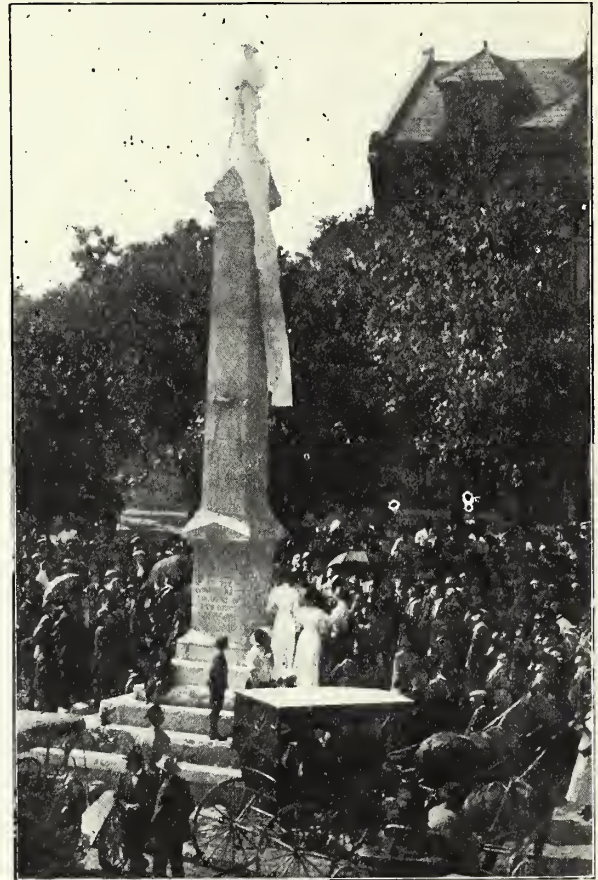
Turning to another part of the now common country, he saw monuments being erected in rapid succession to the valorous dead who had gone from their own midst to contend in mortal fight for principles which they themselves believed in and which they intended if possible to enforce in the control and government of this country.

The contrast forced upon him another question: "Had he and his kind been forgotten, had all that he and those who had stood with him given been buried in defeat? Was it all to be ignored as useless sacrifice? Was oblivion to be not only the fate of himself and associates, but was his faith, that for which he fought and died, also to be blotted out?" The bitterest thing in life is the realization that of our own volition our lives have been spent in useless toil and sacrifice. No consciousness of the planes of heroic life upon which we may have displayed devotion to our cause suffices to assuage this feeling. But one thing overcomes it: the sympathy and appreciation of our neighbors, of our companions. Time, it is true, does for it what it does for all things—destroys it—but while passing through time the defeated must look with heavy hearts upon the relics of his failure and value as priceless loving appreciation of "his Confederate cause."

Looking more deeply and widely, the observer would realize the conditions among this people, giving ample explanation for what was but a forced indifference: A defeated, prostrate people, a ravished, exhausted country, many fatherless homes, and a disjointed political and social organization everywhere. Turning the pages of history, one must seek in the Thirty Years' War in Germany to find a parallel in modern days of what this people were passing through. No part of them tasted it more thoroughly than those right here in Western Tennessee, where not only sectional but civil strife was fully entrenched. Perhaps some semblance might be found in studying the annals of our Revolutionary War as it was enacted in South and North Carolina (a region, by the way, from which came the forebears of very many of the people of this section of Tennessee). Seeing and realizing the weight of all this

adversity the doubting shade would feel, before accepting the evidence of indifference and forgetfulness as real, it was best to wait upon his people somewhat longer.

About this time upon which my memory dwells I happened to meet in conversation Dean Stanley, Dean of Westminster and a personal friend of Queen Victoria. He had been in Virginia to visit friends, and the conversation was upon the South.



AT UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

He said: "I marvel at the manner in which the people of the South, the conquered portion of the Union, are facing the dire conditions which reconstruction is forcing upon them." I replied: "We do it because we come of British stock." "Yes," he said; "but I doubt if we could do it." "Perhaps not," I answered, "although no people can tell what they can do till forced to choose between what they really abhor and the supreme effort of conquest."

The problem now faced was far more serious than the one in which we had just failed. That was a contest with outside forces; this was a contest with those forces of good and evil within ourselves. The good God gives labor to those who engage in this task, the best gift ever bestowed upon man. Homes had to be rebuilt in all their bearings and relations, domestic, educational, social, political. Outside aid was a negligible quantity. All had to come from within, literally from the earth upon which the people stood, touched and fructified by the soul which possessed them. Had the people of the South taken counsel of their justified fears, they would indeed have been wiped from the face of the earth, and truly they would have deserved it; but, taking counsel of their courage instead, they have fulfilled one of the marvels of history—

the rehabilitation of this country in the face of economical, social, and political chaos.

We hear much to-day about the privileges of women. There can be no question that three-fourths of a man's life and its works revolve about women as a center. Starting within the home and continuing up to the topmost plane of social life and government, woman and all that woman implies will be found to be the central influence. For her and what she stands for in this world's scheme, home, social, business, political, and governmental organizations have been created and carried on. Remove her and all those things we call civilization would be impossible; men would not take the trouble to build or preserve it. Without her life really would not be worth the living.

It is interesting to note what her influence has done for those confederated States. From 1861 to 1865, inclusive, men in this region had been doing men's work to retain in proper form just those things I have enumerated. Collapse and failure were their portion, but not so for the women.

In 1865 the men collapsed. Many believe had they been supported by the unanimous action of their own male population the cause they represented would have won; but it was not to be, and now was witnessed the most powerful assertion of the rights of women ever demonstrated in this or any section. During the period of active strife they and the children, while an incentive to action in one sense, had been a source of anxiety and distraction to the men engaged therein—a most natural condition of affairs. Present with them and able to bestow time and attention to their wants—such was the depth of this want that this, together with the consciousness of defeat in their own effort, tried every phase of their manhood. But for the home already there or the prospect of some day creating one with woman as the center doubt is permissible as to what the men would have done; perhaps, as the Hun, gather themselves together and move on to other fields to find them. Herein lies a hint to conquerors who wish to obliterate and disperse a people: destroy all the women and

The history of the Civil War South belongs to the "men and women." The history of reconstruction belongs to the "women and men." Civilization and all it implies is more needed by women than by men. Instinctively seeing it threatened here in that dire period, she faced the situation, and, bringing all her resources to play, won for her section and its people what we see to-day. To understand this, let every man go down into his heart as it worked from 1865 to 1888 and deal candidly with what it rested upon—the vision of the future as revealed in the daily contact with the fears, hopes, aspirations of his women folk, and the inspiration derived therefrom. He thought he fought "pro aris et focus" from 1861 to 1865, but he really fought for "field and fireside" from 1865 to 1880. And then under woman's guidance and influence he accomplished what the South is to-day.

From this prosperity the United Daughters of the Confederacy have gathered the spiritual and material resources with which to erect the stately monuments to the Confederate soldier, now so numerous throughout the late confederated States. In this manner has been lifted the seeming indifference which for a time poverty forced upon those who loved, who honored his glorious deeds. Conspicuous among these shafts this monument, topped with its realistic replica of the "man in gray" will ever stand in token of the love and admiration of the people of Obion County and of their devotion to the principles for which he suffered and died. And now in the name of the Leonidas Polk Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy I have the great honor of presenting this monument to the people of Obion County and placing it more particularly in the keeping of the citizens of this center of its influence and prosperity—Union City.

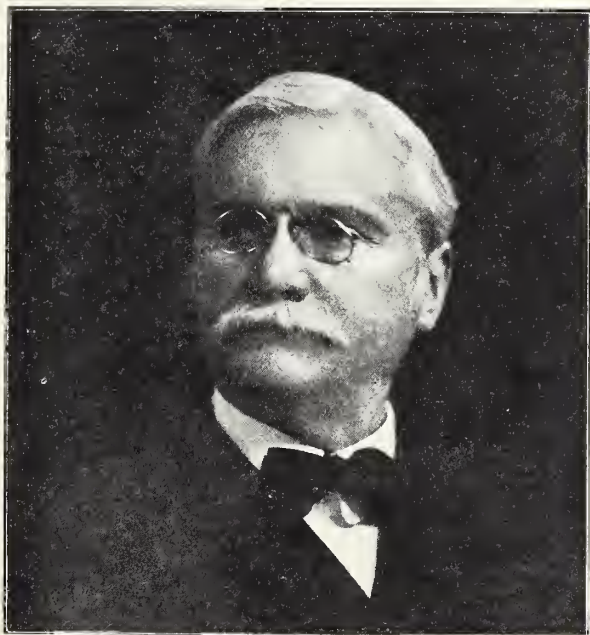
THE SOUTH IN "THE BUILDING OF THE NATION" CONDEMNED.

The following resolution was adopted and ordered published also at the same reunion in Hinton, W. Va.:

"Whereas in a publication called 'The Building of the Nation,' published at Richmond, Va., under the supervision of what is called 'The Southern Historical Publication Society,' edited by one J. M. Callahan, 'Professor of History and Political Science at the University of West Virginia,' there appears much matter that is false and most offensive to all old Confederate soldiers, their children and children's children. In this book, for instance, he states that West Virginia Confederates on their return to their homes from the war are charged with having organized bands of marauders who committed murders and robberies in several West Virginia counties; and whereas such libelous and false statements proceeded either from shameful ignorance or vicious falsifying on the part of this alleged historian and should be condemned by all good citizens; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Division of United Confederate Veterans in unqualified terms denounces these malicious falsehoods and libels upon some of the best and bravest of our citizens who risked their lives and their all in honorable warfare for the right as they saw it, while their traducers, without courage or manhood in war, are now slandering brave men in times of peace."

A most absurd error appears in the article on "Prison Experiences," by John Orr, of Texas, page 532 November VETERAN, in which Hays's Louisiana Brigade is mentioned as "of West Virginia." The error can only be attributed to one of those mysterious slips in the work of printing.



DR. W. M. POLK.

children. But in this instance they were left, and history shows they were able to meet and overcome the crisis.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN WINTER QUARTERS.

MEMORIES OF MOSS NECK IN THE WINTER OF 1862-63.

BY MRS. ROBERTA CARY CORBIN KINSOLVING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

While much has been said and written about the "Gallant Stonewall," our beloved Gen. T. J. Jackson, of the Southern Confederacy, I give a few personal recollections of the winter of 1862 and 1863, when the Army of Northern Virginia lay in winter quarters around my old home, Moss Neck, upon the Rappahannock, about ten miles below Fredericksburg. Many an old soldier will remember Moss Neck "standing like a jewel in its setting of ancestral oaks, amid lovely surroundings and crowning a hill which overlooked one of the handsomest estates upon that historic stream." These were years of thrilling events. Well do I remember the night General Jackson came to Moss Neck and selected the place as his headquarters.

On the 12th of December, 1862, our quiet country neighborhood had been startled by many rumors afloat of a coming battle. Early that morning my husband's sister and I started off on an inspection tour. We were eager to see and hear all that we could. There was with us at the time a young lad, Willie Roberts; and as we had only two riding horses, I took Willie upon my pony behind me as our cavalier escort. Zephyr was small in stature, but fully equal to the double weight. Thus we set out, a miniature cavalcade, Zephyr and Flirt, Kate's pony, shaking their heads and making the dust fly.

We rode to Belle Hill, the home of my husband's father, Maj. James Parke Corbin, and there we spent the day, hearing accounts of troops moving up from Port Royal and from Guinea Station to Fredericksburg. Toward twilight we returned to Moss Neck, meeting many Southern soldiers on the way—not an uncommon occurrence at this time—to whom we gave a nod and a smile. However, as we drew nearer home uniforms became more numerous, and presently a fine-looking officer, cap in hand, stepped forward and said in a courteous tone: "Ladies, you are about to meet several regiments. Indeed, a whole division is just now coming." While he was speaking we saw opening ranks before us and long lines of soldiers, who stood aside to leave the road clear. Thus we made a triumphal entry between ranks of infantry who were quite surprised at two ladies passing escorted in such a novel fashion.

Most embarrassed were we and most respectful were the

soldiers as we ran the gauntlet; yet when we got through and drew near the house we found that the whole place was occupied by troops. So dense were they that we were compelled to dismount and to creep in through the back way into our own house. "All strategy is fair in war." Yard, stable lot, and all the place had become one moving mass of soldiers—on foot, on horseback, with wagons, ambulances, and artillery pieces—all moving as nearly as possible in a bee line, removing obstacles, fences, etc., and making short cuts through the fields.

That night we did not go to bed. The troops were moving all night long, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of the marching men and the heavy rolling of the wagons and artillery drove away all thought of sleep. At daybreak we heard the noise of distant firing. Every window in the large house rattled as in a violent wind storm. The roar of artillery I can liken to nothing but one continuous peal of thunder, although we were ten miles from the field of battle. The battle of Fredericksburg had begun!

We were all in the greatest state of excitement, not frightened, but full of curiosity; and as all the soldiers had gone, we were able to hear nothing definite from the front. So again Kate and I hastily donned our riding habits, and, with Willie this time mounted on another horse, we were soon off again *en route* to Belle Hill. There was no one at home except Maj. James Parke Corbin, my husband's father, who said: "Girls, you must not ride across that field, exposed every minute to the fire from the gunboats." This was said to prevent us from riding on to Mt. Zion, the home of the Conways and the highest point in the vicinity.

The Conways owned a field glass, and this was another reason for our eagerness to reach this haven. Like all reckless young bloods, we moved forward by our impulses, and galloped across the field, much excited. We arrived safe and sound and obtained the much-coveted view of the distant battle ground. From the summit of these hills the broad river fields can be seen for miles, and on a clear day the spires of churches in Fredericksburg are plainly visible.

At this momentous time old Mansfield, the home of the Bernards, gleamed through the trees, the river fields spread out like a map, the Rappahannock winding in and out like a band of silver, over all of which in the background rose clouds



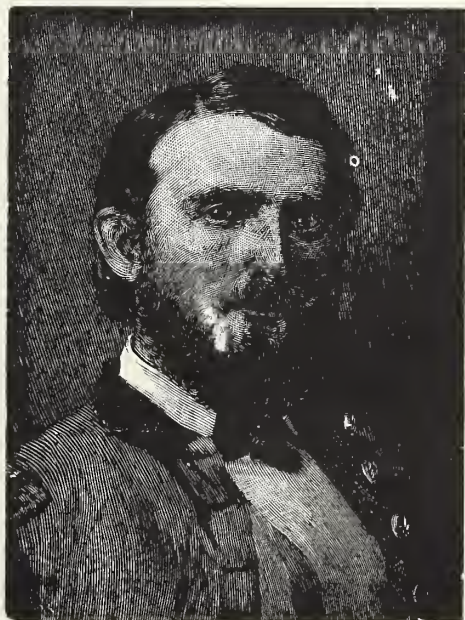
VIVID WINTER SCENE OF MOSS NECK. IT WILL INTEREST SURVIVORS OF JACKSON'S COMMAND.

of smoke from the musketry and flashes of the big guns from the batteries, while long afterwards was heard the sound of the voices from their metallic throats. Thus we became familiar with the different batteries, calling them by name. The huge Whitworth gun made the greatest noise as it plowed up and down the river road. We could see portions of the cavalry on the extreme wing, while many items of interest were gleaned from couriers, who were galloping hither and thither in wildest haste. The day is burned upon my memory in characters of fire, because "it was a glorious victory."

We lingered at Mt. Zion until nearly nightfall, and then galloped home full of news to relate to our friends. The Misses Lizzie and Fanny Bernard and their brother were refugeeing with us, occupying one wing of Moss Neck, which afforded ample accommodation for all. What a contrast the place presented to the bustle and stir of the previous night! Yet it was but "a calm before the storm," as will be observed.

Comparative quiet reigned for a day or two. The night of the 16th of December, I think, we had all retired, and were just beginning to feel comfortably drowsy when we were aroused by a loud knocking at the front door. Dear little Miss Lizzie Bernard had not retired, and, somewhat scared, she went to the door and timorously inquired: "Who is there?" "General Jackson and staff, madam," a voice replied. "We came to see if we could be entertained for the night, as it is late to put up tents, and the General is suffering with ear-ache." By this time Willie Roberts had made his appearance, and politely ushered in the tired General and some of his staff. We soon learned that the whole army was going into camp round about us. Poor fellows! Many of them slept that night upon the ground, and it was raining!

What excitement we had making the General and the others comfortable for the night! Next morning I had several long tables set, and, having killed our winter "porkers" (in lieu of the fatted calf), we were able to serve a pretty fair war-time repast of sausage, pork steaks, waffles, muffins, etc., for our distinguished guests.



GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

I wish I could repeat the delightful breakfast chat, for all was bright and gay and festive after the glorious victory.

After breakfast I asked General Jackson to take one of the wings of the house for his headquarters, but he replied that he would prefer to use the "office" in the yard; that the house was "too luxurious for a soldier, who should sleep in a tent." These were his own words. Many old Virginia homes had "offices" built near the main house where the gentlemen were wont to attend to their business, and this one had three rooms and afforded very good quarters. (The room in which he received his officers was decorated with some fine old racing and sporting pictures, which were quite a joke with some of his friends, especially Gen. J. E. B. Stuart.) The General's sleeping there was the source of a feeling of greatest security all winter. We felt as safe as though in a castle with the bridge drawn and portcullis barred. There was a guard stationed all around the place. Thus did Moss Neck become the headquarters of the great Stonewall Jackson for this notable winter, so memorable to all who lived in those stirring times of direful conflict.

I think General Jackson remained at Moss Neck until he went to Hamilton's Crossing. Imagine the transformation of our quiet country homestead! Thousands of soldiers in sight, the hills echoing with the noises of army life, fife and drum, brisk tattoo and reveille, the sound of many axes, the crashing of great trees as they fell—all became our daily fare of strange experience. The great forests surrounding Moss Neck were literally mowed down. Almost instantly there sprang into life settlements of log huts, with here and there dotted white tents among them. The smoke curled upward from many camp fires. It was a moving scene, a panorama of busy life and activity. How the sounds of camp life haunt me still! The hum of voices, the music of the bands, especially the "Stonewall Brigade Band," stationed right in front of the house! Sometimes amid the bustle of this active life of the soldiers would steal out through the dim twilight a dirge from a band at the burial of some poor soldier whose mortal career had ended, sometimes doubtless from lack of woman's nursing. They were laid to rest far from home and mother.

I can never hear to-day that old hymn tune, "Mear," without the chill of unutterable sadness creeping over me. There were bright sides to the story, however, and many pleasant episodes. Often there would be a fine dress parade or grand review, when the whole neighborhood would come to witness the drill. As a rule, however, the ladies remained at home, for the "corduroy" roads were dreadful. The soldiers often gave the Rebel yell, and anything from "Old Jack" to a rabbit would set them off. The bad roads did not keep the homesick fellows from visiting, and all the neighbors kept open house. It was my delight to give them the treat of a good supper now and then. The clanking of spurs often mingled with music and dancing, and good old war-time songs of "Lorena," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Ever of Thee," and other ballads filled many an evening and soothed many a lonely heart.

Now while our men were quietly resting around Moss Neck General Hooker's army was encamped at Farley Vale, home of S. Wellford Corbin, on the other side of the river, in King George County. From our garden hill could be seen their tents, and we could also hear the music of their bands. I have sat for hours listening to the fine music of those Northern bands and seeing their balloons sailing through the air. Wonderfully near they seemed! It has been stated recently in the public press that the celebrated Count Zeppelin, whose recent experiments with the dirigible balloon are world-wide in their fame, was with General Grant during the Civil

War. It is most likely that he was across the river from us, even then experimenting with balloons, and it may have been some sent up by him which we saw.

During the winter I had ample opportunity to see and know some of our most distinguished officers: Generals Lee, Stuart, A. P. and D. H. Hill, and others. Often seated by my window, I saw General Lee ride by like a crusader of old, General Stuart with his plumes waving in the wind, Von Borcke upon his huge horse (selected on account of his immense size), and other distinguished personages. I became well acquainted with General Jackson. I saw him almost every day. He and the old Sorrel and "Uncle Jim" were most familiar objects. Uncle Jim was his well-known body servant, and the little sorrel his much-used steed. General Jackson was not only a great soldier but a man as loving and as tender as a woman in his sympathies and interests. "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." He was very fond of children, especially of little Jane Wellford Corbin, our only child, who was at this time about five years of age, winning in her ways, and the pet and darling of the whole staff. Indeed, she was beloved by all our army friends. General Jackson would send for her to come to the office and see him in the mornings. She would play there for hours at a time. She would sit on the floor, cut paper dolls, and entertain the General with her childish prattle.

One favorite amusement of his as well as of hers was her folding a piece of paper and cutting a long string of dolls all joined together in ranks which she called her "Stonewall Brigade." I can imagine a smile and a merry twinkle in his eyes as he scanned these miniature soldiers, funny little bow-legged fellows they were. I have some of them now between the leaves of my old Bible. I am sure any of the old veterans would laugh to see their diminutive representatives.

Janie particularly admired the new military cap with its broad gilt band, not long before sent to the General by Mrs. Jackson, and she also admired the new uniform which I have heard was given to him by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, which was worn the day of the battle of Fredericksburg, making him thus unconsciously a target for the enemy. One day he took the end of his pen knife, and, ripping the band from the cap, he pinned it round the child's hair like a coronet. He said: "Janie, it suits a little girl like you better than it does an old soldier like me." She came running in, her eyes sparkling, to show it to mother and to tell what he said. Afterwards she wore it in the same ornamental way when she was dressed for the evening. Regally she wore her crown: the gold of the band blended with the gold in her hair. Dear little girl, we did not dream that for this gift of General Jackson her name would become historic. The incident has been mentioned in many a history as an evidence of his great, loving heart and regard for little children. The little piece of braid, now faded and tarnished, I kept and am preserving still as a precious souvenir with priceless associations.

Not many weeks afterwards this lovely child was seized with malignant scarlet fever, and in less than forty-eight hours this dreadful scourge of childhood had ended her sweet young life. She died the very morning after General Jackson left

Moss Creek to prepare to open his spring campaign. She seemed but the avant courier of the brilliant star so soon to set. Only a month or two later Jackson too was taken away from us. The army went into active service. The battles of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness followed. The brave leader fell, wounded by his own men. He was carried to Guinea Station, where he lingered for a brief while, nursed by his beloved wife and his faithful physician. There he closed his eyes and "passed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees." Brave Christian soldier!

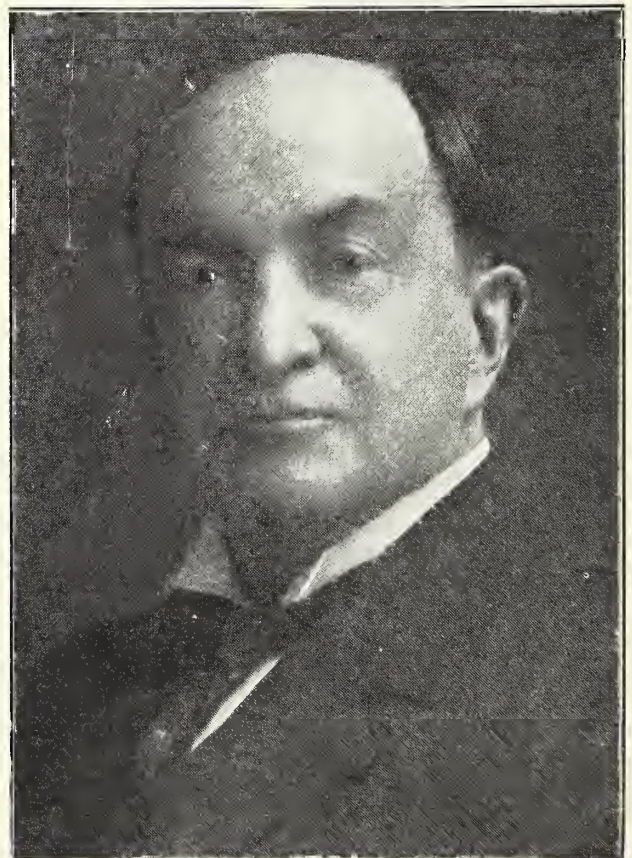
GOV. J. B. McCREARY WHEN A PRISONER.

Hon. James B. McCreary has been elected Governor of Kentucky for the second time. This honor has been bestowed on but two men in the history of that State. Governor Shelby was elected in 1798 and again in 1812. Governor McCreary was elected in 1875 and again in 1911 after an interim of thirty-six years.

Governor McCreary was major of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.; and when Col. David W. Chenault was killed at the Green River Stockade on July 4, 1863, Governor McCreary became lieutenant colonel of the regiment and commanded it on the Ohio raid. He was in the United States Senate for one term (six years), Congressman for the Eighth Kentucky District ten years, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and twice elected Governor, as stated. He was a gallant soldier as well as a most distinguished statesman. His Confederate comrades throughout the South will rejoice that his native commonwealth has done him the honor of again bestowing on him the office of chief executive.



LITTLE JANE CORBIN.



GOV. JAMES B. McCREARY.

The following extracts from a speech of Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, during a recent campaign stirred the pride of his comrades.

EXTRACTS FROM SPEECH BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

On the Fourth of July, 1863, at the very beginning of Morgan's Ohio raid the battle of Green River occurred. The 11th Kentucky bore the brunt of that conflict. Colonel Moore, of a Union Iowa regiment, was in charge of a stockade at that point. General Morgan had easy sailing from where he had crossed the Cumberland River to this place. A demand for surrender met with the response that "the Fourth of July was a bad day to ask a Union soldier to surrender, and that if General Morgan wanted him he would have to come and get him."

An assault was immediately ordered. It was met with determined resistance, and in the end with a deadly repulse. While standing by Colonel Chenault that officer was shot through the head and fell dead at Major McCreary's feet. Assuming command of the regiment, he passed along the line to designate Captain Treble as his second in command; and as the order was issued and Treble waved his hand in acknowledgment of the promotion, he too was shot down by McCreary's side. A second captain was killed in like manner. Maj. Theophilus Steele rode up to learn what were the conditions, and his horse was killed as he leaned over to hear the report from the gallant McCreary. On that day no man ever acted with calmer courage or handled a regiment with more skill or bravery.

And he won the admiration and respect of all his command by his splendid bearing. * * * Brave men as a rule are true men, and a man who went faultlessly through such an ordeal can be trusted in all the affairs of life.

You will remember that all of Morgan's officers who were captured on the Ohio raid were confined for some months in the Ohio penitentiary. Among these was Lieut. Col. James B. McCreary. From this prison General Morgan and some of his companions escaped by tunneling into an air shaft and sewer. To escape became the highest hope and ambition of those prisoners. Colonel McCreary had concealed \$100 in gold in the seams of his clothing. With part of this he had induced a Federal soldier to sell him a long knife. It was agreed that McCreary with the knife should grapple the soldier, overpower him, then the two escape to Canada.

The fact that McCreary had a knife was in some way betrayed to the warden of the penitentiary. He demanded its production, and the prisoner refused its surrender. He was thoroughly examined for its presence and threatened with the dungeon if it was not given up. Search was in vain, but finally a detective advised ripping open the mattress in the cell and the knife was discovered. The thermometer was then below zero. Colonel McCreary was hurried into a dark, dismal dungeon, with no furniture, no bed. Without food or water, he was kept in this horrible place for thirty-six hours, and then the name of the person who had given him the knife was again demanded. This was positively refused.

"You may kill me or freeze me or starve me, but I will not betray the man who gave me the knife," was the courageous response of this young Kentuckian. He was returned to the dungeon, where he could keep from dying with cold only by walking across the floor of his cell for two days and nights. In the awful isolation, in the terrifying darkness, tortured with hunger and burning with thirst, the only relief that came to the dreadfulness of the place was one tin cup of water and

a slice of bread handed in through a small opening of the door. Death seemed near at hand, but another demand for the name of the man who had given him the knife was met with a calm and determined refusal. After an awful experience for many hours, the surgeon of the penitentiary passed in front of the dungeon. He heard the moaning of what he believed to be a struggling, dying human being. He ordered the door opened, removed the unconscious soldier to the hospital, and by humane and merciful attendance saved his life.

Fellow citizens, a man who courted death rather than betray a Federal soldier who had sold him a knife is incapable of a mean or dishonorable act. If this thing were to happen in the year 1911, the Carnegie medal fund would give him a splendid testimonial and in addition add enough to make him comfortable for the remainder of his life.

No man in Kentucky has emerged from as many political conflicts with a better record. He can hold up his hands with the lime light of truth shining through and through, and not a single dollar in his political life ever stuck to his fingers. He was always kind and courteous and true to his party and to his principles. He never politically did anything of which a Kentuckian need be ashamed.

WAR IN MISSOURI BEGAN AT CAMP JACKSON.

BY S. T. RUFFNER, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

Missouri was in 1860-61 unquestionably opposed to the secession of the State. The position she sought to occupy was one of neutrality; but so closely was she identified with the South by reason of her institutions as well as the origin of a large portion of her inhabitants that she became an object of suspicion and of prompt military occupation by the troops of the United States.

At the inception of this proceeding there were thus two bodies of troops in the State, the militia or State Guard of Missouri—one brigade from each Congressional district, enrolled by order of the legislature, under command of Maj. Gen. Sterling Price—and the United States forces under General Harney, commanding the Department of the West, a geographic division which included the State of Missouri.

General Price was a known "Union" man, had seen service in the Mexican War, was an ex-Governor, a born leader and commander of men, and well qualified to discharge the duties of his delicate and responsible position.

By the law of the State an annual encampment of the militia was held for the purpose of instruction in tactics. The place selected for encampment in 1861 was then about half a mile from the city of St. Louis, between Olive Street and Laclede Avenue, known as Lindell's Grove. Here about the 1st of May, 1861, several companies of militia numbering 636 men and fifty officers, commanded by Gen. D. M. Frost, an old army man, set up their camp, calling it Camp Jackson after Claiborne F. Jackson, the Governor of the State.

There was no appearance of hostility in this camp. No sentinels were set to guard against surprise, visitors were freely admitted, the wives, sweethearts, children even, and schoolboys, and families of officers and men coming out from the city to witness the daily drill and exercises.

In the temporary absence of General Harney Capt. Nathaniel Lyon, of the United States army, was in charge of the arsenal and Union forces in St. Louis. Lyon was a New England man, active, wiry, and brave; but he had no liking for Southern people or Southern institutions, and sided with the extremists in favor of coercion. Unfortunately Lyon conceived

the impression that the enlistment and collecting of the State militia was designed to make an attack on his men and to get possession of the arsenal. Hence he wrote exciting and exaggerated statements to the War Department at Washington asking permission to increase his forces by enlisting troops from the almost solid German population in the southern part of the city. Authority was given him by Mr. Lincoln to raise ten regiments. Of these by May 10, 1861, he had formed seven regiments, and had organized and drilled them quietly without arousing any alarm in the city. He had also two regiments of regular soldiers.

The rumor came to Frost that Lyon was preparing to attack Camp Jackson. Acting upon this, General Frost addressed a communication to Captain Lyon, assuring him that no assault upon the arsenal or the United States troops was intended, saying that he was at Camp Jackson under the Constitution to drill and train the militia; that no flag but the stars and stripes, with its fellow, the coat of arms of the State, had ever floated over their camp; moreover, that the services of himself and his command, and if necessary the whole power of the State, was proffered to protect the United States in the full possession of the arsenal and all other government property.

Lyon, discrediting the sincerity of Frost's letter, replied in substance as follows: "Your command is regarded as hostile toward the government of the United States. It is made up of secessionists, is in correspondence with the Confederacy, and is acting under the orders of the Governor of Missouri, who is a Rebel. I therefore demand the immediate surrender of your command and the dispersion of your troops."

The masses of the great city of 300,000 people had little knowledge of the condition of military matters around them. They did know that the air was full of rumors and that the talk was of war; but in spite of an inevitable feeling of disquiet, they were plying their various pursuits and vocations in the usual way, when suddenly on the 10th of May Lyon moved his army. Some estimated it at 6,000 men; Lyon in his official report calls it a "great number." They marched in platoons, reaching from curb to curb, up from the southern part of the city through several of the principal streets toward Olive Street. The appearance of so formidable an army on the march naturally excited attention as it passed, and many were the speculations as to its meaning and destination. Busy tradesmen left their counters to become spectators, and crowds of men, women, and children soon packed the sidewalks, and, filled with curiosity, followed along, the number increasing as they went. It was half past three o'clock in the afternoon as the columns turned down Olive Street, and the city high schools were just dismissed for the day. The boys pouring out of the buildings, book satchels in hand, eager to see what was going on, quickly joined the procession.

On they went, the curious but unalarmed crowd of citizens keeping pace. Lindell's Grove was reached, Camp Jackson surrounded, and its immediate surrender demanded. General Frost, while protesting at "the unlawful procedure," made no resistance, but yielded to the inevitable.

After the State troops had surrendered and been disarmed, Lyon's men opened fire upon the mass of wondering spectators—a thousand, perhaps several thousand of whom had been inclosed within the ranks—killing and wounding many. Of this incident various versions have been given. Frost in his report says: "After we were disarmed and had surrendered, a fire was opened upon a portion of us by Lyon's troops, and a number of men put to death, together with several innocent

lookers on." Lyon in his report of May 12 to Col. L. Thomas, adjutant general at Washington, says: "My command on returning to their station were fired upon by a mob, which fire was returned by the troops, from which all told on both sides about twelve persons were killed, two of whom were United States troops."

P. S. Sanderson, chief clerk, stated that after being fired upon Captain Blondowsky ordered the United States troops to fire upon the crowd.

The following account of this affair is given by an eyewitness (Rev. P. D. Stephenson, D.D., a former member of Company —, Washington Artillery, now a distinguished Presbyterian minister of Woodstock, Va.), a man of intelligence and character, reared in St. Louis, then a student of one of the city schools, and one of those inclosed within the square of armed soldiery. This gentleman refers to the fact that these troops were for the most part Germans, speaking a different language, employed by the government to swell the ranks of Lyon's forces, with possibly but a crude conception of the issues at stake and therefore unrestrained from deeds of lawlessness and violence. He also says that after the militia had surrendered and given up their arms the citizens were kept standing for some time, scarcely knowing how to escape from the snare into which they had unwittingly been enmeshed, but little dreaming of any violent demonstration on the part of the army. While thus waiting for release a lad from out the group of students in a spirit of bravado or possibly of boyish sport pitched a clod of dirt at a mounted German officer and struck him on the leg. Immediately the officer drew his sword, wheeled his horse toward his men, and gave the signal to fire. Realizing too late the perils to which they had subjected themselves, the helpless citizens ran to the outer side of the square and were fired upon from that direction. It was some time before order was restored and the firing upon innocent victims ceased. Among the killed was a woman with a babe in her arms and a young girl.

Lyon finally marched the State troops down through the city as prisoners of war to the arsenal, where they were kept until paroled by the intervention of General Harney.

A charitable explanation of the unwarranted and brutal attack upon unarmed men and innocent women and children might be in the suggestion that the German troops, excited by so large a crowd of citizens following along after them, became suspicious, or that Captain Blondowsky, incensed by the jeers of mischievous boys laughing at the unusual appearance of the "foreign horde," when struck by the clod of dirt, gave vent to his anger and ordered the firing.

The taking of Camp Jackson was a great blunder, and one that might have been avoided had the Union leaders in St. Louis heeded the counsel of conservative men on both sides, such as Harney and Price. But impetuous and prejudiced as Lyon was, there were others, radical politicians who had influence at Washington, that were urging him on.

The taking of Camp Jackson was also a great wrong to Missouri. It sent a thrill of indignation over the State and involved Missouri in a war with the general government. It cut her off from supplies of arms and ammunition and threw an organized army of 10,000 troops into her defenses boundaries. All the hard-fought battles, all the outrages perpetrated by both parties in Missouri during the war and immediately after may be traced to this deplorable incident. It set a precedent to the Union soldier to disregard personal rights and menaced the safety of all Southern men. It took from Missourians all civil protection; it stimulated oppression on one

side and provoked retaliation and revenge on the other. Missouri's only hope was to stand upon her constitutional rights. This was denied her.

THE WAR WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

The taking of Camp Jackson, with its accompanying tragedy, greatly inflamed the minds of the people throughout the State. Many were openly advocating war, others favored taking a neutral position, thinking resistance futile.

On June 12, 1861, Gov. Claiborne Jackson issued a proclamation calling for fifty thousand volunteers to defend the State against the invasion. On the second day after the proclamation General Lyon began to move his army from St. Louis toward the capital, taking part of his forces, including one regiment of regular United States troops, Col. Frank P. Blair's regiment of volunteers, and Lieutenant Totten's battery, by steamboats. The other parts under Col. Franz Sigel went by rail. They reached Jefferson City on the afternoon of the next day, and took possession of the town without resistance, the Governor and other officials having hastily taken leave southward. Lyon proceeded up the Missouri River, landing on the 17th a few miles below Boonville, where he met with a stubborn resistance from citizen volunteers who were without artillery, and, not being able to withstand Totten's Battery, retreated.

Lyon continued his march through Sedalia and toward the southwest. Simultaneous with this movement Gen. S. D. Sturgis, of the Federal army, with a like force set out from Leavenworth, Kans., moving in the direction of Springfield, Mo., at which point the two forces united July 31.

In the meanwhile General Price was rapidly recruiting an army of State troops near the Arkansas border, where he was joined by Gen. Benjamin McCulloch's command of Arkansas and Texas troops, and one Louisiana regiment (the 3d), under Col. Lewis Hebert, known as the "Pelican Rifles." The two armies were now about forty miles apart; they were fairly matched in numbers, having about ten thousand men on each side. The Federal troops were well armed, while about one thousand mounted men in Price's camp were without arms of any kind. The battle of Wilson's Creek was fought eight miles from Springfield on August 10, 1861. It was a hard and bloody struggle fought in an open field, lasting seven hours. Most of the Southern men had never been under fire and had never been drilled; while the Federal troops were well equipped and trained for this stage of the war, some of them having served in the regular United States army. General Sigel's men were German volunteers, some of whom had done military service in the old country. Sterling Price was a veteran of the Mexican War. General McCulloch was a Texan veteran who had helped to avenge the butchery of the heroes of the Alamo at San Jacinto.

Lyon surrounded the Southern camp in the night. The battle began about sunrise in an attack on the front and rear of the Confederate line. The surprise was almost complete. Many of the Southern soldiers were either in bed or preparing breakfast when Totten's Battery opened fire from an elevation overlooking their camp. This was afterwards known as Bloody Hill. I cannot here enter into the details of this battle; others have done it well. That it was stubborn and deadly is shown by the losses on both sides and the close proximity of those left on the field. The killed and wounded of the Federals numbered twelve hundred and thirty-five, and the Southern loss was about the same.

The fighting was always at close range and without cessa-

tion from the start to the end. It was a fatal day for Lyon and his command when he brought his lines within easy range of the double-barreled shotguns of the Southern frontiersmen. The Union army was routed and driven from the field through Springfield toward Rolla, the nearest point to the railroad.

Price and McCulloch buried their dead on the battle field, and the next day moved into Springfield and went into camp. Thus it will be seen that just three months to the day from the taking of Camp Jackson Lyon's army was utterly beaten and himself slain while rallying the 1st Iowa Regiment for one more charge. The battle suddenly ended, and the victory of Wilson's Creek was emblazoned on the arms of the Confederates.

While these things were taking place in the field the Union politicians were busy in St. Louis. A State convention was called and met in that city July 20. Of course no Southern sympathizer could be present. This convention arbitrarily declared vacant the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of State, and filled the offices by appointment. These depositions from office also applied to members of the legislature. Gamble was appointed and installed Governor.

The State had passed no formal act of secession; but the army assumed common cause with the seceded States, and on November 2 Governor Jackson called a meeting of the legislature at Neosho. A quorum of Southern sympathizers were present, and they passed an act ratifying an agreement made between the State and the commissioners of the Confederate government by which Missouri was to become a member of the Confederacy, and elected George G. Vest and John B. Clark, Sr., to the Senate at Richmond.

The first election in the State after the war began was held in 1864, when the notorious Drake Constitution was adopted and the disfranchisement of Southern soldiers and sympathizers was enacted, debarring all such persons from holding office or place of trust, prohibiting from the practice of law, teaching school, or preaching the gospel and all who were unwilling to take oath of loyalty to the Federal government.

Citizens who had been enjoying a lifelong ideal freedom, dwelling in the full liberty of their peaceful and quiet homes, faring sumptuously on the rich products of a virgin soil which their industry had reclaimed from its native State and under a government which they regarded as the best in the world, little dreamed of the trying ordeal through which they were so soon to pass—disfranchisement, the invasion of the sacred precincts of home by military searches, confiscation of property, exposure to indignities, or prison and banishment—and for what offense? Divested of fanaticism and passion, the impartial historian will answer: "Because he advocated and defended the sublime principle of State sovereignty."

FROM REMOTE NEW ENGLAND.—A. I. Mather, Secretary of the Masonic Temple Association, Rockland, Maine, writes: "On April 10, 1912, I shall have reached the age of three-score years and ten. As I grow older I think more of the old days when we were campaigning in Virginia. I am especially interested in that last campaign which ended at Appomattox. I was young then and full of ginger. * * * I send special greetings to my old comrades in gray who were in that particular campaign, and through the VETERAN I wish to convey my wishes for their prosperity. I am always glad to communicate with any of the glorious old Army of Northern Virginia, and anticipate meeting them at the proposed reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg in 1913. May all of us be spared to participate in that grand event!"

THE LAST ROLL

MAJ. WILLIAM HOLDING ECHOLS.

William Holding Echols was born in Huntsville, Ala., March 11, 1834. He received his preliminary education at Green Academy, in Huntsville; then he engaged in business in Huntsville, and also for one year in Mississippi. Receiving an appointment as cadet, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point July 1, 1854, and was graduated fourth in his class on July 1, 1858, at which date he received his commission in the army and was assigned as brevet second lieutenant to the Corps of Topographical Engineers. He was retained at West Point as instructor in the Military Academy until September, 1858. In October of that year he was ordered to Fort Vancouver, W. T., for duty at Headquarters Department of Oregon. This order was subsequently changed, and Lieutenant Echols was assigned to the Department of Texas with headquarters at San Antonio, where he served until the breaking out of the Civil War.

In the capacity of engineer in charge of the survey Lieutenant Echols for two years made expeditions throughout Northwest Texas with camels, imported by the government for that purpose, in search of available routes through those arid wastes to the California coast. His penciled notes of those experiences, taken in the field and embodied in his field books, are full of vivid interest.

Lieutenant Echols resigned from the United States army on March 21, 1861, and joined the Confederate army. He was appointed by President Davis as captain of engineers in the regular Confederate army March 29, 1861, and was assigned to duty as engineer in charge of Fort Jackson and St. Philip, La., whence, after a brief service, he was ordered on April 17, 1861, to Savannah, Ga., where he was employed as chief engineer in charge of defenses, in building fortifications, and also in organizing and drilling troops under Gen. A. R. Lawton.

He was commissioned on December 30, 1861, by Gov. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, as colonel of the 29th Georgia Volunteers, a position which he greatly desired to accept. But, notwithstanding General Lawton's indorsement of his cause, President Davis wrote him: "The number of engineer officers in our service is quite too small to permit them being placed in command of troops." He was then promoted to be major of engineers, and as chief engineer of South Carolina was ordered to the defense of Charleston Harbor, where he served under Generals Beauregard, Pemberton, and Hardee until the evacuation of Charleston, in 1865. He was proceeding on his way through North Carolina to join the Army of Virginia when the surrender took place.

Major Echols returned to his native place, Huntsville, where in 1866 he served as civil engineer on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. In 1868 he rehabilitated and reorganized the Bell Factory Cotton Mills, one of the oldest cotton mills in the South. He subsequently became President of the First National Bank of Huntsville, the duties of which position he continued to perform until a few months before his death, on November 13, 1909.

Major Echols was modest, unassuming, and tender-hearted,

with high spirit and courage, undying sense of truth, honor, and high ideals that go to make for manhood in all things.

Major Echols's grandfather, William Echols, went from Pittsylvania County, Va., to Alabama in 1816. His father, also William Echols, at that time sixteen years of age, continued a resident of Alabama the remainder of his life.

Major Echols was married in Huntsville January 19, 1859, to Mary Beirne Patton, daughter of Dr. Charles H. Patton and



MAJ. W. H. ECHOLS.

Susan Beirne Patton. He is survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Spragins, of Huntsville. One son is Col. Charles P. Echols, of the United States army, now Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy at West Point; the other son, William H. Echols, Jr., has been for twenty years Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. Major Echols is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Wm. C. Collier and Mrs. Eliza Richardson, of Nashville, Tenn.

COL. JOHN W. GRAY.

One of the most venerable of Georgia pioneers was Col. John W. Gray, who lived for seventy-nine years at Adairsville before that town (halfway between Chattanooga and Atlanta) was founded. His father settled there in 1833, at which time the Indians were so numerous and the whites so scarce that the lad's playmates were chiefly the papooses.

Colonel Gray was one of the best-known men in North Georgia. As a young man he went West in search of gold as one of the "forty-niners," but ere long he returned. He went away again in 1861; and after the four years of war, in which he was a gallant field officer of the 8th Georgia Infantry and later on the staff of Gen. W. T. Wofford, he returned to Adairsville, and of course that was home all the while.

He was a fine model of the pioneer type. He was over six feet tall, and until the last was "as straight as an Indian, as

hard as a hickory knot, sinewy, active, clear-minded, and clear-blooded." He was a fine example of a vanishing kind that cut their way through the frontier in the old days and faced bravely whatever was before them. He was one of the bitter opponents of secession. He fought it with determination, and he helped to carry Bartow County in a vote against it. But when Georgia did secede and war was on, he was one of the first to step to the front and declare his loyalty to his State. And during the war he proved himself a gallant soldier.

After the war, when sensibilities were raw and feelings were bitter, he was one of the leaders in the regeneration of the stricken South. Bartow County had its share of scallawags—a lawless lot. They infested his own neighborhood until he laid aside the ways of peace and used violence upon them, risking himself single-handed against their combined lot, and he saw them scatter.

In the early seventies he was a member of the lower house of the Georgia Legislature, but he loved straightforward talk and quick action. He did not know the meaning of fear.

After the war Colonel Gray returned to Adairsville. He took up merchandising, and for years was one of the best merchants of that section, being noted for his honest dealings.

His father gave him a rightful inheritance to his pioneer ways. He had penetrated from North Carolina into Georgia, locating first in Columbia County, next in Carroll, and then permanently in Cass County, which afterwards became Bartow. The elder James Gray was the father of several children, of whom this son was the last survivor.

On June 12, 1909, an automobile in which were his son, James R. Gray, and several guests stopped in front of his house on its way from Atlanta to a good roads meeting in Dalton, and a reporter of the Atlanta Journal, which paper is owned by the son, James R. Gray, wrote: "Eighty years of

winter and summer have passed over his head, but they have left it little silvered. Nor have they bent him nor broken him, for he stands as straight in his tracks as a university squad youth, and his voice is deep and full-toned. He is a remarkable living demonstration of the healthful and preservative qualities of the North Georgia air in which he was born and reared. His son, himself a proud grandfather, was one of the party that stopped to pay the vigorous old gentleman of pioneer Georgia their respects on his own threshold. Colonel Gray said: 'I have lived right on this knoll for seventy-nine years. I played with the little Indians here. They were my only playmates for years. I can well remember the first white boy I ever got acquainted with. He went out to California with me a good many years later and came back with me. He died about ten years ago.' It seemed but a step from the voice that was speaking back to the unknown days when the redskins roamed the woods about and traded their wares at the kitchen door with the slave cooks, while the little white boy in the wilderness got acquainted with their bare-thighed sons in the yard. His good-by was the benediction of a patriarch."

CAPT. S. R. LATTA.

Capt. S. R. Latta, one of the oldest citizens of Dyersburg, Tenn., died there on July 12, 1911, after nearly a year's illness. He was eighty-six years of age, and had lived there sixty-one years. He was a native of Pennsylvania. When the war broke out, he organized a company at Dyersburg and served as its captain through the war. After the war he began the practice of law, and continued in the profession until his retirement on account of advanced age. He was a prominent member of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Dyersburg, and it was his custom to give his old comrades a picnic on his lawn once a year, and the boys in gray always had a good time on those occasions. They loved their old captain and will ever revere his memory. His wife survives him, also three sons and three daughters. Mrs. W. M. Anderson, wife of Rev. Dr. Anderson, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, is his eldest daughter. Captain Latta was a Mason and a charter member of the local lodge, which is one of the oldest in the State.

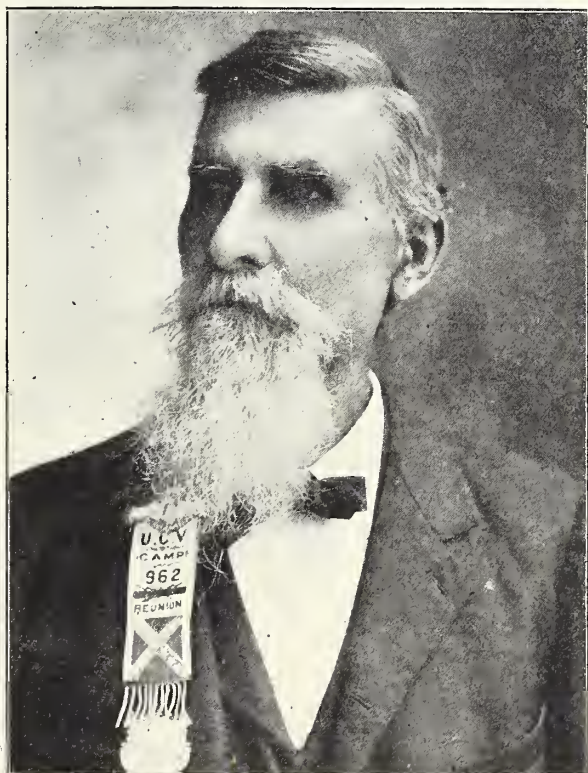
[It is a coincidence recurred to many times by the Editor that Captain Latta and Gen. O. F. Strahl, both of Northern rearing, commanded the two first companies from Dyer County for the Confederate army, than whom there were no more faithful Confederates. General Strahl was killed at Franklin, buried at Ashwood, and reinterred at Dyersburg.]

MRS. A. R. GOVAN.

At a meeting of the Seven Generals Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of Helena, resolutions were adopted in memory of Mrs. Andrew Govan, naming her as one of its most faithful and beloved women and expressing keenly the loss of so noble a character and firm supporter. They pay tribute to her words of counsel and her undaunted zeal in their work to perpetuate the memory of our noble dead. She was a true and loyal type of Southern womanhood and an inspiration and guide to influence her associates in noble deeds.

A memorial page is set apart in the records of the Chapter and copies of resolutions are sent to the sorrowing husband and family with the profound and heartfelt sympathy of the Chapter in their great bereavement, and also to the VETERAN.

Miss Jessie Thompson and Mrs. Jennie Pillor Rightor, committee.



COL. JOHN W. GRAY.

TRIBUTE BY VETERANS TO MISS MARY AMELIA SMITH.

The Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, of Virginia, moved by the chivalrous sentiment which inspired its members during our great struggle for our inheritance as bequeathed by the fathers of the republic—a sentiment they still cherish—deems it an honor to show its profound respect to the memory of Miss Mary Amelia Smith, the beloved daughter of Virginia's warrior-statesman, Gov. William Smith, who died at her home in Warrenton, Va., on September 20, 1911, full of years and of honors.

Having "kept the faith," she has finished her course and will "henceforth wear a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give" her.

Miss Smith's love for the Confederate cause, its noble champions, and high ideals was the absorbing passion of her life, and there was none among all the devoted women of the South who strove more earnestly and labored more unceasingly to keep them in undimmed remembrance. She was among the first and most zealous by her efforts and her gifts to perpetuate in marble and in bronze the fame of our comrades who fought for country and for truth under the Southern cross.

As Regent of her home Chapter and head of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy she aroused interest and enthusiasm in the good work and added largely to their rolls.

There stands in the Confederate part of the cemetery at Warrenton the first of the monuments erected in Virginia, bearing the inscription, "Virginia's Daughters to Virginia's Defenders," which attest alike her zeal and her generosity.

She was joint contributor to the splendid statue of her heroic father which graces the Capitol Square in Richmond.

The grounds of our Soldiers' Home, the memorial window in its chapel, and the "Smith Cottage," where many a Virginia veteran overtaken by adverse fortune has found ease and comfort in his declining years attest her generous fidelity.

The Grand Camp is glad to honor the memory of this true representative of the noble women of the South, who never failed to respond with soul and heart and hand to the limitless demand upon their fortitude and self-sacrifice. May her patriotic devotion to the precious memories of our glorious struggle be an inspiration and an example to the South's daughters through all the coming years!

MRS. ROSA BURWELL TODD.

Mrs. Rosa Burwell Todd, the wife of Dr. C. H. Todd, and one of the best-known and most highly respected women of Owensboro, died at her home in November, 1911, after an illness of two weeks. Mrs. Todd was a daughter of the late Col. William M. Burwell, of Bedford County, Va., and a granddaughter of Hon. William A. Burwell, private Secretary to Thomas Jefferson.

Mrs. Todd was married to Dr. C. H. Todd in February, 1865, and in September of that year with her husband removed to Owensboro, where she resided until her death. Mrs. Todd was known as a woman of strong personality. She was a writer for several well-known magazines in this country. She was an active member of the D. A. R., and for two years was Regent of the State of Kentucky. Besides her husband, three children, Misses Rosa and Frances Todd and Mr. Stuart Todd, survive her.

A special meeting of the Rice E. Graves Camp of Confederate Veterans was held in Owensboro November 10, 1911, and action was taken in regard to Mrs. Todd as follows:

"Resolved, That the officers and members of this Camp have with deep regret learned of the death of Mrs. Rosa B. Todd, wife of Dr. C. H. Todd, Commander of the Rice E. Graves Camp. This Camp hereby extends its sincere sympathies to its Commander, Dr. Todd, and his family, and join with them in their grief occasioned by their irreparable loss.

"The members of the Camp personally knew Mrs. Todd well; they admired and loved her for her womanly virtues and high character. She was a child of the 'Old South,' attached by tradition and education to its institutions and its people.

"Confederate soldiers never had a more loyal friend or a more intelligent or faithful defender of the cause for which they fought than Mrs. Rosa B. Todd, and in her death the Rice E. Graves Camp fully recognizes it has lost one of the most ardent and accomplished supporters of the principles for which the Confederate organization stands.

"Born and reared in a home of wealth and culture which was often visited by the most distinguished men of the South, among whom were Gen. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, she grew from childhood into glorious young womanhood devotedly attached to the South. A descendant from Revolutionary ancestry, she was for years a conspicuous figure in that patriotic organization, the Daughters of the American Revolution. With the passing of Mrs. Todd, Owensboro has lost one of its most learned and brilliant women, and surviving Confederate soldiers have a most capable and consistent advocate."

Dr. Todd was surgeon of the 13th Virginia Infantry Regiment under Stonewall Jackson and surrendered at Appomattox. His friends and those of his surviving family sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

DEATHS IN E. C. WALTHALL CAMP, SWEETWATER, TEX.,
SINCE JANUARY, 1910.

Dr. R. J. Pope died April 6, 1910, aged about sixty-seven years. He was a member of Company E, 3d Tennessee Infantry, and served in the A. N. V.

J. M. Fay, of the 63d North Carolina, died August 14, 1910, aged seventy-seven years. He was in the secret service most of the war, often within the enemy's lines, and more than once captured, at one time making his escape from Fortress Monroe. Comrade Fay had the unqualified confidence of his superior officers, and was often selected for dispatch undertakings. He was known in the secret service as "White Oak," and there are probably some yet living who remember him by this name.

B. F. Roberts, of Company F, 43d Georgia Infantry, died August 23, 1911, aged seventy-two years. He served in the Army of Tennessee.

W. D. Beall, captain of Company K, 7th Texas Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, died on August 24, 1911. He was born eighty-three years ago in Mississippi. He was in California at the beginning of the war, but hastened overland to Texas to enlist.

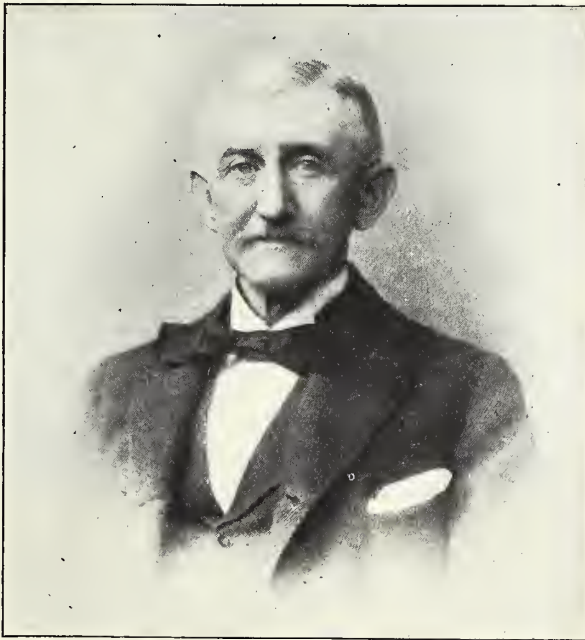
G. W. Campbell, of Company F, 45th Mississippi Infantry, died on October 9, 1911. He was born sixty-nine years ago at St. Johns, New Brunswick, and was a sailor for a number of years, traveling very extensively. He was an enthusiastic Mason.

J. Z. Linn, captain Company E, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, died October 11, 1911. He was born in Calhoun County, Ky., in 1836. He was a railroad conductor at the beginning of the war, and was elected captain of his company while away in charge of his train. He served under General Forrest.

DAVID BAYLEY TAYLOR.

Suddenly yet quietly ended the beautiful life of David Bayley Taylor on April 24, 1911, at his home, in Staunton, Va., at the age of seventy-three. He was reared in Accomac County and educated at Margaret Academy, at that time one of the best schools of the State. In 1855 he went into the mercantile business in Norfolk, Va., and there became a member of the Norfolk Blues, with which he did some service at Harper's Ferry during the "John Brown Raid" in 1859. He was one of the first of Virginians to respond to the call of his State for volunteers, and in May, 1861, he joined the Chesapeake Cavalry, under Captain Simpson, in the 5th Virginia Cavalry. He was active and efficient in the command except during a few months' confinement with typhoid fever in Chimborazo Hospital, Richmond. While convalescing he was assistant to Captain Presmore in Lexington, Va., as enrolling officer. He was in many severe battles. He was paroled June 15, 1865.

Soon after the war he went to Baltimore, where he engaged in the wholesale dry goods business until the destructive fire there in 1904. Failing health caused him to seek a home in the valley of Virginia, and in 1905 he located in Staunton.



DAVID BAYLEY TAYLOR.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Agnes Montgomery, of Virginia, and one daughter.

Comrade Taylor was indeed a true type of the "old Virginia gentleman," with sweetness of temper, genial disposition, readiness to help, and unwillingness to think or speak evil of any that so characterizes those in which the spirit of Christian charity has been developed.

Comrade Taylor was a charter member of the Army and Navy Society of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland. So ardent was his love for the Confederate cause that he had a memorial window (a St. Andrew's cross) of red and white placed in his hall, where were also his trophies and pictures of the Civil War. In that "Confederate corner" reposed his body, clad in gray, until borne by his comrades of Stonewall Camp to its last resting place in beautiful Thornrose Cemetery.

DR. E. A. FLEWELLEN.

With the death of Dr. E. A. Flewellen at his home, The Rock, Georgia, one of the most prominent men of his county has passed into the higher life. He was born in Warren County, Ga., on September 17, 1819, and had therefore entered into his ninety-second year. He was educated at Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, and graduated from the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia in 1851. For several years he practiced medicine and surgery in Upson County, his home being at Thomaston. Early in 1861 he enlisted with a company from Thomaston, and on May 19 he was commissioned as surgeon of the 5th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A., with the rank of major. His first service was rendered at Fort Barancas and Fort Pickens, Fla. In the summer of 1862 he was announced by General Bragg in general orders as medical director of the Army of Tennessee Department, and ordered to Murfreesboro, Tenn., to relieve Medical Director Foard, who was transferred to the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. In July of that year Dr. Flewellen, by order of General Johnston, was made inspector of hospitals, which position he filled until paroled at Macon, Ga., May 18, 1865.

Dr. Flewellen had served his county and State in the legislature before the war, and in 1877 he was made a member of the Georgia Constitutional Convention.

In January, 1872, Dr. Flewellen was commissioned by Gov. James M. Smith as Superintendent of Public Works of Georgia, and in 1874 was put in charge of the North and South Railroad and of the Macon and Brunswick Railroad. While in charge of the latter a report was made to the Governor which saved to the State the sum of \$600,000, with several years' interest. Soon after the Macon and Brunswick Railroad was sold by the State Dr. Flewellen was put in charge of the Columbus and Western Railroad, which was extended from Goodwater to Birmingham, Ala. After some months of this service, he returned to private life in Upson County, undisturbed by any official duties except six years' service as County Commissioner and two years as State Senator in 1896 and 1897 and several years as President of the Upson County Railroad. In addition to the many positions of honor and trust which Dr. Flewellen had filled, he was also Adjutant General of the State. He never sought office without success.

Like many other men of prominence in the service of the Confederacy, he came out of the conflict between the States with no means and with a badly impaired constitution. He quickly became a figure in a business way, and soon amassed a competency. He was never married, and his estate goes to his nieces and nephews living in Virginia and Texas. Dr. Flewellen had preserved a large quantity of official records which, with those left by Dr. S. H. Stout, should be in Washington.

CHARLES C. LLOYD.

Charles Croley Lloyd was born in Hancock County, Ga., July 3, 1831; and died on August 14, 1910, at the home of his son, James Lloyd, in Alexandria, Ala.

In 1862 Mr. Lloyd enlisted in Company A of the 31st Infantry, and was a faithful soldier until the close of the war.

At the age of twenty-two Mr. Lloyd was married to Rebecca J. Calvert, of Spartanburg, S. C., who died in 1895, leaving nine children. In 1898 Mr. Lloyd was married to Mrs. Mary Andrews, of Piedmont, Ala.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Lloyd joined the Baptist Church, and remained a consistent member until his death. He was universally loved, and it is said that he had no enemy on earth.

N. O. RHODES, J. W. AND S. H. SANDERS.

Robert J. Rhodes, of Whiteville, Tenn., writes of two brothers, comrades, who grew up with him in the same community, and all went to war together in April, 1861, in Captain Hurt's company, D, of the 9th Tennessee Infantry, from Fayette County—viz., J. W. Sanders, of Laconia, Tenn., who died on October 1, 1911, aged seventy-one years, and S. H. Sanders, his brother, who died on October 13, 1911, aged sixty-eight years. Also another associate and comrade, N. O. Rhodes, died in November, 1904, at the age of sixty-five years.

ELLWOOD BYERS.

Mr. Ellwood Byers, of Philadelphia, Pa., a Confederate veteran, died in that city May 22, 1910, aged seventy-two years. He was born in Lynchburg, Va., May 4, 1838, his father, Joseph Byers, civil engineer, being then in charge of the Lynchburg section of the James River and Kanawha Canal. Among the eight civil engineers in the family Joseph Byers, the brother of Ellwood, served throughout the war in the Pelham Artillery. A cousin, James Davis Byers, was killed at Newtown, Va., November 12, 1863, while serving as color sergeant of the 8th Virginia Cavalry.

Ellwood Byers enlisted in 1861 with Maj. Henry St. Paul's "Chasseurs de Pied," 1st Louisiana Foot Rifles, and later with Company K, 2d Virginia Cavalry, Col. Thomas T. Mumford. He was paroled at Appomattox, Va., April 10, 1865.

He engaged in personal business from 1865 to 1875, when he entered the service of the Reading Railroad in the real estate department. In 1878 he became chief clerk to Mr. William Lorenz, Chief Engineer, until the latter's death, in 1884, when he was again transferred to the real estate department. When the Spanish War began, he offered his services to the government on April 23, 1898, and was enrolled in the Volunteer Reserves. He was an invalid for six years before his death.

His body was enveloped in red and white roses by the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C. He was buried at Hollywood, Richmond. A squad of uniformed Confederate veterans from Pickett Camp, Petersburg, bore his coffin to the grave, enveloped by the Confederate flag. The officiant at the interment service was Rev. H. E. Hayden, another U. C. V. Mr. Byers is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Craig.

JAMES GREGG MARSHALL.

At the home of his brother, John G. Marshall, near Stonewall, La., occurred the death of James G. Marshall on September 8, 1911. He was born near Cheraw, S. C., in 1840, and

with his parents went to DeSoto Parish, La., in January, 1854. He entered the South Carolina College in 1859, and when the war broke out went with the college cadets to Charleston. After the surrender of Fort Sumter, he went to Virginia with the intention of joining the 2d Louisiana Regiment, but was stricken with typhoid fever; and, being unfit for service at the time, he returned to Louisiana and assisted Major Furman in raising Company E, 2d Louisiana Cavalry, in which he served with conspicuous gallantry until the surrender. His father, Col. John G. Marshall, gave six sons to the cause of the Confederacy, all of whom were gallant soldiers and made useful citizens after the war. Of this heroic band, only two of the brothers, David and John, survive.

In 1872 James Marshall was married to Miss Mary Means, who died in 1904. To them were born four children—three sons and a daughter. One son died of yellow fever in 1898.

During the days of reconstruction James Marshall bore a conspicuous part as one of the leaders of the White League, and rendered efficient service in ridding the State of scoundwags and carpetbaggers and in establishing white supremacy. He was one of the charter members of Camp Mouton, No. 41, U. C. V., and served as Commander for several years. Through all of the duties and relations of life no trust was ever violated, and he was esteemed by companions and friends.

CAPT. THOMAS MABRY SAUNDERS.

On the 9th of October, 1911, occurred the death of Capt. Thomas M. Saunders, of Chester County, S. C., in his sixty-eighth year. He had lived all his life near the town of Chester. He lost his father when a child and was reared by a devoted grandfather. When quite young he was sent to the military school at York, from which he ran away to join the army when not quite seventeen years old. He became a member of Company D, 1st South Carolina Regiment, under Capt. W. Alex Walker. He was detailed from his company as courier on Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff, where he served, as he said, until he wore out three horses carrying dispatches.

In the redemption of his State from misrule in 1876 Captain Saunders did heroic service, commanding a company in that stirring period. He was ever ready to do anything for his country's good or the betterment of his fellow men. He was a Christian of simple, ardent, and direct character.

After the war Captain Saunders was married to Miss Ada Elizabeth Walker, youngest daughter of Adam Terry Walker and Elizabeth Newport Head Walker, and to them were born seven children—four sons and three daughters. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and also a lineal descendant of Sir Peter Osborne, of Kent, England.

ROBERT L. KEYS.

The death of Robert L. Keys occurred in October at the home of Mr. Samuel Powers, of Anderson, S. C. He was the fourth brother to die in eighteen months. He is survived by two brothers and a sister. For thirty years or more he was agent at Anderson for the Southern Express Company and in later years had been a successful farmer.

Robert Keys enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of the Palmetto Riflemen, Company C, of Anderson, with which he served throughout the war. He was made color sergeant for the Palmetto Riflemen with the 4th Regiment, of which his original company had been a part. He served with distinction and was twice wounded. At the close of the war he returned to Anderson, and in 1868 was married to Miss Annie C. Archer, who died some eleven years ago.



ELLWOOD BYERS.

CAPT. J. H. ALLISON.

Capt. J. H. Allison was born in Limestone County, Ala., on January 21, 1841; and died at his home, in Manor, Tex., March 6, 1911. Through a year's illness he displayed the same fortitude that he did throughout the four years of war. He was a good and kind neighbor, a genial friend and companion, a devoted husband and father, and was ever ready to extend help to those in distress or need.

Captain Allison enlisted as a private in March, 1861, at Mobile, Ala., in Company B, 10th Mississippi Infantry. At the end of the year, his term of enlistment having expired, he was discharged at Corinth, Miss., and went to Athens, Ala., where he was elected lieutenant of a cavalry company which soon after became Company C of the 7th and later the 9th Alabama Regiment. The regiment served in General Wheeler's



CAPT. J. H. ALLISON.

command from November, 1862, until the surrender of Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C. Captain Allison was in command of his company at the close, but did not surrender. He left the army for Texas, as did many of his faithful comrades, with the forlorn hope of ultimate success of the cause which had animated him to many deeds of daring upon the field of battle. He was with his company all through the war except when wounded and a few weeks in prison. No one ever heard "Roney" Allison complain of the hardships imposed upon him as a soldier, but he was ever ready to respond to the bugle call of duty and cheerful under all circumstances.

Captain Allison is survived by his wife, who was Miss Martha J. Clem, of Limestone County, Ala., and eleven children. He was first married to Miss Mary French, of Limestone County, who died leaving two children. His second wife, Miss Sallie French, died in 1874, leaving one child. Of the third marriage there were eight children.

GEN. W. R. BOGGS.

The death of Gen. W. R. Boggs, of North Carolina, at his home, in Winston-Salem, in September, 1911, took yet another

from the fast-thinning ranks of those distinguished for their service to the Confederacy.

General Boggs was born in Augusta, Ga., in 1829. He was graduated from West Point about 1850 third in his class. He was commissioned as second lieutenant of engineers in the United States army, and was later promoted to captain. In 1861, while stationed at St. Louis, Mo., he resigned his commission in the United States army and accepted a captaincy of engineers in the C. S. A. He was soon promoted to the rank of colonel, and was placed as engineer officer in charge of the fortifications of the coasts of Georgia and Florida. The close of the war found him chief of staff to Gen. Kirby Smith, commander in chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department, with the rank of brigadier general. As General Smith's chief of staff he issued the last order of the Confederate armies. General Boggs was in charge of the erection of the fortifications at Savannah and Atlanta, and later had charge of the providing of gunpowder for the western division of the Confederate armies.

After the war General Boggs followed the profession of civil engineering, but the greater part of his time was given to work which aided in rebuilding the South. For a time he was professor of engineering at what was then the Virginia Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Some twenty-five years ago he located in Winston-Salem, where he had lived the quiet and unassuming life of one who had earned a respite from his labors.

General Boggs was married in 1853 to Miss Mary Symington, of Baltimore, daughter of Col. John Symington, of the United States army, and of this union there were six children, three of whom, with their mother, have passed into the beyond. Two sons and a daughter survive, and it was with this daughter, Mrs. W. B. Taylor, the youngest of the family, that the General made his home.

General Boggs was one of those rare individuals whose lives are replete with achievements and wonderfully well-rounded. He was a passenger on the first steamboat on the Mississippi and a passenger on the first completed line of railway in the United States. With the training he had received and his naturally keen powers of observation, these incidents were treasured and retained, and his friends never tired of hearing him relate them. His reminiscences of the Civil War which have never been published contain much of interest concerning the affairs of the Confederacy.

ARTHUR E. MITCHELL.

Arthur E. Mitchell was born in Polk County, Mo., November 1, 1838; and died at Morrisville, in the same county, on August 16, 1911. The town of Morrisville and Morrisville College, located at that place, were named for his father, Morris Mitchell. Comrade Mitchell was reared on a farm and continued to be a farmer through life.

He volunteered in the Confederate army in January, 1862, in Company C, 5th Missouri Infantry, commanded by Col. James McCowan. This regiment was of the 1st Missouri Brigade, commanded by Gens. Henry C. Little, John S. Bowen, and Francis M. Cockrell. General Little was killed at Iuka, Miss., and General Bowen died a few days after the surrender at Vicksburg.

Comrade Mitchell was captured at Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863, and was a prisoner at Alton, Ill., until June. When with the command he never missed a battle, and was always at the front. He was among the bravest of the brave. Some of the battles in which he participated were Elk Horn, Farm-

ington, Iuka, Corinth, Port Gibson, New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, and the battles around Atlanta. He was with General Hood in Tennessee, and finally surrendered with the brigade at Fort Blakely, near Mobile, Ala., in April, 1865. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 12, 1865.

He returned to Polk County, Mo., and on November 6, 1865, he was married to Miss Hannah Oakley, who survives him. He was a devoted Christian from boyhood and an officer in his Church for many years. He was also an honored Mason and a true Confederate to the end. A short time before he died he wrote a sketch of his soldier life, closing with this: "I loved the South and the cause for which we fought, and have never regretted my course and action in the great war."

DR. H. P. BONE.

On September 2, 1911, at his home, near Maysville, Ala., occurred the death of Dr. H. P. Bone in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was a native of Kentucky, having been born at Elkton in 1838, but grew to manhood and spent his life in Madison County, Ala., where he became a most substantial citizen. He was graduated from Cumberland University in 1857, later taking a degree from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

Upon the outbreak of the War between the States he joined a cavalry company that was organized at New Market, Ala., with Dr. D. C. Kelley for captain. This company was known as "Kelley's Troopers," and became a part of Forrest's original command, serving through the operations around Fort Donelson.

After taking part in the great battle of Shiloh, Dr. Bone was on sick furlough for a time. When sufficiently recovered he was appointed steward in the hospital at Tullahoma, Tenn., Cleburne's Division, under General Bragg. He served in this capacity all through Bragg's Chickamauga campaign.

Field hospitals were abandoned after the battle of Chickamauga, and Dr. Bone was then attached to the staff of D. A. Linthicum, chief surgeon of Cleburne's Division. He was placed in charge of all medical and hospital supplies for the army, and remained at this post throughout Johnston's memorable campaign in Georgia, and also under Hood when he superseded Johnston.

After the disaster of Hood at Franklin and the consequent disorganization, many of his men rallied to the command of General Johnston in North Carolina, Dr. Bone among the number; and when Johnston surrendered, he was paroled and returned to his home in North Alabama, where he devoted the remainder of his life to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

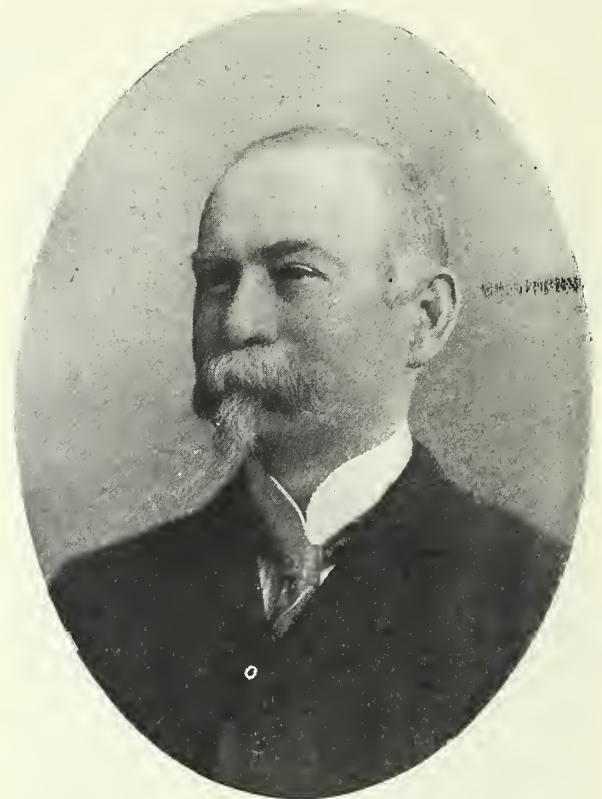
PERRY W. TURNELL.

Perry W. Turnell, whose death occurred at Bridgeport, Tex., on March 20, 1911, was for more than thirty years an honored citizen of Bridgeport and vicinity, holding several positions of trust and responsibility, and was of that heroic manhood which was typical of the Confederate soldier. He served under Johnston and Bragg and Hood. He enlisted in the 6th Texas Cavalry on June 6, 1861, and served till the end of the war, taking part in many battles and numerous small engagements. He was at Elkhorn, at Corinth, and Iuka, on the Big Black, and at Yazoo, Miss. He was with Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, at New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, and Newnan, Ga. He was with Hood all through the Tennessee campaign.

JUDGE JOHN M. PHILLIPS.

Judge John M. Phillips was born in Catahoula Parish, La., July 4, 1845; and died in Kansas City, Mo., April 20, 1911, sixty-five years of age. He peacefully sleeps there beneath the shadow of the Confederate monument in Forest Hill Cemetery.

Judge Phillips was a man of distinctive personality, and few men bore the attachment to friends that he did. He was greatly beloved and respected as a citizen, a scholar, and a companion. His was a well-known, beautifully rounded Christian life.



JUDGE J. M. PHILLIPS.

Judge Phillips received his early education under the careful instruction of private tutors in his Southern home. When the war came, though a mere boy, he joined the Confederate army, serving in Watkins's Battalion, Purvis's command, until the end. He then entered Kentucky University, at Lexington, where he ranked first among the students in scholarship and deportment. He read law under Col. T. P. Hill, a distinguished lawyer of Stanford, Ky., and practiced law successfully at that place until he removed to Kansas City, Mo., in 1886. There he devoted his energies to the real estate and loan business until he retired about two years ago.

He took great interest in everything pertaining to Confederate history and Confederate organizations, and his last reading was the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—welcomed always. He represented Camp No. 80, U. C. V., at many reunions, where he found keenest enjoyment in meeting old friends.

Judge Phillips married Miss Virginia Dare Apperson, of Richmond, Va., and few lives have been as completely and beautifully blended as was theirs.

"They are passing away from us, passing away,
The dear old boys, the true old boys, that marched in ranks
of gray."

MAJ. JAMES R. CROWE.

After an illness of several months, Maj. James R. Crowe died at his home, in Sheffield, Ala., on July 14, 1911. The death of Major Crowe brought sorrow to hosts of friends who esteemed him highly for his many fine traits of character. He was a progressive citizen, having at heart always the welfare of his State and county, and especially the city of his long residence, in which he had large interests.

Major Crowe was born January 29, 1838, in Pulaski, Tenn., to which place he returned after the war, and for many years was a prominent factor in the business and political life of Tennessee. Naturally a leader, he held front rank in any body of men in which it was his fortune to be thrown.



MAJ. JAMES R. CROWE.

He was a Confederate soldier, having enlisted at Marion, Ala., a few hours after Alabama seceded from the Union, and was a member of Company G in the celebrated 4th Alabama Regiment. He was severely wounded in the first battle of Manassas, and was taken to Charlottesville, Va., and later to Pulaski. He was discharged from the army unsolicited, but his discharge was never accepted. In November, 1861, he was appointed drillmaster, as the government refused to accept him in service on account of his physical condition. Gen. Albert S. Johnston assigned him to duty in the 53d Tennessee Regiment at Camp Weakley, East Nashville. This regiment was ordered to Fort Donelson, and he participated in that battle February 14-16 with an arm in a sling. Being unable to load, Private Charles Scoggins would load and he would fire both guns. He escaped with others to Nashville, and was ordered by General Pillow to go to Pulaski and collect up soldiers at home on furloughs, obtain recruits, and rendezvous at Decatur, Ala. They gathered together about one hundred and fifty men and reported at Decatur. He walked to Shiloh and participated in the second day's battle. Retreating with the army to Corinth, he was detached as officer in charge to take several hundred prisoners to Tuscaloosa.

When reorganization took place in May, 1862, he was assigned to duty with the 35th Tennessee Infantry under Col.

B. J. Hill. In command of a picked company of sharpshooters of sixty men, he was in the battle of Shelton's Hill on May 29, 1862. Colonel Hill ordered Captain Crowe's company of sharpshooters forward and said: "Crowe, deploy your men, go to the right oblique, and unmask our regiment. I want you to be the first man to reach the Shelton house." He obeyed the order to the letter and engaged the enemy, while the regiment came on rapidly behind. The enemy had planted a battery of six or eight guns near the Shelton house and expected the Confederates to charge the battery. Captain Crowe said that in all the battles in which he was engaged he never knew such rapid and heavy firing. In this affair he lost more than half of his men. General Beauregard issued a special order in tribute to this regiment for gallantry on the field.

Captain Crowe surrendered in Memphis on June 16, 1865. No one served longer than he, as shown by dates of enlistment and surrender. Major Crowe was one of the six young men who founded the Ku Klux Klan in Pulaski, Tenn. He was Colonel on General Harrison's staff of Alabama Confederate Veterans, also Colonel on the staffs of all the Commanders-in-Chief U. C. V. As a Mason Major Crowe attained the high rank of Most Illustrious Grand Master of the Grand Council of Tennessee in 1886. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and was always active in its councils.

Major Crowe is survived by his wife, three daughters, and one son—viz., Mrs. Charles J. Alleyn, of Memphis; Mrs. Lou P. McFarland, of Lebanon; Mrs. John W. Alleyn, of Savannah, Ga.; and James R. Crowe, Jr., who is professor of science at Henderson College, Arkadelphia, Ark.

The remains of Major Crowe were buried in Pulaski July 16, 1911, by his old comrades with their impressive burial service.

RICHARD L. REESE.

Richard Lewis Reese died in Jacksonville, Fla., November 21, 1911, and was buried beside his wife at Micanopy, Fla. Comrade Reese was born near Pendleton, S. C., in March, 1838. He entered the army at the beginning of the war, serving first in the Auburn Guards, 1st Alabama Regiment, at Pensacola, Fla., and later in the 37th Alabama Regiment, where he remained throughout the war.

He was an intrepid soldier; his career was bold, full of danger, and brilliant. He showed the courage of his Revolutionary ancestors. Twenty-two of his kinsmen on his mother's side were in the famous battle of King's Mountain in 1780. Comrade Reese was first lieutenant of Company D, 37th Alabama Regiment, and commanded and led his company in many battles. He was engaged in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Baker's Creek, Fort Washington, in the siege of Vicksburg (lasting forty-nine days, where he in part lived on mule meat and rats), Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Mill Creek Gap, Resaca, Noonday Creek, Kennesaw, and the battles around Atlanta. During the battle of Corinth he was promoted for gallantry. In much perilous service he received only slight wounds.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Auburn, Ala. On November 26, 1868, he married Miss Carrie Lightfoot, of Auburn, and moved to Texas, where he lived for many years. Later he moved to Florida, where he lived for thirty years. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a soldier of the cross as well as of the Confederacy, having lived a true, upright life. He leaves three sons in Florida and one daughter in New York, besides many relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

[Sketch by T. H. Clower, Co. F, 12th Alabama, Opelika.]

JUDGE T. J. LATHAM.

The death of Judge T. J. Latham occurred at his residence, in Memphis, July 24, 1911. He was born in Washington County, N. C., November 22, 1831, but two years later his family moved to Tennessee, where he lived his remaining seventy-seven years, first in Weakley County, but the latter part, of over forty years, he resided in Memphis. While a student in the Western Military Institute, at Georgetown, Ky., one of his instructors was James G. Blaine. He was admitted to the bar at Dresden, Tenn., in 1857. He enlisted zealously at an early age under the Whig banner. He espoused the Union side in the issues of the sixties, and was ever steadfast for that side; but he opposed disfranchisement, and he presided at the first "conservative" convention in Western Tennessee after the war. After the franchise was restored, he took no further part in politics.

In 1866 he removed to Memphis, and after two years' practice was appointed by Chief Justice Chase in 1868 register in bankruptcy for that congressional district, a position of great responsibility at that time. The results attending his administration of that office gained for him the confidence and esteem of the legal fraternity and of the public. In 1870 he was the choice of the conservative element for Congress, the press of Memphis and many of those in the district favoring his nomination. When his nomination and election seemed almost assured, he positively declined to accept the nomination. In 1872 he practically retired from law, and soon became largely interested in Memphis enterprises. United States Circuit Court Judge John Baxter selected Judge Latham for receiver of Memphis in 1879, and his labors did much to settle many intricate questions in which the city was involved.

HELPED THE YELLOW FEVER CAUSE.

The Memphis Appeal of August, 1879, said of him: "One of the most public-spirited of our absent citizens has been heard from in a very substantial manner. Judge T. J. Latham, after sending several contributions, has sent his check for a blank sum to Dr. Porter to be filled for such amount as he may need in providing for the fever-stricken people of Memphis. This is not the first time Judge Latham has come to the rescue of the city. Some years ago, when a much-needed sum of many thousand dollars was required, he advanced it, and the city did not settle it promptly, if at all. Few men after such an experience would have acted so nobly.

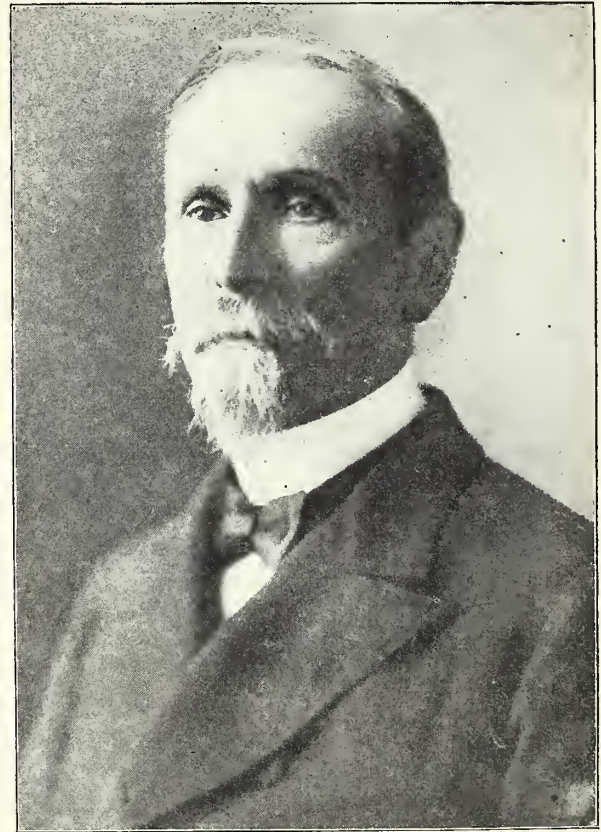
"In 1868, soon after making Memphis his home, a claim for \$20,000 against the city was placed in his hands as attorney for collection by a nonresident creditor, who pressed his suit in the United States court to judgment. Execution was issued and levied on every fire engine, engine house, and other accessible dollar of city property, placing him just ahead of hundreds of thousands of other debts. The day of the sale arrived, finding the city absolutely powerless to prevent the sacrifice of \$100,000 worth of property. Mayor Leftwich and Judge R. J. Morgan, City Attorney, were, in their extremity, importuning Attorney Latham to postpone the sale thirty days. Meantime a syndicate of three or four had organized to buy the property. Every possible appeal for immediate sale was made to him. An enormous certain profit was pointed out, in which he was offered an equal share to allow the sale to proceed. He declined, and, going to the United States marshal, directed the sale deferred thirty days. When the time expired, the city's condition was more helpless than before, and the syndicate was happy. But the sale did not occur. To avoid it, Judge Latham gave his own check for the amount,

taking the note of the city, with such guarantees from the city officials as he thought made him secure."

It would take pages to enumerate all of the generous deeds of Judge Latham to his city and State. He was a valued member throughout its history as a trustee and as president for years of the Tennessee Industrial School, and his counsel was valued by Colonel Cole (who gave the property to the State) and his associates.

The Commercial Appeal at the time of his death stated:

"Throughout life he was a man of the most exemplary habits and deportment. In 1871 he became a member of the Linden Avenue Christian Church, where he held consistent membership and in which he was an elder for forty years.



JUDGE T. J. LATHAM.

"Scholarly in his tastes, he was a great reader, and even during his most active business career he kept abreast of the best thoughts of the day. He was cultured, without a trace of pedantry or a thought of imperiousness. For his friends he had a frank, warm, and loyal attachment, which was warmly reciprocated. Benevolent and kind of heart, he practiced charity extensively, but in an unostentatious manner. In social life he was affable and pleasant. His home life was ideal in its congeniality, mutual love, and esteem.

U. D. C. MEMORIAL SERVICE.

"Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock in the Linden Avenue Christian Church the members of the Sarah Law and Mary Latham Chapters joined in a beautiful memorial service as a tribute to their late honorary member, Judge T. J. Latham, and also for Mrs. Louise Carlisle, Mrs. Shelton W. White, Mrs. Carrie Law Irwin, and Mrs. Henry C. Myers, who were members of Sarah Law Chapter, and Mrs. Helen Messick

Major and Miss Willona Earp, who were members of Mary Latham Chapter. The Rev. T. E. Sharp, D.D., of St. John's Methodist Church, Chaplain of Mary Latham Chapter, presided, assisted by the Rev. H. P. Hurt, D.D., of the Bellevue Baptist Church. The music was sympathetically rendered by a quartet composed of Mrs. M. E. Josey, Mrs. E. B. Douglass, Mr. Hoffman, and Edwin Browne. The church was most fittingly prepared for the service with Easter lilies and other floral emblems from the U. D. C. and D. A. R. Chapters."

It must ever have been a sacrifice with Judge Latham to be against his North Carolina ancestry in the stupendous issues of the sixties. Yet while steadfast in his political faith, he was ever generously indulgent and helpful to his wife in her Confederate work. Mrs. Latham's friends universally sympathize with her in this the greatest loss of her life.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following composition, it is said, was found during the great war at Yorktown, Va. It was printed on very heavy satin July 4, 1823. A soldier in the Army of the Potomac picked it up the morning the Confederates evacuated Yorktown, May 5, 1862:

Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather
To do our duty unto thee, OUR FATHER,
To whom all praises, all honor should be given;
For thou art the great God WHO ART IN HEAVEN.
Thou, by thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole fame
Forever, therefore HALLOWED BE THY NAME.
Let nevermore delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let THY KINGDOM COME.
Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure and THY WILL BE DONE.
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.
Then, for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to GIVE US THIS DAY
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed;
Sufficient raiment, and OUR DAILY BREAD.
Of every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And of thy mercy, pity AND FORGIVE US
All our misdeeds for him whom thou didst please
To make an offering for OUR TRESPASSES.
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us
That thou wilt pardon us AS WE FORGIVE,
To pardon all THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.
And though sometimes thou find'st we have forgot
This love for thee, yet help AND LEAD US NOT
Through soul or body wants to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us INTO TEMPTATION.
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of toil, BUT DELIVER,
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil;
And, both in life and death, keep US FROM EVIL.
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom
This may be had, FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM.
This world is of thy work; its wondrous story
To thee belongs. THE POWER AND THE GLORY,
And all thy wond'rous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and FOREVER.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally, AMEN.

[Sent by Mrs. B. C. Mecham, Ingleside, Ga.]

"THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE."

"The Real America in Romance." Edited by Edwin Markham. Published by William H. Wise and Company, Chicago. Thirteen volumes.

The study of history should rightfully be one of the most alluring of mental pursuits. Properly approached, history is a human document of high intrinsic interest. The statement, of course, is a commonplace, but it may suitably be repeated here. Nothing could be more fascinating than the search for an understanding knowledge of the clash of surging passions, the urge of strong personalities, the play of interwoven circumstances that have gone to the building up of States, and the evolution of society.

That history has not taken its rightful place in popularity is largely due to the historians. It is incorrectly charged with being dry. Historians may be dry; history is full of juice. We who would care for the body are given the bones to pick. We who have red blood in our veins are asked to dissect mummies for our knowledge. We who live and love life are introduced for our merriment by the historian to the company of the dead. The flesh, the blood, the joyous soul of life are in all history, but they are denied us.

This desire for an intimacy with the past has been catered to by writers of historical novels. No doubt many of us have derived our most vivid impressions of history from such sources. But the effect is not satisfying. We are conscious that we are getting nothing more than impressions. We do not know where truth leaves off and fiction begins. We must verify what we read—but we don't. Realizing this, Edwin Markham undertook "The Real America in Romance," and arrived at achievement. He has breathed the breath of life into the dead past. He has made history vivid, lucid, personal.

The basic idea of this work is unique and fascinating. Briefly described, "The Real America in Romance" is a complete and authentic history of our country from its discovery by Columbus through the Spanish war. The four countries covered are divided into thirteen average lifetime periods; each generation is treated in successive romances in which the descendants of one family appear as principal characters. Beginning with a story built around the boy companion of Columbus, Mr. Markham carries the descendants of the boy through the thirteen romances that comprise the series. As the scope of history expands and enlarges, the ramifications of the family keep pace. Every event, every episode is included in the experiences of some of the descendants of the man who was with the discoverer of the country at La Rabida and who stood beside him on the deck when he first beheld the shores of the new land.

This in itself is going a long way toward making history delectable. To the accomplishment of his purpose, Mr. Markham has brought a story-telling skill of high order. You will not find better reading. As reviewers say, the stories "grip" one. The effect is an intimate and sympathetic understanding on the part of the reader of all those things that have made up our remarkable history as a nation and as a people. It is a friend of yours who suffers the struggles for life through which the first clinging colonies passed. Some one you know and love feels the throbs of the nation's birth. You feel the love and hatred, the griefs and the joys of one who experienced the tribulations of soul and body of the young republic. You call by his first name a man who swelled with solemn pride in the growth of the nation to grandeur. He who was caught in the tragic climax of fifty years ago is an

intimate of yours; you knew his grandfather; you could tell him the love story of his parents; you reach out your hand and grasp his in the great and bitter passion that swept his manhood. And you stand shoulder to shoulder, a life-long friend, with the one who is now quickened to the heavy trust



SPOT WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON FELL AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.
(From "The Real America in Romance.")

that rests upon present citizenship. You live history; you cannot help it. So well has Mr. Markham's art come to the support of his big idea.

But close as he comes to his story, Mr. Markham does not lose perspective. One of the most satisfying things about "The Real America in Romance" is its sense of detachment. That is because Mr. Markham has the soul of a poet, which is the soul of a seer. Through all the stress and strain of events he sees the steady truth. His poise is superb. His justice is convincing, being sincere. He is tremendously wise. With the poet's passion for the truth, he combines the vision of a poet.

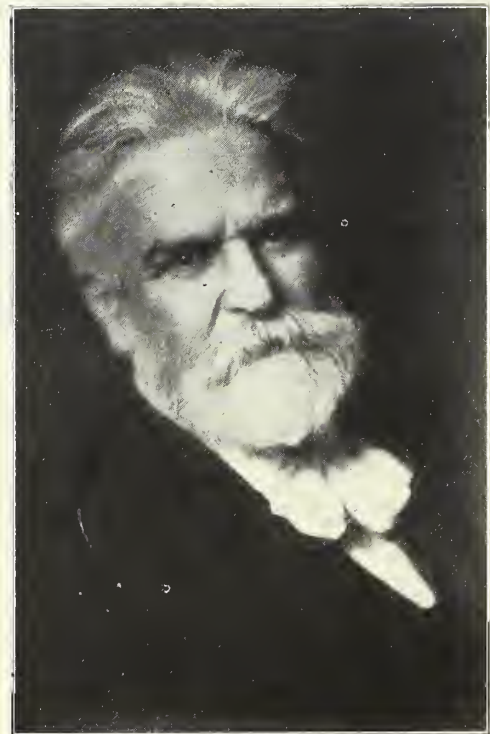
In no volume is his grasp better shown than in the twelfth, which deals with the War between the States. The subject is difficult. Inherited resentments and traditional prejudices still persist in more or less isolated instances North and South. Bitterness is for the most part subconscious, but it is often ready to be stirred to the surface. In some years it will have disappeared. Mr. Markham's volume on the Civil War will do much to hasten that glad time. He does not smooth the facts with gloved hands for sensitive skins; he sets them forth with naked fingers, building them into a structure of fundamental truth. His passion for the truth and his vision of it, born in his poet's soul, lift him over the pitfalls in the path of a historian of those times. He dissects to the last motivating shred the souls of the brothers who flung themselves into hatred. He brings the tear of sorrow to eyes that see their mistakes and the sigh of pride to hearts that knew they did no wrong. He does not vindicate the South, knowing that the South needs no vindication; he does not present a brief for the North, knowing that the North needs none. He is aware that each was right and each was wrong. He perceives that they were the victims of circumstances that had their inception in the long years that had gone before. He is sanely conscious of the fact that the events that culminated in the terrible War between the States took their train from the earliest days of our nationality; that the thing was inevitable and inexorable.

The achievement is the more impressive when one considers the obstacles that must be met by a historian who would arrive at the truth of those times. It is not enough that one

should desire to do justice; it is necessary that one should have the soul of a seer and a poet. To the ordinary mind the truth is illusive and hard to find. The sources to which the historian is obliged to go for his data are contaminated on both sides by the passions and the biases of the conflict. Although the rancor has died out and the burn has now left the wound, the modern author must go back for his information to the time when rancor was high and the wounds were being dealt and received. Few could have discerned the light in the wilderness through which his researches lead him. Markham has succeeded where a lesser would have failed gropingly.

Following a device used throughout the series, Mr. Markham has made use of heroes on both sides of the conflict. Each is made the mouthpiece and exponent of his respective affiliations. The sincerity, the earnestness, the honesty of each is made convincing. Through them the reader is made to glimpse both sides as he has never been brought to glimpse them before unless he has set about a deliberate and dispassionate study. We know, reading his book, that if we had been Oliver Stevens we would have fought with Stonewall Jackson and with Lee, and that if we had been Frederick Stevens, his cousin, we would have been with McDowell and McClellan and Hooker and Grant.

And through these two he brings the reader into personal acquaintance with many of the great characters of the times. He holds before our eyes a human glass through which we see the living men who, to most of us, have been abstractions—names connected with events merely. We feel the pathos of the leaders, both Kentuckians, in what each believed to be the right; we suffer the bitterness that was in the heart of the great Lee when his army was at last beaten away from him



EDWIN MARKHAM.

by the overwhelming resources of the North applied through the persistency of that bulldog of fighters, Grant. We thrill at the exploits of Stonewall Jackson; our hearts go with Pickett on his mad and marvelous charge. We shudder at

the horrid carnage of the terrible battles. We are robbed of passion by the tragedy of it all. We are subdued to a compassionate sorrow by the infinite sadness of those whose cause was lost. And in the end we feel a prophetic joy in the loving reunion of the two cousins who had been embattled against each other on many a bloody field. Whatever anger may have lingered in us is swept away by the poet's vision and his tender woman's heart.

There are passages in the twelfth volume that reach grandeur, notably the one that apostrophizes the army in Virginia after the surrender at Appomattox. We quote:

"Army of Northern Virginia: You have fought the good fight, and you have not prevailed. Presently, when the word reaches you, you will disperse in a thousand ways, seeking the homes, if the war has left you homes, that you have not seen for four long years. You will take up the life you left off and try to piece together the broken pieces, old and new.

"Army of Northern Virginia, and you men of that army, no more will you follow your starry battle flags across a blood-red sward while the shrapnel's hiss and scream are over your head and the thunder of your artillery beyond you makes reverberant the world. No more will you fix your level bayonets on the ends of your shining muskets and race across the narrow interspace to where the bristling earthworks lie. No more will you level those shining muskets at long lines of blue that stand or waver or break before the fire of your onset. On the fields where you have fought, which are yet red with the blood of you and your foes, where yet the bullets lie thick beneath the trees, no sound henceforth shall remind those fields of you. The trees that hid you while your bolt was making ready for its launching shall never see you again, for you have taken peace for your portion and never war again.



BEAUVOIR, HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN MISSISSIPPI.
(From "The Real America in Romance.")

"Army of Northern Virginia, the swords that you have worn so bravely shall tarnish now on dusty walls; the guns that woke a thousand echoes of their full-throated chorus shall sound no more in battle; the horses that you of the cavalry rode beneath a shrieking war cloud of smoke and flame shall find their work now in the peaceful husbandry of the farm. They shall distend their blood-red nostrils no more at the thrilling sound of bugles that set the nerves aqiver; their work is the plow's head now—just as yours is at the plow's handle. Sometimes in the night you will awake and

fancy that you hear the bugle's call to war, the life's quickstep shrill; you shall awaken with the cold sweat upon your brow, having dreamed that out of the dim distance you have seen vague blue armies rush, and you shall brace your muscles to resist the dream charge of those empty memories, which yet for you shall be the dearest memories of all the world.

"There are not many of you left to hold those memories. Where have fled all the gay youths that advanced so bravely along the greensward of Manassas? Where have gone the thousands that followed Pickett on his charge? They are not here, and you who remain after all that have come and gone are not a handsome company. Here and there an arm, a leg is missing from the body of a man who followed old Stonewall Jackson as long as he was left to follow, and after him, Ewell or Jeb Stuart on his dashing war horse. Years and battles and hunger and nights on the march have turned the hair of your heads to gray, have erased the free lines of youth from your faces, and put thereon the wrinkles of pain, of sorrow, or of age. You are but the shadow of the army of your youth, a ten times decimated band whose strength the years have taken, but whose glory will never die while the sun shines in the South.

"Let not the South alone, for which you fought, be proud of you. Let such valor as yours, such fidelity to such a leader, be remembered as long as there is memory in the land. Many a patron saint has been less loved than you have loved the sad-faced man who comes now to bear you the word you dread. You would have followed him to the jaws of hell; and while the courage that you showed and the fidelity that you gave were in the end all vain, they are not so in the last arbitrament. Goodly is the heritage that you hand down to your children and your children's children. Judgment is a matter of the mind; courage is of the soul. Your judgment was false, your courage true, and souls are the immortal things after all."

"The Real America in Romance" is an achievement. Edwin Markham has accomplished a prose epic. And to further enhance the work, the publishers have done the illustrating in a manner befitting the text. There are in the series over three thousand half-tone etchings of the sacred landmarks of our country. These illustrations enable the reader to realize the history of his country more fully than he could from the reading of any text. One cannot study these pictures without having a keener appreciation of the sacrifices that have been made for the liberties we enjoy to-day.

MISSOURIANS ENLISTED FOR FORTY YEARS.

In the Confederate States of America, Second Congress, first session, the following joint resolution of thanks to Missouri officers and soldiers in the Confederate service east of the Mississippi River was adopted and approved May 23, 1864:

"Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress are eminently due, and are hereby tendered, to Brig. Gen. F. M. Cockrill and the officers and soldiers composing the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Regiments of Missouri Infantry; 1st, 2d, and 3d Regiments of Missouri Cavalry; the batteries of Bledsoe, Landis, Guibor, Walsh, Dawson, and Barrett; and Woodson's detached company, all in the service of the Confederacy east of the Mississippi River, for the prompt renewal of their pledges of fidelity to the cause of Southern independence for forty years, unless independence and peace, without curtailment of boundaries, shall be sooner secured."

"THE LONG ROLL" CRITICISMS.

William Clayton Torrence writes an article in the Richmond Times-Dispatch on "The Long Roll" controversy which occupies the greater part of a page, and is comprised almost entirely of extracts from the works of General Jackson's historians, including his recognized champion, Colonel Henderson, of the English army, and concludes with extracts from "The Long Roll":

"And here I close the testimony gathered.

"Now let us turn to 'The Long Roll.' It is said that Miss Johnston has not once given him credit for his sympathy and gentleness. Let those who make this charge read carefully the incident, touchingly told, of General Jackson's stopping his whole army for a woman to find her son, to whom she had brought 'some socks and two shirts and a chicken and a pot of apple butter.' And now, listen to this: 'The General turned to the old woman with the gentlest blue eyes and the kindest slow smile.' Yet she has never made General Jackson appear other than sour and crabbed! I want this quotation read, also, and well marked: 'His men received him with a cry of greeting and enthusiasm that was like a shriek, it was so wild and high. His power upon them had grown and grown. He was Stonewall Jackson! He was Stonewall Jackson! First, they would die for those battle flags and the cause they represented; secondly, they would die for one another, comrades, brethren! Thirdly, they would die for Stonewall Jackson! They lifted their voices for him now, gaunt and ragged troops with burning eyes. Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson! Virginia! Virginia! Virginia! The South! The South! . . . They had a loved leader, a great, strong headman, who ruled them well and led them on to victory.' 'The man on the sorrel nag traveled with no backward look. In his right hand was the thunderbolt, and near at hand the place from which to hurl it. He rode like incarnate intention. 'Jackson and little sorrel had slipped into their battle aspect. You would have said that every auburn hair of the general's head and beard was a vital thing. His eyes glowed as though there were lamps behind, and his voice rose like a trumpet of promise and doom.' 'Never jovial, seldom genial, he was on one day much what he was on another—saving always battle days.' 'You don't know General Jackson as we do, who have been with him ever since a year ago at Harper's Ferry. In any number of things he's as gentle as a woman; in a few others he— isn't.' 'Stonewall Jackson, sitting stiffly, looked at the other [A. P. Hill] standing tense, energetic, before him. Something stole into his face that, without being a smile, was like a smile. It gave a strange effect of mildness, tenderness. It was gone almost as soon as it had come, but it had been there.'

"But why multiply quotations? Let the critics really and with an earnest spirit read 'The Long Roll.' And let him who charges lightness and frivolity to Miss Johnston in her drawing of the great man read, if he can, through the tears that will dim his eyes if he has any feeling at all, a certain chapter which she calls 'The River.'

"Relative to the much discussed action—or lack of action—of General Jackson during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, especially at the White Oak Swamp, let me advise a close comparison of the accounts of Gen. D. H. Hill, Gen. E. P. Alexander, and Colonel Henderson. Space forbids any discussion of the matter here. The three above-named authorities may be consulted, not separately, but together, with much profit.

"It will be charged that the excerpts made for this article are wrenched from their context. Let him who makes the charge first read in full—not in part—the sources from which they are drawn. Injustice to Miss Johnston has resulted from a failure to take her work as a whole.

"'The Long Roll' as a whole forms a strong appreciation and eulogy of General Jackson. One critic has suggested that the public read the last chapter of the first volume of Henderson and likewise the last chapter of volume two. Let the public read the last chapter of 'The Long Roll.' Better still, let the public read the whole of both works. Henderson mentions the idiosyncrasies of General Jackson; how at first opinion was against him; how harsh and crazed he appeared to his soldiers; how by sheer force of genius he grew until his soldiers and the South adored him; how often there was found in him a genuine tenderness, a sweetness of sentiment; how deeply religious he was. Miss Johnston likewise tells all these things.

"The excerpts herein given may look as though they were gathered with only the object in view of proclaiming General Jackson's eccentricities. The sincere reader will see that they are gathered but to substantiate a part of Miss Johnston's characterizations of General Jackson. And here forever this side rests its case."



MRS. MAI BELLE GREGORY BRACKIN,

Her father and her grandfather were Confederate soldiers.

The lovely Nashville woman whose picture appears above was chosen years ago as the most beautiful woman in America, and received as a prize a handsome necklace from a New York newspaper. The prize picture was sent the publishers by a friend, and the notoriety given her was dreadfully humiliating. Stage people importuned her to appear before

footlights, one reputable showman proposing to give her \$1,000 a week for forty weeks in succession; but she declined the offer, preferring to keep house for her beloved mother, who was teaching school. She later married Mr. Silas Brackin, and her devoted husband was building a lovely home when some shavings caught fire and she was fatally burned. She left a little girl, who is being reared by the grandmother and father. She was of happy disposition and a typical Southern woman.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHICKAMAUGA.

Mr. Archibald Gracie, of Washington, D. C., reports that his book on "The Truth about Chickamauga" is in press and will be issued very soon. Mr. Gracie has given his talent and energies to this work. He has combated errors published in war records and otherwise in a way that must secure for him the gratitude of both Confederates and Federals.

Mr. Gracie writes: "I have spared myself neither in labor nor in expense in connection with this production. My work has been so intense that it has been continued during the night as well as day, in summer as well as in winter. As to expense, I may state that even if my whole first edition is sold at the price named, I shall not be compensated for the cash actually laid out in the manufacture of the book. These portraits are the best collection extant. The maps are also a special feature, six of which were prepared under my personal supervision. I know that you recognize the fact that my labor has been preëminently what the old Roman called 'a pious task.'"

A singular statement occurs in a circular concerning the book—viz., that the book "is written from the point of view of the Federal soldier," since the father of Mr. Gracie was a gallant brigadier general in the Confederate army. The book itself may furnish satisfactory explanation.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS BY STATES.

Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, of Denver, Col., author of "Historic Southern Monuments," has compiled a list of Confederate monuments, numbering 644. Has any one a larger list? The numbers by States are as follows:

Alabama	36	New Jersey	1
Arkansas	24	New York	1
Florida	12	Ohio	3
Georgia	87	Pennsylvania	1
Illinois	3	Scotland (Smith, Ky.)..	1
Indiana	1	South Carolina	46
Kentucky	36	Tennessee	49
Louisiana	30	Texas	28
Maryland	13	Virginia	133
Mississippi	48	West Virginia	14
Missouri	13	Wisconsin	1
North Carolina	63		
Total		644	

This volume gives a presentation of 143 monuments, leaving 501 yet to be published. If the work is ever completed, it will require three more volumes.

Mrs. Emerson writes: "I have the data of 180 more of these monuments, but not available pictures. My publishers refuse post card pictures. I beg friends to furnish the 180 photographs needed for the second volume. If I had money enough, I would buy them, but I have not. When the four volumes are completed, the people of the South will be proud of them. It will be a patriotic deed to get a photograph of every Confederate monument and send it to me at 3631 West Thirtieth

Avenue, Denver, Col. I am trying to collect data and photographs of all that I have not as yet secured. I ask your aid, my U. D. C.'s. These monuments are your heritage. In 1865 you began the work of honoring your fallen heroes by erecting monuments to commemorate their valor and patriotism. The above figures show how well you have succeeded in this work, a labor of love indeed! At the close of that terrible war on the South our people were impoverished, but not crushed or conquered. They rose in their might and have triumphed."

NASHVILLE—IMPROVEMENTS AND STATISTICS.

Population of city estimated, 130,677; area, square miles, 18.2; elevation above sea, 654 feet; parks, 9; area of parks, 283; public schools, 31; teachers, 330; pupils enrolled, 16,000; private schools, 47; medical colleges, 3; hospitals, homes, and asylums, 40; churches in city, 224; public libraries, 12; miles of street railway, 82; miles of interurban railway, 19.3; Y. M. C. A. building, \$200,000; Y. W. C. building, \$125,000; hotels, 31; bridges crossing street, 6; miles of street, 275; streets paved and graded, 180; miles of water main laid, 113; capacity water supply, 50,000,000 gallons; miles of public sewers, 98; electric light plants, 2; gas plant, 1; daily newspapers, 3; telephones used in city, 8,929; employees of police department, 120; of fire department, 114; post office receipts (year ending March 31, 1911), \$586,928.07; bank clearances, \$210,475,462; free dispensaries, 3; banks, 17; cost of Old Women's Home, \$25,000; railroads, 4.

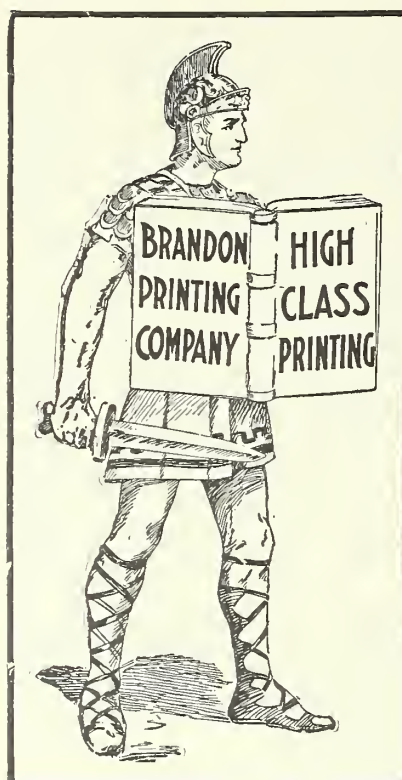
"AS I REMEMBER IT"—AL G. FIELD'S BOOK.

"As I Remember It" is the title of a book written by Al G. Field, the undisputed minstrelsy leader. More than ordinary interest has been excited in the book not only among those intimate with Mr. Field but the general public. Certain matters of interest to many are handled in a manner entirely Fieldesque. The inside facts relative to happenings never before made public are exquisitely revealed.

Many persons imagined the book would be a history of minstrelsy—a sort of theatrical history—when as a matter of fact things theatrical have but little space in the work. It is a breezy and humorous narrative, with a touch of the pathetic, written in the third person, up to the time of Mr. Field's invasion of the show business. Many persons and places are chronicled in an interesting manner. People in all sections of the country will be surprised to read of themselves in this book. A writer states: "As for originality it is a scream, a rush, and a touch-down." Mr. Field's ability as a scribe and his genuine sympathy with human nature will stand the acid test of time.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE LATE COL. WHARTON J. GREEN.—A peculiar mark of respect was paid to a Cumberland County negro by the white people of Fayetteville, N. C. He was Guilford Christmas. His life of devotion in the service of his former master, Col. Wharton J. Green, endeared him to the family of Colonel Green. White people sent flowers and leading white citizens acted as pallbearers. During the war he was body servant to Colonel Green at the front. They understood each other thoroughly; they were reared together. This funeral and the tributes emphasize the kindly feeling that still abides in the South between the whites and those who were slaves.

"THE SCOUT."—By Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, Tenn., now ready at VETERAN office. Price. \$1.



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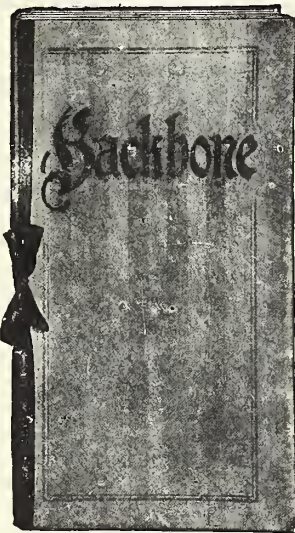
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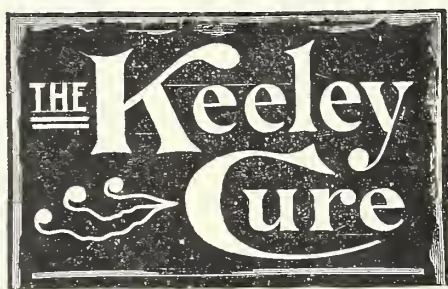
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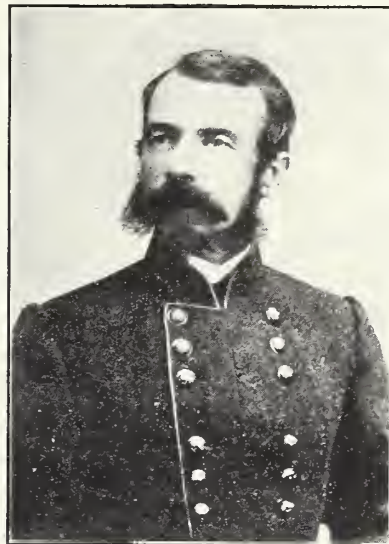
General Jones was graduated at West Point July 1, 1841. He was on duty there as assistant professor of mathematics and as assistant instructor in artillery and infantry tactics, 1846-51. After his appointment as assistant to the Judge Advocate General of the Army he continued in the discharge of the duties of that position until he handed in his resignation, to become major of artillery in the military force of Virginia, afterward colonel, and later chief of artillery and ordnance of the Army of Northern Virginia. From April, 1864, until January, 1865, he commanded the Department of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

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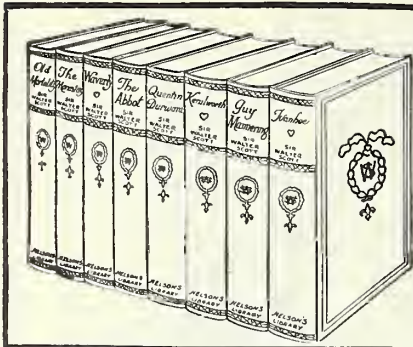
This volume contains a history of the monuments that have been erected to the heroes of the Confederacy, extracts from many notable speeches that were made when they were unveiled, many strikingly beautiful pictures of monuments and statues throughout the Southland, accounts of how bravely the Southern women struggled to make sure this work, a description of Decoration Day in the Southern States, and vivid glimpses at the picturesque yet solemn scenes of unveiling ceremonies. Mrs. Emerson has gathered together in this book the very essence of the term "Southern." Its pages thrill with heroism and throb with love. Truly it is "Love's Tribute to our Gallant Dead."

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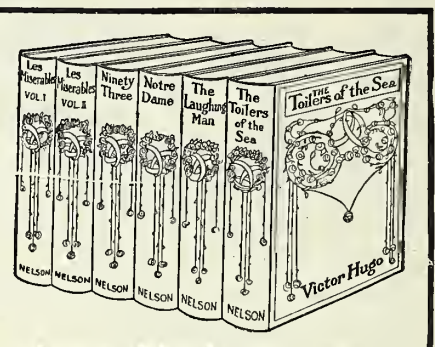
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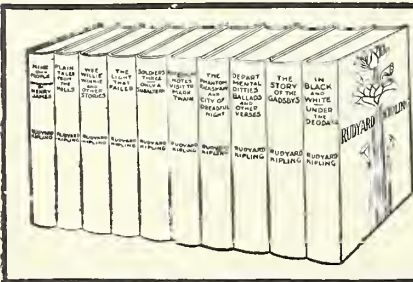
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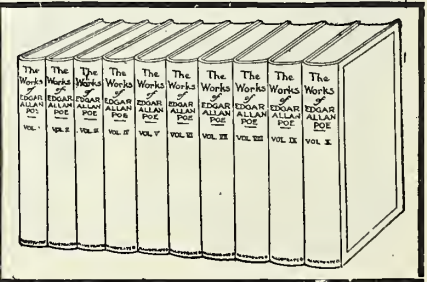
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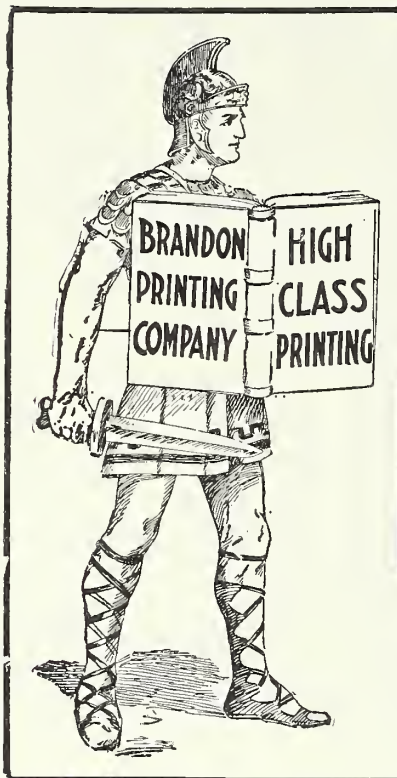
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Mrs. J. C. Leo

Vice President for Alabama of the Ladies' Memorial Association. She had charge of the ball at the semicentennial celebration of the inauguration of President Davis in Montgomery.



Facts about PRINTING

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**VIRGIL-W-FULLER
QUINCY-MASS.**

Thomas J. Clark, of Bartlett, Tex., wishes to communicate with any surviving members of Ed Croff's artillery company, organized in Columbus, Ga., in 1861.

J. W. Salmons, of Warrensburg, Mo., wishes to know the whereabouts of one of Morgan's men named Elias Campbell, who was orderly sergeant of Company E, Cluke's Regiment, 8th Kentucky Cavalry. He went from Kentucky to Texas shortly after the war.

Miss Elizabeth H. Hanna, Director of the Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Atlanta, Ga. (368 Peachtree Street), wishes to secure the April and July numbers of the VETERAN for 1895 to complete the file gotten up for the members of the Chapter. Write her in advance of sending copies.

C. J. Nugent, of Newcastle, Ky., who served in Company D of the 28th Mississippi, wishes very much to ascertain the company, regiment, and brigade to which his brother, Perry Nugent, belonged in the Confederate army. It is thought that he was in General Hardeman's brigade of Texas troops.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

The attention of Southern newspapers is called to page 56.

Sentiment in behalf of the Col. Richard Owen memorial—a creditable monument—is growing beautifully. The list of all contributors will be in March or April number. Please send your name promptly, stating the sum you would like to give.

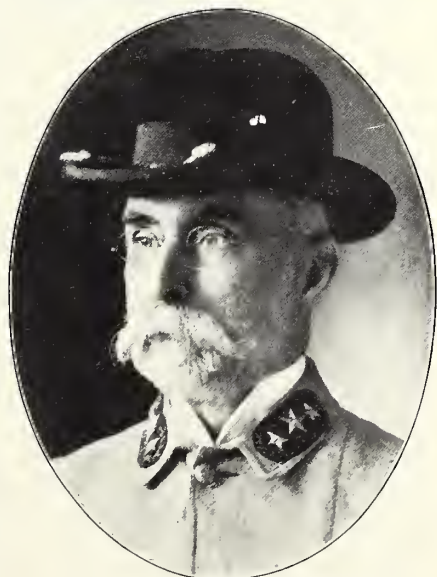
THE MACON REUNION MAY 7-9, 1912.

The U. C. V. Headquarters names Reunion dates as May 7-9:

"For a second time in the history of this association the patriotic people of the great State of Georgia ask that the survivors of the Southern armies be their guests, and promise that our sojourn in their midst shall be full of pleasure.

"No State of the Union can present for admiration such an array of noble names: Gordon and Evans (both Commanders of the U. C. V.), Stephens, Cobb, McLaws, Young, Wright, Bartow, Toombs, Longstreet, Kell, Walker, Lamar, Bulloch, Twiggs, Tattall (the great naval officer who is said to have shed tears when informed that he was too old to have charge of a Confederate gunboat on the high seas), and numbers of other great and gallant men.

"By her thousands of Confederate historic spots, by the fields of battle, where the Southron manfully met his foe, by the homes, sheltering her women and children, ruthlessly destroyed by Sherman's hordes, Georgia presents many, many points to attract the deepest interest of



LIEUT. GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER.

all Confederates and their loyal descendants. Let us all gather at her shrine and show the glorious people of this glorious State that we value her patriotic devotion to the Confederacy and will forever sacredly treasure the sufferings by which she proved her loyalty to the stars and bars.

"The city of Macon, Ga., is filled with people of wealth, intelligence, and social standing; and each citizen promises that nothing shall be lacking to add to the comfort and enjoyment of those who once were in the armies of the Confederacy. The Lieutenant General commanding, then, urges all his beloved comrades to take part in this Reunion.

"The Lieutenant General commanding with much pleasure announces, at the request of its most energetic President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its meeting at the same time.

"The Lieutenant General commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country will stir up interest in the coming meeting, and to this end he requests that this order be published and editorial comment made thereon."

WAR OF THE STATES—YES, WAR OF THE STATES.

Let us call it that. This term did not originate with the VETERAN, but it adopts it, believing that many will approve.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL, PARIS, TENN.

My Dear Friends: For bestowing upon me the highest honor in your gift, the greatest honor that can come to a Southern woman, I thank you. I appreciate the confidence you showed in me when you made me the official head of our great organization, and I also appreciate the approbation of the action of the Richmond Convention as evidenced by the many letters that have come to me from all over the United States. It is a stimulus for me to give you the very best service possible. That I intend to do, and I hope to have your cooperation.

I must call your attention to and ask your observance of a standing rule adopted by the Richmond Convention—viz., any person or enterprise seeking money contributions from the United Daughters of the Confederacy must have the indorsement or approval of the President General U. D. C., and when contributions are solicited within a State the sanction

of the State President is necessary. This was done, not to curtail your liberty in giving, but for your protection, for too much unauthorized soliciting has been done and some Chapters have been victimized.

Our next Convention will be held in Washington, where our position will be unique, when we will be in the limelight and will be the cynosure of all eyes—more than we have ever been in our history. Meeting at the national capital, where many conventions meet, the paradise of special correspondents who note everything, we will have an opportunity of showing the whole country what a model convention should be, what good a woman's organization can do, which may reflect great credit upon our organization, ourselves, and our hostesses, the U. D. C. of Washington. Let us be equal to our opportunities.

To that end I want us to go to Washington with our forces well organized, all Chapters with dues paid up and with representation in the Convention at least by proxy, and to show an unusually fine year's work in all lines, with a gain in membership and in new Chapters, and with all Divisions and Chapters united and harmonious, actuated by devotion to the cause and not by selfish interests.

I want to ask you State Presidents to make greater efforts to awaken dormant Chapters, to secure new Chapters, more children's Chapters, and to increase the membership of every Division. Although we have a membership of 80,000, that does not represent a fourth of what our membership could be, and I trust all you Chapter Presidents will secure for your Chapters all the desirable members in your neighborhood, and thus help your State President to increase the membership of your Division.

Believing good work should have special recognition, I offer to the Divisions or Chapters not in a Division the one showing the greatest per cent of increase of membership during this year a certificate of merit. This will be decided by the increase of the general membership of the Division, by the number of new Chapters organized and chartered, new Chapters or auxiliaries of children, by the number of Chapters represented in the Washington Convention, and by the *per capita* tax paid. This certificate of merit will cover all points mentioned above, and will be signed by the President General, Recording Secretary General, Treasurer General, and Chairman of the Credential Committee, and it will be presented during the Convention. The decision will be made from the credential report and reports to be sent to me ten days before the Convention, showing your present enrollment and your membership the 1st of November.

Do not neglect the work of interesting the children nor of seeing that they are taught true history. With them lies the future of our organization, the fruition of all our hopes. A twig will grow as bent.

I hope every Division and Chapter will make a fine record in their endeavor to win the silk banner offered by Mrs. L. H. Raines for the best history work done this year. Historical work is a personal benefit to you who do it as well as to the cause of true history in the South. Let us be vigilant in having only true history published and taught. The republication of strongly biased sectional articles written fifty years ago can do no good and possibly much harm and will give wrong impressions to our children.

The time for the bestowal of crosses of honor expires November 1, 1912; only four dates on which they may be bestowed remain. I ask all of you to give all publicity possible

to these facts through newspapers and through letters, so that no one entitled to a cross may fail to get one.

The corner stone of the Arlington monument is to be laid when we meet in Washington, and the Arlington Monument Association has made contracts calling for the completion of and payment for this monument in two years. If the artist meets his part of the contract, we must meet ours. The



MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

(The engraving on title-page for January was very unsatisfactory.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy will of course meet every contract they make, and the association's hope is in you. Do not fail to help them to raise the money all you can.

Shiloh needs your aid too. A little boy going through Shiloh Military Park with his father had monument after monument to the Federal soldiers pointed out to him. He read the inscriptions and finally asked: "Father, didn't the South have any heroes at Shiloh?" Six long trenches of Confederate dead ask that question. They ask it of you.

The Shiloh Monument Committee will furnish to all Chapters a Shiloh program for the April meeting, and I ask all of you to use it and have a Shiloh Day.

We have been working for these two monuments full long already, so let us turn to them with singleness of purpose and finish them. Let us concentrate our work upon them instead of dividing it among so many objects. Concentration will accomplish great things. One urgent need of getting these monuments off our hands is that other work is pressing upon us, calling to us—education and relief work. The grandchildren of our veterans must not be allowed to sink to the plane of an inferior race for the need of an education, and they must have our help. Our veterans and their wives and

widows are growing more feeble, their health failing with age, and no friends to aid them except the Daughters of the Confederacy. In the next few years this work will make heavier and heavier demands upon us. So let us get our monuments out of the way and be ready for all such calls.

The relief work is headed by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, and she and her committee are authorized to solicit funds from Chapters for this work.

Let us take greater interest in the United Confederate Veterans as an association and attend their Reunions and do all we can to make them gala occasions for the "boys in gray." Let us hold out a helping hand to our brothers, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, for the growth of their organization, for the completion of the State archives, and for all their work which really supplements ours.

I wish for all of you a happy, prosperous year, and that it may be a year devoted to the good of our beloved cause and out of which we shall cast all uncharitableness and have only forbearance for the shortcomings of one another.

"MISS GEORGIA U. D. C."

SKETCH BY MRS. HERBERT M. FRANKLIN, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT, IN THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., is a lovely maiden of sweet sixteen. On November 9 she celebrated her seventeenth birthday, and she enters upon the work of another year with all the enthusiasm of active, lively young girlhood. She was an unusually precocious little girl; and while yet an infant, she began not only to "sit up and take notice" but to reach out her baby arms in the desire to help others, to use her sweet influence for good, uplifting purposes.

Early she began to think of young girls not so fortunate as herself, and the Winnie Davis memorial was the result. As she advances into young ladyhood she is busy at work for the Bartow memorial educational fund, for the benefit of the boys and girls in the mountains around Rabun Gap. Her hands are busy with works of love for the old soldiers and their wives, and she rejoices in ministrations of comfort and cheer to her aged and beloved friends. How she does delight to honor the veterans! With what joy does she pin with her gentle hands the cross of honor on his noble breast!

With sweet, tender reverence she is erecting monuments all over the State to the Confederate dead. She is using her time and talents for the erection of a fitting memorial to General Lee at Arlington, to the boys in gray who sleep at Shiloh. By her essay contest she is encouraging her younger brothers and sisters to learn of the glorious deeds of our Southland. She is persevering in her study of history in her monthly programs. She frowns on every textbook used in our schools which does not teach the truth of history and give justice to the South. She is constantly bestowing scholarships upon needy boys and girls; she is adorning the walls of Georgia's schools with portraits of Lee and Davis.

In her room at Richmond are valuable treasures of the War of the States. She is planning to erect a coping around the monument to the memory of Major Wirz. She is working up a traveling library which will be both interesting and profitable. Her light is shining with such brilliance that women all over the State see her good works and long to join the radiant circle; so new Chapters are springing up like magic under the gentle beams. She loves the children too, and uses her sweet influence to organize bands of Children of the Confederacy.

Girllike, she is quite proud of her beautiful sorority pin, the U. D. C. badge, and with just enough vanity to lend attraction she clothes herself in her lovely gowns of Confederate colors, with jewels of memory, history, benevolence, education, is a brilliant social queen.

In fact, this wonderful girl is just the dearest, sweetest, most accomplished sixteen-year-old that anybody ever knew, this lovely Miss Georgia U. D. C.

Now, let me whisper a secret. Listen! She has a beau. Her admirers all over the land are forming Camps of Sons of Veterans, and this son is in high favor. She is giving him much encouragement; she is leading him on in many counties of the State, and as 1912 is leap year she may grow bolder in her advances until the month of May brings a union as well as a reunion of Miss Georgia U. D. C. and Mr. Son U. C. V.

"Then here's to Miss Georgia U. D. C.,

The maid of sweet sixteen;

O'er kingdoms of mind and heart may she

Forever reign as queen!"

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

The Georgia Daughters have evidently been most fortunate in choosing for their State President Mrs. Eugenia Dorothy Blount Lamar, of Macon. Her parents, Col. James H. Blount



MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR.

and Miss Eugenia Wiley, were married in 1861. Colonel Blount went early with his battalion to Norfolk, Va. His command was known as Blount's Cavalry. After the War of the States, he served in Congress, and was sent by President Cleveland as Special Commissioner to Hawaii in 1893. Mrs. Lamar is a graduate of the Wesleyan and of Wellesley Colleges. Much of her girlhood was spent in Washington.

She was President of the Sidney Lanier Chapter of the U. D. C., which grew rapidly to a membership of nearly two hundred. Her first public office was President of the Free Kindergarten. Girls have been educated and fitted for life work, women have had their homes saved by rent paid, widows of veterans are housed, fed, and clothed, and nurses provided.

Mrs. Lamar is President of the Macon Athenaeum, an evening literary club where men and women enjoy lectures and literary talk with witty chat. She is First Vice President of the Woman's Club, and is a devoted Presbyterian.

Mrs. S. C. Moore, of Macon, writes of her in the Atlanta Constitution: "Of magnetic presence, keen and cultured mind, she is equally approachable by rich and poor, and her palatial home is a meeting place for cultured people. Born to lead, she does it with such innate sweetness and grace that women often say: 'I wouldn't have done that except for Mrs. Lamar.' The Confederate Veterans' Reunion is her latest activity. With the talent of a general, she has organized her forces, and success will be assured. When some one said to her, 'This reunion is appalling; how can you undertake so much?' she quietly replied: 'It may be there will never be another opportunity like this to do something for Macon.' She seems to incarnate the thought, 'Make life, death, and that vast forever one grand, noble song.'"

REQUESTS BY U. D. C. HISTORIAN GENERAL.

[In an open letter to all State Historians, Chairmen of Historical Committees, and Chapter Historians of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford, Historian General, U. D. C., Athens, Ga., has much of importance to say.]

SUBSTANCE OF ADDRESS TO STATE AND CHAPTER HISTORIANS.

First, I wish to send to you a loving greeting and to assure you that I appreciate the honor bestowed upon me at Richmond, Va., where I was made Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the highest gift that is in their power to bestow, so I regard it. Secondly, I rejoice that you have a part with me in this historical work, the most vital work of our organization. Let us, then, together resolve to secure while we can the unwritten history of our beloved South. This history can only be secured from the veteran men and women now living. The mistake too often made by U. D. C. historians is to prepare papers upon subjects already treated of in printed history. What it behooves us to secure now is the unwritten facts from those who alone know them.

Our veterans are fast passing away and the time is growing shorter and shorter for this work to be done. Let the veterans tell us the story of themselves. Let sentiment enter into that story so long as it does not interfere with facts. What we wish is history. The historical spot where an event took place must be accurately located, the date accurately given, and no "think so" must be recorded as fact.

Appreciating how difficult it is to secure these facts, I have outlined a method which may answer as suggestive until something better is found. During the year I shall be glad to have suggestions from each of you. All must work together as a whole if we wish the work well done.

DIRECTIONS OF THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Use uniform paper, 7x9¼ inches. Leave one-inch margin on the left. (If any Division has been using uniform paper of different size, continue that, so that all manuscript shall be the same in that Division.)

To insure that all shall get the paper of uniform size, prop-

erly punched, it may be well to send to your Historian General \$2 for the first order, sufficient for one volume, 400 sheets. This will also pay express or postage. After that, your own bookdealer can cut and punch paper to fit the cover.

Write on one side only, typewritten preferred.

When volume is completed, send to your State Historian, to be kept for future reference—400 to 500 pages to a volume.

Index your volume, carefully numbering the pages.

Paste newspaper clippings on page to avoid copying.

When volume is completed, order a cover from your State Historian. (The covers we use in Georgia are of gray cloth, so arranged that leaves may be added or removed at any time. The backs to the covers have red leather labels, upon which the name of Chapter, the number of volume, the State Division, and name of State Historian are plainly marked. Thus: "Historical Records of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., Mildred Lewis Rutherford, State Historian;" "Minutes U. D. C. Convention, 1896-1900;" "Laura Rutherford Chapter, Athens, Ga.")

Another volume is used for muster roll. The request is made to "enroll by companies the names of those soldiers who enlisted from your town and county. Try to get a complete roster of those killed and wounded." (If the veterans in your county are doing this work, you can safely leave it in their hands and proceed to Volume II.)



MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

[Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford was born in Athens, Ga., July 16, 1851, a daughter of Prof. William R. and Laura Battaille Roots Cobb Rutherford. She graduated at the Lucy Cobb Institute in 1868, and was teacher of literature and co-principal of her *Alma Mater* from 1880 to 1898. She has been President of the Athens Ladies' Memorial Association since 1888, State Historian of the Georgia Division, U. D. C. (elected for life), Chairman of the Y. W. C. A. for the Gulf States, and President of the Federated Mission Union. She is the author of school textbooks (English Authors, American Authors, French Authors, 1907; "Minnie Brown;" Bible Question Book; "The South in History and Literature," 1907. At the Richmond Convention in November, 1911, she was elected Historian General United Daughters of the Confederacy.]

Record all deeds of bravery pertaining to soldiers enlisting from your town and county during the War of the States or incidents of battle as told by the veterans now living in your midst, whether they enlisted from your county or not. (Application papers for membership in your Chapter and for crosses of honor will greatly aid you in securing dates.)

Secure sketches of women who lived during the war in your county and were identified with the aid societies, wayside homes and hospitals, and of women after the war prominent in Ladies' Memorial Associations or those who aided in erecting monuments to the Confederate dead.

Keep a record of all Confederate relics in the possession of any in your county, writing full description of the same, by whom owned and how secured. Thus an interest will be awakened in collecting and preserving Confederate souvenirs, looking toward a future Confederate museum of vast proportions.

Give the date of organization of your Chapter, names of charter members, names of officers from date of organization, history of the work accomplished, women prominent in the work, amount of money contributed to various objects, monuments erected, history of the erection, inscriptions copied, especially the date and under whose auspices erected. Give the number of crosses bestowed by your Chapter and names of veterans and descendants receiving them.

Bind application blanks for crosses for future reference.

Bind application for Chapter membership for reference.

Bind minutes of State and of U. D. C. Conventions.

Bind CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., for historical reference in your Chapter.

Preserve as history sketches not only of the old mammy of the South but of the many faithful slaves to whose care the women and children were confided when our brave men were at the front and of those true to their former owners after the war closed.

Give the story of the secession of your own State and a copy of the secession ordinance and signers, the part men from your county took in the Provisional Congress that met at Montgomery, Ala., the names of President Davis's cabinet, the copy of the Confederate Constitution, by whom drafted and signed, and the story of the Freedmen's Bureau, of the Ku Klux Klan (why a necessity), of war-time experiences of refugees, and of Reconstruction period.

Write up the part the navy played in our war and sketches of the naval heroes.

Tell all about the hospital work, how carried on during the war, and the difficulties in securing medicine and proper surgical instruments and appliances.

Write the story of the different flags of the Confederacy and the necessity for changes in them, and copy any poems concerning them.

Secure names of all books written in your town or county by a Southerner or about the South, with a short sketch of life of author.

I ask State Presidents so to legislate at their Conventions that their State Historian shall be sent to the U. D. C. Convention at the Division's expense. The inspiration received from the intercourse with other Historians will more than repay the amount expended.

I ask that State Historians urge their Chapter Historians to comply with the request of their Historian General in collecting and preserving this historical data.

I ask that their report (typewritten) be sent to me thirty days before the U. D. C. Convention convenes, and that this

report include statistical facts concisely given, so that I may be able to cull the exact amount done during the year by the Divisions.

I ask that no excuses be sent to me, but to the State Presidents, so that I shall not be blamed if no report of the State work is given at the next U. D. C. Convention.

I ask that they plan to be present at the U. D. C. Convention, and notify me thirty days before the Convention convenes if they can or cannot.

I want all Chapter Presidents to send me full name and address of their Chapter Historians and to plan to have their Historians sent as delegates to the State Convention that they may come in touch with the State Historian and receive an inspiration from meeting her and the other Historians. This is very important.

May I suggest a plan that has worked so well with our Georgia Division? Have a Program Committee appointed by the Division and issue monthly programs to be used by all Chapters. (I am sure our Chairman of the Program Committee, Mrs. J. D. Franklin, Tennille, Ga., will be glad to send a sample copy of one of our Georgia programs. Send her a stamp for reply.) Then have the Chapter Historian prepare a paper on local U. D. C. history for each month's program. If not time to have read, it can be filed among Chapter records. This insures at least one historical paper a month.

I ask that all textbooks, poems, pamphlets, works of fiction, etc., be sent to the State Historian for review, so that she may make a report to the Historian General of such books as are untrue to the South, in order that she may use her influence to have the U. D. C. legislate to condemn such books and ask their removal from schools and libraries.

Read carefully this circular before you write asking questions. You may find that very question answered, and thus save her time, your time, and U. D. C. money.

Promise not to throw this circular into the trash basket, but pin it up in a prominent place to be a daily reminder of what is expected from you as a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy.

Don't allow the War of the States to be called a Civil War. If we allow this, we own that we were one State, not many, as we contended.

Don't allow our Memorial Day to be called Decoration Day. The latter term belongs wholly to the North.

Don't even in sport speak of yourself as a rebel. There was a rebellion, but it was north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Don't give your indorsement to a book until you are absolutely sure it is true to the South as well as the North.

Don't procrastinate, but do the work you have pledged yourself to do when you accepted the honor conferred upon you. What we wish is the truth and nothing but the truth.

If this circular reaches one who is no longer State or Chapter Historian, will she see that it is forwarded to the one who succeeded her in office?

To encourage an interest in historical work, Mrs. L. H. Raines, Custodian of the Cross of Honor, 908 Duffy Street, S., Savannah, Ga., has offered to present to that Division (or Chapter where no Division exists) which accomplishes most in collecting and compiling historical records this year, 1912, a beautiful silk banner. The presentation is to take place during the U. D. C. Convention in November. Communicate with Mrs. Raines in regard to requirements for contest.

[This synopsis is subject to correction.—ED. VETERAN.]

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

RESPONSES BY SOUTHERN NEWSPAPERS.

The appeal to the entire press of the South for commendation of the important work of the *VETERAN*, referred to in the December issue, was responded to with a liberality unequaled perhaps in the annals of journalism. It would have required many thousands of dollars to secure such space even as advertising, while these notices were given in editorial form and have conveyed the information to millions of people. To these papers expression of profound gratitude is made. Club rates for subscriptions will be offered to every one of them. Remember that exchange is not desired, but instead marked copies of papers containing important information to the *VETERAN* would be appreciated. Please don't put the *VETERAN* on your mail list. It requires more time to examine than can possibly be given. A revision of our exchange list will be made, and it will be sent only to papers cooperating.

If response is not made to the request of any publisher, he would do the *VETERAN* a great favor to give notice at once.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF OUR YOUNG MEN.

The alarming fatality among Confederate veterans during the past year or so—which induced the United Daughters of the Confederacy to adopt such active measures for the *VETERAN* in their Convention in November at Richmond—has caused anxious meditation upon the part that the men of the South should take in establishing our correct history.

In the course of human government their fathers went to war; they fought hard and long and lost. Terrific as was the struggle, the survivors were young and hardened—those who were not too severely maimed by wounds—and they were strong enough while going through the anguish of reconstruction to recuperate largely family losses, and many of them amassed fortunes. In history-making their fathers attended their veteran Camps and Reunions, being active in maintaining the merit of their deeds for the principles of government that have existed since the first revolution in this country—a government by individuals—and now the condition is upon the South whereby her women are becoming the sole protectors of the honor of ancestors.

While this comment points critically to the Sons of Veterans, the fact is well understood that they are not as censurable as would seem. Many of them became bread winners for the veterans and the Confederate mothers, and the organization, U. S. C. V., was made in a number of instances a means of advancement in politics or other mercenary ways, so that thousands and thousands of the younger patriots did not apprehend its beneficial prospects and have taken no part in the organization. This failure to cooperate has been misconstrued, and the unjust sentiment prevails to a large extent that these noble men are not interested in the sacrifices that their fathers and mothers made fifty years ago. The organization of Sons has by these misunderstandings in many respects become a hindrance rather than a blessing to the cause for which it was created, despite the zeal and constancy of a small proportion of its working members. The conditions

are now drawing near, and rapidly, when the men of the South born after the war will have to take part in the preservation of correct history so zealously pursued by the great and grand organization of our women, or else much of the sacrifice of a half century will be forgotten, the wealth of the best part of American manhood will be lost, and the best of our civilization will be retarded inestimably.

To avoid such calamity, there must be cooperation, and the *VETERAN* begs comrades to consider before the Macon Reunion the wisdom of a radical change whereby the sons and grandsons of veterans may become eligible to membership in the veteran organizations. Conditions are such that another year should not pass before such action is taken.

Coöperation is the great need now of Southern men. Their wives, daughters, and granddaughters—the U. D. C. and the Children of the Confederacy—would hail with great joy such action as would be their support in the great work they are doing. The Sons of Confederate Veterans must cooperate, and speedily, before the veteran remnant is dead if they would honor their fathers and mothers, if they would have the highest quality of human societies remain in the land.

Let the Veterans and the organized Sons consider this grave subject and be prepared to take part at Macon. Everybody ought to cooperate in a systematic way. They should all be as united as the people of the South were in the sixties.

There should be one channel of information, and every man should consult it and money should be spent without stint to that end. Daughters of the Confederacy, ardent as they are, could do much more by diligence in bringing about this one thing. What could be done, if all of them would cooperate in pressing upon the men whose fathers and mothers made such sacrifices, would cause such zealous action at the Macon Reunion as would amaze the best people of the North, who are now in the spirit to give our people justice in motive and action. They realize the injustice of conditions to the South.

This plea is not for sectional benefit beyond simple justice, but it is made in behalf of the peace, the unity, and the Christian elevation of all the people in the land. Noble men who fought to perpetuate the Union will concur in the merit of this plea. Thousands of them have the profoundest respect for the South's motives and deeds.

ACTIVE FOR THE VETERAN IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Col. J. Coleman Alderson is preparing a booklet account of the reunion held at Hinton, W. Va., which will contain the following on an important subject, after copying the resolution adopted by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the recent Convention in Richmond: "No Veteran, Son, or Daughter should be without this most valuable publication (the *VETERAN*), which is going into over 20,000 homes throughout the United States every month. It is now in its twentieth year of faithful service. It represents officially every general Confederate organization, and is enthusiastically supported by every one familiar with it. It disseminates information about soldiers of the war on both sides, and it secures intercommunication between friends of long ago. Its 'Last Roll' records the services and deaths of those of our comrades who have passed over the river—all without cost, a work of love which entitles Comrade Cunningham to the gratitude of all true Southerners. It is the duty, and should be the pleasure, of the Commanders and Adjutants of every Camp in this Division to secure subscriptions to the *VETERAN*. The night will soon come 'when no man can work.'"

SOLDIERS NEVER HAD PERSONAL ENMITY.

The Ledger, of Broken Arrow, Okla., gives the following: "C. E. Creager, our former member of Congress in his Muscogee Republican breathes forth this lofty sentiment after having received a copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published in the interest of those who wore the gray. * * * But one of the prettiest and one of the most sublime sentiments that now recall the war and prove the manhood of the real Southern veteran is the movement to erect a monument to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, a Union soldier commandant at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, where many prisoners were held. To show their appreciation of real bravery and treatment accorded by a real soldier, Confederates who were imprisoned there and others are contributing to a fund with which to purchase the monument and defray the expense of its erection and dedication. One veteran in sending his contribution to the VETERAN said: 'The spirit manifested by Colonel Owen under the circumstances was Christlike and heroic and should be propagated and perpetuated as you propose.' With those who fought the war is over."

[There is no doubt that the men in Camp Morton would at that time have gladly pledged themselves to honor Colonel Owen whenever able to do so.—ED. VETERAN.]

SEND THE COTTON TAX BACK TO THE SOUTH.

By a singular and unintended omission from the petition to Congress for distribution of the large fund collected and held by the United States Treasury since Reconstruction times as set forth by the Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., at Idabel, Okla. (see page 560 of VETERAN for December, 1911), the plea was for *survivors and the widows of such* instead of "surviving widows." The VETERAN commends the action of the Ben McCulloch Camp. Let all other Camps and every person interested in fair play and in Southern prosperity exercise their influence in persuading Congressmen to have this money returned to the South, and if it can't be returned to the rightful owners, which would seem impossible as an exaction, let it be distributed in such way as suggested by these comrades.

FATE OF FIRST CIVIL WAR NOVEL.

A clever story tells the fate of "the first war novel" of the tragedies of the sixties, by Major John W. De Forrest, who served in a Union regiment. The book appeared in 1867, and the title was "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty." That it appeared "too soon" after the war was given as the cause of failure, but Mark Twain said:

"It was a splendid novel. The descriptive battle writing that it contained still remains unsurpassed. It would probably have been a great popular success had it been given a title that gripped. It was a failure because of its name."

SALEM (VA.) DAUGHTERS ON OBJECTIONABLE HISTORY.

In resolutions sent to the Richmond U. D. C. Convention Mrs. Rosylind Roberts Evans, of Salem, Va., stated:

"*Madam President and United Daughters of the Confederacy in Convention Assembled:* Permission is asked to bring before this convention the consideration of a so-called history of the United States, known as 'Elson's History,' which has found its way through unguarded channels into some of the schools and colleges of the South. It is prejudicial to the South and abounds in misrepresentations and falsehoods. Un-

just to the South throughout, it misrepresents the causes that led to the war, reflects upon our peerless Robert E. Lee, and glorifies John Brown, while its assertions pertaining to the social life of the South are almost unmentionable. The falsehoods are not confined to a few isolated pages, but the warp and woof of the book is vicious and pernicious."

"Whereas our handsome monuments scattered over our beloved Southland, our beautiful memorials, and our labors of love will count for naught if we permit such willful, wicked, and slanderous statements to go unrebuked and unchallenged; therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That the thanks of this Convention be extended to Judge W. W. Moffett, of Salem, Va., who indignantly exposed its false teachings and protested against its use; also to the press of Virginia for the stand they have taken for truth and honor; and to our friend, Mr. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose work of love for the South deserves the gratitude of all the people.

"2. That we will combat and condemn with all our strength and might, individually and collectively, this 'Elson's History' or any other history defamatory or unfair to the South, and we will not desist till none other than a fair and true history from '61 to '65 be taught in our schools and colleges."

She quotes from the book some horrible assertions.

GROWTH OF JUST SENTIMENT AT THE NORTH.—A wonderful change has taken place in the public mind north of the Ohio River since the close of the War of the States. Instead of "traitors deserving to be hanged," the Lees, the Jacksons, and their like are now classed with Washington and his generals as patriots and true Americans.—*Prof. J. H. Brunner.*

Leetown Chapter, U. D. C., of Middleway, W. Va., has placed markers at the graves of the soldiers who died in their little village and are buried in the Masonic Cemetery. The list is herewith given in the hope that friends will be relieved by seeing that these graves are taken care of:

Peter A. Geriner, Co. A, 1st N. C. Regt.
Josiah Leath, Co. C, 41st Va. Regt.
William M. Harris, Co. K, 19th Va.
Redin English, Co. K, 8th Fla.
Sergt. Robert Barber, Co. K, 43d N. C.
Julius Cox, Co. C, 14th N. C.
Maj. B. S. Boggin, North Carolina.
Robert Passmore, Co. I, 26th Ga. Regt., Evans's Brigade.
W. W. Hennington, Co. H, 9th La.
Carthage Kendall, second corporal of Chew's Battery.

LEE.

He sleeps, the chieftain at his rest;
His heart is stilled within his breast;
His flag is furled; the Stars and Bars
No longer wave through crimson wars.
No longer martial echoes float,
No more the Southern bugle note.
His brave though waning lines of gray,
The myriad hosts he held at bay
Have vanished like the winter snows;
Alike are gone his friends and foes.
But still within the Southern heart,
When homage greets the honored name of Lee,
The life blood leaps with sudden start,
The eyelids quiver, and the tears are free.

—H. C. Hazen, 449 South Crittenden Street, San Jose, Cal.

STONEWALL JACKSON: A HOMILY.

BY A. J. EMERSON.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: Please stop. Let Mary Johnston alone. Was Stonewall Jackson a faultless man? No; but he was one of the world's greatest generals, and his fame reflects honor upon all the people of the Southern States, if not of the whole United States.

Is Mary Johnston a faultless writer? No; but in "The Long Roll" she has produced one of the greatest books ever written in America, if not the very greatest; a work which reflects honor upon all the people of the South and heightens the fame of Stonewall Jackson; a book that deserves to stand in a class with Hugo's "Les Misérables" and Tolstoi's "War and Peace."

The story of Stonewall Jackson half a century ago leaped beyond the bounds of the Southern Confederacy and belongs to the world. People will read it and tell it. And has any one told that story better than Mary Johnston has told it? Has any one brought out the sublime features of that astonishing career more clearly than she has? If so, who? Who else has written an epic prose poem with Stonewall Jackson for its hero?

T. J. Jackson's fame is so secure that historians may express differing opinions about him without harm. The literary muse takes delight in walking around a really great man when she has found one and looking at him from every possible angle. It keeps up the talk about him and causes him to fill a larger space in the world's thought. Think of the vast variety of opinions that have been expressed concerning Napoleon or concerning Shakespeare. Not only opinions, but books and books have been written about them. It only adds to their fame. So if we are to have a Stonewall Jackson literature, as seems likely, it will but fix his name up on the high shelf with Shakespeare and Napoleon.

The rest of us do not take the allusions to his alleged eccentricities so seriously as do the close friends of Gen. T. J. Jackson. We do so exceedingly admire him for his heroic deeds that we take a childlike delight in the odd things he does and says, the unheroic actions; he is so above us that we need this point of contact. The people love a hero about whom they can tell a good joke now and then. That is one feature of hero worship. The plume which Jeb Stuart wore in his hat (there is a good joke about that plumed hat) and his passion for the banjo music of Sweeny, whom he kept by his side, are eccentricities of a great man; but how delightful they are to talk of and to read about! And they show one phase of his character. They are the outcroppings of that perpetual gayety and those high spirits with which Stuart was endowed above all other generals of the army, which kept his men from dejection in the camp and on the march, and were a tonic to them when they heard the round, full notes of the cavalier hero's voice as he went singing into battle. Let Stuart wear his plume. I like it.

But I love to see on Stonewall Jackson's head that "old forage cap" which Mary Johnston places there, because above it is the aureole of glory. I like those "old dust-covered clothes." Yea, the dust that settles on hat and faded coat rose up from under the feet of his invincible legions, our brothers, as they marched and wrested hard-won victories from the best soldiers (except themselves) in the world—the dust of Manassas, of Winchester, of Chancellorsville. That dust has turned to gold and shines with a luster that will endure to the end of time. I like that upward thrust of the hand. We heard

of it often in 1862 and 1863. It was then thought to be a prayer signal to heaven. The soldiers thought so. "Old Jack' does the praying, we do the fighting, and it all works out right." The people of the South thought so. Many felt and said: "As long as that man lives the Confederacy is safe." I don't think they ever felt quite that way about any other man. The people loved to believe that Stonewall prayed in time of battle, and that he prayed at midnight before the battle. They believe that those prayers were answered in part; that they will yet be answered; that within the Union substantial victory will come to the South as to her main contention—that is, the right to manage her own domestic and social relations in her own way. Let us not banish that uplifted hand from our histories.

In the midst of the roar of battle the soldiers saw Jackson calmly sucking lemons. They did not deem it an eccentricity, but a mystery. Where did he get them? For owing to the blockade lemons were scarce, very scarce. To see a man sucking a lemon then was like seeing an airship to-day.

"Where did 'Old Jack' get those lemons?" says one.

"He got 'em from his commissary," says the other.

"Our commissary hasn't any lemons, I know."

"'Old Jack' got 'em from his other commissary."

"What other commissary?"

"Banks. Yes, 'Old Jack' draws all our rations from Banks."

"How?"

"Captures his wagon trains. Gets one about every other day. 'Old Jack' sent word to the man that makes wagons for Banks up at Wheeling to make the wagon tongues stronger; that too many of them broke about the time they were turned over to our men. Yes, sir, 'Old Jack' is sucking Banks's lemons to-day, and day after to-morrow he will squeeze old Banks himself."

So much for eccentricities; they are too good to cut out.

There remains to be considered the frontispiece of "The Long Roll," the caricature, "the hideous picture," as it has been called. I shall not discourse upon art or taste or book-making, but will tell the story of Aunt Patty and Polyphemus.

Away back yonder about the year 1845, when I was a small boy, there was a pleasant-faced, sweet-tempered old black mammy who often sat churning in the shade of the trees near our kitchen, and she always got butter. Churning was her favorite sort of work, for she was too fat to enjoy standing up. She was a very good person, and was fond of telling stories to the children, white and black. One which she told made a deep impression in a soft spot (soft then, not now) in my head. It was about a giant much bigger than our old friend Goliath of Gath. He was so big that he could pluck up a good-sized tree by the roots and use it for a walking stick as he waded out into the ocean to recapture his escaped prisoners whom he intended to eat—one every day. She said his name was Polyphemus.

Some years later when at school I got into Virgil to my surprise I read in Latin substantially the same story Aunt Patty the good had told me about terrible Polyphemus. I wondered how Aunt Patty, an unlettered negro, had come to know the story. Had her forbears brought it with them from Africa? or had some smart boy reading Virgil told it to her? If so, what boy? Before I had the opportunity to ask her how she learned it, Aunt Patty died and went to heaven, I believe, for she talked more about heaven than any one I have ever known in my pilgrimage through this world.

I have retained all these years a good memory picture of Aunt Patty, but a rather shadowy conception of Polyphemus.

I have often wondered since those days if there existed anywhere a picture of Polyphemus. I would like to have one.

Some months ago while looking through the big show window of a bookstore I saw a display of books, every one of which showed the picture of a dim, shadowy being of giant-like proportions, mysterious and awful. Instantly the thought came to me: "That may be Polyphemus!" On closer inspection it proved to be an alleged picture of Stonewall Jackson, and the book was "The Long Roll." Now, I will say here that I do not believe that Miss Johnston is responsible for this picture. If she is, I have no doubt that she will leave it out as soon as it can possibly be done. If the publishers are responsible, let us hope that they will heed the voice of protest that has been given. In the meantime I suggest this course: Let all who own the book get some old gold paint (for the book is golden), paint out the picture, and go on reading it and lending it to their neighbors.

I do not believe that the artist who painted the picture from which the photograph was taken intended caricature at all. He intended probably by what has been termed "the monstrous physical likeness" to convey an impression of Jackson's greatness. The result has been unfortunate. Instead of suggesting a hero, it suggests a giant. Instead of pleasing, it hurts. Yet there is a place for the original after all. I should like to possess it. Though I reject it utterly as a picture of Stonewall, our great, our unmatched, our beloved Stonewall Jackson, yet I should like to hang it on the wall of my study as a picture of my long-lost Polyphemus.

THAT "LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON."

BY W. O. HART, PAST COMMANDANT CAMP BEAUREGARD,
NO. 130, U. S. C. V., NEW ORLEANS.

In regard to the article in your December VETERAN concerning Julio's painting, "The Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson," I beg to state that the original painting was owned for many years by Lieut. Col. John B. Richardson, of New Orleans, who died in 1906. He belonged to the Washington Artillery, and for a long time before and after his death the picture occupied a place of honor in the armory of the artillery. Recently the family sold it to Col. J. B. Sinnott, also of New Orleans, who was in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was present at "the last meeting" of Lee and Jackson. Certainly the picture could not have a more appropriate owner.

I remember as a boy seeing Julio working on the picture. His studio was on the third floor of what was then No. 3½ Carondelet Street, now No. 121. The one at Baton Rouge, if painted by Julio, is a replica, and not the original. There is also a copy of the picture in the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans. I do not know who the artist was who made it, but it was ordered by Col. A. R. Blakely, also of the Washington Artillery, who for many years was proprietor of the St. Charles. He died some years ago.

Several years ago there were published some beautiful steel engravings of the picture, and I suppose the picture on the title-page of your magazine was taken from one of them. At the Mobile Reunion in 1910 I saw some post cards of the painting, which were very well executed.

FROM A LITTLE REBEL.—Charlie Pace Knaip writes from his home in Kansas City, Mo.: "Please send me the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for one year. I am ten years old, and used to live at the Confederate Home when my grandpa, Col. J. L. Pace, was Superintendent. He died two years ago. I like to read it."

AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SHRINE.

BY H. O. NELSEN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Reading recently of the present appearance of the battle field of Appomattox, Va., I was reminded of the battle ground of San Jacinto, Tex., where the flower of Santa Anna's army struck its colors to the father of the Texas Republic—Sam Houston. As we, the grand army of the South, still cherish the devotion with which we followed the stars and bars, the symbol of George Washington's own coat of arms, so do we love to review at our yearly Reunions the tilts we had with our friends the enemy from 1861 to 1865.

At a Reunion some years ago in New Orleans I could not repress my desire to visit old San Jacinto, where in the fall of 1862 we patched and primed our rusting arms and navy for a surprise party to the Federal fleet, then in possession of Galveston. At early dawn on January 1, 1863, our commanders had decided to impress their New Year resolutions upon the enemy by recapturing our main seaport on the Texas coast. The battle of Galveston is a chapter in the history of the Civil War and not otherwise connected with this sketch.

San Jacinto was a hamlet of the old Spanish régime at the time when Europe still claimed the right to shape the destiny of the Western world. This is the spot where Anglo-Saxon civilization first drew the line against Latin rule in the Southwest. It was in 1836, after the battle of the Alamo, that the Texas army of 90 men, led by Sam Houston, routed Santa Anna's army of 2,000 men, of which 1,000 Mexicans remained upon the spot as silent witnesses of their defeat. With the battle cry of "Remember the Alamo!" that invincible squad of Texans shot, stabbed, and strangled one-half of Santa Anna's army within thirty minutes. This, then, is the spot upon which the "Lone Star" republic had its birth. The captured chieftain, Santa Anna, here made a permanent relinquishment of all claims to the territory east of the Rio Grande River.

This prelude leads to my picture of San Jacinto as it was and as it is to-day. In the summer of 1862 our infant navy, flying the stars and bars, was ordered to recuperate at San Jacinto, where a shipyard gave facilities for needed repairs to our vessels. Here upon the battle field of twenty-five years previous to our coming we built barracks and batteries at the junction of San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou, where both join Galveston Bay. We traded our Confederate money to the storekeepers of San Jacinto for anything they were willing to part with, and we listened to the stories of the "oldest inhabitants" of how the Texans fought in 1836. We boys in gray claimed the courage then displayed by Houston's men if the Yankees would give the opportunity.

I had learned the gunsmith's trade in Germany, from which country I had emigrated in 1860, and I became an active member of our ordnance department. We converted an old abandoned sawmill into an armory, where flintlock guns were changed for percussion caps, and where we made Bowie knives fashioned after an original one in possession of our major. A razorlike edge was put to every weapon that left my armory, with a cow horn for a handle and copper guard made from the boiler tubes within the mill. A rawhide scabbard hid this vicious "toothpick." We tripped the light fantastic with the Texas girls and ancient señoritas of the town until we left for closer relation with the enemy at Galveston.

Picture my surprise, then, on my visit to the scene of my youthful gayety nearly half a century ago! Leaving the train at Deer Park, the nearest crossroads station to San Jacinto

on the Galveston-Houston Railroad, the mail bag and I were the only visible evidences that this was a stopping place. From a shanty close by an old rig, an old pony, and still older man drove up for the mail bag. I inquired as to distance, time, and terms upon which I might ride with this mail agent to Lynchburg, which is just across the river from San Jacinto. The driver, an old Swede, expressed surprise of my inquiry concerning that ancient village, since nobody lived in San Jacinto any more. Being assured that the rig was substantial and the pony strong enough to pull my additional weight, we started at a modest gait.

Nearing the shrine dedicated to the "Independence of the Republic of Texas," we saw a twenty-horse power steam boiler in the marsh, which, according to my informant, had been washed there by the great flood of Galveston. He likewise related much of the havoc wrought by that flood, which swept the remaining ruins of San Jacinto off their base. No vestige of the place was to be seen except a lone negro cabin half submerged.

I failed to find a single soul who knew of San Jacinto. The postmaster of Lynchburg was too young, and so was everybody else around the place. Anxious to verify what they called my "fairy tales," I insisted that somebody accompany me in a skiff in search of some landmark that I knew. Halting at a peculiar turn in the river, we went ashore in search of a brick foundation of the old sawmill, my erstwhile armory. Brushing aside some debris along the muddy bank, a companion soon laid bare the brick pillars that once upon a time were laid in hard cement. Encouraged by this find, we hunted for the fort which we had built in 1862. Finally my search was rewarded by finding the old ditch and parapet on which I tramped from gun to gun as sentinel at night. Some tuft of Spanish moss I gathered from a tree close by as a memento of my visit after so many years.

Knowing that the "Daughters of the Texas Revolution" had erected a monument to the memory of those who gave their lives that their country might live, my guide admitted having heard of such a shaft. We groped through canebrakes tall and thick till we beheld a lonely shaft as evidence that here those heroes of the struggle were laid side by side for final rest.

Such is the story of my visit to the battle field of San Jacinto as it appeared four years ago. The Texas State authorities have in these later years decided to make a park of the old battle ground. They have acquired ownership of the territory and placed markers at salient points to commemorate the cradle of Texas independence and the battle cry of Sam Houston: "The bridge is cut! Fight for your lives and remember the Alamo!"

PLEA FOR PEACE.

FROM ADDRESS BY HENRY WATTERSON IN ATLANTA.

Atlanta gave Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal* and the most distinguished one in America, an audience of 7,000 people on Christmas Eve. After pleasant personal allusions he said:

"In the peace treaty now before the United States Senate for ratification provision is made for two tribunals—one of inquiry and the other for arbitration. The first will be composed of nine commissioners, three from France, three from England, and three from the United States.

"The duty of the members of the first committee will be to determine whether or not a question is arbitrable. Any two votes will negative the affirmative of the other seven. If the

vote should be unanimous and the issue is decided to be arbitrable, that decision does not become binding until accepted by the President and ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate.

Those who think of arbitration as a modern institution and experiment are contradicted by the fact that there were six cases of arbitration between nations in the eighteenth century and that there have been one hundred and fifty cases since 1900.

"The notion that war is necessary to vitality of manhood is contradicted by every example history furnishes. The wars of Greece and Rome depleted their manhood; the wars of Napoleon depleted France; our own sectional war robbed the South of the flower of her manhood and spilled needlessly the blood of thousands of our best families. We do not need Sherman to tell us that war is hell. It is a debauch of blood.

"President David Starr Jordan says, 'War is degeneracy,' and this statement should be elevated to the dignity of a dogma. Mr. Jordan further sets out that war leads to the depletion of manhood more than does wealth and luxury and their allied vices.

"But the world moves on apace. After wireless telegraphy nothing is impossible. I am a Methodist to the extent that I believe we are growing from one grace into another.

"Massachusetts and Mississippi are convertible terms; put a Green Mountain boy in Texas, with a gun in his belt and a rattlesnake skin for a hat band and he forgets that his ancestors did not fight at San Jacinto.

"Boston in Massachusetts and Charleston in South Carolina are twin cities, for in the Algonquin Club of the one and the Palmetto Club of the other it is impossible to distinguish which is which after 10 o'clock at night.

"Join me in at least making war unfashionable. Let your voice reach to Washington. The Senate may sometimes be good for nothing, and it is necessary for the people to make their will known. Say to the Senate, 'Let us stop this quibbling and let hair-splitting cease.'

"We are happy to be called a world-power. But what kind of a world-power? Accept these arbitration treaties, and we put ourselves forward as leaders of the world, to fulfill the mission of the fathers of the republic, a nation of free men and not of traders, a nation of Christians and not of pagans."

PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO MR. WATTERSON.

In introducing the speaker, Mr. Clark Howell said of him:

"There is no audience to which Mr. Watterson could be introduced that would know him better than the audience now before me. Especially is this true in Atlanta, where his name was associated with the earliest struggles of the city. Since that time his name has belonged not merely to the South, not to the country, but to civilization at large.

"A man always ready to put on the shield of war, if necessary, he has now joined for the greatest fight of his life, enlisted his mentality in the cause of peace, that peace may reign throughout the world. How appropriate that he comes to speak to us on Christmas Eve in behalf of universal peace!

"Annually now every country is spending millions for war, and the world is rolling under a debt of two billions yearly for armament and maintenance. This has been going on for centuries until at last the civilized nations have awakened to realize that the time has come to stop wasting the enthusiasm, energy, and resources of the world and to take this unnecessary burden from the people. This sentiment is disclosed through the efforts made by President Taft and others and the proposed peace agreements with France and England.

"We are to hear of the motives prompting these movements from the South's most eminent editor, the South's most eloquent orator, and one of the most highly esteemed citizens in the confines of the great republic which we are all glad has become the greatest on the face of the earth."

TEXAS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME A MODEL.

(From the Austin Statesman.)

"They are furnished everything in the world except the breath of life; the Lord furnishes them that," is the way R. M. Wynne, Superintendent of the Confederate Home, characterizes the treatment the "old boys" receive at the hands of the State. "Everything is made as comfortable for them as possible for their services in the great cause as well as the natural reverence for gray hairs and broken step. Their last years must be made as pleasant as possible."

One of the most interesting places imaginable, particularly to the stranger, is the Confederate Home, a place wherein four hundred and fifty old men are spending their last days, and they know it. Here is where the State is caring for indigent men who were in their prime active fighters in the civil struggle between the States. Here the old men sit and talk of the days that are gone, retell stories of their life struggles, of war, of love, perhaps tragedy, indulge in reminiscences when the world to them was young and bright and cheery and a life long before them to mold as they would.

There are as many interesting characters in this institution as there are men. Each man is an individual wealth of interesting, romantic, unique experiences. All as much as seventy years old, their lives are behind them, and for this reason each is a unit of interesting experiences in himself. Each man is worth while stopping to listen to.

The social side of their existence is a study in itself, and has presented a problem that has been solved by few superintendents as successfully as by Mr. Wynne. He has provided pavilions, cool for the hot summer days, with all sorts of tables and chairs, dominoes, cards, and other games for the old men to while away their waking hours, and they enjoy such cards from daylight to dark, recessing only long enough for games. They have diversion with checkers, dominoes, or meals. These games have aided much in causing the social instinct to be kept alive, to cause the old men to feel kindly toward each other. This comradeship that has grown out of such games pleases the officials very much.

However, occasionally the "old men" will fall out about something, generally some trivial thing, and "fight" like youngsters. It may be over a domino game or it may be a dispute over what colonel led the attack of certain commands at certain battles, each belligerent contending for the right to the best of his memory. Then the "old boys" have been known to scrap over newspapers, magazines, and even food and bed clothing and washing. But fights are rare occurrences now.

Many of the inmates are very decrepit. When one becomes unable to attend to himself and keep his room in order, he is taken to the hospital, a well-appointed building, where he is kept until well again or until he dies. On the other hand, there are many "spry old bucks," as they call themselves. They step around, exercising their physical attributes and mental faculties, as well as men of fifty years.

For as much work as they can do Superintendent Wynne hires the old soldiers around the place. They do the yard-cleaning, building of fences, repairing of buildings, mending

of clothing and shoes, beautifying the grounds, and so on. For this they receive "tobacco money."

On one side of the grounds is a row of small huts—one-room affairs—which are called "individual barracks." These are built by the old soldiers who have sufficient means and who desire to be with the "rest of the old boys." There are some dozen or more of these huts, several occupied by officers in the Confederate army.

Much credit is due Superintendent Wynne for the present smoothness with which things are run at the Home. He has been Superintendent for two years. During this time he has seen to the building of room for forty additional old men, repairing and painting of every building, beautifying the grounds, and many other things. In the hospital he introduced women nurses to replace young men nurses, and has found the women much more satisfactory.

Under the constitutional amendment the legislature is allowed to appropriate as much as \$100,000 a year for the maintenance of the Home, and there are just about as many men in the Home now as this amount will properly care for; yet others desire places there.

Every railroad in Texas except the Katy and the Frisco extend free transportation to the old soldiers to and from any point in Texas or even outside the State. All they are required to do is to apply. T. J. Freeman, of the International and Great Northern Railroad, always furnishes not only free transportation but sends a special private car for the Confederates and routes it when they desire to go out of the State to a reunion or convention or on some special occasion.

SOME OF THE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE INSTITUTION.

The use of intoxicating liquors in the buildings or on the grounds is forbidden unless administered on the order of the surgeon and under the direction of the Superintendent, and then strictly in such quantity as is prescribed. Any inmate bringing liquor on the premises is punished, and repeated infraction of this rule followed by the summary discharge from the Home.

Profanity and vulgarity are forbidden, and quarrels among the inmates or employees will subject the offenders to punishment. No inmate will be allowed to carry about his person or to have in his quarters or about the Home any deadly weapon, whether concealed or displayed.

For habitual intoxication, disrespectful language or conduct toward the Superintendent or other officers or visitors, disobedience of any orders, or refusal to perform duty assigned them prompt dismissal of the offender from the Home results.

Inmates are required to keep their quarters clean.

No food shall be carried away from the kitchen or dining hall to the rooms and hospital, except by permission of the Superintendent, and the inmates are not allowed to visit the kitchen for the purpose of procuring food from the cook, or otherwise, after meal time.

Religious services may be held every Sunday at the Home, at such time and place as the Superintendent may designate, and at such other times as the Superintendent may approve, by the ministers of any denomination who may volunteer for the benefit of the inmates, subject to the approval and direction of the board.

INTERESTING BITS OF HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTION.

The John B. Hood Camp in 1889 acquired from the State a charter for the purpose of organizing and supporting a home for indigent Confederate soldiers. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, cooperating

with them, they raised by donation and otherwise a considerable amount of money, with which they purchased near the city sixteen and two-thirds acres of land, and in a modest way prepared to care for their comrades. The legislature of 1891 made an appropriation of the rents of the temporary capitol, certain fees of the office of the Secretary of State, all moneys in the treasury accumulated from escheated estates, etc., and from these funds John B. Hood Camp erected several brick cottages for inmates.

From these sources the twenty-third legislature appropriated \$75,000 for the additional buildings and maintenance of the Home for the next two years, ending February 28, 1895. At the same time the legislature passed a concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution, so as to specifically grant power to the legislature to appropriate money for the maintenance of the Home, not to exceed \$100,000. This was adopted December 22, 1894. The twenty-fifth legislature put in force the constitutional amendment, whereupon the John B. Hood Camp deeded the property of the Home to the State, at which time there were fifty-three inmates of the Home.

After the transfer, and at a cost of \$10,000, the administration building was erected. Also ten acres of land were added to the original purchase. The twenty-sixth legislature provided by direct appropriation for the Home and the erection of the hospital. This hospital proving inefficient, it was converted into barracks for the inmates and a new hospital provided for, at a cost of \$10,000, appropriated by the twenty-seventh legislature.

The inmates and the sick and afflicted increasing in such numbers, this hospital was in turn converted into barracks and chapel for worship and a new model hospital provided for by the twenty-eighth legislature at an expense of \$20,000, which has all conveniences and a capacity of 100. The twenty-ninth legislature appropriated \$3,750, perfecting the sewerage and otherwise greatly improving the property. [This \$3,750 must be too small.—*EDITOR VETERAN.*] In January, 1902, the inmates numbered 280, and the twenty-seventh legislature appropriated for their maintenance \$90,000 for the two fiscal years, ending August 31, 1903. This was supplemented by a deficiency of \$16,000, granted by the twenty-eighth legislature.

Subsequent appropriations for the maintenance of the institution have been liberal.

The work which has been done by Mr. Wynne he reports as follows:

"The grounds of the Home I have beautified. I have built roads and driveways, laid off lawns, planted shrubbery, trees, vines, and flowers, so as to make it have all the attractions of a real home, and I am pleased to say that, while the inmates of the Home at the outset took but little interest in these adornments and embellishments, they have become deeply interested in them and take great pride in them. They seem to feel that this is their home and that the improvements are done for their benefit.

"I have built pavilions, cool places in which the old soldiers can meet together and play their games and enjoy themselves socially. I have striven to make them feel kindly toward each other. The greatest distress I had at first in the Home was the discovery that there was a great want of comradeship and affection among the inmates. This condition I have earnestly sought to remove, and believe that I can say with confidence that there is more comradeship, more affection and sympathy between the inmates of the Home at this time than ever before in its existence. I am proud to say that now

for many months there have been only a few differences between the inmates, and that peace, contentment, and happiness seem to prevail as much as could be expected with men situated as these old soldiers are.

"In my view it should be made the most attractive, the most comfortable, and the most beautiful of any Soldiers' Homes in the South, and this is my ambition. Is not Texas the greatest State? Were her soldiers not among the greatest soldiers of the South? And is it not characteristic of Texas to do whatever she undertakes better than is done by any other commonwealth?"

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS FOR MONTH ENDING OCTOBER 30, 1911.

Mrs. Chappell Cory, Director for Alabama, \$423.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$42.60. Contributed by David O. Dodd Chapter, No. 212, U. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark., \$10.10; Fanny Scott Chapter, No. 579, U. D. C., Harrison, Ark., \$6.50; H. L. Grimstead Chapter, No. 575, U. D. C., Camden, Ark., 50 cents; T. C. Hindman Chapter, No. 408, U. D. C., Lonoke, Ark., \$9; Sidney Johnson Chapter No. 135, U. D. C., Batesville, Ark., \$5; from Little Rock bazaar fund, \$1.50; Prairie Grove Chapter 1006, U. D. C., Prairie Grove, Ark., \$5; Hot Springs Chapter, No. 805, U. D. C., Hot Springs, Ark., \$5.

Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, Director for Colorado, \$2.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$43. Contributed by Apalachicola Chapter, No. 826, U. D. C., Apalachicola, Fla., \$3; Mrs. B. C. May, Miami, Fla., \$10; Mrs. Oltrogge, Jacksonville, Fla., \$4; Annie Coleman Chapter, No. 225, U. D. C., Orlando, Fla., \$5; Mrs. J. H. Livingston, Ocala, Fla., \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Gainesville, Fla., \$3; Kirby Smith Chapter, No. 202, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Jacksonville, Fla., \$3.

Miss Caby M. Froman, Director for Kentucky, \$90.50. Contributed by Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, No. 454, U. D. C., Danville, Ky., \$5; A. Madeira Chapter, No. 448, U. D. C., Covington, Ky., \$10; Alex Posten Chapter, No. 387, U. D. C., Cadiz, Ky., \$1; Mayfield Chapter, No. 351, U. D. C., Mayfield, Ky., \$5; Lady Polk Chapter, No. 1025, U. D. C., Columbus, Ky., \$1; A. E. Reese Chapter, No. 622, U. D. C., Madisonville, Ky., \$5; Henrietta Hunt Morgan Chapter, No. 289, U. D. C., Newport, Ky., \$13.50; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 120, U. D. C., Louisville, Ky., \$50.

Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Director for Louisiana, \$48. From sources not specified.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$12. Contributed by Ridgely Brown Chapter, U. D. C., Rockville, Md., \$10; E. V. White Chapter, U. D. C., Pooleville, Md., \$1; Miss Georgie Bright, Baltimore, Md., \$1.

Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 1131, U. D. C., Minneapolis, Minn., \$10.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$37.50. Contributed by Kansas City Chapter, No. 149, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo., \$25; Confederate Home Chapter, No. 293, U. D. C., Higginsville, Mo., \$10; Mrs. E. D. Hornbrook, Kansas City, Mo., \$2.50.

Oregon Chapter, No. 742, U. D. C., Portland, Oregon, \$5.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$24.36. Contributed by Paul McMichael Chapter, No. 437, U. D. C., Orangeburg, S. C., \$5; Abbeville Chapter, No. 62, U. D. C., Abbeville, S. C., \$2; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, No. 152, U. D. C., Newberry, S. C., \$1; Pupils Graded School, Marion,

S. C., \$5; Pickens Chapter, No. 656, U. D. C., Pickens, S. C., \$5.60; Graded School, Pickens, S. C., 76 cents; Mrs. J. A. Burton, sale of charts, \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$628. Contributed by Miss Eliza Claybrook, Nashville, Tenn., \$5; Martin Chapter, No. 843, U. D. C., Martin, Tenn., \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 900, U. D. C., Cleveland, Tenn., \$5; Confederate Historical Association, Memphis, Tenn., \$5; Russell-Hill Chapter, No. 390, U. D. C., Trenton, Tenn., \$4; Mrs. Francis F. Brown, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$5; Miss Ballentine, Pulaski Tenn., \$2; Lebanon Chapter, No. 339, U. D. C., Lebanon, Tenn., \$5; Tennessee Division, U. D. C., \$50; Musidoro McCorry Chapter, No. 1243, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., \$10; Miss Sue White, Jackson, Tenn., \$5; John Sutherland Chapter, No. 1019, U. D. C., Ripley, Tenn., \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, No. 327, U. D. C., Sewanee, Tenn., \$2; Clark Chapter, No. 13, U. D. C., Gallatin, Tenn., \$5; Neely Chapter, No. 981, U. D. C., Bolivar, Tenn., \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, No. 447, U. D. C., Columbia, Tenn., \$10; Mrs. T. J. Latham, Memphis, Tenn., in memory of her husband, Judge T. J. Latham, \$500.

Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 17, U. D. C., Galveston, Tex., \$10.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$106.50. Contributed by little Billy Cline, \$1; little Ruth Aldridge, \$1; Marshall Chapter, No. 412, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex., \$5; Auxiliary to Marshall Chapter, No. 412, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex., \$1; Miss Fannie Jackson, \$1; Camp Buchel Chapter, No. 1121, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Tex., \$7.50; Sims-Watson Chapter, No. 512, U. D. C., Waxahachie, Tex., \$5; Hannibal Boone Chapter, No. 523, U. D. C., Navasota, Tex., \$5; Navarro Chapter, No. 108, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex., \$25; sale of seals (in which is included a personal donation of the Director of \$20), \$55.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Director for Virginia, \$11. Contributed by 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter, No. 41, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., \$5; McComas Chapter, No. 66, U. D. C., Pearisburg Va., \$1; Culpeper Chapter, No. 173, U. D. C., Culpeper, Va., \$5.

Rosser-Gibbons Camp, No. 1161, U. C. V., Luray, Va., \$5. Arlington Confederate Memorial Day Committee (1911), Capt. John M. Hickey, Chairman, \$800.

Dr. Randolph H. McKim, Washington, D. C., \$25.

Mrs. Nannie H. Williams, Birmingham, Ala., \$2.

Total for the month, \$2,325.46.

Balance on hand September 30, 1910, \$18,349.99.

Total to be accounted for, \$20,675.45.

Balance on hand November 1, 1911, \$20,675.45.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS FOR MONTH ENDING NOVEMBER 30, 1911.

Mrs. J. W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$24. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla., \$10; Mrs. A. R. Harper, Gainesville, Fla., \$1; Mrs. J. I. Stringfellow, Gainesville, Fla., \$2; Fanny R. Gary Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Ocala, Fla., \$1; Anna Dummett Chapter, No. 1089, U. D. C., St. Augustine, Fla., \$10.

Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, Director for Georgia, \$530.01. Contributed by Augusta Chapter, No. 22, U. D. C., Augusta, Ga., \$10; Atlanta Chapter, No. 18, U. D. C., Atlanta, Ga., \$120.60; Ladies' Memorial Association, Atlanta, Ga., \$10; Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Atlanta, Ga., \$5; Dougherty County Chapter, No. 187, U. D. C., Albany, Ga., \$5; Laura Rutherford Chapter, No. 88, U. D. C., Athens, Ga., \$10; Clement A. Evans Chapter, No. 138, U. D. C., Brunswick, Ga., \$13.76; Marion County Chapter, No. 962, U. D. C., Buena

Vista, Ga., \$5; Bill Arp Chapter, No. 714, U. D. C., Buford, Ga., \$1; Mrs. Zebulon Walker, Canton, Ga., \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1157, U. D. C., College Park, Ga., \$25; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 884, U. D. C., Commerce, Ga., \$5; Alexander Stephens Chapter, No. 328, U. D. C., Crawfordsville, Ga., \$3; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1026, U. D. C., Cuthbert, Ga., \$2; Agnes Lee Chapter, No. 434, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga., \$10.10; Dixie Chapter, No. 210, U. D. C., Eatonton, Ga., \$5; Ben Hill Chapter, No. 1137, U. D. C., Fitzgerald, Ga., \$5; Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for Forsyth Chapter, No. 415, U. D. C., Forsyth, Ga., \$5; Charles D. Anderson Chapter, No. 658, U. D. C., Fort Valley, Ga., \$5; Boynton Chapter, No. 222, Griffin, Ga., \$5; Hartwell Chapter, No. 490, U. D. C., Hartwell, Ga., \$5; O. C. Horne Chapter, No. 282, Hawkinsville, Ga., \$5; Jesup Chapter, No. 551, U. D. C., Jesup, Ga., \$5; Twiggs County Chapter, No. 1227, U. D. C., Jeffersonville, Ga., \$1; Chickamauga Chapter, No. 400, U. D. C., Lafayette, Ga., \$5; Oglethorpe Chapter, No. 1292, U. D. C., Lexington, Ga., \$5; Lavonia Chapter, No. 1216, U. D. C., Lavonia, Ga., \$1; McDonough Chapter, No. 921, U. D. C., McDonough, Ga., \$1; Sidney Lanier Chapter, No. 25; Macon, Ga., \$25; Kennesaw Chapter, No. 241, U. D. C., Marietta, Ga., \$25; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 115, U. D. C., Milledgeville, Ga., \$1; Monticello Chapter, No. 654, U. D. C., Monticello, Ga., \$5; Newnan Chapter, No. 599, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga., \$19.60; L. P. Thomas Chapter, No. 320, U. D. C., Norcross, Ga., \$5; Pelham Chapter, No. 1193, U. D. C., Pelham, Ga., \$5; Rome Chapter, No. 28, U. D. C., Rome, Ga., \$15; Savannah Chapter, No. 2; U. D. C., Savannah, Ga., \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Savannah, Ga., \$12.50; Joe Wheeler Chapter, No. 980, U. D. C., Stockbridge, Ga., \$1; John S. Cleghorn Chapter, No. 1203, U. D. C., Summerville, Ga., \$2; Charlotte Carson Chapter, No. 1140, U. D. C., Tifton, Ga., \$1; Screven County Chapter, No. 1086, U. D. C., Sylvania, Ga., \$5; John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 382, Thomasville, Ga., \$1; Toccoa Chapter, No. 1294, U. D. C., Toccoa, Ga., \$6.45; Vienna Chapter, No. 1097, U. D. C., Vienna, Ga., \$5; Last Cabinet Chapter, No. 298, U. D. C., Washington, Ga., \$2; Margaret Jones Chapter, No. 27, U. D. C., Waynesboro, Ga., \$5; Fort Tyler Chapter, No. 39, U. D. C., West Point, Ga., \$10; Georgia Division, U. D. C., \$100.

Mrs. J. W. Heatfield, Director for Illinois, \$56. Contributed by Mr. Charles J. Faulkner, Jr., Chicago, Ill., \$5; Mr. N. Jarnazio, Chicago, Ill., \$1; Chicago Chapter, No. 858, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., \$25; Stonewall Chapter, No. 1038, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill., \$25.

Mrs. F. P. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$50. Contributed by Miss Annie R. Jackson, Baltimore, Md., through Miss Georgie G. Bright.

Mrs. Lillie F. Worthington, Director for Mississippi, \$190. Contributed by William Fitzgerald Chapter, No. 696, U. D. C., Webb, Miss., \$75; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 975, U. D. C., Swan Lake, Miss., \$25; Regina Harrison Lee Chapter, No. 830, U. D. C., Starkville, Miss., \$10; F. A. Montgomery Chapter, No. 464, U. D. C., Rosedale, Miss., \$10; Mississippi Division, U. D. C., \$50; Miss Jennie W. Gilmour, \$10; sale of seals to Northern friends, \$4.60; sale of Confederate post cards, \$5.40.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$10. Contributed by Mary Louise Dalton Chapter, No. 1106, U. D. C., Wentzville, Mo.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$63.80. Contributed by Cape Fear Chapter, No. 3, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., \$6.02; Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, No. 882, U. D.

C., Selma, N. C., \$4; Brierfield Chapter, No. 1151, U. D. C., Thomasville, N. C., \$1.25; Halifax Chapter, No. 1232, U. D. C., Halifax, N. C., \$10.75; Faison-Hicks Chapter, No. 539, U. D. C., Faison, N. C., \$1.75; Ransom Sherrill Chapter, No. 653, U. D. C., Newton, N. C., \$2.25; Abel A. Shubel Chapter, No. 1211, U. D. C., Hickory, N. C., \$9.42; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, No. 821, U. D. C., Hendersonville, N. C., \$2.75; Southern Stars Chapter, No. 477, U. D. C., Lincolnton, N. C., \$6.05; Confederate Grays Chapter, No. 834, U. D. C., Mt. Olive, N. C., \$3.50; Cleveland Guards Chapter, No. 443, U. D. C., Shelby, N. C., \$3; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 220, U. D. C., Charlotte, N. C., \$6.20; Bethel Heroes Chapter, No. 636, U. D. C., Rocky Mount, N. C., \$2.52; Jane Hughes, Children's Auxiliary, New Berne, N. C., \$4.44.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$9.44. Contributed by John K. McIver Chapter, No. 92, U. D. C., Darlington, S. C., \$2; Crafts School, Charleston, S. C., \$7.44.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$10. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 900, U. D. C., Cleveland, Tenn., \$5; John R. Neal Chapter, No. 1153, U. D. C., Spring City, Tenn., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$30. Contributed by Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, No. 21, U. D. C., Norfolk, Va., \$25; Mrs. M. P. Anderson, sale of "Dixie calendar," \$5.

Mrs. A. W. Rapley, Knoxville, Tenn., \$5.

Mrs. C. B. Stone, Galveston, Tex., \$20.

Total receipts for the month, \$998.25.

Balance on hand November 1, 1911, \$20,675.45.

Balance on hand December 1, 1911, \$21,673.70.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

TEXAS WORKERS FOR THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

BY MRS. VAL C. GILES, CHAIRMAN TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Since my appointment to the State chairmanship of the Shiloh monument fund by our State President, Mrs. A. R. Howard, last January, I have received the following:

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 105, Austin, Tex.	\$50 00
St. George T. C. Bryan, Birmingham, Ala.	1 00
John W. Castleberry, Boonville, Ark.	1 00
Columbus H. Allen, New Orleans, La.	1 00
J. K. P. Jamison, Clarksville, Tex.	1 00
Joseph McCoy, Baird, Tex.	1 00
John T. Storey, Lockhart, Tex.	2 50
Mary West Chapter, Waco, Tex., through its Treasurer,	
Mrs. C. N. Smith.	2 00
Mrs. S. T. Price, Waco, through Mrs. C. N. Smith.	1 00
Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Graham, through Mrs. J. D.	
Covert, Fort Worth.	5 00
Lee-Jackson Chapter, Coleman, Tex., through Mrs. M.	
H. Affleck.	10 00
W. H. Howcott, Quaker Realty Co., New Orleans, La.	10 00
Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Fields, Austin, Tex.	1 50
Miss A. C. Raney, Manor, Tex.	1 00
Julia Jackson Chapter, Fort Worth, Tex.	2 00
T. N. Waul Chapter, Hearne, Tex.	10 00

Mr. Storey contributes through his exemplary mother, Mrs. L. J. Storey, ever faithful to all pertaining to the Confederacy.

Mrs. Affleck, of Brenham, is a member of my committee, a genuine woman of the Old South and equal to any emergency.

Mr. Howcott, of New Orleans, states: "I notice your appeal in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for funds for the Shiloh

monument. I was a soldier from Mississippi, and lost many dear friends in that battle. Inclosed please find check for ten dollars in response to your appeal."

In response to my appeal through the VETERAN I have received from the soldiers who participated in the battle of Shiloh many letters giving much valuable information. Some of the writers claim to have escorted the body of Albert Sidney Johnston back to Corinth, and one claims to have helped him from his horse when in a fainting condition from loss of blood after being wounded. These letters will be properly placed on file in the U. D. C. Room at the State Capitol.

Any survivor, relative, sympathizer, or friend of those who participated in the battle of Shiloh may contribute to this fund by sending a donation to Mrs. Val C. Giles, 710 W. 22d Street, Austin, Tex.

CONFEDERATES IN CANON CITY, COLO.

Comrade G. R. Tanner writes from Canon City, Colo.: "There are only a few of the 'old boys' scattered about in this country. They are all honorable men and good citizens. The city gave us a block of ground in the cemetery. Upon this we erected a monument, and there are now twelve graves. On Decoration Day we go with the Grand Army to their mound, and after their ceremonies are over they in turn go with us to ours and participate with us."

At the last Memorial Day service Mrs. Emma Ghent Curtis read a poem from which extracts are made:

"They are part of the nation's dead,
And the tale of their valor shall be
A legacy priceless and rare
For the reunited free.
Their banner is folded away,
But folded within our own,
For their pitiful faults—and ours—
Let proven virtues atone.

May the mystery we call God
That has never forsaken our State,
That has led us through pathways of gloom
To a destiny proud and great,
As he in the past has preserved—
May he father us evermore,
And send us whatever he will
So he send not civil war."

H. C. Burgess, of Strasburg, Va., in renewing his subscription writes: "I want the VETERAN as long as I live. I am now sixty-five years old, and think if I get the VETERAN regularly each month I will live to be ninety-nine. My happiest moments are when I am reading the VETERAN; it is the only publication of which I know that gives the true and correct account of the war. The first ration issued to me was in 1865 when a boy, and was a pound of rye meal and half a pound of fat bacon—nothing to cook it in, no tent, one blanket, no haversack, a gun and some ammunition—but I went to war with a vim and did the best I could. I slept on the cold ground with my feet upward, believing that the God who doeth all things right would care for me, and he has done it to this day. I am not sorry for anything I did in regard to that war. * * * I know of but one member of my company living besides myself, and that is W. W. Patterson, of Charlottesville, Va. God bless him! He stole a chicken and ate it all at one meal, and at the same time I ate thirteen hard-boiled eggs; but we did not eat any more for three days."

PRISON EXPERIENCES ON ROCK ISLAND.

BY DR. THOMAS F. BERRY, PAULS VALLEY, OKLA.

Recently in looking over some old 1904 numbers of the *VETERAN* I found some very interesting data in the May number from the pen of one of my old fellow prisoners at Rock Island. His article is a vivid pen picture of the conditions as they existed in that prison.

The short story of Mr. S. S. Priest of the escape of himself, John Totts, Tom Daily, Thomas F. Berry, of Kentucky, and of J. W. Emmerson, of the 8th Texas, in its details is true except the date should be in November instead of in December, 1863. The articles by Comrades B. M. Hord and W. J. Bohon are absolutely correct, and may be verified by many living witnesses; yet all the horrid details of the terrible experiences of starvation which existed are not given, perhaps owing to the limited space allowed him.

My recollections of this horrible period would fill a small volume. I had been captured some eight times before this period and had escaped from six prisons, and several times while on the way to prison, and I know the treatment accorded Confederate prisoners by the Yankees, and especially the men of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. I was captured altogether thirteen different times during the war and made my escape from eight different prisons and five times while on the way to Yankee prisons, escaping twice from Rock Island Prison, once on November 2, 1863, when I made my escape with Mr. S. S. Priest and the other comrades named above.

I was severely wounded at Cynthiana on Gen. John Morgan's first campaign into Kentucky, was taken to Covington to a hospital, and remained there for some thirty days, when I was transferred to the jail in Cincinnati. I tried to send a letter home secretly, but it was intercepted, and I was vilified by a bleary-eyed, drunken officer. I was sent away on some cattle cars, being in one of two car loads of "Johnnies." None of us knew our destination. My wounds were still unhealed. We were landed in Rock Island about the last day of October. This island is in the Mississippi River opposite Rock Island City and Davenport, Ia. I was assigned to Barracks 84, where I found several friends and acquaintances. A large number of Morgan's men were sent to this far-away prison to deter any attempt to escape, for it was alleged as almost impossible to keep them in any ordinary prison walls. I had experienced tough times in the other prisons, but nothing had equaled my sufferings on Rock Island. Our treatment beggars description, and my comrade, B. M. Hord, told only a small part of the terrible and barbarous brutality of the officers and soldiers stationed here to the unfortunate and helpless prisoners confined in this prison. Comrade Hord has portrayed the true conditions and a correct history of this prison as far as he goes, but there were many phases that he did not touch upon.

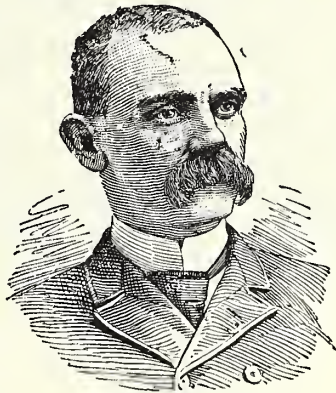
When I arrived at this prison, there was already established a ditch or "dead line"—a death line, for to stand or approach near it meant instant death or a grievous wound. There were

many Confederates shot to death even when not near this line. This, however, I do not think occurred while Colonel Rust was in charge. This man was kind-hearted and just to the prisoners; but he was removed and two most brutal and cowardly men were placed in charge—viz., Col. A. J. Johnson and Lieutenant Colonel Carrier. It would be difficult to say which was the more inhuman and brutal. They seemed to vie with each other in inventing some new method of torture for their helpless victims. They belonged to a peculiar class. They were in command of a negro regiment, and the negroes under them seemed eager and pleased to carry out their brutal orders.

The prison inclosure contained about thirty-five or forty acres; the barracks were eighty or one hundred feet apart on intersecting streets, and were about one hundred feet long and numbered. Each barracks had a "mess sergeant." We had roll call morning and evening, and the provisions were issued to the sergeants. They consisted of navy beans and fat sides of meat, often with worms in it. A large iron kettle was used for cooking the beans, and sometimes scrap pieces of bacon were thrown into this kettle with the beans. This was our principal food. A pint of bran soup and a piece of cornbread (yellow as a ripe pumpkin) and only about half cooked was a ration. This ration was always cold. The menu was sometimes varied by rice and baker's bread.

While Colonel Rust was in charge we were allowed to receive boxes and clothing from home; but when Colonel Johnson and Lieutenant Colonel Carrier came, all this was cut off. The boxes of edibles were often held so long they would spoil. If we complained, we were informed that we should not receive anything more, and then they would appropriate it to themselves or feed it to the hogs or dogs or give it to the negroes about headquarters. Many of the comrades were in rags or had very thin clothing, and the bleak wintry winds almost froze the blood and forced many to remain within the barracks. Coal would often run short, when we would almost freeze to death. Often blankets were lacking, and two or three men would bunk together and "spoon" it to keep from freezing.

About this time there was instituted the worst barbarism and villainy ever heard of. These men, Johnson and Carrier, ordered all the prisoners to be vaccinated for the ostensible purpose of preventing smallpox in this prison, but the real reason was soon demonstrated. Poisonous virus of a loathsome disease was used, and this soon manifested itself among those who had submitted to this diabolical outrage. Many of these helpless victims died with a complication of diseases superinduced by the vaccination, many lost arms and legs and eyes, and those who recovered were maimed for life. I asked permission to attend these unfortunates, but was angrily refused. From this time forward this officer persecuted me almost continuously for trivial offenses. He had me tied up by the thumbs three different times within a month. A four-inch block was placed under my feet, then stout cords were tied around my thumbs, and a strong negro placed above me on the parapet, a heavy spike driven in the wall, and this negro would catch hold of these cords tied to my thumbs and stretch me up, drawing them tight, and the blocks were then kicked from under my feet. I was left thus helpless, a victim of a cowardly, brutal nature that always seemed absolutely callous and devoid of all human sympathy. I look back upon this period and shudder with horror at the remembrance of these inhumanities. Many of my comrades were treated in the same way during my stay in this hell hole of torment.



DR. T. F. BERRY.

There was still another and terrible method devised by this imp of Satan. I will describe the "Morgan Mule." It consisted of three 4x4 scantlings fourteen feet long. A notch two inches deep was sawed into the ends of two of these to admit the square surface of the ends of the third scantling, placed with the sharp edge, or corner, of this third scantling upward. This third scantling was then nailed firmly into the notches in the other two scantlings. Two holes were made sufficiently deep in the ground to place the two scantlings upright in these holes and pack the dirt tightly around them, and there were nailed some slats on one of these to climb up on. This was what was called "Morgan's Mule." This sharp-edged crossbeam was a source of excruciating pain, and the victims were required to ride this improved means of Yankee torture, especially if it was cold, freezing weather. Many victims were forced to mount this during very cold weather, and at the point of a bayonet were kept up there for hours, and often the hapless victim would fall off this high perch of twelve and a half feet numb and almost lifeless. Very few were able to walk alone, but had to be supported to their barracks. We were almost hourly shot at, starved, poisoned, and frozen. These scenes were enacted daily for months. They are as vivid to me now as when they were visited upon many of us.

During 1864 there came into the prison a number of workmen with saws and hatches and picks and a lot of lumber under a heavy guard. All of the prisoners in twelve barracks were moved out. The barracks were now fenced off from the main prison. Next morning at roll call all the prisoners were informed that the United States had determined to open a recruiting office in our prison walls, and that all who would like to take the oath and join the United States army would receive \$100 bounty and would be moved into the new inclosure. We called it the calf pen. There never was on earth a more barefaced, insulting infamy put up to poor suffering human nature. They were promised abundant rations, no guard duty; they were told that warm, comfortable clothing would be furnished them, and that they would not be required to be sent South, but would be sent out on the frontier to fight the Indians or hold them in check. Ye gods and men! I blush still when I recall this crime against helpless, suffering humanity. These monsters called themselves "Americans."

I recall now the pitiful scenes of these starved, emaciated victims; those once proud, grizzled, and bold warriors, victorious soldiers on many a battle field. They went forward now shamefully, struggling with honor and patriotism, and, losing all shame, bowed to a fate worse than death. Starved, poisoned, weakened, disgusted, and sick at heart, they were ready for any degradation. It was pitiful to behold. Our rations had been cut down twice to force or to produce these dire results. Rats were hunted constantly, traps set for them, and I paid seventy-five cents apiece for them and twenty cents a pound for bones to pound up and boil and \$1.50 a pound for stale tallow, for we were on one-fourth rations then.

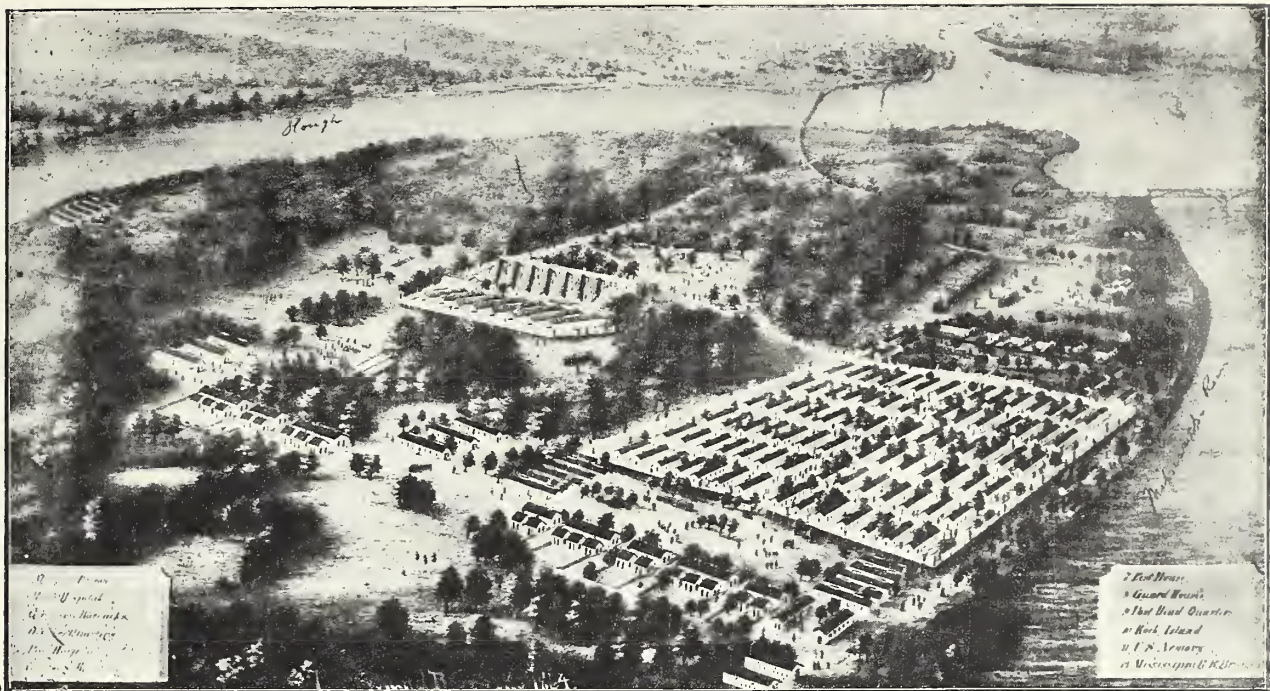
Many accepted this offer, but not enough to please our inhuman tormentor, and he swore that he would have seven thousand recruits from this prison or starve every Confederate in there to death. Our rations were now again cut in two. This brought results that were startling. Many men now joined, as starvation was doing its desired work, and many actually died of starvation. Emaciated forms wandered about and hollow-eyed men, looking like skeletons, were everywhere in evidence.

About this time there came an order from the War Department (see "Records of the Rebellion," Series II., Vol. VIII.) creating a prisoners' fund under the sinister pretext to still further reduce rations to create this fund to pay for medicines and clothing and caring for prisoners in the Federal government's hands. This order was issued by the War Department and was enforced by these infamous and brutal men. O, the gaunt forms of once powerful, vigorous men, with wolfish eyes, cursing the Yankees and taking the hated oath that would kill every manly sentiment of patriotism and honor and self-respect, with tears streaming down their faces! Alas! for human weakness and human frailties! There are no words adequate to depict or describe the terrible suffering and the outrageous cruelties and barbarities that were inflicted upon the prisoners there by those in charge. It is almost beyond belief. The arch fiend himself could not have devised a more diabolical scheme of cruelty.

Comrade Ben McCullough Hord has perfectly described the dungeon at this place. It was also called the "guardhouse." It was under the ground and was entered by a trap door. A pair of steps, ten in number, led down into this dark, foul, and damp room—pitch darkness, so thick one could feel and taste it—without an exit except by this trap door, and it was kept closed. One who has not experienced such a place cannot have the most remote conception of it. I had the honor to be placed in this terrible and terrifying place. No fresh air reaches the hapless victim. After remaining there for a few days, the ears ring, the head swims and feels like it would burst open, the heart beats like a trip hammer, and the breathing is slow and labored. When I was called for after three days and nights, I could not mount the steps, but had to be assisted up and could not walk alone. I was placed in this to make me tell the secrets of the "7 C. K.," or the mystic order of this prison—the Seven Confederate Knights.

I was one of the chiefs of a subdivision of the 7 C. K. mystic order. W. J. Bohon, a Kentuckian, as is well known to VETERAN readers, was an active member of this oath-bound organization of Confederate prisoners. It was formed during the darkest hours of our prison life. These men took a solemn oath to stand by each other and the cause under all circumstances and die in prison rather than take the oath so hated or to join the United States army. I had been betrayed by some weak-kneed traitor who had joined the army. Some of them had told Carrier that I belonged to this order, and I was taken before this beast in human form. He said: "Now, Berry, I know all about you and your secret orders and your plans and schemes to escape; also the secret of your 7 C. K., your signs, grips, passwords, and badges. So you had better tell me all about these and I will release you and not punish you any more." I replied: "Colonel Carrier, as you say you know all about these matters, why do you ask me? I have nothing to tell you. You only add insult to brutal infamy. I would not tell you even to save my life or yours. I would kill you like a mad dog for this and many other foul and brutal wrongs you have done me and my friends; and if I ever regain my liberty, I shall take just vengeance upon you. So you need not bother me further. Do you understand me, you infamous coward? Arm me with sword or pistol, and I will fight you and any two of your nigger officers here and now, you infamous, cowardly beast."

I was as weak as water after my dungeon experience. He now forced my hands behind me and tied them and made his niggers force me into a shallow steam sweat box. I begged



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PRISON AT ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

him to kill me. This box was barely large enough to admit my body. He placed the lid on, turned on steam, and I was soon unconscious and know not how long I was in this box. After suffering most intense pains in my body and legs and at times my head from the barbarous treatment for days after this, I redoubled my efforts to escape, for it was evident that the officials had been informed of many of our plans.

A few days after these terrible experiences I formed a plan with several of my fellow prisoners to escape through a sewer. The sewer was under construction at this time, and three of us chipped in and bribed one of the masons on the work to place the rock at this part of the sewer wall so they could be easily removed. This was done and he received his pay, and on November 4, 1863, I believe, instead of December 3, 1863, as stated by my comrade, S. S. Priest, we escaped. My date is taken from a diary kept by me of those dark days of trials.

John Totts, Tom Daily, J. W. S. Emmerson, S. S. Priest, and myself were all from Kentucky with the exception of Emmerson, who was from Texas. When we parted in Chicago, Ill., I went South and was captured near Louisville, but escaped. I was again recaptured in Cincinnati, Ohio, and returned to Rock Island Prison. I was betrayed by a deserter who knew me. Upon my being again placed in this prison I was placed in irons. The shackles were of strap iron, half an inch thick and one and a half inches wide, with a chain ten inches long—a very rough affair. This trammelled my movements very much. And O merciful Father in heaven, how it galled my pride! and how often have I prayed to let me forget those dark hours of suffering and shame! I was fed on stale cold cornbread with mold on it, and water.

The trap door to the dungeon mentioned above was kept closed. The air as a result was very foul and damp. The bed was a board fourteen inches wide and five feet long, and it had a thin, worn blanket on it. I was kept in this damp, dark, foul pit in this utter darkness for three days and nights, and when taken out was blinded by the sunlight on the snow. I could not see for several hours and suffered severe pains in

my eyes. I was taken before my brutal persecutors the next day and was told by them that if I would take the oath of allegiance they would release me and give me a bounty of \$300 and a captain's commission and send me to the Wyoming frontier to fight the Indians. I replied: "Colonel Carrier, give me a sword or pistol and have any two of your officers and yourself in a twelve-foot room, lock the doors, and we will soon settle all our differences between us."

I was sent back into the prison at my old barracks, where I renewed my allegiance to the "7 C. K.," and was soon engaged with other true and faithful soldiers of the Southland in digging gopher holes under ground toward the fence to gain our liberty. Each of us would take turn about, digging for two hours to each relief. When finally we reached the outside of the wall or fence, we were betrayed by some traitor, and one of our faithful band (Comrade Claypool, of Tennessee) on breaking the crust of ground on the surface was bayoneted and captured. I have never heard what became of him. Being discovered, all the rest of the boys made their way back to their barracks. Many such baffling disappointments came to us.

It may interest your readers to know something more about our mystic order, "7 C. K." The badges were made of pearl, bone, or rubber highly polished. The device was a star with seven points, and our motto was "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," which means, "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." The initial letter of one of these Latin words is in each point of the star. In the center of the star was a shield on which were the emblematic letters "C. K." and the figure "7." Our organization was formed into companies and battalions under proper officers for each subdivision—lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels, and generals. At one time we contemplated storming the parapets as we did at Camp Morton at Indianapolis earlier in the war. At that place I led one of these subdivisions and made good my escape. But we were betrayed at Rock Island and our plans were frustrated, the guards were doubled, and great precautions were taken by the authorities.

Being thus thwarted again by some traitor among us, I now turned my thoughts to other schemes to gain my liberty. I had made my escape from several Yankee prisons before this, as before stated—namely, Camp Morton, Camp Chase, and Camp Douglas, twice from Louisville and once from Cairo, Ill., once from Rock Island, and five times while on my way to prison—once near Lebanon, Tenn., once near Bardstown, once near Springfield, Ky., once off the boat at Cincinnati on the Ohio River when Morgan's command was captured at Buffington Island, and once near Knoxville, Tenn. After this I made good my escape from this prison late in December, and once again still later in 1864 from Tullahoma, Tenn.

While at Rock Island the second time I met a very remarkable lady and her daughter, a Mrs. Culbertson, a Kentucky-reared woman who had married a Northern man. It was through her solicitations and influences that my shackles were removed. She visited our prisoners often, and was allowed privileges that but few could obtain. She was the means of much relief to our boys on many occasions of suffering, and was an angel of mercy to many unfortunate "Johnnies." She consented to take a letter out for me, which was the final cause of my escape. I afterwards told her of my plans and my name. She had known my father in her girlhood days, and she now consented to assist in my escape, and I laid my plans accordingly.

I could not again make my escape by or through the sewer, as that passage was discovered and closed. I broached the matter to a number of my comrades. Many of them declined because the plan was too hazardous and desperate. I finally met a negro boy I had known at home. After several futile efforts, I induced him to accept a bribe of a stated amount of gold. He finally consented to accept an offer of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars as the price of the liberty of seven of us. Having arranged all the details, he pledged himself to do all in his power to assist our escape. We tore up our blankets and took the stove poker and heated and bent the ends to make hooks; we then plaited the blankets into ropes and securely fastened these iron hooks into the rope ladder which we made of the plaited blankets. We practiced daily throwing these hooks over the tops of our bunks, which were the same height as the parapet walls. We all became proficient in this practice by the time we were to make our final effort to escape. We threw heads and tails to see who should lead and throw the hook ladder over the parapet walls, and it fell to my lot.

It was the coldest part of the winter, December 14, 1864, and a new moon seemed to accentuate rather than relieve the darkness. All of the seven had made final preparations for this desperate venture, for had not all of us been victims of the most cruel and brutal punishments? Consequently we were ready for any fate that awaited us. I again saw the guard and rehearsed with him the details of the work in hand. His relief came on at 2 A.M. Dark, shadowy clouds floated athwart the blue dome of heaven. The final hour approached for action, silence reigned over the sleeping prisoners, and the new moon came up slowly from under the clouds. We now moved stealthily and silently toward the parapet walls, which we reached, receiving the agreed signal. I threw the grappling hook ladder over the wall, and, mounting this, I slid down to the parapet, being followed rapidly by my comrades closely behind me. There were three standing near me, two more coming from the top of the wall, and one head appearing at the top at this time, and I stepped up to the sentinel and handed him the money agreed upon and glanced down to the

ground and along the fence eastward. The moon shining through the clouds glinted on forty or fifty muskets, still, silent, ominous, and ready now to open with a deadly roar. I had only time to whisper to the man next behind: "We are betrayed!" At this instant the rattle of musketry broke the stillness of the night air. I fell flat upon the parapet, pulling my comrade down with me. Three of the boys fell, two of them dead and one grievously wounded. Two more fell inside the walls; one was killed and the other ran to his barracks door and fell there. Jim Mally and Henry Stivers fell dead and John Enloe ran to his barracks door and fell mortally wounded.

Leak Arnett and myself, preferring death outside to the hell inside, jumped to the ground almost upon the dead bodies of our comrades, and under the cover of the dense smoke following the first volley we ran to the Mississippi River, about one hundred yards away, the prison being on an island. Reaching the river under cover of the smoke, we found it covered or frozen over with ice reaching far out into the channel. We intended to swim for it as soon as we reached the open water, but the ice gave way under our weight and a large piece became detached from the shore. We then floated downstream on this natural raft for some three miles. The ice would sink at times until we were waist-deep in the water; but the air was so much colder than the water that it seemed warm in comparison. About three miles down the stream we were stopped by another more solid layer of ice, and here we went ashore, following the river bank until we found a drain or gulch, which we followed some distance inland and reached a place where this drain ended in a natural excavation. In this recess we found a secure retreat or refuge from the cold, bleak, freezing winds which had so covered this recess with tumbling weeds and leaves that we were able to hide entirely from view. This saved us both from freezing and discovery during the remaining part of the night and the next day after this terrible night.

The next day a battalion of soldiers was sent to scour the country along the river front for miles for us, and some of the searching party came close to our hiding place and actually fired into this recess, which was made by the action of running water, the bottom at the rear being lower than the ground front. We were in this depression and covered with weeds and leaves, so we were not discovered or wounded, and lay perfectly still until they left this vicinity. We lay in hiding here till darkness spread its protecting shadows over us, when we ventured forth in search of more pleasant quarters. We retraced our steps along the river bank until near the city limits of Davenport, Ia.

In this city lived our good angel of mercy. This noble Samaritan was none other than Mrs. Culbertson and her lovely daughter, who had been apprised of our thrilling adventure. We had been reported killed; this was favorable to our future plans. It was understood that if we did not show up by the second night we had been lost, recaptured, or died. This lady—Southern by birth and sympathy—was on the lookout for us. We went on Main Street and soon found our way to this house, which had been described to us and which we found with little trouble. I left Comrade Arnett at the front gate and went to the door, raised the knocker, and it sounded like my death knell. It seemed ages before any answer came; but the lady herself answered by opening the door a small crack and peeped. Recognizing me, she seemed greatly startled, and she only had time to say: "Stable twenty minutes." Her husband was at her back. We had run into

the prison officers in her house, and they were at this very moment talking about us and of the desperate chances Confederate prisoners took to regain their liberty. I glanced through the small opening in the door and saw several officers of the prison sitting around a blazing fire in her parlor. I turned quickly and silently away through the gate and around to the stable and waited impatiently for developments. As her husband asked, "Who is it?" my heart was in my mouth.

Mrs. Culbertson soon came out and guided us up the back stairway to the attic in her house, and in this friendly and seemingly secure retreat we remained for five weeks, treating our chilblains and frost bites, as we were badly frozen. We then sent home for more money, which soon came to us through the hand of our patron saint, and Leak Arnett and I were soon ready for any duty that fate had in store for us. Having received our clothing, we offered our good Samaritan pay for her trouble, expense, and kindness. She seemed surprised, not to say angry. She would receive nothing for all she had done for us. We thanked her many times over and bade her and her beautiful daughter farewell, "for did we not owe our lives to her?" There were some hearts at least in the North tender, true, and responsive to human sympathy and suffering.

I was wounded sixteen times in the Confederate service and five times in my foreign service—twenty-one wounds in all.

PLAN TO RELEASE OUR MEN AT POINT LOOKOUT.

BY MAGNUS S. THOMPSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The generally accepted impression derived from literature bearing upon General Early's campaign in 1864, when he threatened Washington, was that of a repetition of the strategy of 1862—i. e., to withdraw troops from General Lee's front—and while such a demonstration necessarily would very naturally produce that result, the facts as shown by official correspondence and orders develop a much more important and far-reaching plan which this article will briefly disclose.

The depleted ranks of Lee's army demanded means of relief. The sources from which recruits had come were exhausted, hence other fields and other means must be resorted to. Facing those conditions, General Lee conceived the idea of releasing the prisoners at Point Lookout, Md., and on June 26, 1864, submitted it to President Davis in the following letter: "General Hunter has escaped and will make good his retreat. * * * I think it better that he (Early) should move down the valley, if he can obtain provisions, which would draw Hunter after him, and may enable him to strike Pope before he effect a junction with Hunter. I should also recommend his crossing the Potomac. I think I can maintain our lines here against General Grant. He does not seem disposed to attack and has thrown himself strictly on the defensive. I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army. I fear the latter difficulty will oblige me to attack General Grant in his intrenchments, which I would not hesitate to do but for the loss it will inevitably entail. A want of success would, in my opinion, be almost fatal, and this causes me to hesitate in the hope that some relief may be procured without running such great hazard. * * * Great benefit might be drawn from the release of our prisoners at Point Lookout if it can be accomplished, * * * but I am at a loss to know where to find a proper leader. * * * I have understood that most of the garrison at Point Lookout was composed of negroes. I should suppose that the commander of such troops

would be poor and feeble. A stubborn resistance, therefore, may not reasonably be expected. * * * I think the guard might be overpowered, the prisoners liberated, organized, and marched immediately on the route to Washington. Such a body of men under an able leader, although they might not be able without assistance to capture Washington, could march around it and cross the river above. * * * The reported success of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, besides its general good effect, will favor Early's movement, if it could be united with the release of the prisoners at Point Lookout, and the advantages would be great. I believe the latter only requires a proper leader. * * * The operations on the river must be confided to an able officer of the navy, who I know will be found in Colonel Wood. * * * The subject is one worthy of consideration and can only be matured by reflection, but the sooner it is put into execution the better. I should like much to have the benefit of your Excellency's good judgment and views upon this subject."

Mr. Davis called into consultation Col. Commander John Taylor Wood, commanding the Confederate States Steamship Tallahassee, then at Wilmington, N. C. (he having already won distinction for his daring and successful capture of two or more of the enemy's vessels), and the plan of action was then and there decided upon. Commander Wood left for Wilmington to prepare and equip the Tallahassee for the expedition with several field pieces and 20,000 stand of arms with which to arm the released prisoners at Point Lookout. On the 9th of July, 1864, the day Early defeated Gen. Lew Wallace at Monocacy, Commander Wood wired President Davis: "Will try to get out to-night." All was in readiness, awaiting orders to put to sea as soon as notified of Early's move toward Washington. Gen. G. W. Custis Lee was ordered to join Commander John Taylor Wood at Wilmington, N. C., with a sufficient number of marines to overpower the guard at Point Lookout and organize the liberated prisoners under the command of the officers of their several States, and, thus organized, join General Early near Washington. The Tallahassee on the night of July 10, 1864, steamed down to the inlet, and while waiting for the tide to enable her to cross the bar she received orders to abandon the expedition, as the news had reached the enemy.

The run from Wilmington, N. C., to Point Lookout is about 390 knots, and would have required about twenty-four hours for vessels of the speed of that period. Leaving Wilmington after dark, she could run the blockage and remain on the high seas off the capes of the Chesapeake, and after dark pass in the capes and reach by 2 or 3 A.M. the following morning Point Lookout, which at that time was guarded by only one regiment of dismounted Massachusetts colored cavalry, while the North Atlantic Squadron, as the records show, was busily engaged in the James River and on the coast of North Carolina, thus affording a swift vessel like the Tallahassee, with such a commander as John Taylor Wood, a full complement of officers, and a veteran crew, an opportunity to accomplish beyond doubt the object of their mission. With these 20,000 armed veteran prisoners they were to march up through Maryland and unite with Early near Washington; and as reinforcements for the defense of Washington would be sent from General Grant by transports up the Potomac River, the field pieces could destroy or capture them. This force, combined with Early's, would have insured the capture of Washington or Baltimore.

Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, commanding the cavalry with Early, was to pass east of Washington near Hyattsville

(which he did) for the purpose of meeting this column and accompanying it to General Early. He (General Early), after defeating General Hunter at Lynchburg, passed down the valley to Martinsburg, where he defeated General Sigel's force, driving it to Maryland Heights, and then he went to the Monocacy, and defeated Gen. Lew Wallace. The cavalry, under Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, was sent to cut the Northern Central and the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroads, which they succeeded in doing, destroying the bridges over Gunpowder Creek two miles in length. This latter feat was accomplished by Major Gilmore, who, with his battalion, was detached for that purpose. Gilmore also upturned and destroyed two passenger trains, in one of which he found Major General Franklin, who subsequently escaped through the carelessness of his guards. General Johnson then passed between Baltimore and Washington, and was on his way to Point Lookout; but his recall was made necessary when General Early determined to retire from before Washington.

However, this brilliant and thoroughly practical plan was doomed, for on July 10, 1864, when the Tallahassee had steamed up and Commander Wood was anxiously awaiting orders to put to sea, and General Early had turned toward Washington from the Monocacy, President Davis wired Commander Wood to abandon the trip, as he had fortunately learned that the plan had been conveyed to the enemy, and he feared they would concentrate a fleet at the entrance to the Chesapeake and be prepared to destroy him.

Subsequent events and orders establish the fact that the release of the prisoners would have been successful; for while the information may have gotten out, when Mr. Davis ordered the abandonment of the expedition the date for its accomplishment was not known. For not until July 18, which was six days after General Early retired from in front of Washington and by slow marches reached Winchester in the Valley of Virginia, did Secretary Welles telegraph Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, that through refugees he had learned a plan was contemplated by the enemy to release the prisoners at Point Lookout, and to use every means to forestall it. Admiral S. P. Lee at once ordered Capt. B. F. Sands, divisional officer off the Western Bar, to repair at once with the Santiago de Cuba, Monticello, Cohasset, and dispatch boat Harcourt to the mouth of the Chesapeake, and on the same day ordered Capt. O. S. Glisson, commanding the blockade off New Inlet, to "exercise the strictest vigilance against a possible attack by Commander John Taylor Wood, of the Confederate States navy, who, with 800 sailors and two armed vessels, was to attempt the release of the prisoners at Point Lookout."

Hence it is shown how ignorant the enemy was of the date of the contemplated expedition, how unprepared, and how easy of accomplishment it was had it been prosecuted as planned. The release of 20,000 veterans from prison was vastly more important, it can readily be seen, than the withdrawing of troops from Lee's front, for General Lee held General Grant's entire army at bay until April, 1865.

The official orders and telegrams that General Early's movements elicited and the consternation that little army of less than 10,000 veterans, fully 300 miles from any support, occasioned is astounding, necessitating, as is shown, the calling out of the militia of the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. On July 3 General Grant assured the Secretary of War that Early had returned from Lynchburg and was with Lee in his (Grant's) front, when on that day he was

near Harper's Ferry, about fifty miles from Washington, and not until about July 7 did they locate him, when he was crossing Crampton's Gap.

Again on July 10 General Grant wired President Lincoln that the 6th Corps, one division of the 19th Corps, besides 3,000 other troops, had been sent for the defense of Washington, and 6,000 were then on the way. This force, with that of General Wright, would be able to compete with General Early, and before he could send more troops Hunter would with 10,000 be able to join Wright in the enemy's rear.

General Early in his report dated Leesburg, July 14, 1864, in part says: "I determined at first to make an assault on Washington, but before it could be made it became apparent that the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and we knew the 6th Corps had arrived from Grant's army and others *en route*; and after consultation with my divisional commanders, I became satisfied that the assault, even if successful, would be attended with great sacrifice. * * * Gen. Bradley T. Johnson passed between Washington and Baltimore, and was on his way to Point Lookout when my reluctant determination to retire made his recall necessary." * * *

Hence it is seen by official reports that the release of the 20,000 prisoners at Point Lookout, as well as the capture of Washington, was the plan contemplated, although not heretofore published, and known to but few. The accomplishment of this coöperative movement would undoubtedly have changed the entire campaign of the armies of Grant and Lee, the outcome of which military critics could hardly measure.

In support of the feasibility of the expedition and its more than probable success, the official records state that on August 6, 1864, which was twenty-seven days subsequent to its abandonment and nineteen days after the Federal authorities had learned of the contemplated movement and had made preparation to forestall it, Commander Wood ran the blockade at Wilmington with the Tallahassee, passed northeast along the coast, stood off New York two days, and then passed on to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he remained nearly two days coaling. He then stood to sea, and on the 26th of that month again ran the blockade into Wilmington without the loss of a man or a mishap of any character. He captured during the eighteen days at sea thirty-three vessels, which were disposed of as follows: Burned, 16; scuttled, 10; bonded, 5; released, 2. During this remarkable feat a large number of armed vessels were sent out to capture or destroy the Tallahassee, which they failed to do. This is one incident of others going to show that she could have reached Point Lookout.

It is sad to look back and see where so many "ifs" frustrated brilliant achievements and finally overpowered but never defeated that invincible army. Facing as we did such overwhelming numbers, such illimitable resources, such innumerable obstacles, the final result of that struggle is not surprising. Nevertheless, we have the pleasing consciousness of duty performed beyond the limit of any that history records, and it is but fitting to close with the following lines:

"Speak, History! Who are life's victors?

Unroll thy long annals and say!

Are they those whom the world called the victors,

Who won the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero?

The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst

Or the Persians and Xerxes?

His judges or Socrates,

Pilate or Christ?"

THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET.

BY EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER, PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN
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By the winter of 1863 the South had spent its aggressive force and was nearly exhausted. It was facing its enemies like a lion whom the pursuing hunters dread to attack, yet it was, as we know now, wounded and stricken and weak. The contest was at last coming to seem hopeless. The beginning of the next year was for the Confederacy the beginning of the end.

To the North also the protracted contest had come to be so disheartening that some, weary of endless slaughter and repeated disaster, were murmuring and asking for peace. For the most part, however, the people were resolved that the blood and treasure expended should not have been expended in vain. Therefore like a giant with inexhaustible vigor the nation gathered its strength once more and made ready to crush its antagonist by a series of mighty blows.

In the spring of 1864 the Federal armies were moved upon the South from all sides at once. This was the time when Grant planned to overwhelm the Confederate resistance by combined strategy and simultaneous advance. Sherman was to march through the heart of the South and break up the army of Johnston. The work in the East, the most difficult task, Grant reserved for himself.

The report rendered by General Grant on July 22, 1865, shows how carefully he made his plans. Lee's army of Northern Virginia, which had so long stood at bay, was to be surrounded and attacked from all sides at once. Grant with the main army was to advance in front. From Fort Monroe Butler was to move up the James River and attack Richmond. In Lee's rear Union troops were to raid the Shenandoah Valley and get possession of Southwestern Virginia.

Of the struggle which followed the details are well known. In carrying out the frontal attack Grant soon became locked in a death grapple with Lee in the Wilderness. On the Peninsula the unlucky Butler accomplished nothing, but was immediately shut up between the James and the Appomattox as completely, contemporaries said, as if he had been in a bottle corked. Meanwhile, however, it seemed likely that the movements in Southwestern Virginia would destroy the Confederate rear.

At the beginning of 1864 the Federal Department of West Virginia was under the command of Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, a German-American. Along with other enthusiasts he had attempted to establish a republic in Germany in 1849. When the movement collapsed, he fled to America, where he had gained distinction in the Federal service. At this time he had altogether about 25,000 men, widely scattered, since the territory to be covered was large and since it was necessary to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the all-important line from Washington to the West. The two largest bodies of troops were a force under Sigel himself near Martinsburg and a force under Crook in Southwest Virginia. It was Grant's intention that these forces should seize Lynchburg, cut the Confederate railroads, and destroy Lee's base of supplies. So toward the end of March Sigel was ordered to march up the Shenandoah Valley with 7,000 men and Crook was to come to meet him with 10,000 more. Crook was expected to do the important part of the work, while Sigel was to effect a diversion in his favor. "If Sigel can't skin himself, he can hold a leg whilst some one else skins," Grant wrote to Sherman. The junction was to be made at Lynchburg.

For the Confederates this country, known as the Western Department of Virginia, was held by Gen. John Cabell Breckinridge, one of the finest types of the manhood of the Old South. A splendid career in politics had been followed by brilliant success in war. He had been Vice President with Buchanan, and then the Southern candidate for the presidency against Lincoln. When the Civil War began, he entered the service of the South, believing with Lee that the question of State rights was the paramount issue. By 1864 he had taken part in numerous battles and had gained a high reputation for boldness, energy, and dash. He was the idol of his men, who long afterwards remembered his magnificent appearance as he rode past them on horseback. "As Breckinridge and his staff approached," wrote John S. Wise twenty-five years later, "we joined in the huzza as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, dashed past us, uncovered, bowing, and riding like the Cid."

To defend his widely extended jurisdiction, the frontier of which was several hundred miles in length, Breckinridge had all told about 10,000 men, much dispersed. It is a certain indication of how far the Southern forces were depleted, that this district, upon which Lee depended for the maintenance of his army, was held by such a scanty force. On every side Breckinridge was threatened by superior numbers. He had the single advantage that he was acting upon interior lines.

When the Federal armies began to move, Breckinridge hastened to concentrate such forces as he could bring together. It was soon evident that the movement of Crook was less dangerous than that of Sigel; so Breckinridge prepared for a forced march into the Shenandoah Valley to meet him.

Sigel had set out up the valley on May 1 with perhaps 6,500 men. His objective point was Staunton. The march thither was made with the exceeding slowness which characterized his subsequent operations; so that it took two weeks to get from Winchester to New Market, a distance of fifty miles. During this march he was confronted by Brig. Gen. John D. Imboden, who had about 1,600 men. Imboden was continually pressed back, but he handled his force in the ablest manner, harassing the enemy at every turn. First, he sent McNeill's Virginia Partisan Rangers to make a dash around Sigel. This was done, and McNeill struck the railroad at Piedmont in Sigel's rear, burning the bridge and machine shops and destroying property worth several millions of dollars. Then when Sigel sent out strong bodies of cavalry to cover his flanks, Imboden by rapid and daring movements struck them separately and completely destroyed them. Accordingly the advance of the Federal army was retarded; but Imboden was hard pressed, so that it was most welcome news when he learned after a few days that Breckinridge with 4,000 men was hastening by forced marches to succor him.

Breckinridge set out on May 6, taking Echols's Brigade, consisting of the 22d Virginia Regiment, the 26th Virginia Battalion, and the 23d Battalion; parts of Wharton's Brigade, the 51st Virginia Regiment and Clarke's Battalion; and Chapman's Battery. Meanwhile Imboden had called out the reserves of Augusta and Rockingham Counties, who seem to have taken no active part in the campaign which followed; and on the 9th of May, so dire was the need, he summoned the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, situated in Lexington, a short distance away. On the 11th of May the cadets marched out under the command of Lieut. Col. Scott Shipp. The part played by the cadets was so romantic and unique as to make necessary some digression.

The Virginia Military Institute had been the principal military training school in the South since its establishment by the State in 1839. When the Civil War began, it became more prominent than ever before, holding in the Confederacy a position something like that held by West Point in the North. During the war it passed through numerous vicissitudes. At one time it was closed. Continually its students were called away for active service in the Confederate armies. A number of Southern commanders came from its faculty, Stonewall Jackson having been a professor of mathematics there. The boys who remained, some of them from the best families in the South, chafed at the solitude and inactivity while their comrades were away in the field. One who was then a student has left a vivid account of this.

At the beginning of 1864 the cadets asked General Lee to let them fight under him, but he replied that they were of more use at Lexington. Jefferson Davis declared that these boys were the seed corn of the Confederacy, its future commanders, who must be spared at all costs. Now, however, at last when the Confederacy was drained dry of soldiers, when Sigel was coming up the valley, and when it seemed possible that he would cut the railroad lines, the call of the cadets came, and they answered. Before daybreak on the morning of May 11 they marched out of Lexington. There were about 250 of them.

By the evening of May 14 the two hosts were near to each other. On May 13 Sigel had sent forward a force of cavalry and infantry and one battery under Col. Augustus Moor. On the morning of May 14 Moor struck part of Imboden's force near Mount Jackson, drove it across the Shenandoah River, got possession of the bridge, and followed the Confederates to New Market, seven miles beyond. This success is perhaps the explanation of Sigel's failure, though the failure was not necessary. The Federal army was now in two divisions, part of it at New Market and part at Woodstock, nineteen miles in the rear. At no time during the battle which followed did it prove possible to unite them. The next day when Sigel himself arrived on the field he told his subordinates that the belated regiments were coming. "Yes, General, but too late," Colonel Lang answered him.

The nominal strength of Sigel's army was about 6,500. It is probable that he actually had available at New Market about 4,000 infantry, 1,140 cavalry, and 360 artillerymen, though it is very difficult to be certain about this. He seems, then, to have had 5,500 men and 28 guns. In the case of the Confederates it is even more difficult to make a correct estimate. It is possible that Breckinridge may have had 6,000 men all told, but it is much more probable that he had available in the battle 3,200 infantry, 800 cavalry, and less than 200 artillerymen. He had probably about 4,200 men and 14 guns. When the battle was about to be fought, there was much uncertainty in the opposing camps as to the strength of the enemy, and there were exaggerations which have persisted to the present. Sigel believed at one time that the Confederates outnumbered him; while to this day there are men in the South who assert that Breckinridge with 3,000 overwhelmed a force of 10,000 men.

Breckinridge, who believed he was outnumbered, and who was outnumbered, but who could not as yet see that the division of the enemy's troops made a victory probable, hoped to lure the Federals into attacking him. On the night of the 14th, he sent out a force to annoy Moor's men in New Market, and the next morning he sent forward his skirmishers. Sigel, however, who was slowly bringing the rest of his army across

the Shenandoah, would not attack. Breckinridge therefore made ready to begin the battle himself. "It's now eleven o'clock," he is reported to have said, "and we can't wait any longer for them to attack us. We can attack and whip them here, and I'll do it."

In topography the field of New Market is not unlike such battle fields as Waterloo and Gettysburg, where hostile armies have confronted each other from opposing hills. In 1864 the town of New Market was made up of a row or two of houses along the pike which runs northeast through the Shenandoah Valley. It had no little strategic importance because it lay at the intersection of the valley turnpike and the road which runs across the valley to Luray. The town lies in a depression, down which ran a stream to empty into the south fork of the Shenandoah, which flows nearly parallel with the pike. Along the river there are high bluffs from which the land slopes gently down toward the pike. To the north and to the southwest of the town are hills, the slopes of which in 1864 were pastures and wheatfields, intersected by fences and dotted with farm buildings. On these hills at one time or another the opposing armies made their stand. To the east of the pike ran Smith's Creek, beyond which the wooded country was bounded by the Massanutten Mountain a mile or more away. On the west, then, was the river; on the east the mountain; to the north and the south were the hills seized by the hostile forces; down the middle ran the road, and in the center was New Market.

Sunday, May 15, the day on which the battle was fought, was gloomy and disagreeable. One of the cadets says: "The rains, which had fallen more or less about every day since we left Lexington, gave us a thorough drenching on the 14th, and did not hold up for us on the 15th. The roads and fields were wet, the plowed fields almost miry, so that to march across the fields even at slow time was hard work, and at double-quick exhausting. The sky was overcast all day, and there were several hard showers and a heavy, damp atmosphere."

The battle of New Market may be divided into three parts. There was first the struggle between the Confederates and the advance force of Federals under Moor, the contest lasting for an hour or more just before and after midday; second, the struggle between the advancing Confederates and the larger portion of Sigel's army posted on Bushong's Hill, to the north of the town; and, third, the desultory contest at Rude's Hill, while the Federal army was making its retreat across the river.

In maneuvering his troops Breckinridge showed much skill. During the morning, while his men were still posted on Sherley's Hill, he played, as Colonel Edgar says, "the old strategic trick of countermarching his men with the view of multiplying their numbers in the eyes of the enemy." Then, while the skirmishers were going ahead, he drew up his troops in echelon, making his army seem three times as numerous as it really was. "The enemy in three strong lines now issued from the woods," says Major Peale, of the 18th Connecticut Regiment, in his official report; and it was a long time before the Federal commanders would believe that Breckinridge had only one line of battle.

Meanwhile the Federal troops under Moor were not prepared to sustain the shock of the advancing Confederates. Moor had three regiments of infantry, the 34th Massachusetts, the 1st West Virginia, and the 123d Ohio, a force of cavalry, and six guns. Urgent messages were sent to Sigel asking that more troops be sent. These troops were indeed on the way, but meanwhile Breckinridge began the battle. Major Lang, of Sigel's staff, says: "I witnessed a splendid

formation of the Confederates. First was the advance—creeping and dodging along from point to point—their sharpshooters. Later a line reaching from side to side of the valley, moving forward slowly, cautiously—this was the skirmish line. The practiced eye of the veteran soldier knew what this meant, and I did not have to wait long for the meaning. The line of battle hove in sight a little south of New Market, and a magnificent line it was."

First, the Federal skirmish line was driven in; then the artillery began its work. Moor ordered his guns to open fire upon the advancing lines, after which the Confederate batteries sent a rain of shells into New Market. The Federal gunners were posted in a tiny churchyard among the tombstones. The place was a roar with the firing and filled with the bustle of troops. "The little town," says an observer, "which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions. We had their range beautifully, and every shell, striking some obstruction, exploded in the streets." The Confederates continued their advance steadily.

This part of the contest was concluded shortly after midday with the evacuation of New Market by the Federal forces and their retreat to Bushong's Hill, about a mile to the north. The greater part of Sigel's army had now reached this position, though two of his regiment and one battery were still far in the rear. New Market was the more readily abandoned in that the position on Bushong's Hill was the strongest one in the vicinity, and Sigel wisely concluded that the decisive struggle could take place more advantageously there than in the town.

The positions occupied by the troops in the second part of the battle are not easily ascertained. They were ill understood by contemporaries, and have never been satisfactorily settled since. Indeed, the historian is here in nearly the same quandary as that in which the writer about Bannockburn finds himself. On the authority of Barbour's "Brus" it was for a long time believed that 100,000 English marched under Edward II., but modern investigations have shown indisputably that so large a number could not possibly have maneuvered in the field. It is probable that there were not more than 30,000. In like manner in dealing with the battle of New Market a careful study of the official reports and military reminiscences makes it possible to place the different commands side by side according to a scheme corroborated at every point and satisfying all requirements save one only, that the lines of battle thus arranged cannot possibly be contained between the Shenandoah River and Smith's Creek. It would seem that there were various shiftings and rearrangements which were not recorded at the time and which cannot now be discovered. What follows must be understood with these qualifications.

The Federal troops were now drawn up in a long line from the river bluffs to Smith's Creek. Over by the Shenandoah was a detached company of the 34th Massachusetts. Next, counting from the Federal right to the left, came Carlin's Battery, Snow's Battery, the 34th Massachusetts (Colonel Wells), the 1st West Virginia (Colonel Weddle), and the 54th Pennsylvania (Colonel Campbell). Behind Carlin and Snow was the 12th West Virginia (Colonel Curtis) in reserve. Some two hundred yards in front of the 54th Pennsylvania the 18th Connecticut (Major Peale) and the 123d Ohio (Major Kellogg) were posted with Von Kleiser's battery on their left. These commands were soon driven back through the Federal line to the rear. Ewing's Battery and Stahel's Cavalry filled in the space between the Federal infantry and the creek.

Breckinridge's dispositions are even more difficult to understand, since as he advanced he changed his echelon formation to one long line. The 51st Virginia (Colonel Forsberg) and the 62d Virginia (Colonel Smith) had made up the first echelon; the second had been composed of the 22d Virginia (Colonel Patton) and the 23d Battalion (Colonel Derrick); the third of the 26th Battalion (Colonel Edgar) and the Corps of Cadets (Lieutenant Colonel Shipp). As a result of complicated changes most of the troops came into a single line, with some of the commands in advance and some in the rear at various times. Later on the approximate relative positions from the Confederate left to right were the 26th Virginia Battalion, the 51st Virginia Regiment, the Corps of Cadets, the 30th Virginia Battalion, the 62d Virginia Regiment, the 22d Virginia Regiment, and the 23d Virginia Battalion. Part of the artillery, under Captain Chapman and Cadet Captain Minge, was in the rear to the right near the turnpike.

Meanwhile Imboden by a curious maneuver had taken the Confederate cavalry and part of the artillery out of the reach of every one else. He reported to General Breckinridge that there was a way across Smith's Creek by which he could attain a position right upon the flank of the enemy where they could not reach him. Breckinridge's answer was: "Tell General Imboden, as he knows this ground and I don't, to make any movement he thinks advantageous, and I will take all the responsibility and consequences." Then Imboden took across the creek the 18th Virginia Cavalry, McNeill's Rangers, and two pieces of artillery. In after years, when he wrote his history of the battle, Imboden spoke of the terrific effect which his shell fire produced upon Stahel's horsemen over the creek and how he caused the whole Federal force to fall back in confusion. Sigel, who was writing his account about the same time, appears to corroborate this; but recent investigations make it seem probable that Ewing's and Von Kleiser's powerful batteries, near Stahel, could have silenced Imboden's two guns in a moment had he been near the Federal forces. Nor was Imboden more fortunate in his subsequent movements. Breckinridge desired him to get his cavalry around to the rear of Sigel's army and cut off his retreat across the Shenandoah. Smith's Creek, however, proved to be so deep that Imboden could not recross it, and was not able to get near the Federal army again. Thus the Confederate cavalry, which had done such superb service in the days preceding, was of little or no use in the battle itself.

Between two and three in the afternoon Breckinridge renewed the contest. The conditions were now less favorable for him, and a commander less bold might well have hesitated. The Federal troops in line were now at least as numerous as his own, they were posted in a very strong position, and their artillery was overwhelmingly superior to his.

As the advance was continued, at first in echelon, the Confederate left under Wharton first struck the enemy where his position was strongest, on the high ground near the Shenandoah. The 51st Virginia and the 62d Virginia, along with the 30th Battalion, which had been skirmishing, received the full effects of the Federal fire. To add to the difficulties of the situation, the 51st Regiment became divided by a wooded hill, part of the regiment having to advance near the river, while the rest of the men were out of sight of their comrades to the east of the hill. The fire from the Federal infantry and cannon was terrible. Had it not been that many of the gunners aimed too low and that the balls buried themselves in the mud, advance would have been impossible. As it was,

that part of the 51st nearest the river fell into confusion and began breaking to the rear. The remainder of the regiment seems to have halted and begun firing. For a short time Colonel Smith continued to lead the 62d on into a perfect storm of death, but up on the slope the Federal army believed that victory was near.

Meanwhile the whole course of the struggle was being changed by several movements which are difficult to describe because they are complicated, because they occupied some time, and because they were partly simultaneous.

The first of these was the advance of Edgar with the 26th Battalion. Breckinridge is said to have realized that the most difficult task was upon the extreme Confederate left; hence he shifted the 26th from the third echelon, where it was marching with the cadets, to a front position on the extreme left over by the river. Edgar's men were marching just behind the left portion of the 51st, when the men in front of them broke ranks under the terrible fire ahead. Fortunately the confusion did not spread to the 26th, which pressed on through the disordered ranks straight for the supports of the Federal battery. There was a stern conflict of which we do not know a great many of the details. Part of the time it was raining, and the smoke from the Federal guns hung low over the field, shutting off the view. After a while, however, as the struggle continued, the Federal troops began to give way. "We saw the legs of the enemy by looking through under the smoke," says one of Edgar's men, "and could see that they were very busy carrying their owners to the rear; but when we emerged from this column of smoke, the sight was thrilling. The foe in our front—artillery, supports, reserves, and all—were in the first stages of a complete rout. Some of the guns were already moving as fast as the horses could take them, one was just coupling up to go, men were flying as if before a cyclone, and nobody was taking time to look back." Two guns were captured and a third was afterwards found abandoned in a pond, the infantry along the bluffs being dislodged. The importance of the movement lay in the fact that the Federal line had been pierced at its strongest point and that the Federal flank was now turned. Moreover, the Federal artillery fire was materially lessened, since Carlin and Snow were forced to limber up their batteries and move them back.

The second movement, and the one which has become more famous than anything else in the battle, was that by which the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute moved up from the rear and took a position in the van of the battle.

The cadets had already suffered some casualties. Capt. Frank Preston, of Company B, who wrote a few days after the battle, says: "Marching down the first hill we were exposed to the enemy's batteries, but were too far (away) to reply with small arms. In this advance one man was killed in the first line and several wounded in our battalion. After getting to the bottom of the hill, we were entirely covered, and here we waited half an hour, while some change was made in the lines. A half hour of intense suspense—the artillery on either side firing, the shot and shell flying and bursting high over our heads—knowing that in a short time we must charge the infantry, whose dark lines we saw drawn up in the woods. After some time the first line began to move forward up the hill. Then the second line began to move, and our nerves were strung and our lips firmly closed, our breath coming short and quick, waiting for the crash of musketry which we expected would receive the first line." A Federal officer, who was watching them through field glasses, speaks of their admirable formation. During this time several of the cadets were killed

and a number wounded. Nevertheless, they kept their order, as some one said, as if they had been marching upon dress parade.

It is probable that Breckinridge did not intend to expose these boys, but wished them to remain in the rear as reserves. Their youthful ardor made it hard to keep them there. Col. J. S. Johnston, Breckinridge's chief of staff, afterwards wrote: "The youthful character of the cadets made Breckinridge hesitate to put them into action. In fact, he had quite made up his mind to place them in charge of the baggage train. Several of the cadets, learning that this was contemplated, pleaded so earnestly with him that he abandoned the idea. They said they had been called out several times and assigned to that duty, and on their return to Lexington had been jeered with such remarks as, 'Now the war is over, there comes the baggage guard,' and jibes even more stinging. There was no resisting the fervor of their appeal to be put into action." As yet they remained in the third echelon, but now when the need in the front became great Colonel Shipp boldly led his command into the forefront of the battle.

At this moment the situation of the Confederates seemed desperate, for Edgar being behind the hill, his triumphant progress was as yet unknown. Colonel Smith had taken the 62d Virginia forward unsupported. His men were subjected to a fire concentrated and terrific, so that in a very few minutes they had lost nearly half of their number. Seeing, as he says, that he would be exposed to destruction if he remained where he was, he drew the remnant of his command back in good order and waited behind a low ridge until the Confederate right under Echols should come up.

It seemed now to the Federals upon the ridge that the tide of battle was running strongly in their favor. "Our front fire was heavy," says Colonel Wells, of the 34th Massachusetts, "and the artillery had an enfilading fire, under which their first line went down. They staggered, went back, and their whole advance halted. Their fire ceased to be effective. A cheer ran along our line, and the first success was ours." Accordingly a countercharge was resolved upon. There was a gap in the Confederate line between the 30th and the 51st. It seemed that the line might be pierced.

This was the moment when the cadets reached the front. Colonel Shipp had led them up the slope of the hill past the Bushong house and out into the orchard beyond. The fire was so heavy that the young soldiers lay down behind the worm fence along the edge of the orchard and began shooting at the enemy. They had filled in the gap between the 51st and the 30th.

The position was most perilous. "At the time we passed the house," says one of the cadets, "the Federals were directing their fire upon us, and the house was made a sounding board by the striking of the missiles upon its sides." Another says that after they had come into the orchard "the canister and other missiles were raining like hail." In a quarter of an hour they lost one-fifth of their number.

This was the moment when the Federal infantry began their charge. They came on splendidly part of the way, but now the Confederates were ready. "We met the entire Rebel force advancing and firing," says Colonel Wells. "The regiment on my left, which first met the fire, turned and went back, leaving the 34th rushing along into the enemy's line." After a gallant charge almost up to the Confederate line, the 34th was driven back with heavy losses. The charge might have succeeded had the gap filled by the cadets remained open. This is the

opinion of one of the Confederate officers, who says that at this point the cadets saved the day.

It is more proper to say that the tide of battle was now definitely turned because all the Confederate commands were ready to renew the advance. On the right of the 62d the 22d Regiment had come up. Together they formed a solid line of veterans. Again Smith moved forward, and this time there was no check. The Federal troops, already in confusion resulting from their unlucky charge, made no effective resistance, but were quickly swept away. At this moment Cadet Capt. Henry A. Wise (for Colonel Shipp had fallen) waved his sword and shouted to the cadets to get up and "give the Yankees h--." At once the young soldiers sprang up and plunged forward, while on each side the veterans, moved to enthusiasm at the sight, raced forward with them. "Look at the 'Seed Corn Battalion!'" was the cry. "They yelled, we yelled with them, the onrush was irresistible."

A thunderstorm burst over the field, and the air was dim with the driving rain and the smoke clouds. The mud was so deep in places that advance was very difficult. But nothing could stop the Confederates now. The 34th Massachusetts made a desperate resistance, and did not give way until it was nearly surrounded. After a short time, however, the whole Federal army was in retreat.

While all this had been taking place on the Confederate center and left, success had come to them also on the right. Here was the weakest part of Breckinridge's line. Indeed, Derrick had to extend his 23d Battalion in loose skirmish formation in order to cover the wide space assigned him. Opposed to him was Stahl's powerful force of cavalry. The utmost that he could hope to do was to keep the enemy from breaking through. Had it not been for the Confederate artillery behind him, his task would have been an impossible one.

About the time when Sigel advanced his infantry on his right he ordered his cavalry to charge on his left. The horsemen came thundering down the pike, while Derrick's men ran to cover wherever they could find it. But just as the cavalry came to a little stone bridge Chapman's Battery got the range and began dropping shells into their midst, while Derrick on the one side and part of the 22d on the other took them with an enfilading fire. In a few moments the charge was at an end. Only a handful of troopers reached the Confederate lines.

The decisive part of the battle was now over. Everywhere Sigel's army was falling back weary and dispirited. The Confederates, however, were never able to turn this retreat into a rout. DuPont's Battery at last came into action and, firing by platoon, covered the Federal march. On the other hand, the Confederates themselves were too exhausted to pursue vigorously, and soon came to a halt.

Sigel took up a third position on Rude's Hill, back near the river crossing. When the Confederates moved on once more, there was an artillery duel which lasted until almost dusk, but Sigel had no mind to renew the battle. He had made a last stand to cover the withdrawal of his troops across the Shenandoah. When this was completed, his rear guard destroyed the bridge, and the fight was at an end.

That the battle had been bitterly contested was shown by the heavy losses. In some of the commands they were terrific. The 34th Massachusetts lost 202 men; the 54th Pennsylvania, 174 out of 566. On the other side the 62d Virginia lost 241 out of 500; the cadets, 52 out of the 220 who were in line. Altogether Sigel lost about 800 men out of his 5,500, while Breckinridge lost 600 out of his 4,200, nearly one-seventh on each side. The Confederates captured five pieces of artillery.

It is possible that Sigel's difficulties were great and are not easily estimated. Nevertheless, he had failed ingloriously and his campaign had ended in disaster. When Grant heard the news, he wrote: "Sigel is in full retreat. He will do nothing but run." Hunter was immediately put in his place.

On the other hand, Breckinridge had won a splendid triumph. Such had been his celerity, his boldness, and his skill that a contemporary remarked that the days of Stonewall Jackson were not over. He had accomplished all that he was asked to do, and for the present Lee's base of supplies was safe. It is true the work was soon undone; but this was because the North could draw upon fresh and inexhaustible supplies of men, while the South had literally used her last soldiers.

Nowhere is this fact more evident than in the struggle at New Market, when in her desperate need the Confederacy called out the boys of a training school and, hurrying on to meet her foe, let them fight in the forefront of the battle.

SEEKS ADDRESS OF OFFICER AT ANDERSONVILLE.

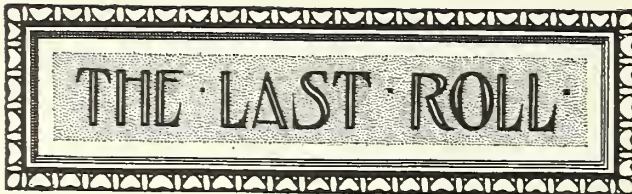
BY DR. M. R. HAMMER, NEWTON, IOWA.

I have in my library a book, "Five Hundred Days in a Rebel Prison," written by Charles Fosdick, a member of Company L, 5th Iowa Volunteers, U. S. A., who was captured at Missionary Ridge near the railroad tunnel, as were at the same time two of my mother's brothers, Matthew T. Sparks and William H. Sparks, both of whom died in Andersonville Prison. They were members of the 5th Iowa also. Mr. Fosdick was captured on November 25, 1863, and released in March, 1865, after about sixteen months; or, as he says, he was a prisoner five hundred days. The book contains one hundred and nineteen pages. On page 33 he says: "The soldiers on duty at the prison as guards were the 26th Alabama and several companies of Georgia Home Guards or State Militia. Colonel Sanders commanded the 26th, while Colonel Iverson had charge of the militia." On pages 55 and 56 he writes: "The 26th Alabama did not make frivolous excuses to shoot men, and to my knowledge shot but one man while they remained as our guards, and he went over the 'dead line' to have an end put to his misery, and was not killed until he had been repeatedly ordered back and would not go, but told the guard to fire, which he reluctantly did."

The colonel of this regiment protested against the unnecessary cruelty that was daily practiced against us, and urged that we be better fed and cared for, but his protests were unheeded. In July, 1864, the 26th Alabama was ordered to join Gen. Joe E. Johnston, and he was relieved by Georgia militia.

I wish some VETERAN readers would write me about Colonel Sanders if he is still alive. I would greatly appreciate a line from him. If he is deceased and his friends will write where he is buried, I will raise by subscription some money to erect a suitable monument for his kindness to the Federal soldiers under his care at Andersonville, and I will personally contribute ten dollars to start the fund and will also circulate the petition.

Dr. Hammer has visited within a year many Southern battle fields, and he is very anxious to pay tribute to "Colonel Sanders." There is an error in the premises. The Records do not give such a name as colonel of that regiment. It was known as (E. A.) O'Neal's. A point in this connection is made for Col. Richard Owen. No worthier act of patriotism and evidence of good will has been proposed than that which is determined by the VETERAN for that noble man and patriot.



THE ROSE STILL GROWS BEYOND THE WALL.

Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
 Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
 Watered and fed by morning dew,
 Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
 Slowly rising to loftier height,
 It came to a crevice in the wall,
 Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,
 With never a thought of fear or pride.
 It followed the light through the crevice's length
 And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view
 Were found the same as they were before;
 And it lost itself in beauties new,
 Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
 And make our courage faint or fail?
 Nay! let us faith and hope receive;
 The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide,
 Just as it did in days of yore.
 Just as it did on the other side,
 Just as it will forever more. —A. L. Frink.

JUDGE H. H. NEILL.

Associate Justice Hal H. Neill, of the Court of Civil Appeals for the Fourth Supreme Judicial District of Texas, died at Cloudcroft, N. M., of apoplexy on September 1, 1911. His death came as a great shock. He had recently been in El Paso on a visit to his son, Robert T. Neill, a young lawyer in that city, but he had gone to Cloudcroft, where he has been accustomed to spend the summer.

The son went to Cloudcroft on the first train and accompanied the body to Alamogordo, where it was prepared for burial. The funeral was conducted in El Paso, Judge Neill's former home, the Masons of that city having charge. The bench and bar of El Paso took part, and the Masons and bar of San Antonio sent delegations. Mrs. Neill, who was at San Antonio, left for El Paso on an early train. Her daughter, Mrs. Frederick N. Raymond, of Raymondville, in the Lower Rio Grande country, could not attend the funeral. Just a day or two before his death Justice Neill was elated by receipt of a telegram stating that a son had been born to Mrs. Raymond.

The death of Justice Neill causes the first vacancy in the Fourth Court of Civil Appeals since it was appointed by the late Governor Hogg in 1893. With John H. James, of San Antonio, as chief justice and W. S. Fly, of Gonzales, and H. H. Neill, of El Paso, associate justices, the court was a remarkably able one, and it had existed for eighteen years.

Judge Neill as a lawyer had few equals. His mastery of

the law was general, and he went into the abstruse fields of law much deeper than the ordinary jurist does. His industry was indefatigable; he frequently worked far into the night rather than fail to finish investigation of a case.

Justice Neill's ancestry is traced in an unbroken line to the junior branch of the family of the last The O'Neill of Ireland, who was buried in Rome in 1616, and whose grave is still marked.

Judge Neill was a native of Carroll County, Miss. He was born January 29, 1848, and was reared in the old colonial home of his father, Col. G. F. Neill, four miles from Carrollton. His father and his mother, Caroline Hart, were of Robinson County, Tenn.

In the last year of the Civil War Hal H. Neill, then sixteen years old, joined the Confederate Army. Although his father was colonel of the 13th Mississippi, he became one of Capt. Ike S. Harvey's scouts and saw service in Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi under Generals Forrest and Hood. After the war he entered the University of Mississippi. Most of the university students had served in the army, and there "never was such a class of freshmen as those who entered the university just after the war."

In 1872 he moved to Stephenville, Erath County, Tex., and in 1877 he was married to Dora Fagan, of Stephenville, who survives him. Of their five children two are living, Robert T. Neill and Mrs. Dora Raymond. He moved to El Paso in 1882, where he made his home until Governor Hogg appointed him to the bench, when he made San Antonio his home.

Judge Neill was particularly the friend of young lawyers. He went out of his way to talk with them on terms of kindly intimacy and advice. One of these young men is Judge George Harvey, a Supreme Court judge in the Philippines. Harvey was his stenographer in his El Paso office, and while in this capacity he studied law. After the Spanish-American War Harvey went to the Philippines with letters from Justice Neill that obtained a hearing and a successful issue.

Justice Neill was a lawyer of national repute. Two of his opinions handed down on this bench involving the law of divorce and of breach of promise suits have been incorporated in the textbook taught in the Columbia University law school. A system of leading cases edited and published in England containing opinions of the House of Lords and of leading tribunals of the world have contained Justice Neill's opinions. He had taken all the degrees of Masonry, was an Odd Fellow, and was a member of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp of Confederate Veterans.

"JIM ABB" OWEN.

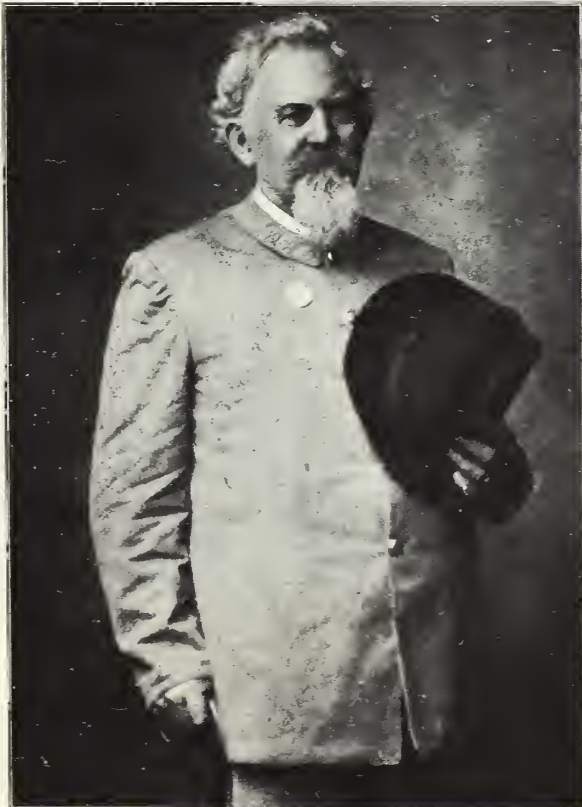
James A. Owen, a member of Camp W. A. Johnson, at Tuscumbia, Ala., died at his home, near Cherokee, in October, 1911. He joined Company A, 16th Alabama Regiment, in June, 1861, was under Zollicoffer at Fishing Creek, under Cleburne at Shiloh, and afterwards until that gallant officer was killed at Franklin. He was severely wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and his brother, Arch Owen, was killed at Franklin in front of General Cleburne. J. N. THOMPSON, Commander Camp W. A. Johnson, U. C. V., Tuscumbia, Ala.

ANDERSON.—West Anderson, who was first lieutenant of Company A, 28th Mississippi Regiment, died in Durant, Miss., on November 1, 1911, aged sixty-nine years. After some years of ill health, he succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy. He was a native of Holmes County, Miss., and made a faithful and brave Confederate soldier. His U. C. V. membership was in the Holmes County Camp, No. 398.

JOHN R. KEMP.

John R. Kemp, whose death occurred at Clinton, Ky., July 9, 1911, was the son of William T. and Sallie Emerson Kemp, and was born at Burkesville, Ky., May 18, 1844. His parents moved to Hickman County when he was eight years old, and the greater part of his life was spent there. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Confederate Army, first joining the 12th Tennessee Regiment, and he was in that "first battle" at Belmont, Mo.

After the battle of Shiloh his company was placed with the 3d Kentucky. In 1864 it was mounted and assigned to General Forrest. He was in active and hard service for four years, and was believed to be fatally wounded in the battle near Franklin. He was carried to the McLemore home, where he was nursed back to life. Miss McLemore made him her special charge, and to her unremitting attentions was due his ultimate recovery. The friendship thus cemented was dissolved only by death, and the younger generations of both families still cherish it. Mr. T. M. Rogers, of Florence, Ala., a son of the former Miss McLemore, journeyed to Clinton to lend the comfort of his presence to the family in their bereavement.



JOHN R. KEMP.

After the war Mr. Kemp was in Mississippi and Louisiana for several years. In 1870 he was married at Byhalia, Miss., to Miss Julia Raiford, who, with two daughters and a son, survives him.

In 1880 Mr. Kemp was elected circuit clerk of Hickman County, serving for six years, and was then elected to the State Senate. He was publisher and editor of the old Clinton Democrat for several years. In 1897 he was elected circuit clerk for the second time, and was filling that office most efficiently at the time of his death.

Mr. Kemp was a faithful member of the Church, also a Mason, and for years had been Commandant of Ed Crossland Camp U. C. V. at Clinton. He possessed a most delightful personality. No appeal to him for charity or sympathy was ever made in vain. He was the friend and counselor of many.

J. J. C. McMAHAN.

Capt. J. J. Crittenden McMahan was born in Newport, East Tennessee, on December 30, 1846; and died at Rome, Ga., on September 20, 1911, while in attendance at the annual reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V.

Captain McMahan enlisted while a mere boy in the 5th Tennessee Cavalry in August, 1864, which was a part of the famed Wheeler's Cavalry. He endured with unflinching courage all the dangers and hardships of his regiment until the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in April, 1865.

Soon after the close of the war he moved to Georgia, going first to Acworth, and from there, after a short residence, to Crawford, where he engaged in the mercantile business until his removal in 1886 to Athens, which was his home at the time of his death.

In 1869 he married Miss Georgia Myers, of Acworth, who, with two sons and two daughters, survives him.

"Crit" McMahan, as he was familiarly known, was a man of strong character and decided individuality, and left his impress for good on every community in which he lived. In all the relations of life his one purpose seemed to be to discharge every duty incumbent on him and to do the right in all things as he saw it. A man of rare business judgment, he accumulated means sufficient to leave his family a competency, and this without stint to others, for his heart, his hands, and his purse were ever freely open to the calls of the needy and to every good cause.

He served as Mayor of Athens for one term and as Representative from his county in the State legislature for two terms, and so universal was the confidence in him that he had no opposition as a candidate.

At the date of his death he was Commander of the local Camp, U. C. V. in Athens, which position he had held successively for seven years. He was also a member of the staff of the General commanding the Georgia Division. He left Athens on September 19 to attend the reunion at Rome in company of comrades, many of whom were able to go through his kindness and generosity. He was taken suddenly ill after reaching Rome and breathed his last the next day.

A devoted Christian, distinguished citizen, a courtly gentleman, an upright man, he has left behind him a good name as a heritage for his children.

JOHN S. BOWLES.

John Solomon Bowles was born in Houston, Tex., September 13, 1842. Five years later he was taken by his parents to Austin, and that became his home the remainder of his life. In 1868 he was married to Miss Marcella Huling, who, with three sons and four daughters, survives him. He was distinguished by scrupulous regard for his obligations of every kind. Of high moral character, he was exemplary in habits and in devotion to the right.

As a Texas ranger with Big Foot Wallace and other distinguished Indian fighters he was frequently engaged against marauding bands of Indians and Mexicans making predatory incursions into the territory of Texas. A cordial friendship sprang up between Big Foot Wallace and himself which never waned until the death of Wallace. He was a gallant Confed-

erate soldier, having enlisted on October 4, 1861, in Company A, 5th Texas Regiment, for the war, long or short. He participated in the battles of Val Verde and Gloretha, N. Mex., under General Sibley and with Tom Green as colonel of his regiment. He was with Gen. Tom Green in his great Louisiana campaign, taking part in the battles for the recapture of Galveston, the battles of Berwick Bay, La Fourche, Vermillionville, Yellow Bayou, Pleasant Hill, and the great battle of Mansfield, La., from which the Confederates carried away as spoils of victory the enemy's entire artillery, all his equipment for transportation, and four thousand prisoners. He saw long and hard service, but his ardent patriotism made him leap to meet it with buoyancy and enthusiasm. He was paroled by Gen. Wesley Merrett July 26, 1865.

In later years he was employed in various positions at the State Capitol under the administration of Governors Hogg, Sayers, Lauban, Campbell, and Colquitt. He was ever faithful in the duties that devolved upon him. He did not die in the ranks amid the battle's roar and carnage; but on his way home from his work to dinner on November 1 he fell by the way with a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered.

[Data from a tribute by Rev. R. J. Briggs at the funeral.]

JOHN V. GLASS.

AN APPRECIATION BY A FRIEND.

A good man is one of nature's best gifts in every age of the world. His value is never fully estimated and known. A conscious spirit of right, fragrant with esteem, rises as incense from the consecrated altar of a noble life and permeates the very heart of the community. He thus conveys imperceptibly his life into the lives of his fellows and leaves this impress upon them. And while they rejoice in the power of his presence as he moves through earth, they appreciate his counsel and footsteps when he is gone.

John V. Glass was in the highest and best sense a good man. He maintained this reputation from his youth. Always and everywhere he wore "the white flower of a stainless life." He was born June 28, 1838; and passed to his reward July 5, 1911, in Birmingham, Ala. When a mere boy he was converted in the home, and with such saving power of Christ that he rose above the vices and follies so common to youth. The foundation of a Christian character was deeply laid in the soil of his young heart, fostering a love for God, with a lofty appreciation of all that is noble and uplifting in the life of humanity. He was educated in the local schools of the day, with an extended academic course in Centenary Institute at Summerfield, Ala., and thence in a line of excellence became in 1860 the first graduate of the Southern University. I knew him best as a fellow student, having been intimate for a term of years, enjoyed his association, and honored him for the rare virtues that crowned his life.

Soon after graduating he was married to Miss Adella Taylor, of Forkland, Ala., who became a continuous blessing to him, comforting, encouraging, and sustaining him all the days of their pilgrimage together. She preceded him over two years to the spirit land, leaving him to the companionship of his children, who, in a spirit of love, administered the healing balm and softened life's cares as he approached the end of the way. Three sons and a daughter cherish his memory.

Not only was he a good citizen and active Christian, but he made a true and valiant soldier, giving willing service to the South in the War between the States. He was a member of Company K, 19th Alabama Regiment, and served in the Army of Tennessee under Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hood in

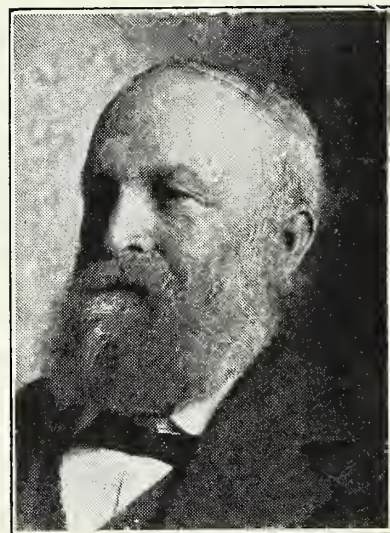
their successive campaigns in Tennessee and Georgia. Excepting a brief time in the hospital while suffering from a severe wound, he was always on duty with his command.

John Glass learned in early life the blessedness of toil, with the value of time, and through efficiency and courteous bearing in the discharge of duty he won the esteem and confidence of coworkers and employers. He was ever ready to draw the mantle of charity over the faults of others, and had a sympathetic word for all who were in need of a friend. His best monument is not of brick or bronze, but in the men and women for whom his character is a lesson and his words a noble inspiration. In the garden of God his beautiful spirit will live on, and the fragrance of his life must ever make our lives better and sweeter.

CHARLES H. VANDIVER.

On May 1, 1840, Charles H. Vandiver was born in Hampshire County, Old Virginia, a son of Archibald and Rebecca Vandiver. He enlisted early in the C. S. A., and was made first lieutenant in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Ashby. This regiment was under General Rosser and known as the "Laurel Brigade." Young Vandiver was a brave and gallant soldier, and while riding at the head of his company received a wound which incapacitated him for further active service.

On August 7, 1864, Lieut. Col. Thomas Marshall, then in command of the regiment, wrote to Lieutenant Vandiver, assuring him of the high esteem in which he was held by his comrades, and expressing regret that the ties which bound him to them as a soldier had been so rudely snapped asunder. No doubt that letter was a perpetual inspiration to young Vandiver through life. Colonel Marshall (he soon afterwards fell in



CHARLES H. VANDIVER.

battle) closed his letter with these words: "But should 'the chance of war,' as by some it is called, cause us to meet no more in this life, I trust that in a higher, holier, and happier world our acquaintance will be renewed, never to be broken."

At the close of the war he studied law, and later became the editor of a paper at Keyser, W. Va. For ten years he was the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of West Virginia. Major Vandiver, as he was known to most of his Missouri friends, moved to Vernon County, Mo., in 1880, and afterwards in 1883 to Lafayette County, where he continued to reside until the day of his death, September 7, 1911. In 1896 Major Vandiver was elected to the Missouri State Senate from the Seventeenth District, and was the author of the law making the Confederate Home of Missouri a State institution.

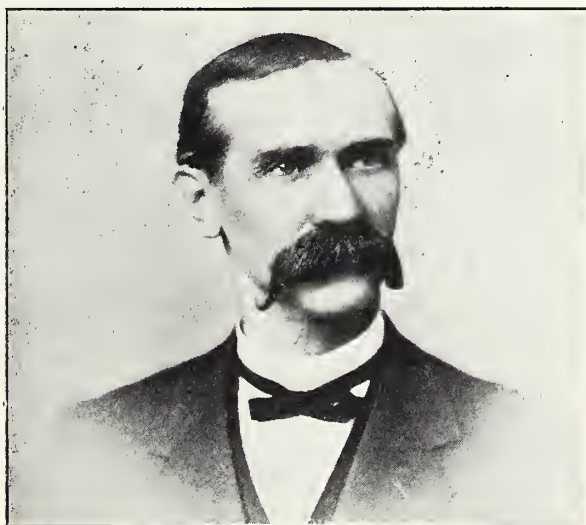
In early youth he became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years prior to his death was an elder in the Church at Higginsville, Mo.

During his career as a soldier, from 1861 until June, 1864, he was engaged in a number of battles, and was thrice wounded and had seven horses shot under him. He was ever kind-hearted and suave in his manners. The granite of his nature was covered with flowers.

JOHN W. COWAN.

John W. Cowan, a prominent citizen and business man of Nashville, Tenn., died at his home on April 17, 1911, after a brief illness, in his seventy-fifth year. He was of remarkable vigor and vitality up to within a short period before his death. He was born in the County Derry, Ireland, near the city of Londonderry, on January 15, 1837. He came to this country with the family in his youth.

He enlisted in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the Civil War, and served with distinction under Gen. Kirby Smith and other commanders. At the close of the war he returned to his home at Shelbyville, Tenn., and entered the firm of Eakin & Cowan, which later became the firm of J. W. Cowan & Co. In 1874 he removed to Nashville to join his brothers in the wholesale house of Cowan & Co., retaining, however, the old family plantation near Shelbyville. During his later years he was engaged in looking after his personal investments. Possessed of fine business judgment and the loftiest standard of integrity, he held the esteem of every one



JOHN W. COWAN.

who knew him, and he was up to the time of his death the counselor and helper of many in their business affairs.

He was of deep religious convictions, and the interest he had and the love he showed for those who had dealings with him gave him the real friendship of a wide circle of men in all walks of life. He took an active personal interest in the affairs of young men, and sought to aid them when practicable. No call was ever made of him but that he would put aside his personal affairs to answer it. He never married, but took the deepest interest in his sisters, several of whom lived with him. He was notably prompt in his business transactions. [He kept the *VETERAN* in the name of his sister, Miss Maggie Cowan, renewing it on the first day of the year. Last year began on Sunday, and on Monday morning early he called to renew it.]

Mr. Cowan is survived by two brothers and three sisters—Capt. George L. Cowan, of Franklin; Mrs. James H. Clay-

ton, Sr., of Murfreesboro; R. S. Cowan, Miss Leah Cowan, and Mrs. Samuel Kinkade, of Nashville.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. James I. Vance, assisted by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, in the First Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member.

COL. THOMAS C. BECKHAM.

Maj. Thomas Chisholm Beckham was born at Landsford, S. C., June 8, 1832; and died at his home, in Rock Hill, S. C., September 30, 1911, while in the act of signing an official paper as a magistrate. At the beginning of the War of the States he enlisted for one year as a private in Company B, 5th South Carolina Regiment. At the reorganization of his command at Yorktown he was made captain, and so remained until the second battle of Manassas, when he was promoted to be major.

At the close of the war he was lieutenant colonel, but his title of major, won by "gallant disobedience of orders," stuck, and by that he was affectionately known. The circumstances of that "disobedience" were in substance as follows: His regiment, temporarily commanded by another captain, was drawn up in an open field, affording fine target for a body of the enemy in the woods in front. The situation called for action of some kind, and the acting colonel not seeming to realize the situation, Captain Beckham ran down the line and begged him to order the regiment either forward or backward. He was ordered to return to his company and attend to his own business. Rushing back to his command, Captain Beckham shouted: "Forward, Company B!" The company obeyed, and the others, thinking the order general, joined in the charge, and drove the Yankees out of the woods in short order. Captain Beckham was called to division headquarters that night. Both sides of the affair were considered, and he was made major the next day. Major Beckham was in many battles, and was three times wounded—once severely at Chattanooga, and was out of service for three months.

He was buried in a colonel's uniform and in a casket of gray. The casket was draped with the stars and bars and decorated with laurel supplied by the U. D. C. Chapters.

[From sketch by Dr. W. A. Pressley, of Rock Hill.]

HARRISON B. LINDSEY.

Harrison Lindsey died on November 27, 1911, at his home in Ashley County, Ark., after a prolonged illness. He was born in Pulaski County, Ark., December 19, 1841. His parents moved soon after to Ashley County, where he resided afterwards. On June 9, 1861, he volunteered in Company B of the 3rd Arkansas Infantry, C. S. A. He served faithfully the four years and never had a furlough. The 3rd Arkansas was the only regiment from the State in the army of Northern Virginia. It was a part of Hood's Texas Brigade. After the surrender at Appomattox he walked to East Tennessee, then took train to Nashville. There he took a boat for Memphis, and from there traveled on a gunboat to Gaines's Landing, Ark., whence he walked fifty miles to his old home.

In 1868 he was married to Miss Fannie Morris, who, with two sons and three daughters, survive him. There being no Camp in his vicinity, he never joined one, although up to the time of his death nothing gave him more pleasure than meeting old comrades and talking of war times.

H. B. Lindsey was an honorable, upright man, as well as a gallant soldier, and had the confidence of all who knew him.

[Data for above from Dr. R. W. Lindsey, of Little Rock.]

CAPT. M. H. ALLEN.

Capt. M. H. Allen, a worthy citizen, devoted husband and father, died on December 20, 1910, at Winona, Miss. Captain Allen was born in Marion County, Ala., in 1834, but was taken to Mississippi as an infant, and in that State he spent his useful life with the exception of about seven years in California during the fifties. Soon after his return from the West, Mississippi seceded from the Union, and he volunteered his services to the Confederacy. He enlisted with the Winona Stars, which became Company B of the 15th Mississippi Infantry, filling with credit to himself and honor to his regiment several offices in his company, and for some time he acted as quartermaster of the regiment. He was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, Tenn.; and when his troops were repulsed and seeing that General Loring was trying to rally his men for another charge, he walked up to the General and offered his services to his division.

Captain Allen was married to Miss Mary M. Evans in Winona on June 24, 1869, and several children survive him. As a citizen of Montgomery County he was highly respected, and was twice a member of the State legislature—in 1878 and in 1908. He died as he had lived, an honest man and a Christian gentleman.

COL. CHARLES ROBERTSON VANCE.

Colonel Vance was born at the Indian settlement, Cherokee, on the Nolichucky River, in Washington County, Tenn., on August 22, 1835. His father was Dr. Joseph Harvey Vance, of Greeneville, and his mother was Jane Sevier, a daughter of Valentine Sevier, of Greeneville.

Colonel Vance was educated at Rogersville and Rutherford Academies and at Washington College. After finishing school he was employed for a year in the store of his uncle, Mr. George Jones, at Greeneville. He studied law under Judge Thomas A. R. Nelson and began the practice of his profession in 1858 at Kingsport.

When the War between the States broke out, he enlisted in Company K, 19th Tennessee Regiment, and served until the campaign about Nashville. He contracted typhoid fever while sleeping in the trenches at Murfreesboro. He had been designated to take command of a regiment, but his illness prevented his return to active service. He was mustered out of active service into the quartermaster's department. Later during the war, when it became necessary for the Confederacy to secure arms, he was commissioned to collect arms in Eastern Tennessee. Conditions were such in that strongly divided section of the State that threats were made to kill any one who would attempt to carry out this commission. The matter was in the hands of Col. J. G. King, of Bristol. Colonel Vance was well known throughout that section of the State and had the confidence of both Northern and Southern sympathizers. The people said that if he would consent, they would turn over their arms to him but that otherwise they would make determined resistance. At the earnest solicitation of Colonel King, Colonel Vance accepted this commission, collected guns, gave to each owner a certificate, then had the guns boxed and

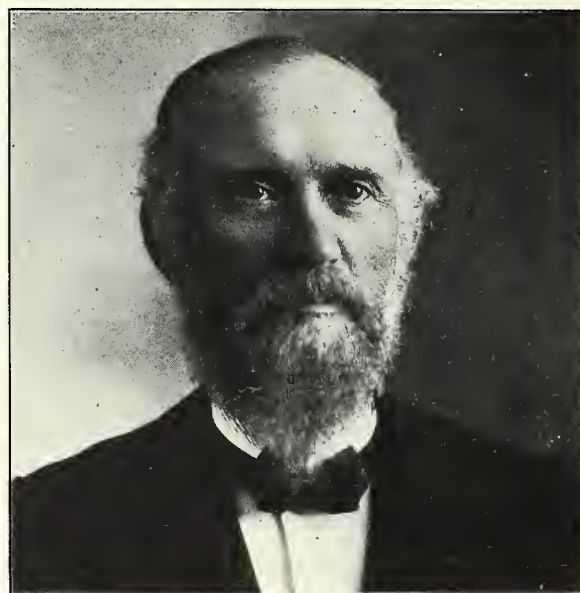


CAPT. M. H. ALLEN.

shipped to Knoxville, Tenn., without any disturbance whatever.

On October 16, 1860 he was married in Arcadia, Tenn., by Rev. Daniel Rogan, to Miss Margaret Jane Newland, the daughter of Joseph M. Newland and Rebecca Anderson. Soon after his marriage he moved to Kingsport and began the practice of law, but a little later he removed to Bristol. Owing to the bitterness of the reconstruction period, it became necessary for him to refugee for three years. He went to Estilville (now Gate City), Va. At the close of this period he returned to his residence at Bristol and again resumed the practice of his profession there and for thirty years was one of the foremost members of the Eastern Tennessee bar. During the greater part of this time, until 1885, he was in a law partnership with Capt. J. H. Wood, under the firm name of Vance & Wood.

Colonel Vance united with the Presbyterian Church at Kingsport when he was a lad, under the preaching of Dr. Rogan. When he moved to Bristol, he was made an elder in the Church and then clerk of session, which position he held for about thirty-five years. In the nineties he was a candidate for Congress on the prohibition ticket, and in the Tilden and Hendricks campaign he was a Democratic elector and the mes-



COL. CHARLES R. VANCE.

senger carrying the vote of Tennessee to Washington for that ticket. He represented the Church as commissioner to the General Assembly, and for twenty years was President of the Board of Trustees of King College.

Two of his three sons, James I. and Joseph A., are eminent ministers; the other, Charles R., is a physician. His two daughters, Miss Margaret J. and Mrs. C. L. Hedrick, reside in Bristol with their widowed mother.

Colonel Vance's funeral took place from the First Presbyterian Church of Bristol on Tuesday, November 14, 1911, and his remains were interred in the cemetery there.

A CENTENARIAN DIES BY ACCIDENT.

William A. Reed died recently in the California Soldiers' Home, at the age of one hundred and one years and seven months, through a slight injury to a foot. He was a native of Vicksburg, Miss., and a Mexican veteran.

BARNETT M. COOK.

Barnett M. Cook entered the Confederate army April 20, 1864, when in his eighteenth year, in Company G, 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Forrest's Corps (composed of Graves and Calloway County men), commanded by the ever-gallant Capt. James F. Melton, now deceased.

In the fighting on July 14, 1864, in front of Harrisburg, Miss., Barnett M. Cook was of the one hundred and fifty skirmishers covering the front of the Kentucky brigade and participated in the famous charge of that brigade on that fatal day. These skirmishers were commanded by the redoubtable Irish captain, J. J. Kelleher, of Company H (killed at Duck River on Hood's retreat from Nashville), and Lieut. William J. Mathis, of Company G, same regiment. They attained the nearest proximity to the Federal breastworks of any of the Confederate troops, but lost more than fifty per cent of their number.

Barnett M. Cook was a soldier wholly without venditation, and did his full duty on all occasions and with an alacrity characteristic of the gallant men of that company and regiment, and he still lives in the memory and in the hearts of his surviving comrades. His parole, dated May 16, 1865, which he kept inviolate, attested his adherence to the waning cause of the Confederacy.

He was born at Boydville, Graves County, Ky., September 18, 1846; and died at Elmo, Independence County, Ark., October 18, 1911, of complications superinduced by a stroke of paralysis. He was a faithful soldier of the cross, of the Baptist persuasion, and an active Mason.

DEAD OF JOHN R. DICKENS CAMP, SARDIS, MISS.

L. F. Rainwater, Adjt. of John R. Dickens Camp, reports:

"At the reorganization of our Camp on April 3, 1909, there were enrolled thirty-six members. Since that date thirteen have passed 'over the river' to rest. In the two years and

eight months one-third of our membership have answered the 'last roll call.' Our ranks are being more rapidly depleted now than they were during the four years of war. We escaped death from whistling Minies, roaring cannon, and bursting shell to fall a victim to time's unerring shaft, from whose deadly aim there is no retreat nor protecting bulwark.

"The names of the thirteen dead are as follows: Capt. E. S. Walton, Commander of the Camp, Hudson's Mississippi Battery; A. W. Rudisill, Treasurer, Co. A, 4th Reg. Tenn. Inf.; Dr. John Wright, Surgeon 15th Miss. Inf.; T. J. Taylor, 4th Miss. Inf.; R. T. Hunter, Co. H, 18th Miss. Cav.; Ed L. Wright, Virginia Battery; N. R. Sledge, Co. H, 28th Miss. Cav.; J. D. Hanson, Co. A, 14th Miss. Light Art.; W. H. Short, Co. F, 12th Miss. Inf.; W. H. Wall, Confederate States Navy; J. Low, Co. K, Ballentine's Miss. Cav.; R. Denman, 4th Miss. Inf.; A. D. Harris, Co. H, 5th Miss. Cav."

CAPT. WILLIAM W. MARTIN.

William W. Martin was born at Bunker Hill, White County, Tenn., February 20, 1835; and died at Conway, Ark., December 10, 1911. When he was thirteen years old, his father moved to a farm in Van Buren County, Ark., and here the boy grew to manhood.

Soon after the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate army, aiding in the organization of Company A, 10th Arkansas Infantry, of which he was made third lieutenant. He served to the end of the war, and was promoted to the rank of captain. No truer, braver soldier ever wore the gray. An example of his dauntless courage was his escape from a Federal prison with the Confederate uniform on and making his way for hundreds of miles through the territory of the enemy to his homeland in the South.

He loved the Confederate soldier, and never missed a Reunion. His standing among his comrades at home is attested by his being Commander of Jeff Davis Camp, No. 213, U. C. V., when he died.

To the end of his life he was a fighter; but the energy and courage and fidelity that held him true as steel to a soldier's duty during the war had since the war been directed to the destruction of what he conceived to be wrong and the building up of what he conceived to be right and good. He was a successful and influential business man, and he took an active interest in all the movements and enterprises that had for their aim the uplift of the people. He gave liberally his time, his thought, and his money to the poor and afflicted, to improvement of business and farm methods, to better streets and better roads, to better sanitary and moral conditions, to Churches, schoolhouses, and colleges. Three colleges in his home town enjoy his munificence, and to one of them, Hendrix, a college for boys, he has given not less than \$75,000.

For a number of years he was Mayor of his town, and several times he was elected representative of his county in the legislature or other positions, but only when these positions offered opportunity for signal service to his people. On account of his progressiveness, his qualities of leadership, and his strikingly unselfish life he had a State-wide influence, and was known and honored beyond her borders. By common acclamation he was the foremost citizen of his community. It is on everybody's lips: "We shall not see his like again."

He was never married. That part of his fortune he did not administer himself in benevolence he left to his brothers and sisters and their children. To his county and State he leaves the example of a spotless character, and to the thinning lines of Confederate soldiers he bequeaths a stainless name.



B. M. COOK.



MISS MARY AMELIA SMITH.

[See Sketch of this Noble, Faithful Daughter in January VETERAN, page 32.]

CREDIT TO WHEELER CLAIMED FOR OTHERS.

[C. M. Calhoun in Columbia (S. C.) State.]

I exceedingly regret to brand again certain communications appearing in the September *VETERAN* bearing on the part taken by Generals Hampton, Butler, and Wheeler in the charge on General Kilpatrick's camp on the morning of March 10, 1865, as infamous and false. Such would not have been written if either of the three were now living. I had hoped that abler pens than mine would have answered these untruthful charges against our command and commanders. Finding none, I take up the cudgel myself in defense of right and justice.

Years ago there appeared in the *VETERAN* an account of this battle by one of General Wheeler's men, giving the former all credit and not once mentioning Generals Hampton and Butler. I took it upon myself to reply. The *VETERAN* refused to publish it, saying, "Our pages are not open to controversy. You might be mistaken as well as they."

While General Wheeler and his command possessed many good fighting qualities, yet neither he nor his men were immune to many bad ones. It is a well-known fact that they as a whole or in part were badly disciplined, and were greatly dreaded even by their friends at times. It is also a well-known fact that there was great dissatisfaction among them when General Hampton was placed in command, superseding General Wheeler.

Now as to the point at issue, I will give their side of this fight; next I will see what Kilpatrick said; next, Generals Hampton and Butler; and, lastly, what came under my own observation, letting the reader draw his own conclusion as to praise or censure in this conflict.

W. G. Allen, of Dayton, Tenn., says: "On March 9, 1865, General Wheeler laid the plan of the early morning attack of the 10th on Kilpatrick's camp. When near the point we were to occupy, we bogged so that but few of the men got through. [Mark this last expression.] General Wheeler brought on the attack. W. S. Redderick, of the 5th Tennessee, told me he was the first man to reach Kilpatrick's quarters and he had left his sword, uniform, and boots; also a woman, presumably his wife. I did not see General Butler and General Wheeler did not speak of him. W. S. Redderick is an elder of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church." I suppose the fact of his being an elder makes the above declaration beyond dispute.

Report of Joseph A. Jones, Company K, 51st Alabama: "We marched all day March 9 in a rain. At 3 A.M. on the 10th we were halted and ordered to dismount, and on the appearance of day moved to the top of the hill in front of us, where we beheld the sleeping camp of 8,000 of Kilpatrick's cavalry well armed and mounted. General Wheeler from 2 A.M. on March 10 had gone around Kilpatrick's camp, dismounted, with his escort and had captured all the pickets and reserves; and when our brigade of Alabamians went into line of battle, we could see over the entire camp, and I saw but one Federal soldier stirring. It was a complete surprise. General Wheeler dashed up to General Hampton, saying, 'With your permission I will dismount my men, making the capture of the entire camp sure.' With quiet dignity General Hampton replied: 'General Wheeler, as a cavalryman I prefer making this capture mounted.' The cyclonic operations following this bugle sound can better be imagined than described. General Butler commanded the Hampton Legion (this legion was then a part of Gen. Mart Gary's command in Virginia)."

Continuing, this writer of history says: "A few minutes after the fight began I saw the South Carolinians, with

Wheeler in their front begging them to go forward to the assistance of their comrades, but they refused."

Sam Bennett, another Richmond in the field, who saw from afar off, says: "Our regiment was within three hundred yards of the house where Kilpatrick ran from. We captured his spotted pony and gave it to Wheeler. I don't know anything of General Butler being there."

Soldiers of Hampton and Butler, what have you to say of such slander? What about it, Gen. U. R. Brooks, a courier of Butler? What about it, Major Eison and Capt. Hugh Scott, two famous scouts of Hampton and Butler?

Now let us see what Kilpatrick has to say. He gives Hampton and Butler some recognition at least:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY COMMAND IN THE FIELD,
March 11, 1865.

"I rode through one of General Hampton's divisions, which at 11 P.M. had flanked General Atkins. My escort of fifteen men were captured, but I escaped with my staff. General Hampton had marched all day and rested his men about three miles from Colonel Jordan's position at 2 A.M., and just before daylight charged my position with three divisions of cavalry. Hampton led the center, and in less than a minute had driven back my men, taken possession of my headquarters, captured my aids, and the whole command was flying before the most formidable cavalry charge I have ever witnessed. Colonel Spencer and my staff were virtually taken prisoners. On foot I succeeded in reaching my retreating columns in a swamp, whose penetration was impossible to friend or foe."

We charged with only two small brigades, Butler's and Young's of Georgia, forming as it did a part of Butler's Division sent back from Virginia.

Now as to General Butler's version of the fight, as often related in private and public speeches. The reader will see he is very mild and says but little of General Wheeler. I will give only a synopsis of it: "With a small bodyguard, riding at the head of the column on the night previous to the charge of Kilpatrick's camp, I spied a troop of cavalry approaching. I hailed them and found they were a company of Kilpatrick's men returning to picket the road. I ordered them to advance, at the same time opening my column; and when they did so, I captured the whole bunch without the firing of a gun. Seeing the predicament the enemy's camp was now in, I immediately communicated the situation to General Hampton, when plans were made to charge the enemy's camp at daylight. General Wheeler was also notified. He was on another road, and was to make the charge on his side at the first sound of our guns. I sent some of my scouts into the camp to locate Kilpatrick's headquarters, which they did. At the dawn of day I placed these men thirty feet in front of my column and told them that at the command to charge they were to make right for Kilpatrick's camp and capture him. He ran out in his night clothes and escaped capture. After many charges had been made wherever any of the enemy could be found, General Wheeler rode up, remarking, 'General, where are your men?' General Butler replied: 'Scattered like —! Where is your command?' General Wheeler replied: 'We could not get across a certain swamp to your assistance.'"

I have never heard General Hampton's report of the battle, but when he met Kilpatrick under flag of truce at the armistice, Kilpatrick remarked: "I had been working hard for promotion to a major generalship; but when I heard the Rebel yell of your command right in my camp, I said: 'Well, after all these years, all is lost.'"

Now, this is quite long enough; yet I will beg leave to tell only what I saw and nothing of what I heard, and I propose to be impartial too.

Butler's and Young's badly depleted brigades formed then Butler's Division, Hampton's command of it, and Wheeler's Cavalry. We had been in the saddle for many days without a square meal, sometimes in front, sometimes in the rear of the enemy. Some time in the day of March 9, 1865, we struck upon Kilpatrick's trail and followed it until we saw a deserted camp with fires still burning. Halting but a minute or two, we marched on in the darkness a short distance in a drizzling rain, and soon halted again. My regiment and company was leading the column. At this moment I saw the outline of a party of men under guard being taken back along the line to the rear. Some one remarked: "Our scouts have captured their pickets." We were then marched a mile or so and halted and dismounted, awaiting daylight. The order was passed down in undertone to mount and move forward. Soon we saw the sleeping camp of the enemy. Butler's Brigade soon formed into line, led by General Hampton in person, General Young's brigade, led by General Butler, being at right angles with ours, forming a half square; while General Wheeler, not being with us, but on another road, I suppose was to bring up the other side of the square.

Butler's Brigade, to which I belonged, charged in on the prison side of the enemy's camp, when several hundred Confederates they had as prisoners broke their guard and came, meeting us on the first sound of the Rebel yell. This somewhat disconcerted some of our men at first, and, sad to say, one overjoyous fellow was shot with his arms around the neck of one of our trooper's horse. Several charges were made back and forth, often by companies, wherever a squad of the enemy was in sight. The proudest man I saw was Abe Broadwater, who captured a major, getting a fine horse, watch, and \$135 in greenbacks. Many hand-to-hand fights were had by individual soldiers. My captain's life was saved by another.

Our boys for a time had things their own way. Finally there were few of the enemy to be found. It surely was a grand achievement, and would have had no dark side had our troops then been called off, for up to this time our loss was quite small indeed. It must be remembered that our men were starved out. There was nothing in the commissary and less in our stomachs, for virtually we were then living on air and but little water, not being allowed at times to quench the thirst of man or horse when crossing a stream. In this condition is it not natural for the men, after the enemy had been routed and they were left in the possession of a camp rich in everything to satisfy a hungry man, to make greedily for those things? The enemy, no doubt, anticipated this, rallied, and, being re-enforced, came down upon us.

It was at this time that General Wheeler made his appearance and had the conversation with General Butler. Now I ask if General Wheeler could not carry out his part of the plan and cross a certain swamp that the enemy fled to, where was his command when he himself came? But these Wheelerites attempted to write history after these three noted generals are dead, trying to make it appear that they did it all, even to the first charge of the enemy's camp, when, like Sampson at Santiago, they were many miles off. I have serious doubts if his loss of the few that did finally come to our assistance with Wheeler would amount to a score of men, while my company alone lost half of its men, and did not leave the ground until called off by our commander.

Kilpatrick must have had many horses, for I saw two that we captured at his headquarters, and they were roans and not spotted.

I did not see Kilpatrick myself, but was told by a batch of prisoners I went out with that after running out in his night clothes he mounted a horse without saddle or bridle and made his escape. One of our men, dashing up, asked, "Where is Kilpatrick?" and was told by Kilpatrick himself: "There he goes—on that horse." It proved to be one of his aids, which were all captured, but he saved his own hide thereby.

Wheeler's men might just as well claim the victory over a company of the enemy on the streets of Fayetteville next day as to lay claim to this. It is really a worse case than Sampson and Schley, or of the old man, Betsey, and the bear.

THE OTHER SIDE AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

BY W. H. MORRIS, CO. B, 10TH OHIO VOLS., SUNBURY, OHIO.

As you are publishing communications on the fight near Fayetteville, N. C., and as they are very interesting to me, I thought it might be of some interest to your readers to know what force was opposed to them.

We had been crossing the head of the Pedee River (on the 9th of March), which was mostly swamp, and the Confederate cavalry was crossing the river a mile to our left, and after crossing we came to where the roads forked. Our 1st and 3d Brigades were in advance, and they moved on, and then the Confederates moved on the same road; then our 2d Brigade moved on the same road. Thus Wheeler and Hampton were sandwiched between our 1st and 3d Brigades and our 2d Brigade.

Not knowing this, Kilpatrick, being with the 1st and 3d Brigades, did not throw out a rear guard, supposing our 2d Brigade was in his rear, which was the reason that he was

surprised. Our 2d Brigade came up to the Confederate camp and formed a line without being discovered, and we expected to charge through the camp in the night. I confess I did not like the prospect, as I was on the extreme left. But we got orders to take another road around to our left; and when we came to that road, Hardee's Corps, or what was left of Hood's army, was marching on it, and we could not go that way. I felt that I would rather go back and attack the Confederate camp that was asleep. But we found a citizen



W. H. MORRIS.

who for \$500 in greenbacks and \$5,000 in Confederate money agreed to pilot our 2d Brigade around to our right; so the 2d Brigade was not in the fight, but was four miles off at the time.

Our 1st Brigade was made up of the 3d and 8th Indiana, 2d and 3d Kentucky, and the 9th Pennsylvania. The 3d Brigade was composed of the 1st Alabama (white), 5th Ken-

tucky, 5th Ohio, 13th Pennsylvania, and three hundred dismounted men, also the 23d New York Light Battery and the 10th Wisconsin Light Battery.

That was all that were in the fight at Fayetteville—a force between 3,500 and 4,000 strong. Our brigade was about 1,500 strong. Our 2d Brigade consisted of the 92d Illinois Mounted Infantry, 9th Michigan, 9th and 10th Ohio, and McLaughlin's Ohio Squadron.

MR. MORRIS REPORTS CAPTURE OF COL. ALFRED RHETT.

We had forty picked scouts from the division—there was one from my company—and they were dressed in gray and went in and out of the Confederate lines almost with impunity. At a small skirmish in North Carolina (I think before we got to Fayetteville) Col. Alfred Rhett was in front of his line when our scouts rode out of his line and up to him and told him he was a prisoner, and if he made any resistance they would kill him. Then the scouts ordered him to lead them and brought him in our lines.

I remember him as about twenty-five or thirty years old, about five feet six inches tall. He was dressed in a new uniform and was as clean as a new pin. He was brought into our lines near where I was. He had on a very fine pair of patent leather boots, and the boys said they were so small that none of us could get them on.

Our scouts were commanded by a lieutenant who was a North Carolinian and had (to me) the peculiar speech of the Southern people, which kept the scouts from being detected.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY DR. E. W. WATKINS, ELIJAH, GA.

I was in the fight near Fayetteville, N. C., and no event of the war left a more vivid recollection. I belonged to Company D, 6th Georgia Cavalry (John R. Hart), under Wheeler.

On March 9, 1865, Wheeler's Brigade marched slowly in a misty rain most of the day, moving toward Fayetteville, N. C., and when night came we continued to march until about 2 or 3 A.M. of the 10th. During the march after nightfall, while riding leisurely along, it being rather dark, to my surprise, I discovered a Yankee riding in our columns by my side, which I reported to our commander at the head of our column. A halt was made and a detail of picked men given me with orders to go back after our rear guard, which we supposed had a number of prisoners. On going back no guard was found, but in lieu of that a column of Yankees who had captured our guard and prisoners. Returning and reporting this, we were halted. The Yankees were marching on a parallel road and soon "mixed up with us." We remained here until just before day. In the meantime we were within from four to six hundred yards of where Kilpatrick went into camp. While resting Wheeler went in person, with staff and some other men, and captured all sentinels placed on picket; so when day dawned, we had nothing to do but to ride on into their camp, which we did without the firing of a gun.

It was now daylight, and the head of our column rode up to the top of the ridge to a cabin which I took to be an old schoolhouse, where Kilpatrick's headquarters were. I was within one hundred and twenty-five yards of the headquarters, as I was in the sixth company (D) and necessarily down toward the foot of the hill. The Yankees, being surprised, hustled out from under their little tents, some with pants on, others with only their night clothing, carrying their guns, and ran across the ridge. No firing was done as we went in on them. They ran out, leaving all horses and equipage. The Yanks fell back over the hill, formed, and came back, then

the fight began. I dismounted, picked out the best horse I could find, saddled him with the best saddle, picked out good equipage, saddlebags, blankets, etc., and mounted. Having a led horse now, I was not in much fix for fighting, and too many others were like me in equipping themselves instead of fighting. My excuse was that I had lost two good horses—one shot under me, the other captured with me—and I was trying to play even.

As I saw it, the 6th Georgia Regiment under Wheeler were the first Confederate troops to reach Kilpatrick (no other troops in sight); but when the mix-up came, others came in and participated. We fought until eleven or twelve that day, having our orderly sergeant killed and some others wounded.

THE FAYETTEVILLE (N. C.) ROAD FIGHT.

BY JOHN W. DU BOSE, ALLENVILLE, ALA.

On March 5, 1865, General Wheeler, accompanied by McKnight and Nance, privates in a Texas regiment, swam the Yadkin River, then in extraordinary flood and about a mile wide, leaving the command on the Southern side. The anxiety of the General was to know the respective routes that had been taken by Hardee after crossing the Pedee at Cheraw and by Sherman's cavalry under Kilpatrick. It was believed at Cheraw that Sherman intended to reach the rear of Lee at Petersburg by way of Charlotte and Lynchburg. But after Hardee crossed on the Cheraw bridge, immediately burned by Gen. M. C. Butler, it was ascertained that Sherman was marching for Fayetteville, and not for Charlotte. Wheeler, therefore, considered it his duty to communicate with Hardee at all hazards. The oldest river men had never seen higher water nor a more angry current. No boat could live in it. The flats had all been taken away, in fact, to prevent their use by the foe.

On the 7th Wheeler found that Captain Shannon, commander of his scouts, with about thirty-five men, had crossed at a ferry higher up. He took command in person, and, coming upon a marauding party of Kilpatrick's, charged them and killed a considerable number.

The river subsided rapidly, and on the 8th the entire command crossed. Up to this time the two commands, Wheeler's and Butler's, had never operated as one. Hampton, among other South Carolina officers of distinction, had been ordered to his State from the Army of Northern Virginia for political effect, and Hampton was promoted over his senior, Wheeler, for political reasons. It was Lieutenant General Hampton, commanding Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler's division, about 800 strong, and Maj. Gen. Joseph Wheeler's corps of several divisions, about 4,000 strong.

It must be said in acknowledgment of the high-bred courtesy of Hampton that he studiously avoided any show of authority over Wheeler that was avoidable. He assumed the duties the government had assigned to him without his consent, but he gave Wheeler free rein. He never went into a fight to command him, and always treated him with studied consideration in personal and official contact. It was only one among other evidences of his greatness.

On the 9th it was ascertained that Kilpatrick was between Hampton, on the march, and Hardee at Fayetteville. Something had to be done, and done without delay. Kilpatrick had been passing from one detachment of his command to another during the day of the 9th. A part of the time he rode in the carriage of the gentleman in the low country of South Caro-

lina whom he had robbed. In the carriage was the girl he had brought out from Savannah to escort home in security to her friends in the North. Lieut. H. Clay Reynolds, of Shannon's Scouts, had been captured during some daring feat on the night of the 8th. All next day his captors made him march afoot and a part of the time trailing behind the carriage of the invading general, who lay with his head in the girl's lap for greater consolation in troublous times. Reynolds wore a pair of hightop boots, the like of which it would not be easy to find in any shoe store in the Confederacy. His captors removed them and put on him a pair of brogans that blistered his soles and wore off both big toe nails. On the night of the 9th he escaped, as was usual with him, and he rejoined his command for the serious work it was to engage in at dawn of the 10th.

In the gloaming of the evening of the 9th General Butler, riding at the head of Humphrey's Regiment of his own troops, saw in the short distance some troops approaching on a fork road. Speaking low, he inquired of the colonel who they were. Humphreys did not know. He had out no detachment. Quick as thought Butler halted Humphreys and rode alone to the junction of the two roads. "Who comes there?" he shouted. "Fifth Kentucky," answered the officer commanding. "Ride forward, sir. I would confer with you." The officer, with an orderly, approached. Butler turned his horse, requesting the officer to follow. As the two struck the head of Humphreys's column Butler drew his revolver, pressed it against the head of the captive officer, and commanded his surrender. Humphreys was required to go with his command to surround the 5th Kentucky, which was captured without firing a gun. General Kilpatrick himself was with that detachment at that moment, but escaped with his staff.

General Butler immediately reported this occurrence to General Hampton. Scouts were sent out, and on their report Hampton ordered all his command, Wheeler and Butler, to attack the enemy's camp at dawn next day.

Kilpatrick reported: "Hampton had marched all day and rested his men about three miles from Colonel Jordan's position at two o'clock in the morning, and just before daylight charged my position with three divisions of cavalry, Humes's, Allen's, and Butler's. Hampton led the center division (Butler's), and in less than a minute had driven back my people and taken possession of my headquarters, captured the artillery, and the whole command was fleeing before the most formidable cavalry charge I ever have witnessed. Colonel Spencer and a large part of my staff were virtually taken prisoners."

Wheeler and Butler in personal letters to this writer say that General Hampton was not on the field. Wheeler was the ranking officer on the field. I attach here a personal letter written by one of Shannon's Scouts, a sergeant of that command. He is a gentleman of the highest standing in the business world, one of several brothers, natives of Alabama, who were prominent Confederate soldiers and later distinguished civilians:

"DALLAS, TEX., August 15, 1911.

"Shannon's Scouts were in the lead (of the column in order of attack) when General Wheeler came forward in the darkness and ordered Captain Shannon to go out and capture the pickets, and to do so if possible without firing a gun. This was done. We captured the videttes and then the reserve. Captain Shannon was anxious to locate General Kilpatrick's

headquarters and to locate 118 of our men who were prisoners. He sent Joe Rogers and B. Peebles into the camp on foot, and they located both. As Rogers and Peebles came back they brought two horses each. General Wheeler rode up just as they came back, and Captain Shannon told him that two of his men had just been in the enemy's camp. General Wheeler had them to tell him all about where the prisoners were and where General Kilpatrick's headquarters were. He seemed astonished that they could bring out the horses.

"General Wheeler then ordered Captain Shannon to place his scouts around close up as pickets, which was done. Burke, from the 11th Texas, and myself, from the 51st Alabama, were placed on the right about one hundred yards from the sleeping enemy. While sitting on our horses and keeping a strict watch for any movement, we heard some one coming from the direction of our command on horseback. We sat alert, with pistols cocked, waiting for him to ride up, as we were too close to the enemy to challenge him. When he rode up, we discovered that it was General Wheeler; and as he knew each member of the scouts by name, I said: 'This is Hardie, General.' He asked: 'Where are the enemy?' Pointing to them, I said: 'There they are, General.' 'What, that near and all asleep?' he said. 'Won't we have a picnic at daylight?' 'What brigade is in front, General?' I asked. 'The Alabama brigade,' he answered. I said: 'I wish it was the Texas brigade because they are armed with six-shooters. 'The Texas brigade is just behind the Alabama and will charge on the right,' he replied.

"The Alabama brigade, with the escort, General Wheeler and Shannon's Scouts, charged the center, where were General Kilpatrick's headquarters and where our men were held as prisoners.

"The Texas brigade ran into a marsh and had to turn back, but they were turned to the left and soon came up and joined in with the others, but still a little to the right of the Alabama brigade.

"As soon as our men who were prisoners heard the shots they told the guards: 'That is Wheeler charging; you had better save yourselves.' The guard dashed away and the prisoners began to help themselves to arms, horses, and whatever they wanted. They secured all of General Kilpatrick's personal horses. He had two fine stallions—one a little spotted horse and the other a large black. The spotted horse was secured by a man named Scales, of the 51st Alabama, who also got General Kilpatrick's sword and pistols. * * * * General Kilpatrick left his hat, coat, pants, sword, and pistols, etc. Butler's Division charged on our right and entered the enemy's camp as soon as we did. A. F. HARDIE."

A continuation of the narrative is made from the account of Edward Kennedy, then a youth and member of Shannon's Scouts, now a responsible man of business in Alabama. Among other things of interest, he tells how the bugler of General Kilpatrick's headquarters stood while it was not yet light with the mouthpiece at his lips and breath drawn. At the instant Pelote, Wheeler's bugler, riding by the General's side, sounded the charge. "To-day I feel the blood tingle in my finger tips as that bugle call returns to me," writes Kennedy. Kilpatrick's bugler never sounded the note.

General Kilpatrick told General Butler in Washington that he had just stepped from his door to walk around, as was his habit, to see his horses fed in the early morning, when he saw the gray cavalymen in full charge. Perhaps so. Did major general on a damp and chilly March morning ever before

walk out without boots or hat, without trousers or cloak to see his horses fed? Some Alabamians saw the commander of Sherman's Cavalry leap dishabille from the low window of his bedroom, and five Alabamians claim to have shot at him as he ran.

Lieutenant Reynolds tells how in the fighting General Wheeler rode up to him, saying: "Come with me. I have neither staff nor escort." The Lieutenant remarked: "General, we are between our line and the enemy's, and both are shooting this way." "Never mind that; we must keep our men advancing," said the General, and the two rode on, cheering as they went.

[This account of the fight at Fayetteville, N. C., is contributed by Mr. DuBose from his book on "General Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee," now in process of publication. Much has appeared in the *VETERAN* about this Fayetteville fight in the last year or so, and the vivid account here given of what was but a minor engagement of that command promises much for the book. The Nance mentioned as having swum the river with General Wheeler was not an Alabamian, but a Tennessean, a resident of Nashville, and when in Nashville General Wheeler would always see him. He was a bugler.—EDITOR *VETERAN*.]

THE BOY CADETS AT NEW MARKET, VA.

BY WALTER A. CLARK, AUGUSTA, GA.

I wrote the following verses some years ago in general recognition of the gallantry of the boyish corps whose timely aid saved the Confederacy from serious disaster. I reproduce them here in special memory of Dr. John F. Bransford, who began his military life as a boy cadet in this gallant charge and whose whole career as a surgeon and soldier was marked by a lifelong heroism and soldierly devotion to duty.

In May, 1864, General Lee's communications with the Shenandoah Valley were seriously threatened by the advance of General Sigel's Federal command upon Staunton, Va. Lee's army was confronted by a force so largely its superior in numbers that no troops could be spared from its lines, and Breckinridge's two small divisions seemed entirely inadequate to check the movement. General Lee was reluctant to use the boy cadets at the Virginia Military Institute, but the emergency was so great that the order was finally given. As they filed into camp the old soldiers greeted them with the nursery song of "Rock-a-By Baby," but they fought like veterans, capturing four pieces of artillery and a hundred prisoners and losing in killed and wounded 56 of the 225 boys in line.

General Breckinridge had shared General Lee's reluctance to subjecting these young lads to the horrors of war, and had ordered them held in reserve, but through misconception or disregard of his instructions they were placed in the center of the battle line. As they moved with faultless step through the lead-smitten air, Breckinridge turned his head away—the sight was too pathetic even for his soldierly eyes.

On the college ground the boys had played
With their mimic drill and their dress parade,
But the time had come that wartime spring
To give them a taste of the real thing.

Far up the valley came Sigel's Corps
With his horse and foot and his guns galore,
And to stem the tide there were barely then
Four thousand of Echols and Wharton's men.

So the order came for the boy cadets
To fight by the side of the war-worn "vets."
And forth they marched at the battle cry,
Ready to dare and ready to die.

Their dress was new and their guns were bright,
And their step was true and trim and light,
And their girlish faces smooth and fair
As they marched to war with a jaunty air.

On the battle line they filed in place
With a faultless step and a boyish grace,
While across the plain the "blue" drums roll
And cannon are bristling from every knoll.

"Sling knapsacks!" falls from the leader's lips,
And to fighting trim each fair boy strips,
While he nervously tightens his battle gear,
And the drawn lips whiten, but not with fear.

Then "Forward the line!" and the ranks are game,
Though the enemy's guns are belching flame,
And the missiles are playing hide and seek
As they rend the air with a fiendish shriek.

The ridge is passed; there's a flash and a roar,
And five of the boys are stretched in gore
By a villainous rifle shell—and then
The orderly sings out: "Close up, men!"

And they close the ranks and press straight on,
With never a falter, never a groan,
While the marching front as they near the "blue"
Seems straight as the line of a field review.

From the gullied lane the foe is pressed,
But he stands at bay on the plateau's crest,
While his shot and shell sad breaches tore
In the tender ranks of the boyish corps.

But on they go through the leaden hail
And on, though the tender faces pale;
And on to the flash of the smoking gun,
Though the lads are dropping one by one.

Their leader falls, but a stripling hand
A bright sword waves as he takes command
And leads them on through the crimson rain
To the goal, that thunder across the plain.

And now they're up with Wharton's men,
And the ranks are halted and formed again;
And then with a rush and a yell they go,
And the day is won from the routed foe.

But alas! on the cruel path they trod
Their young blood reddened the battle sod,
And many a face so young and fair
Lay cold and still in the soft spring air.

Ah! never before on hill or plain
Has the hand of war reaped fairer grain
Than it garnered in that grim May day
From the ranks of the boy cadets in gray.

And when in the South's great Pantheon
Her hero dead shall be carved in stone,
Far up by the side of the war-worn "vets"
Will be graven the names of the "Boy Cadets."

SEVERE CAVALRY FIGHTING AT CHICKAMAUGA.

FROM ACCOUNT BY LIEUT. W. G. ALLEN.

On Saturday morning, September 19, 1863, about two o'clock our brigade was ordered from Leas Springs back to the Red House Bridge. Before we reached the bridge we encountered the enemy. Colonel Scott ordered Lieut. Col. Hal Gillespie, who was in command of Colonel Ashby's 2d Tennessee (Colonel Ashby was absent on account of wounds), to take the bridge. Colonel Gillespie ordered Captain Owens, who was commanding that splendid Knoxville company, to charge the enemy's picket post. He drove them half a mile, when he ran into an ambush, where that gallant officer and seven of the company were killed and many others wounded. The narrow road was filled with dead men and horses.

The 2d Tennessee came to a sudden halt, and the 5th Tennessee was ordered forward. We passed through a thick growth of scrub pine higher than our heads. We struck the enemy's left flank, and drove them across the Chattanooga and Ringgold road. They fell back some half a mile and formed a new line.

Colonel Scott ordered our line forward. The enemy soon gave way and formed a new line. By this time we could hear General Pegram's artillery on our right and Colonel Scott's two pieces on our left. Again we were ordered forward, and their line again fell back. They fell back and took position on the opposite side of a field about one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a low wet-weather drainage near the center. They had been reinforced with a battery. Their sharpshooters and our advance had kept up a continuous fire for several hours. Our right rested on an elevation where Colonel McKenzie could see along the line. Their cannon were raking our line, making our men lay low. Colonel McKenzie ordered the adjutant to take Companies A and D and capture the battery. I rode down the line under cover of the rise that was protecting our men. Giving my bridle to one of the boys, I gave Capt. Jack Ragan the colors of Companies A and D and started in a run for the battery. We had gone but a short distance when Captain Ragan and Lieuts. Sam Wilson, Sam Croxton, and M. D. Lunksford all fell together with over half of these two fine companies. Just before we reached the battery they unlimbered and drew it back, and a brigade of infantry rose up and poured a heavy volley at us; but they overshot us. I then ordered the men to take shelter behind a house just to our left. In a ravine beyond the house we ran upon a regiment of Federals under cover of the branch bank. I told the boys they were there and commenced to fire my pistol into their line. They poured a volley into our small squad, and seven men fell. They pierced my left arm and my left lung each with an ounce ball which came out just below my shoulder blade and another through my right leg. I told the boys I was wounded and to fall back.

We had gone but a short distance when they opened fire on us again with canister and grape shot. A shot struck William Carwin's leg and cut it nearly off. He fell and said: "Here, Green Nelson, take my pistol. I don't want the d—d Yankees to get it." Nelson was supporting me. I told him to carry Carwin out. Only a few men of these few gallant companies got under shelter of the woods without wounds. Every commissioned officer had fallen, and Orderly Sergeant J. D. Guinn, of Company D, was in command of the remnant of Companies A and D. Dr. Sam Day soon started with me and the others to the field hospital, the blood coming out of my mouth and six gunshot holes. As we passed to the rear

I remember the top of a pine tree, cut off by a cannon shot, falling in front of us. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground with many others, and a boy, John Loyd, was standing over me. I sent for Dr. Day. When he came, I asked him to pull a handkerchief through me. He said I would not know the difference in a few hours. He tied a strip of domestic around my sore breast and leg. I then sent for the brigade surgeon, but he refused to do anything, saying: "You cannot live." I then sent Loyd after the division surgeon. He spoke in a foreign tongue, but I could understand his swearing. He said: "No need of doing anything; you can't live." They are all dead and I am still here by the will of the good Lord.

I determined I would not go to the hospital; so I sent Loyd to bring my gentle horse from our headquarters' wagon. It was ten or eleven o'clock when he got back. I was getting very weak and sore. He helped me on my horse, and we rode away from the dead and dying toward Ringgold. I rode as long as I could, would then lie down on the ground and rest, remount, and ride again as far as I could. I had lost a great deal of blood. There was a heavy frost that night, and I nearly froze.

At sunup Sunday morning, the 20th, I was at Ringgold. I passed through the gap of the mountain south of Ringgold and turned southwest down Dogwood Valley, riding awhile and then lying on the ground. I could hear the roar of the cannons and wondered how many of that noble army would be left. Late in the evening I became so weak I could go no farther. I dismounted in front of a large house, and soon an old gentleman, J. C. Blackstock, and wife came out to me. The old lady called to Annie and Angeline to fix the parlor bed, but I asked for a back room and a cot. While they were preparing the bed I became so weak and stiff that I could not get up. They helped me to the bed. Soon the old lady sent in one of the girls with a cup of coffee. I had not eaten anything for forty-eight hours. The old gentleman, with Loyd's help, removed my dirty, bloody clothes and put a clean undersuit on me. I asked them to take a large bucket and drive a nail through the bottom so drops of water would fall all the time and suspend it over my bed, and while awake or asleep the water dripped on my breast and arm. There I lay for two long weeks, with that good old father and mother ministering to my wants as far as was in their power. I have often thanked the good Lord for their kindness to me.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND, MISS.

BY DAN DONNELL, ATHENS, TEX.

I belonged to Company C, 7th Texas (Granbury's) Regiment, Greer's Brigade. We met the enemy in an open field and fought nearly all day, driving them back through the field, although against great odds. About 3 p.m. we came to a creek in a skirt of woods, and there came a standstill. An order came down the line for us to go on to the top of the hill, and our company went on about a hundred yards in advance of the regiment. Of the thirty-three men in our company, only one got back to the regiment. That was Frank Henderson. I was wounded through the neck and shoulder and left on the field until in the night, when the Yankees carried us back some two miles to the house of an old man named McDonald. He had a good many bales of cotton in his yard, and these the Yankees tore to pieces and made beds for the wounded. The next day they built a brush arbor over us to keep off the sun. The day after excessive rain fell. I

thought we would all be drowned. McDonald was very kind to us, and he had a daughter, Elmira, who did what she could. She gave me a good shirt and dressed my wound.

I think we stayed at McDonald's farm four days, when the Yankees moved us to Raymond and put us in the courthouse, where the ladies of Raymond visited us every day, bringing what they could for us to eat. Of them, I remember Miss Martha Dabney and Miss Elmira McDonald. I would like to hear from any of them. I am now past "three-score and ten."

WHAT A MISTAKE BY A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAN!

BY P. J. NOYES, LANCASTER, N. H.

The VETERAN was subscribed for and sent to me by an old Confederate soldier. I have read it with interest, but not much satisfaction. If I judge rightly, it reflects the aims of certain ladies of the South, exploiting an active propaganda having for its object the perpetuation and intensifying of sectional hatred, glorifying the "Lost Cause" [note the source whence this term is used.—ED. VETERAN.], and inculcating in the minds of the youth of the South that object of patriotism is to watch and wait for the opportunity to strike the blow that will destroy this government and establish a Southern Confederacy on its ruins. This organization of Southern women, with their sinister, revolutionary teachings and influence, I believe to be the most dangerous element in this country to-day, and your magazine is the medium through which this dangerous influence is being disseminated.

All sensible women and men in the South know that had the South succeeded it would have been the greatest disaster that ever befell humanity. It would have meant the end of human liberty, and the down-trodden of the earth would have gazed at the spectacle in helpless despair. This nation, instead of now being in a position to dictate terms to the world, would have been a lot of warring, insignificant republics, the laughingstock of the world.

It is right and proper that the people of the South should glorify and keep in memory the heroic deeds of the splendid men who fought and of the sacrifices of its Spartan women.

I was a Northern soldier and fought through the entire war, and I have the highest respect for the men whom we met and fought. Many of my best friends are Confederates. I have given money at times for the relief and comfort of the suffering in Confederate homes, and shall do it as often as opportunity offers. I have the deepest sympathy for the Confederate veteran, but nothing but contempt for those, North or South, who are engaged in perpetuating and exaggerating sectional hatred, and for those who by their teachings and influence become potential traitors to the best, most prosperous, and freest government on the face of the earth.

There are many things that the people of the South cannot and should not forget, prominent among which is the Reconstruction criminal farce. That was the act of politicians, and should not be charged to Northern sentiment, per se; but repugnant as this crime was, it does not furnish any excuse for an attempt to destroy the government.

You must admit that the government is extremely lenient—and in my estimation criminally negligent—in permitting the Confederate flag to be displayed on public occasions. It teaches the youth to reverence the emblem of treason and conversely to hate the flag of their country. The people of the South had better exert their energies in the development of their splendid resources rather than in debauching their youth, which must ultimately result in their own destruction.

[What a pity that this comrade of the blue is so in-

congruous in his comment! The "Spartan women" to whom he refers are these same Daughters of the Confederacy, their daughters and their granddaughters. With knowledge acquired by being present at every general convention of the great organization, U. D. C., the Editor of the VETERAN does not recall one of them in which during the proceedings there was not manifestation of the profoundest reverence for the principles of government founded by their ancestors and genuine reverence for the flag that was adopted by the approval of George Washington and under which many of his soldiers died. Mr. Noyes is one of the few Union veterans who have so seriously misconstrued the purposes of the noblest, most unselfish, and most patriotic body of Christian women on earth. Don't seek to destroy the Confederate flag and its memories. There is not enough power in the world to do that. Reconstruction days are past. Mr. Noyes doesn't understand the situation at all. There has long been a gush about "old glory" by the ninety days' G. A. R. men that retards reconciliation.]

A CONFEDERATE RELIC IN MAINE.

BY A. I. MATHER, ROCKLAND, MAINE.

I have in my possession a pocket formulary and physicians' manual of Thomas S. Powell, M.D., at Sparta, Ga., found in an unoccupied house on April 23, 1865, some twenty miles south of Petersburg. The house had been occupied by the Confederates as a hospital. The book in question is in diary form 4x6 inches fastened with a flap and much worn. The book is stained in places as though nitrate of silver had been carried in the little pocket at the back of the book. A name written in the book in pencil is indistinct. It appears to be W. B. Trim or W. B. Prim or Prince. The initials of W. B. T. or W. B. P. are well pronounced. I would be pleased to restore the souvenir to a proper claimant.

I served in the 3d Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac.

"SCRIMMAGE" NEAR LANCASTER, S. C.

S. E. Belk, of Monroe, N. C., writes of a "little scrimmage" that took place at his old home, seven miles north of Lancaster, S. C., and near the North Carolina line, during Sherman's raid. It was late in February or early in March that about fifteen members of Kilpatrick's Cavalry went one morning to his humble log cabin home and immediately proceeded to rifle the smokehouse, tying the meat to their horses. Some of Wheeler's Cavalry came in on them, so the meat was cut loose and the robbers tried to escape, with Wheeler's men close after them. During the chase one of the Federals, named Leroy Vanconey, was killed. He had letters from Ohio in his pockets. Two others, Smith and Williams, were wounded and captured. Wheeler's men went back by the house and told Mrs. Belk to get some help and have the wounded men brought there. She and her daughter went out and brought back Smith in a sheet; the other could walk. Mr. Belk's mother and sister dressed their wounds and kept them until the next evening, when an ambulance was sent for them from their camp under flag of truce. As the creek near the house was very high, the ambulance could not be brought across; so the Federals took their wounded comrades in sheets across a foot log to the ambulance. It was learned that Smith died that night.

Mr. Belk says: "Vanconey was buried near where I was born and lived until twenty-one years old. I was out with the sixteen-year-old boys from Lancaster when this little engagement took place."

OFFICERS OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

The following are the officers of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., elected at the last State convention held at Meridian, Miss., May 2-5, 1911: Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President, West Point; Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Honorary President, Raymond; Miss Mary Harrison, Vice President, Columbus; Mrs. Mary R. Wallace, Honorary Vice President, Beauvoir; Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, Recording Secretary, Starkville; Mrs. Minnie G. Cavett, Corresponding Secretary, Tupelo; Mrs. Willie Marmon, Treasurer, Tupelo; Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Historian, Jackson; Miss Lizzie Craft, Registrar, Holly Springs; Mrs. Madge H. Holmes, Organizer, Hattiesburg; Mrs. Perle Lyle Harris, Recorder of Crosses, Collierville, Tenn.; Mrs. Lizzie Hunter Blewett, Editor Official Organ.



MRS. S. E. F. ROSE.

Mrs. Rose was Miss Laura Martin, a member of one of the most prominent families of Giles County and Tennessee. She is one of the most zealous and best known of the U. D. C. workers. It was she who, when her name was presented in the Richmond Convention, U. D. C., in November for Historian General, promptly declined in favor of Miss Rutherford, who had already been proposed. And it was her resolution in behalf of the VETERAN that resulted in the action that every State President write to every Chapter in her Division urging the importance of extending its circulation.

"A PAIR OF BLANKETS."

Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, has a new book with the title, "A Pair of Blankets," that promises much to history. It is so fascinating in style that it will be widely read. The Portsmouth Star comments upon it in a leading editorial. It states:

"Colonel Stewart has undertaken to tell the story of the campaigns, battles, and sieges of the war from the standpoint of a soldier and in a manner that will interest the young. Juvenile literature is the most alluring field of authorship. Kipling rates his 'Jungle Stories' as his greatest work.

Undoubtedly Mark Twain will be longest remembered and best beloved for his 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn.'

"Judged by this standard, Colonel Stewart has produced in 'A Pair of Blankets' a work that will insure his fame as a writer of war stories, not founded on fact, but fact itself. His book is not a history, and it is no sense fiction. It is the intimate personal narrative, abounding in entertaining detail, that would adorn the story told by the soldier-uncle to his absorbed nephews. In this lucky relationship will be included all the readers of this splendid collection of war reminiscences. Written first in the form of letters to the nephews, to whom the book is inscribed, they present the form of a connected narrative, a history of the great civil strife, its hardships and privations, its pageantry and appeal to the martial in the youthful blood in a way that only the story of the man who has helped enact the scenes he describes can do.

"The work will be of especial interest to the people of Portsmouth and its vicinity not only on account of their intimate knowledge of the gallant author and their friendship and love for him but because the scenes he describes deal very largely with this section of the State. The description of the raising of the colonel's first company, how the boys marched away, many never to return, the battle of the Merrimac and Monitor, the burning of the navy yard in this city, and the terrible scenes through which the people of Portsmouth had to pass on that memorable night—all these incidents are dwelt upon in vivid style.

"The reader is then transported to the Valley, and he marches and fights with Lee and Jackson and the great leaders of the South. But he marches with natives of Portsmouth and Norfolk County, and among the references to the gallant men who fought and died for the South whose deeds of heroism are recounted in this volume many a descendant will have the pleasure of seeing the name of this or that distinguished relative.

"The boy, or for that manner the man or woman, who does not have a clearer idea of the great conflict and who fails to feel a deeper patriotism after reading 'A Pair of Blankets' will be hard to find. The work is one of the most notable of the year. It will be a welcome addition to the best literature of the South."

"THE SCOUT."

BY REV. J. T. BARBEE, IVANHOE COURT, NO. 11, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I have just finished reading the little book called "The Scout," by Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, Tenn. I found it so exceedingly interesting that I read it through before I stopped. From it I obtained some much-desired information that I had never been able to procure elsewhere in regard to who gave Sam Davis those papers. That noble boy in his last moments in this world uttered a sentiment which ought to be the foundation stone of every life when he said: "Do you think I would betray a trust? I would die a thousand deaths first." I most unhesitatingly recommend this book to all lovers of sincerity and truth.

[The author of the foregoing, Rev. J. T. Barbee, is a Cumberland Presbyterian minister. He served one year in the Virginia Army in the 7th Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. Robert Hatton (later General Hatton), and three years in the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Baxter Smith, Harrison's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, and is familiar with the country and places covered by "The Scout," which made the story the more interesting in reading "the wonderful book." The price of the book is \$1.]

RESOLVE FOR EVERY MORNING.

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere, and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a childlike faith in God.—*Bishop John H. Vincent, of Chicago.*

Chautauqua, Monteagle, and all other Christian assembly people will reperuse the foregoing with interest and with satisfaction. It will do them good to "repel discontent," etc.

Dr. Vincent gave a series of lectures strengthened by the great success of his Chautauqua career, and his visit to the South was manifestly good so far as his influence extended.

An amusing circumstance attended his return journey from the Southern Chautauqua. The writer (who founded the VETERAN) had written a story of the carnage at Franklin for the New York Evangelist, and a package of papers that had been forwarded to Monteagle was opened in the car soon after the train started on its way down the mountain. The writer, seated just behind the eminent Northerner, handed him a copy of the paper, pointing to the article. It engaged his earnest attention, and when through its perusal he straightened himself in the seat and said: "Well, I believe that is the truth!"

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
DECEMBER 12, 1911, TO JANUARY 12, 1912.

Alabama: J. H. Finney Chapter, Jacksonville, \$1; Mountain Creek Chapter, \$2; Emma Sansom Chapter, \$1; James Cantey Chapter, Seale, \$2; Lowdes Chapter, Fort Deposit, \$1.

Georgia: Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Athens, \$10; Stone-wall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, \$3.

Missouri: Louis and Mattie McCutchen (personal), Campbell, \$5; William W. McCutchen (personal), Campbell, \$1; Owen McCutchen (personal), Campbell, \$1; Louis McCutchen, Jr. (personal), Campbell, \$1; H. V. Merritt (personal), Campbell, \$1; C. H. Overall (personal), Campbell, \$1.

South Carolina: H. H. Newton (personal), Bennettsville, \$1.

United Daughters of the Confederacy: Little Rock pledge, \$250; Richmond pledge, \$400.

Interest: City National Bank of Paducah, \$15.75.

Total collections since December report, \$606.75.

Total in hands of Treasurer last report, \$12,428.12.

Total collections in hands of Treasurer to date, \$13,124.87.

Note a correction of \$3.50 in total as given in last report. Through error Mrs. White remitted two checks to cover contribution from individuals in Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, Tenn.

GOOD SUGGESTIONS FROM A UNION VETERAN.

Thomas R. Faulkner, of Albright, W. Va., who was a Union soldier, enlisting at the age of seventeen, writes for a copy of the VETERAN, and says: "Some of you fellows shot me in the arm at Lynchburg in 1864, but you are forgiven for it. If you come this way, remember that 'the latchstring is out.' Just pull it and walk in. I am for fraternity and peace and good will not only between the boys in blue and gray but between all. May the time soon come when the nations shall have war no more, when the song of the angels shall come true, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.' Let us do all we can to bring about a kindly feeling between the old soldiers and all the sections of

our common country. Let us look upon war as a horrible thing and oppose militarism at all times. The Master pronounced a blessing upon the peacemakers, and we should do all we can in favor of the great peace movement now being considered by all Christian nations.

ONE G. A. R. COMMANDER CREDITED WITH DEED OF ANOTHER.

In the editorial on page 560 of the December VETERAN some reference was made to the kindly action of a Commander in Chief, G. A. R., in presenting bound volumes of the VETERAN to the Soldiers' Home at Mountain Creek, Ala. It is regretted that such an error as giving the wrong name occurred. However, correct credit for that to former Commander in Chief Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., had been made in the VETERAN. Ever since being the Commander in Chief in 1901-02, and visiting the South as such in company with some Minneapolis friends, he has remembered the veterans at Mountain Creek in some substantial way every Christmas or New Year. While he was Commander he secured contributions among his comrades sufficient to erect one of the cottages at Mountain Creek, which is known as "The Blue and Gray Cottage." In so many ways has he shown his good will toward those who were former enemies that his example is inspiring in its lesson of fraternity.

The error occurred by mechanically writing Van Sant instead of Torrance. Each had been Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, each had shown beautiful consideration for Confederate veterans, and each is a constant and liberal patron of the VETERAN.

INQUIRY FOR MEMBERS OF SECOND GEORGIA REGIMENT.

J. C. Scott, of New Hope, Va., desires to hear from members of the 12th Georgia Regiment, which camped near the village of New Hope, Augusta County, Va., during the winter of 1863-64. If there are any surviving relatives of Captain Hill or Lieutenant Mills, of the 6th, 7th, or 8th Alabama Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Cross Keys, Va., on June 8, 1862, please answer through the VETERAN.

CANDIDATE FOR CRIMINAL COURT JUDGE.

In a letter to the voters of Davidson County Hon. John E. Turney states: "In announcing my candidacy for Criminal Court Judge I desire to say that I have lived in Nashville for forty-two years, and I am a Democrat. I have devoted much of my time for many years to the practice of my profession in our Criminal Court. If elected, I pledge to every one interested a full, fair, and impartial hearing. I will have Grand and Petit Juries drawn as was originally done, and in this way insure the public as well as those under subpoena for jury service a fair and equal showing. I am familiar with the oath of office, know its meaning, and will carry out same. At an early date I hope to meet my fellow citizens either at public gatherings or individually. I will appreciate your support."



HON. JOHN E. TURNEY.

INSULT TO MEMORY OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

An astounding three-column advertisement appeared in Birmingham papers on January 19, with a large picture of General Lee, and the legend, "Commander in Chief of Whiskies," in large display type. The vendor advertised his "display window" also. Camp Hardee took prompt action against the disgraceful proceeding. The newspapers evidently did not consider it beyond their business counters, and it was promptly stopped.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY CAMP HARDEE.

"Whereas 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold;' and whereas with the Confederate Chapters and Camps of the South there is one name held sacred above all names, save that of Him who died on Calvary's cross, and that the name of one of the finest of many noble ones who battled for the rights of the States—one who often refused the use of his name to many legitimate commercial enterprises, which would have brought ease and luxury to his declining years; and when the great State of Alabama, along with her sister States, by act of her legislature saw fit to set apart a day wherein the youth of the land can hear his name proclaimed as the personification of duty, loyalty, and honor to country and to God, our feelings are deeply wounded by the display on that day by a vender of spirituous liquors sold and labeled with the name of Robert E. Lee; and whereas we deeply regret that some of our press gave publicity to same; therefore be it

Resolved, That this Camp of Veterans, the followers of Lee, Johnston, and Jackson, condemn in unmeasured terms this unwarranted liberty with the name of our honored dead; that this preamble and this resolution be published by the papers of the South, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a copy be sent to Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, a son of our leader, and also be spread on the minutes of this Camp."

PHOTOGRAPH OF WAR TIMES.—Col. W. H. Bean, 1362 E. Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Ill., has in his possession a photograph of Ed N. Bean, Chief of Special Scouts, C. S. A., together with a photograph of Clinton Fort, both on the same card. On the back of the card is a commendation of E. Newell Bean's service as Chief of Scouts by Brigadier General Benton, commanding. Comrade Bean would like very much to deliver this to E. Newell Bean if alive or to some member of his family, who would doubtless value it highly.

"A SOLDIER'S STORY."—This little book by Capt. Miles O. Sherrill, of Raleigh, N. C., is commended as a true story of soldier life in the Confederate army, and its humor and pathos will be enjoyed by old and young. Captain Sherrill lost a leg in the unequal conflict, but he is still fighting the battle of life cheerfully. His story is published in pamphlet form, and it takes only twelve cents to get a copy postpaid to any part of the Union. Send him your order.

F. M. Holbrook, Librarian of the Tennessee Confederate Home at Hermitage, Tenn., writes the VETERAN: "The books and magazines in our library at the Home have been read and reread until 'there's nothing new under the sun,' and there is nothing you could do for us that would be more appreciated than to replenish our book shelves. Histories, biographies, travels, adventure, novels—especially novels—are read with avidity by all of us. We need a good history of Tennessee and some large print Testaments. There are doubtless many books and magazines in your neighborhood which could be

acquired for the asking, and by sending to us by freight the cost would be very little. Will you not take an interest in the matter and do something for us at once, not to-morrow?"

This appeal is worthy of attention and will doubtless have liberal response from Tennessee comrades and the U. D. C. This suggestion is made to all the Southern States. Our comrades in the different Confederate Homes should have good literature at hand. The hours drag heavily when the body is physically incapacitated for employment, and to give their minds employment will help to cheer the weary days.

The Editor of the VETERAN presented to the Tennessee Home at one time seventy select volumes. His sense of gratitude is to all alike; but, being the Historian for the Tennessee Home, he has been the more active for it. Let friends of Confederate Soldiers' Homes everywhere think of how in this way they can do service that would be appreciated.

"THE DIXIE BOOK OF DAYS."

The practical benefit of such a compilation as the "Dixie Book of Days" is very clearly set forth by a letter from a young Northerner residing in Seattle, Wash., to the editor in chief, Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, which is here given: "I have read it from cover to cover, and have learned some things that were not taught me at school. For instance, I was taught that the Monitor 'licked the stuffin' out of the Merrimac; so to learn that such was not the case convinces me that there are a whole lot of things about the Civil War that were never told, and I am more than anxious to read more, and intend to do so as fast as it is published. You have started a grand work, and I sincerely hope you will finish it. It will do this generation a whole lot of good to have the facts published because it will certainly increase the Northerner's respect and love for the South, and I am glad indeed to think that it is my privilege to know the man who is doing such a splendid work. May success crown your every effort!"

This is but one of the many letters Mr. Andrews has received from many sections of the country with reference to the historical and educational features of this "Dixie Book of Days; or, Southern Quotation Calendar." It is not only "a powerful and popular instrument in the dissemination of truths of history," but because of its "effective presentation it will prove a great stimulus for arousing interest in the history and literature of the South." A member of the Maryland Society of New York says: "I am amazed at the amount of reading and patience expended to have got together 365 such apt quotations." And it is amazing how much can be gotten simply from these 365 quotations.

For use in their Chapter work the U. D. C. generally will find it very helpful. Write to the Page Publishing Company, Baltimore, Md., for terms.

The issuance of this calendar is an event to be looked forward to yearly. The one for 1913 is now under way.

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The Neale Publishing Company, of New York and Washington, has issued a handsome catalogue of its choice publications, embracing some "notable new books and old favorites." The book is tastefully illustrated with many rare portraits of eminent men of letters, warriors, and statesmen. In many instances they are accompanied by facsimile of signatures both rare and interesting. It is as journeying through many realms of thought to look over these pages, and is a liberal education in itself. A copy will be sent by the publishers upon request. It is most convenient for reference.

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G. W. Jones, of Central Academy (R. F. D. No. 1), Miss., inquires the whereabouts of Captain Edwards, of the 3d Kentucky Regiment, Company G, or any other officer of that company.

J. C. Thornton, of Headrick, Okla., will be glad to give to relatives, or friends of Fry Dorsey, a member of Company B, 11th Texas Cavalry, information as to his death and burial place.

K. C. Weedon, 117 E. Sixth Street, Davenport, Iowa, wishes to get all the information possible concerning the movements of Ruffner's Battery, which operated under General Price in Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. His father served in that command.

John H. Levy, 445 Wetmore Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, needs the first volume of the VETERAN, that of 1893, to complete his file, and would like to hear from any one having that volume to offer.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., is anxious to complete his file of the VETERAN, which yet lacks some numbers of Volumes I. and II. Write him in advance of sending any copies, stating condition and price.

Mrs. Mary McHugh, 1305 Gaines Street, Little Rock, Ark., seeks information concerning the service of her husband, Thomas McHugh, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Georgia. Any information will be appreciated.



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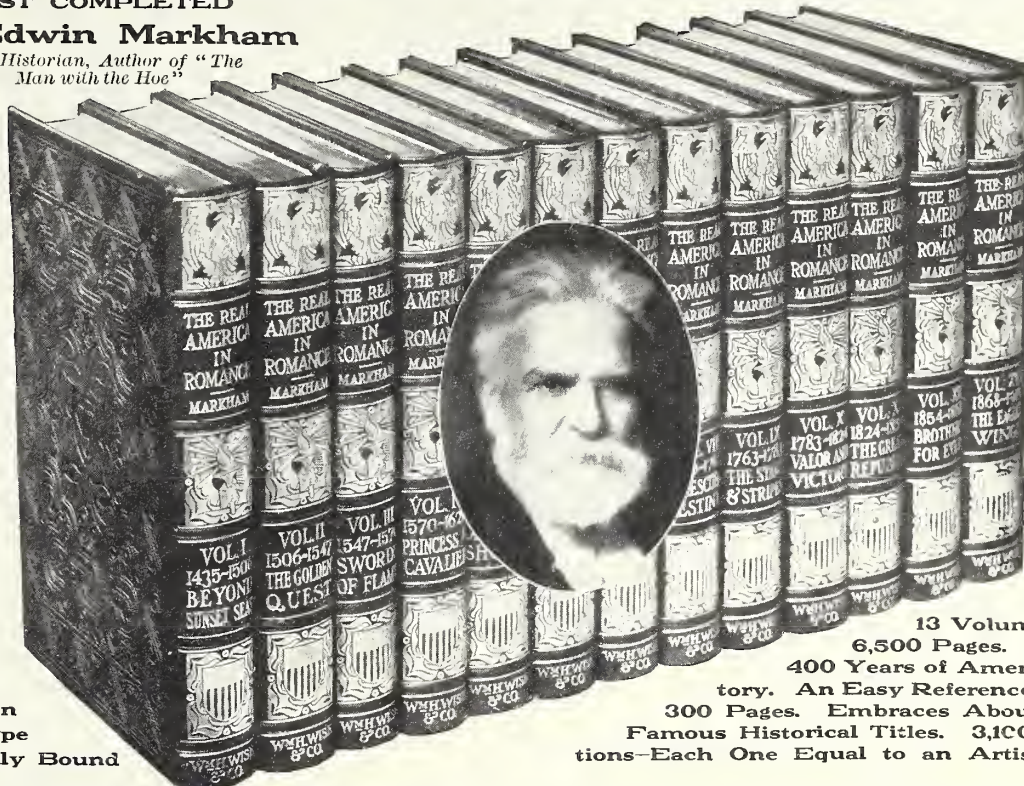
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THE INDEX FOR 1911.—The VETERAN Index for 1911 is now ready, and will be sent upon request. Inclose postage. The indexes for all of the nineteen volumes of the VETERAN will be furnished for one dollar, or any one index to back volume for six cents. The heavy expense of publishing the Index makes this slight charge necessary.

VARIETY OF "NOVELS" IN THIS VETERAN.

Instead of the usual index to this issue, there is brief comment upon the "leading articles." There are new things under the sun. Old things become new, and VETERAN articles herein are absolutely true stories—stranger than fiction. They relate the thrilling experiences of your own ancestors or of their friends. How much better therefore to study these than fancy-wrought sketches that unavoidably partake of the foibles of the author! A critical student of the VETERAN who reads every line of it, a young woman of Confederate ancestry, writes as follows in regard to the merits of the two classes of literature—the true, that gives right ideas of character, and the false, that is misleading and rarely beneficial in any sense: "Romance, bravery, and adventure interest and entrance every generation and all ages, but especially appeal to boys and girls. Books and magazines teem with the tales of people more or less the creatures of the imagination, and find eager readers in every walk of life. Do these avid readers of fiction know that on every side are men and women who have lived romances, who have suffered at the hands of vengeful enemies, and given up happiness, and even offered up life itself, for conscience' sake? Every number of the VETERAN contains accounts of actual events and incidents that stir the blood as much as do the most exciting tales of fiction. The stories of vikings and of the buccaneers of tropic waters are paralleled by the recital of experiences of blockade runners and the capture of fleets by land forces; the bravery of the children's crusade is repeated in the gallantry of the cadets of Southern military schools; the sieges of ancient cities cannot surpass the suffering of the people in beleaguered Southern cities and that of prisoners in the military prisons; the barbarian invasions of Greece and Italy are recalled by the devastation of a conquering army marching through the heart of the Confederacy. Every copy of the VETERAN relates such events and incidents as these. They have the added weight of

being true and filling the twofold objects of entertaining and instructing."

The story of "A Virginia Boy in the Sixties" (page 105) will interest any person in this country.

"One of Life's Tragedies" (page 109) will fascinate sentimental people, and the sketch vividly portrays the period.

"The Banjoist of Lee's Army" illustrates a typical one of "the boys" of that period.

The "Experiences of John P. Hickman" (page 113) will be read with interest.

The "Testimony about the Burning of Columbia" and the report of the "Last Days in Front of Richmond" are of the interesting, historic sketches. Brief sketches like that of the "Federal Soldier and General Lee" (page 123) and many others will not be forgotten by those who read them.

Then the "Last Roll" sketches will exalt the reader in his estimate of manly, patriotic men who showed the fine metal in them even in the Reconstruction Period.

DR. BERRY'S STORY OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

BY M. B. MORTON, MANAGING EDITOR NASHVILLE BANNER.

I have read with great interest the article by Dr. T. F. Berry, of Paul's Valley, Okla., giving his remarkable experiences in Rock Island prison. I knew Dr. Berry well years ago when I was on the staff of the Courier-Journal and when he was a practicing physician in Louisville, Ky.; and while his narrative of his experiences reads like a romance, I am satisfied it is authentic.

I have long known that Dr. Berry's career in the Confederate army, afterwards as a soldier in Mexico, and then in the French army in Algiers was remarkable, and have often thought that he ought not to let the story of his life die with him. His father was a Confederate officer, and his brother, the noted "One-Arm" Berry, who was executed by the Federal authorities in Louisville, was one of the most daring and effective soldiers in the Southern armies, and was almost as well known in Kentucky as was Sam Davis in Tennessee.

Notwithstanding his remarkable career as a soldier, Dr. T. F. Berry is a man full of generous impulses and the milk of human kindness; he is genial and has engaging manners, and no doubt many an old friend and comrade will be glad to hear that he is doing well in his Oklahoma home.

CONCERNING V. M. I. CADETS AT NEW MARKET.

Mr. Joseph R. Anderson, of Lee (Goochland County), Va., Historiographer of V. M. I. (Class of 1870), writes to Prof. Edward Raymond Turner, University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, criticizing his sketch in the February *VETERAN*:

"I have just read with great interest your article on 'The Battle of New Market' in the current number of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. I, of course, know that you have been engaged for several years collecting data for a true history of the battle and of the part borne by the V. M. I. Corps of cadets in the same. . . .

"This article in the *VETERAN* is, I take it, but a foretaste of the treat we shall have in your complete history. It is very interesting and valuable, but in one respect is most disappointing. While you are quite lavish in your praise of the conduct of the cadets, you fail to tell of their crowning glory—their capture of the guns of Von Kleiser's Battery. Why this omission? Were you not satisfied of the historic fact that the cadets did charge and capture those guns?

"It seems to me that no historical event has been better established, as we have the testimony of participants in that event. At least one reputable Federal officer, the late Capt. Franklin E. Town, of the Signal Corps, United States Army, was on the field, not to fight, but to watch, who declares that he saw the cadets charge this battery, 'which they surrounded and captured.' This generous-minded, one-time foe, in a letter to an old cadet (on file in our archives), gave enthusiastic testimony to the superb conduct of the corps of cadets in this most bloody battle, which culminated in the capture of Von Kleiser's guns. He says: 'I watched this action from my position but a few yards from the left of the battery and was so absorbed in the spectacle that it did not occur to me that I might possibly be included in the capture until the presence of the enemy between me and the guns brought me to a realization of my situation.' And he thus concludes his eloquent words: 'I don't believe the history of war contains the record of a deed more chivalrous, more daring, or more honorable than the charge of those boys to a victory of which veterans might well boast.'

"Survivors of this famous corps of cadets have written to me, anxious that in your forthcoming 'History' the records show that the cadets charged and captured Von Kleiser's guns. Your article in the *VETERAN* omits credit for this crowning act of heroism, the capture of those guns. As Historiographer of the V. M. I. it is my solemn duty to my comrades of the corps, although not a member of it, and of our cherished *Alma Mater* to protest against any history of New Market which shall fail to tell the true story of the V. M. I. Corps of Cadets in that battle.

PROF. EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER'S REPLY.

"My Dear Mr. Anderson: I have your letter concerning my article about 'The Battle of New Market' in the February *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, in which you criticize me for not mentioning specifically the capture of guns from Von Kleiser's Battery by the cadets, in which you ask me whether I doubt that they did this, and whether or not I will speak of this in my history of the New Market campaign, which is about ready for the press. It will give me pleasure to answer you, and I ask that you transmit my reply to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* in order that other old cadets may receive through its columns what my professional duties make it impossible for me to say to them individually.

"1. I did not allude to capture of Von Kleiser's guns by the cadets for the following reason. The *VETERAN* account was written more than a year ago and privately circulated for the purpose of drawing out as much as possible all aspects of the battle. It had accomplished this purpose very well before I allowed it to appear in print in its original form. I tried to reduce the events of the battle to their proper proportion. Much had to be left out in the synopsis. Now I may be mistaken, but I am supported by the statements of old cadets as well as by the opinion of military critics. The relatively important part of the work of the cadets at New Market was not the capture of guns, but filling up the gap in the Confederate line, holding the line against the Federal countercharge, and by their inspiring conduct urging forward the charge of the Confederates which resulted in victory. I have emphasized this in my article, and a full discussion will appear in my forthcoming book.

"2. I have no doubt that the cadets captured one gun, possibly two, from Von Kleiser's Battery. It has, however, frequently been asserted that they captured a battery. This is not so. No Federal battery was taken that day. Altogether five guns, possibly six, were captured. Sigel says so in his account, and Breckenridge confirms it in his report, the manuscript of which is in my possession. Three of these were taken from Carlin's Battery, two from Von Kleiser's. When the cadets charged Von Kleiser's Battery, they captured one gun. They may have taken the other one which he lost, but there is some evidence that this second gun was lost by Von Kleiser on another part of the field. I shall be glad to receive any substantiated information on this point. There has been careless, exaggerated writing upon this matter, which the old cadets, I know, desire me to weigh carefully.

"3. The charge of the cadets and the capture of the cannon will certainly be mentioned in my book. The whole matter will be treated at length, fully and critically, with copious citations from the writings of the cadets themselves.

"I may say in conclusion that while my book is intended to be a complete and accurate history of the New Market campaign, in which the work of all the commands on both sides will be treated at some length, yet in a peculiar sense this will be the story of the cadets. No effort will be made to exaggerate their part or throw it into undue prominence; but that work was so striking, so unique, and intrinsically so important that I feel justified when I say that out of approximately two hundred pages fifty will have to do with the cadets themselves.

"If Mr. Cunningham is so good as to allow this letter to appear in the *VETERAN*, I shall be glad to receive from any one interested any source of contemporary information bearing upon the subject. My work is based upon the collections and investigations of Capt. Henry A. Wise, Col. George H. Smith, Col. George M. Edgar, and Capt. Benjamin A. Colonna, who have coöperated with me throughout. Something may have escaped our search, however.

"I should be particularly glad to get a well authenticated photograph of General Breckenridge or of General Sigel, of 1864, or thereabouts."

CAVEAT SCRIPTOR.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Some weeks ago an individual appeared in the office of a busy lawyer with a volume styled "The World's History and Its Makers." He was no mere amateur in the art of making

people buy what they did not want; he understood how to create the want, and he did it by producing indorsements of this work from scholarly men of the State of Virginia who were competent judges of literature and students of history. Also it seemed that this individual was actuated solely by the desire to disseminate valuable information in ten concise volumes and not to derive a sordid advantage for himself. So rare a spirit appeared to deserve encouragement, and so the books were ordered. That they arrived c. o. d. with a bill attached for \$13.80, which had not been alluded to, making the total cost \$18.80, is a trivial detail. The point is in the contents.

Volume VIII., entitled "American Statesmen," and Volume VI., "Famous Warriors," for sectional bias and palpable inaccuracy far excel Ellis, Elson, or any of those Northern records of which the concrete teaching is: "The North fought for the Union and the South for slavery." The aspect of the question which well-nigh causes despair is that these pernicious volumes usually come with the indorsement of prominent Southern men. It is true that these persons reap no benefit from this indorsement, and also true that they are usually ignorant of the real nature and tendency of the contents; but the fact remains that this commendation enables agents to sell these works in the South. In support of the statement that the two volumes mentioned are misleading and false, the entire sketch of John C. Calhoun may be referred to, as a more flagrant attempt to misrepresent a great American has rarely been made. Ponder these sentences: "There is little interest attaching to Calhoun's career outside of slavery." "When Andrew Jackson denied to Calhoun a further national career, all personal matters went out of the South Carolinian's mind. He became a pro-slavery fanatic, as powerful in conviction as John Brown on the other side. Calhoun believed reason directed him; John Brown believed God sent him."

It is respectfully submitted that the classification of a statesman like Calhoun with an assassin like John Brown is sufficient proof that the author is incapable of a proper estimate of achievement and fatally deficient in the fine discrimination which distinguishes the historian from the mere retailer of stale falsehoods.

On page 336 in the "Biography of Abraham Lincoln" occurs the following reference to Lincoln's candidacy for President: "Though he was encouraged, it is likely he knew the conspiracy of the Southern leaders began from that very day. Floyd, of Virginia, who had received the nullifiers' votes for President years before, was Secretary of War, and immediately lent his department to the service of the plot."

On page 339: "At this time war was inevitable, but nobody in authority believed it would last ninety days. It was thought the South would fight a little and recede from the dogma of slave extension. The nation was still under the spell of slave-holding orators; the South claimed all the chivalry and respectability of the Union."

The choicest excerpts can naturally be made from the sketch of Seward, "the man who for ten years, beginning with the rebukes of Calhoun, had sustained all the insults that freedom received from slavery at the hands of Jefferson Davis, Henry A. Wise, Toombs, Stephens, and the rest of the slave-holding secessionists." (Page 357.)

Sumner should have afforded the noblest theme for the vilification of the South, but not so. The effulgent splendor of Sumner as a South hater was dimmed by his willingness to dissolve the Union; therefore Sumner, while affording a good

opportunity for meretricious vindictiveness, does not get unstinted praise. How aggravating it is to a really truly Northern historian to make the admission that the abolitionists were as eager for secession as the slave owners!

But it is in Volume VI., "Famous Warriors," that the most complete and consistent revelation is given of the unfitness of this book for Southern libraries. The War of the States is described as the rebellion, the Southern soldiers as rebels, the Confederate intrenchments as rebel breastworks, and yet in this same volume appears a sketch of Stonewall Jackson which summarizes well his brilliant campaigns and is free from objectionable allusions. Imagine the mental confusion of the reader who finds Tennessee full of "Rebel commanders" who suffer a sea change into Confederates when they cross the Virginia border! Surely consistency might be required, if not accuracy.

The biography of Gen. Robert E. Lee is perhaps the least obnoxious in the book; but words of praise are written with a niggard hand, and there is complete silence as to the splendid years of service at Lexington, when the supreme moral grandeur of the character of Lee was revealed in its unrivaled greatness. There is not even a passing tribute to the genius which could descend from the highest plane of military renown to the patient task of teaching, nor a reference to the heroic self-abnegation which imposed upon him the limits of a college in lieu of the honors in which his State would have expressed her homage. O, that Jubal Early had read these volumes! His language might not have been a polite epitome of literary criticism, but it would have been a profane classic.

Are we remediless in the premises? Is there no forum in which a nation can bring action for slander? Alas, none! But we have a weapon, the *Argumentum ad Pocketum*. New England did not perceive the heinous iniquity of slavery until the forbidden traffic caused her African convoys to flap idle sails in the Bay of Marblehead. The New England conscience which could be lulled by the profits of the slave trade may be awakened by the suggestion that it is financially advisable to publish fewer falsehoods and abandon the practice of designating the uprising of a people in defense of their rights a rebellion. The mendacious chroniclers of other latitudes might perhaps be taught that the dead shall not be aspersed nor the living humiliated with impunity if we published a list denominated "histories which should be hissed" for the protection of our schools and our homes.

CORRECTION AS TO NUMBERS CONSISTENT.

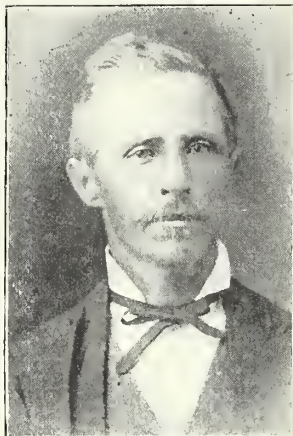
T. L. Wells, of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes: "In the February VETERAN, page 59, N. O. Nelsen states: 'It was in 1836, after the battle of the Alamo, that the Texan army of ninety men led by Sam Houston routed Santa Anna's army of 2,000 men, of which 1,000 Mexicans remained upon the spot as silent witnesses of their defeat. With the battle cry of "Remember the Alamo!" that invincible squad of Texans shot, stabbed, and strangled one-half of Santa Anna's army in thirty minutes.'"

It was not intended that the unreasonable statement go to press, but before correction was made something else diverted the thought, and so it is. Mr. Wells's letter was sent to the author, who replied: "The facts are that one cipher was left off the number engaged. I learn that there were seven hundred and fifty infantry, sixty cavalry, and two brass cannon known as the Twin Sisters."

Comrade H. B. Nelsen was a private in Company A, Oswald's Battalion, Texas Volunteer Infantry.

ROGER MORRIS WOULDN'T BLACK BOOTS.

R. R. Savage, of Corpus Christi, Tex., writes of a soldier lad of fifteen years who went into the war from Grenada, Miss., as a member of Blount Craig's company in the 29th Mississippi Regiment. Young Morris was captured in the battle of Missionary Ridge and was sent to Rock Island Prison. He had smallpox, and one day while convalescing he was observed by the commandant of the prison. After chatting with the lad and telling him that he ought to be at home with his mother, he took special pity on him and said if he would be a good boy he could stay at his (the commandant's) office, where he could get more to eat. This officer told Morris in a warning way of a certain official at the quarters who knew nothing of battle.



G. ROGER MORRIS.

After he had been there several weeks, this subaltern inquired of him what he was doing there, and he explained. The next day he handed his boots to Morris and told him to clean and polish them. The young Mississippian declined to do it, and said that he never blacked his own boots. He was told that he would have to do that service or go back into the main prison with the "grown-ups." He returned to his former quarters and to the starving methods of Rock Island. After the war he moved to Liberty County, Tex., and was soon elected sheriff, a position that he held until his death, a few years ago.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA TO HONOR VETERANS.

BY WILLIAM M. HUNLEY.

The University of Virginia, desiring to show in a substantial way that it remembers and can never forget the time when they looked death in the face for their country's sake, will call back at commencement next June the survivors of those student companies who left the University in the stirring days at the outbreak of the Civil War and joined the Confederate forces. The University will honor them by bestowing upon them some testimonial in the form of a ribbon, a badge, or a medal. Just what form the decorating will take has not been determined as yet. That is being considered.

Another committee, at the instance of President Alderman, has been trying to locate all the veterans who are entitled to the honor which the University will bestow. A good many have been found, but the committee has been unable to find others. In order that every survivor of the student companies may be notified and brought to Charlottesville next June, Prof. J. W. Mallet, Chairman of Committee University of Virginia, has prepared the following statement, which he hopes will reach every man entitled to the honor:

"The authorities of the University of Virginia, looking to a reunion if possible at the next commencement in June of this year of the survivors of students who went from the halls of the University into the military or naval service of the Confederate States, wish to collect the names and present addresses of all such survivors, with information as to the following points in each case:

"Full name, plainly written. Command and rank.

"University session (from 1860-61 to 1864-65, inclusive) in which person was a student here.

"Date (exact or approximate) at which person entered the military or naval service of the Confederacy.

"Date (exact or approximate) at which person left such service, with what rank and under what conditions (honorably discharged by reason of wounds or otherwise, paroled at close of war, or under any other stated circumstances).

"Present post office address, plainly written.

"Any such surviving student or any one knowing of such student or students will confer a favor, which will be appreciated, if he will write to me with as little delay as possible, giving a statement of the particulars called for above."

University of Virginia students, as writers of the period show in their contributions to the literature of the time, took a prominent part in the Civil War. Early in November, 1860, two military companies were formed at the University, and in February, 1861, they were organized, officered, armed, and uniformed, ready to fight for the South. The officers in command of both companies were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute. The first company was called "The Southern Guard" and the second "The Sons of Liberty." In April, 1861, they left Charlottesville for Harper's Ferry to take possession of the arsenal and other property. Within a few months, at the request of Professor Maupin, both companies were returned to the University, but the boys did not stay long about the campus. They left a few at a time and then in large numbers, and soon all of them had joined the Confederate army or navy. They performed gallant service in the cause of the South, and some of them won high distinction and places in the annals of history for all time, as, for instance, Col. William J. Pegram and Col. A. S. Pendleton.

Another company was organized at the University in May, 1861. This was known as "The University Volunteers." The Volunteers left Charlottesville July 4, 1861, in the midst of a great demonstration on the part of the students whom they were leaving behind and the people of the city, and proceeded to join the command of Gen. Henry A. Wise. The next year, after having seen much service and after having many thrilling experiences, they were brought back to Charlottesville and disbanded; but every man had rejoined the Southern forces within a few months.

Elaborate preparations will be made to welcome and entertain the veterans when they return to Charlottesville in June. Every effort is being made to find them all, and any one who can supply a name or an address in this connection will confer a favor upon those having the matter in hand.

TENNESSEE SONS UNITED WITH THE VETERANS.

At the last Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and Association of Confederate Soldiers in Tennessee the following paper was presented by the Commander of the U. S. C. V.:

"The United Sons of Confederate Veterans in convention assembled at Murfreesboro on October 11, 1911, through its committee appointed for the purpose, desires to present for your earnest consideration and action its plea for recognition on your part, which plea is due to the fact that the Sons desire to come into closer relation to your organization.

"We believe that we would gain an inspiration and a fund of information that would be invaluable to us and to our posterity by being permitted to come into this close relation

with you. We do not desire that kind of recognition at your hands that would carry with it the right on our part to hold office or to vote, but rather the privilege of close association with you (of sitting at the feet of Gamaliel), of hearing from the mouths of the veterans themselves true statements and incidents concerning the great civil strife.

"By this association we believe that we could prove more helpful to you than would be possible by the continuance of an entirely separate organization. Under the present condition the work of the Sons is not clearly defined, and as a result very little has been or is being accomplished by them through their organized capacity; but by this association with you that we so much covet and seek we would be able to work under your directions, to be subject to your call, and to show to you that attention which would reflect the respect, the veneration, and the love we feel in our hearts.

"Anything you can or will do that will tend to bring about this closer relation will be gratefully appreciated by us."

The signatures are: Leland Hume, Commander Tennessee Division; James N. Cox, Division Commissary; William Winton Lyon, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Allen C. Johnson and Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro.

The plea was accepted most cordially, and action was taken authorizing the Sons to send delegates to take part in the convention as members of it with same privileges as Veterans, except that they have no votes in the selection of officers or in the changes of any laws that may be proposed.

In presenting the above report to the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Mr. Leland Hume, the Division Commander of the Sons, explained that he had for a long time felt that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans as a separate organization was a mistake as far as its perpetuation was concerned. In the early days, when there were veterans by the thousands all over the country, a separate organization was perhaps all right; but it never has accomplished anything worth the name, and now, when the ranks of the veterans are fast becoming depleted, with age and infirmity creeping upon those of the veterans who remain, it devolves upon the Sons to do what the Daughters have done, though in a different way. The Sons, he said, should enter the ranks of the Veterans as Juniors, with all the rights except that of voting and holding office, which should be withheld from them, certainly for years to come; but they should be in training, so to speak; they should be at all the meetings, listen to those who did the fighting, and learn from the lips of heroes what true patriotism consists of; they should be willing in their strength and might and youthful vigor to make glad and easy the lives of those on "the shady side of life."

Mr. Hume adds: "If the Sons really and truly honor the heroic deeds of valor and patriotism and bravery and self-sacrifice of their fathers, they have an easy way of showing it. For my part, I want to see the Sons get in the harness sure enough and do hard work, and get out of dress parade, get out of Confederate uniforms, take off the epaulets and the braid, and show by their acts and by their deeds that they are worthy sons of noble sires. Believing as strongly as I do believe that the organization of Sons should be merged into that of the Veterans and upon the conditions prescribed and determined upon by the Veterans, I have decided that if the Veterans will give this opportunity to merge the organization of the Sons with them, unless the Sons cheerfully acquiesce, so far as the organization itself is concerned I will no longer take any part therein."

HYPOCRISY OF THE "ELSON HISTORY."

REPORT OF A. H. LANKFORD, PARIS, TENN.

Commander and Comrades: After a most careful study of the book designated as "Elson's History," we find it to be most unfair and untruthful; a most ingenious and cunningly devised work, shaded all through with a sympathetic, hypocritical respect for the South, tinged with some make-believe of affection for the whites of the South, yet an uncontrollable love for the colored race and a desire upon the author's part, though unexpressed, to place them in every particular upon terms of equality with the better class of whites of the South and entirely over and above our "poor white trash."

The author favors through the entire work from the earliest days of the government a strong central government based upon the most extreme and ultra plans offered by the extreme Federalist, who but for Jefferson would no doubt have succeeded in organizing a centralized government.

His description of the condition of slavery previous to the War of the States when he states that the North treated slaves humanely and received them in the family ("birds of a feather flock together") and in the South they were under the lash of the brutal master, driven to wear their lives away in the rice swamps and cotton fields, is so ingeniously and cunningly expressed and so shadowed with a hypocritical appeal to convince the reader of his love and respect for the South that it is calculated to mislead the very elect.

His description of the war shows a mind ignorant of the facts or so full of hatred that it would not permit him to write the truth. His book contains some high eulogies of some of our leaders, and a too hasty reading may be misleading, yet a careful consideration shows it to be hypocrisy. As an example, he charges that Wade Hampton surrendered Columbia, S. C., after firing five hundred bales of cotton. This after reading "Sherman's Memoirs" shows this a false statement, for Hampton did not do it.

He admits that, while the North had the civilized world from which to draw soldiers and supplies (the South had only eleven States), it took them four years to reach Appomattox and Charleston. In the battles reported, possibly sixty-five per cent of them, he approximates the loss on the Confederate side at some 475,000 and with almost continued success of the Federals after first Manassas to Appomattox.

Resolved by the Joe Kendall Camp, No. 1747, That we enter our most solemn protest and condemnation of the use of the book in any Southern school, even in the colored schools. Recognizing the cunning ingenuity and the great effort to arouse the sympathetic feeling for his colored brother and to prejudice the mind against everything in the South but the said colored brother, we regard it as the most dangerous and hypocritical work before the rising generation of our beloved Southland. In this connection we earnestly call upon those whose duty it is to select educators for all Southern schools of whatever grade to elect no teacher who will for one moment teach this or any other such book. We further enter our protest against the custom of employing Northern teachers, by whom it is almost impossible to avoid showing a preference for their much-loved negro brother and prejudice against the Southern whites, and we further appeal to those who have charge of this duty to employ only teachers who exhibit patriotic principles and who believe in a white man's government by a majority of the white voters of the States.

The report was adopted by a rising vote with thanks to the author and requests that a copy be sent to the VETERAN.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PERMANENT TRIBUTE TO COL. RICHARD OWEN.

Earnest for the best interest of mankind is the motive that inspired the Richard Owen Memorial in his capital city of Indianapolis fifty years after his deeds of unparalleled kindness to Confederate prisoners of war in Camp Morton. Careful readers of the VETERAN are informed of the movement and why it was inaugurated.

A visit was made to Governor Marshall at Indianapolis recently to determine the location; and after careful examination of the most suitable places, the Governor showed the spirit manifested by all the people who have considered it with the significant and animated remark: "Mr. Cunningham, you can place it where you wish."

Governor Marshall is so popular with his people that he was chosen by a majority of 15,000, while the ticket of his party was defeated by 10,000 at the last general election.

Many things about Colonel Owen's kindness to Confederate prisoners are known. The fifty years that have elapsed since he was commandant of the Camp Morton Prison have not dimmed the memory, but intensified it rather with the few survivors of his unstinted kindness. It was learned recently that he wrote to his own family at New Harmony, Ind., urging them to send books to be given the prisoners. They were a literary people and had a large library. Everything that has been brought out about his career in that position confirms the sentiment of his distinctive merit and shows why the gratitude of every survivor is so strong. Families of those now dead should desire to participate in honoring his memory.

Think of the people who will visit the grand State Capitol that cost \$2,000,000, and at the most prominent niche in its grand walls will see these words, "Erected to the memory of Col. Richard Owen, U. S. A., by Confederate prisoners and their friends for kindness and unfailing courtesy shown them in Camp Morton, 1862," or such in substance.

What man of the North or the South will not pause and breathe a spirit of gratitude, or what foreigner who sees it will not meditate upon the invincibility of Americans?

The Editor of the VETERAN is inexpressibly humble in the meditation. Friends, that monument must be erected in a creditable manner. A worthier project has never been undertaken. While it is the project solely of the VETERAN, its founder seeks no credit personally in any way, yet he intends to make it as worthy as possible for the cause. He asks every Camp, U. C. V., every Chapter, U. D. C., every Memorial Association, and every Son and Daughter to cooperate collectively and individually.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

G. N. Gardner, Nashville, Tenn.....	\$ 1 00
J. H. Gilfoil, Omega, La.....	2 00
W. H. Howcott, New Orleans, La.....	10 00
Col. W. H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va.....	1 00
J. K. Womack, Eagleville, Tenn.....	1 00
Albert Thayer, Indianapolis, Ind.....	2 00
J. M. Campbell, Martinsburg, W. Va.....	1 00
George M. Jones, Springfield, Mo.....	1 00

W. J. Miller, Burlington, Iowa.....	1 00
James T. Rice, Iva, S. C.....	2 00
Dr. W. E. Hinson, Charleston, S. C.....	2 00
Arthur Parker, Abbeville, S. C.....	1 00
L. A. Powers, Athens, Tex.....	1 00
J. H. Comb, San Marcos, Tex.....	1 00
John H. Lewis, Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00
S. J. Alexander, Macon, Tenn.....	1 00
Miss Nannie Nutt, Alva, Fla.....	1 00
P. E. Allen, Grand Cane, La.....	5 00
Mrs. Nora Owen Armstrong, Memphis, Tenn.....	25 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Capt. John B. Stone, Kansas City, Mo.....	1 00
J. S. Rosamond, Durant, Miss.....	1 00
Sidell Tilghman, Madison, N. J.....	10 00
A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn.....	2 00
Gen. William H. Jewell, Orlando, Fla.....	1 00
F. S. Hewes, Gulfport, Miss.....	2 00
Emmett Setton, Pulaski, Tenn.....	1 00
J. M. Arnold, Covington, Ky.....	1 00
John Shearer, McCrory, Ark.....	1 00
J. A. Magnus and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	10 00
J. P. Bradley, Linneus, Mo.....	1 00
T. W. Cromwell, Cynthiana, Ky.....	50
T. C. Chiles, Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
J. P. Norwood, Lockesburg, Ark.....	1 00
B. H. Young, Louisville, Ky.....	10 00
Capt. Joseph Phillips, Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00
Capt. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo.....	1 00
B. H. Rogers, Plantersville, Miss.....	1 00
E. G. Wilder, Socrum, Fla.....	1 00
Mrs. E. T. Oltrogge, Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
D. H. Bryant, Orlando, Fla.....	1 00
W. A. Anderson, Holly Springs, Miss.....	1 00
Mrs. L. A. Nutt, Alva, Fla.....	1 00
J. N. Gaines, Brunswick, Mo.....	1 00
Mrs. R. Y. Macbeth, Pinopolis, S. C.....	1 00
J. M. Myers, Fishersville, Ky.....	1 00
S. B. Barron, Rusk, Tex.....	1 00
Mrs. C. B. Stones, Galveston, Tex.....	1 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., Baltimore, Md.....	10 00
J. O. Varnadoe, Valdosta, Ga.....	1 00
Dr. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.....	1 00
W. M. Graham, Cedar Bluff, Miss.....	1 00
R. M. DeYoung, Chase, Ala.....	1 00
H. G. Lipscomb, Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00
Miss Florence Whiteside, Cleveland, Tenn.....	1 00
W. W. Carnes, Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00
G. W. Dawson, Kansas City, Mo.....	1 00
S. W. VanPelt, Farmville, Va.....	1 00
B. R. Brown, Shouns, Tenn.....	1 00
J. W. Jordan, Carrollton, Va.....	1 00
Henry Moore, Texarkana, Ark.....	2 50
C. J. DuBuisson, Yazoo City, Miss.....	1 00
C. J. Vanmeter, Bowling Green, Ky.....	5 00
John H. Lester, Deming, N. Mex.....	1 00
G. W. R. Bell, Gaylesville, Ala.....	1 00

The foregoing aggregates only \$161. This is discouraging, but that monument *must be erected*. The Editor of the VETERAN will duplicate all of the foregoing and more still if necessary. It must be dedicated during the administration of Governor Marshall, and that will end next January. Please write if your Camp or your Chapter will cooperate.

A VIRGINIA BOY IN THE SIXTIES.

BY HENRY CLINTON SYDNOR.

Mechanicsville, Hanover County, Va., where the Seven Days' battle commenced, was a little village of two or three stores and two blacksmith and two carpenter shops, and was five miles north of Richmond and one-half mile north of the Chickahominy River. About one-third of this village was owned by my father. He lived a mile or so east of here, at which place sixteen of us were born.

In Mechanicsville I saw the raising of the first Confederate flag, and I well remember the excitement it created among the boys of the community. My brothers were largely instrumental in raising the flag and talking war, war to everybody. About this time everything was excitement over the war, and the boys used to assemble and see the Confederate soldiers drill as they were mustered in every day.

About this time our family physician, who had gone with the army, came to my father's house to dinner, and many of the neighbors assembled to hear the news. He said the Federals were rapidly approaching Richmond, and he had better send the girls to another part of the State, as he was confident there would be heavy fighting around home. So all were sent away except father, mother, one sister, and myself. I was then eleven years old. I well remember the parting of my sisters and our old slaves when they separated.

About this time I would assemble the many negro children at night, and as their captain I would drill them and have sham battles with stick guns, and we had a big time. All manner of rumors would come to us of the advance of McClellan's army, and at last the last Confederate soldier left us. Then my mother called me and placed around my waist a cloth belt, and in it was placed what money my father had at home. This consisted of gold, which we had ceased to use, keeping it sacredly for future needs. Confederate money only was used as exchange among the people, and those who had gold kept it hidden.

After our soldiers left, Uncle Tom came running in and said: "Marse William, dey is cum for sure. My God, Marster, de woods is full of dem Yankees! Well, Marster, I wants to tell you right now: all de young niggers am going to leab you, but you is been a good marster to me, an' you can count on dis nigger stayin' with you till dis war am over." And how proud we all felt of Uncle Tom! He was one of the most aristocratic of negroes. He seldom worked in the field, just attended to the carriage team and occasionally went to market. He had a consequential air, dressed well, and bossed it over the other darkies, who looked up to him with reverence and respect. I never knew him to open a gate or shut one when a negro boy was in sight. The negroes always rated their standing from the amount of slaves and money their masters possessed. He always occupied the front seat in the gallery at the church; and when the carriage arrived at church, all the small boys stood around and watched him as he drove up. He would open the carriage door, let down the steps, and help my mother and the children out, and with a wave of the hand fold up the steps, close the door, turn his team over to the footman, and go in to church.

Another of our negroes was Uncle Americus. No one knew his age, but he was supposed to be about a hundred years old. Never in my recollection had he performed any work of any kind. He would tell us children about the Revolutionary War, and they were most remarkable stories. I looked up to him in awe and admiration. When the Yankees came, he

was in his glory. They would gather around him in crowds. I can see his bald head now shining in the sun, and the way he imposed on their credulity was a "caution." He was a past master in this respect. He would always ask for alms when his story was ended.

Soon after Uncle Tom told us about the coming of troops a few men rode up to the house and asked the negroes many questions, and then asked me: "Are there any Rebels around here?" I told them we were not Rebels, but Confederates. I thought at first they would kill us all, but in a few minutes their conversation with my father convinced me we were in no danger of being shot just for fun, and by the next day I had fully regained my composure and felt free to go among them and talk with them. The officers told my father they would respect his family and not willfully destroy his property, but he must stay closely upon his premises.

The next day soldiers were everywhere, putting up tents and telegraph wires, which were tacked to the trees. The wagons, each drawn by four fine mules, seemed to be in the thousands. A fine grove near the house was used as an encampment. Our large barn was also used. This barn was the headquarters for the men who did picket duty on the Chickahominy River, which at this point was occupied by McClellan on the north and Lee on the south. This was a sluggish stream about twenty-five feet wide, but there were broad, swampy bottoms on each side extending to high hills. On the south side hills was posted a battery of artillery in plain view of our home. Every evening about four o'clock a fresh regiment would relieve the one at the barn, and the other one would return to camp. I often wondered why the Confederates did not send shells into that barn, until one day an officer said they knew the Confederates knew who lived there, and they would not shell the barn or house on that account. I was allowed perfect freedom, so I mingled freely with the officers and men. Father was restricted to the immediate surroundings. No light was allowed at night.

Upon arrival of the troops all work ceased with the negroes. The cows were allowed the run of the pasture, but the boys milked as usual, and we sold the milk to the soldiers, who had plenty of everything to eat, and they would frequently give me some sugar and real coffee. Coffee in Richmond had become scarce, and we were using parched wheat instead, with sorghum molasses for sugar. Every day a lot of officers would assemble on the porch and discuss the war with father, and they always treated him with the respect his age demanded. A Major Boyd took a great fancy to us all. I have often wished that I might know whether he survived the awful days that followed.

My father was taken sick soon after they came, and Major Boyd sent a doctor to see him. When the doctor came, none of us liked him. He was so stuck up with the position he held. He said something about the "Rebels," and when he left father would not take the medicine. Boylike I mentioned this to Major Boyd, so he came the next day with another doctor. As soon as this one spoke a few words my boyish heart went right out to him, and I said: "Father, this doctor won't call us Rebels, and you will take his medicine." And he did.

There was a little pasture in front of the house with a fine stand of clover. This pasture was grazed every night by the artillery horses. One evening they put their horses in there before dark, the pasture being in plain view of the Confederate battery. I can see a big fat Dutchman now come prancing in among the trees riding one horse and having an-

other with a halter. There were about twenty-five horses in there. Men held them to graze. When the Dutchman came riding in and before he got off his horse, I happened to look toward the Confederate line and saw four small puffs of smoke. I told father to look out, as shells were coming. They fell right among the horses and men, and such running we never saw. The Dutchman's horse, frightened, ran off with him, striking a tree, and he went over the horse's head some forty feet. I never saw men laugh as those officers on the porch did when that fellow hit the ground. After that they always grazed at night.

Every day the Confederate battery on the south side of the Chickahominy would shell the woods and all around, but never any fell in our yard. A McClellan battery would reply, and when the duel would commence many officers would come into our yard for protection, as they said they knew the shells would not fall there.

The water in our yard was used by hundreds of the troops. The spring being much higher than the house, the water came up through a big pipe and then ran off to the barn. The stream was surrounded by soldiers with their canteens.

In the rear of the barn there was a small wheat field, and it was ready to cut. The negroes said that if they went to work the Confederates would throw shells at them; but Uncle Tom told them that the Confederates knew whose wheat field it was, and they went to work under his lead. A few mornings afterwards Uncle Tom and Uncle Moses came to me and said: "Don't give us away, but we can tell you where the stolen geese are. Some soldiers are behind the wheat shock picking them." The night before we lost all our geese but two or three. Now these geese were my pets; the old gander I had named Major, and I used to take them on the high hills and make them fly back home. So I went crying to the captain who had charge of the men at the barn and told him his men had stolen my geese and killed old Major. "Well," he said, "come with me, you little Rebel. We are not here to make war on geese, but to take Richmond. They shall pay you for them." So we went into the wheat field and when I saw old Major I fell down on him and cried. The captain took me up and called the men to him and made them pay me fifty cents apiece for every goose except old Major, and I took him to the house and Uncles Tom and Moses buried him for me. Now of the few geese that escaped was one given to us in 1840 by Mr. Thomas White, a relative, who moved to Missouri. He said he did not know the age of this goose, but had owned her for a number of years. She finally went through the war, escaping all the raids that Sheridan, Kilpatrick, and others made through our section. She was brought to Missouri in 1870, and was killed accidentally in 1890. She reared her young every year. She was in our own family for fifty years, and when killed was apparently young.

Before father was taken sick he had asked some privilege from the commanding officer. He told him he was originally a Union man, but Mr. Lincoln's call for troops to subdue the South had changed him, and six of his sons were in the Confederate army. The officer told him if he would take the oath he could have his request. He wanted to know what kind of oath. The next day he submitted to him the following oath for his consideration and insisted upon his subscribing to it:

"I, ———, of Hanover County, State of Virginia, do hereby solemnly swear that I will bear allegiance to the United States and support and sustain the Constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the national sovereignty paramount to that of all State, county, or Confederate powers;

that I will discourage, discountenance, and forever oppose secession, rebellion, and disintegration of the Federal Union; that I disclaim and denounce all faith and fellowship with the so-called Confederate armies and pledge my honor, my property, and my life to the sacred performance of this, my solemn oath of allegiance to the government of the United States of America."

After reading it, my father handed it back to him and said with a voice full of fire and emotion and trembling finger pointing toward the Confederate line, his whole frame quivering: "I have six sons on yonder hill! If I sign this, it will deny me right to welcome them home; if I sign this, it will deny me right to feed them; if I sign this, it will deny me right to show to them my love and affection when with God's will I meet them again. Never, never! How can you ask it?"

From a hill near the house the church steeples in Richmond could be plainly seen, and every Sunday morning when the church bells were ringing the sound could be plainly heard. Near this hill was our overseer's house. The overseer had gone to the army, and his family were at this house, and the officers would taunt the old lady about soon being in Richmond, saying they would capture her husband and send him home to her. One Sunday morning they came down from the hill after listening to the church bells and told her that next Sunday they would themselves ring those bells. "Well," she said; "you have been up on the hill viewing the promised land, have you?" "O yes." "Well, don't you know the prophet Moses climbed the mount and viewed the promised land, but he never got there?" This remark amused them very much, and was the talk of the camp as long as they stayed there.

Every still afternoon they would send up balloons—"monster things." One evening the men in the balloon reported that Lee was preparing to vacate Richmond, that they could see a big stir among the troops. They soon found out differently, as Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was starting out on his famous raid around General McClellan's army. Next morning everything was in confusion, troops galloping everywhere, and for two days they thought Lee would attack them.

On June 25, 1862, there appeared every evidence of an impending battle. Every man was in camp, orderlies were riding everywhere, and the troops were moving. The next day, June



HOME OF W. B. AND S. T. SYDNOR, MECHANICSVILLE, VA.

26, we heard the first shot of the real battle. That afternoon was fought the battle of Mechanicsville and Ellerson Mill. This mill being about a mile from our house, and our house being not in line of the battle, we escaped, but shells flew all around. Father being sick, Uncle Tom and Uncle Moses



GROUP OF THE SIXTEEN CHILDREN BORN IN THE SYDNOR HOME. (See page 106.)

carried him down into the basement and laid him on a bed where we thought it would be safer. The whole family were in this room. An old-fashioned table with drop sides stood in one corner, and every time a shell would burst close to the house a moan would come from under this table. Father called to know who it was. Under this table lay poor Uncle Tom, who cried out: "Marse William, pray for me, pray for me." The battle ceased about dark.

The porch was full of officers that night until about ten o'clock, when suddenly all left, and everything was as quiet as death the rest of the night. The next morning, June 27, we looked out and could not see a soul anywhere; so I ventured out and went up to the top story of the barn and looked over toward the Confederate lines. And as I did so I saw a man on a horse about one-half mile away. As soon as he saw me he motioned to me with his hat to come to him. I knew he was a Confederate soldier, and that was enough; so I hurried down and ran as a boy never did before toward him, and he came to meet me. It was my brother. I nearly fainted, so glad was I to see him. He took me up on his horse and carried me to General Longstreet, who asked me many questions about McClellan's army. I told him all I knew, and then in a few moments the whole of Lee's army was in motion on their way to Cold Harbor, about two miles east, where McClellan's army made another stand and where an awful and bloody battle occurred. This is the fight where the New York Zouaves of the Federal army and the New Orleans Tigers of Lee's army met, and but few lived through it.

Longstreet's Division passed right through our yard going to this battle. Lee and McClellan fought for several days.

We boys gathered bullets from the battle field and moulded them into shot to hunt with. Uncle Tom and Uncle Moses remained with us, sharing our joys and our sorrows.

The day after the battle of Cold Harbor a wounded soldier came to get a drink of water while on his way to the hospital in Richmond. He asked my father to let him rest. His wound soon began to bleed afresh, and my father dressed it over for him, and he seemed very grateful. He was an edu-

cated gentleman, so he was invited to remain with us until he got well. Being from New Orleans, he could not get home. Later he joined my brother's command, and fought gallantly until the day before the surrender of Lee, when he gave my brother his few trinkets, asking that they be sent to his mother in New Orleans, as he would be killed that day. Before the sun set on that day this gallant Frenchman had crossed the river to meet Stonewall Jackson and his many comrades. After the war was over, his brothers came and got his body and took it to his dear old mother. She sent my mother a handsome gold watch as a slight token of her appreciation of the many favors we had conferred upon her boy.

[The foregoing lacks a family sketch that was expected.—
ED. VETERAN.]

ABOUT SANFORD GARNER AND HIS SON.

BY T. W. CASSELL, KANSAS CITY, MO.

I will state in replying to Theo H. Graves, of Anderson, Tex., in November VETERAN that Sanford Garner and his son, John W. Garner, enlisted in the cause of the South from Independence, Mo., in 1861. They served in Company A, 16th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, and were paroled at Shreveport, La., May 23, 1865.

Owing to the rough treatment of returning Confederates by the State Militia in their home county, they decided to remain away until things had quieted down, and went to Eastern Texas, where I heard later that they both died within a short time after reaching their destination.

The elder Garner was a rather heavy-built man between fifty and sixty years of age, while the son was small and spare-built, and weighed scarcely one hundred pounds. His hair was light-colored, and was always worn long. He was slightly lame, but was a good soldier and always ready for duty. His age was about twenty-two years.

I have never known what became of the other members of their family. I would appreciate any information from Mr. Graves or other persons concerning them and their last days.

I write from personal knowledge. I was orderly sergeant of the company.

FIRST FEDERAL DEFEAT AT SABINE PASS.

[William Wiess in the Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise.]

I was in my first fight on January 21, 1862, when the river steamers J. H. Bell and Uncle Ben captured the sailing ship Morning Light, of one thousand tons' capacity and one hundred and twenty men, and the schooner Velocity, of about one hundred tons and about twenty men. These vessels were blockading the entrance to Sabine Pass and lying from one and a half to two miles off shore from the entrance to the channel. The Morning Light was equipped with eight 32-pound cannon and one small gun. The Velocity had two small guns.

As but little has ever been published about this particular scrap, I give what actually occurred.

At that time there were possibly located at and camped within a radius of five miles of Sabine Pass a thousand or twelve hundred Confederates. Every soldier at Sabine wanted to get into the fight, but it was known that not more than one hundred and fifty men could go on each boat. Hence it was decided that they should be drawn by ballot.

My brother Mark (now deceased) and I belonged to Company A, Capt. O. M. Marsh. Our captain ascertained that only twenty-five of his men could go on the J. H. Bell; and as there were one hundred and twenty-five men in our company, he had twenty-five tickets prepared, marking the word "Bell" on each; the others were blank.

My brother and I both drew blanks, but unfortunately two married men from Orange, Mr. William G. Radcliffe and Mr. Felix Teal, drew "Bell" tickets. I induced them to let brother Mark and me have their tickets, reminding them that they were married men with families, and that we were both single. We might all go to "Davy Jones's locker," so they would be much better off at home looking out for their families. They finally consented and let us have their tickets, for which I gave them two \$10 Confederate bills. All the men taken aboard our boats, except the gunners, went as sharpshooters, in order to be able to clear the decks of the Yankee gunboats. We were armed with Enfield rifles.

Some time during the night of January 20 two steamboats came down from either Beaumont or Orange, arriving at old Sabine after night. They were barricaded from the hull deck to the cabin deck with double rows of cotton bales.

The J. H. Bell had one 64-pound rifle cannon forward on the main deck and the Uncle Ben had two 32-pound cannons. We were marched to the boats after midnight, and at about four o'clock in the morning we started for action, and were possibly eight or nine miles from the enemy.

These were first-class river steamers. The Bell had a capacity of about 1,500 bales of cotton and the Uncle Ben a capacity of about 1,000 bales. The Bell was the faster boat of the two.

Capt. Charles Fowler, of Galveston, was considered the "commodore." He was in charge of the Bell, and Capt. William Johnson was in charge of the Uncle Ben. The pilots were Capt. Lewis King, Capt. I. R. Birch, and I believe Charlie Birch was third and Captain Hall, of Lake Charles, the fourth. Mr. Sanford Gregory was the first engineer on the Bell, Mr. Joe Wildey was the second engineer, and Mr. Abel Coffin, my brother-in-law, was assistant engineer. He was engineer on the supply steamer Sunflower, but accompanied us on the Bell. Maj. Oscar M. Watkins was in command of the troops at Sabine; but when the boats left Sabine Pass, the command devolved upon the shoulders of Commodore Charles Fowler.

Among others who were on the Uncle Ben were: Capts. G. W. O'Brien, K. D. Keith, and Gibbs, and their companions.

LETTER FROM ABEL COFFIN, JR.

[An account of the capture of the Federal boat Morning Light off Sabine Pass by the river steamers J. H. Bell and Uncle Ben, which account was written by Abel Coffin on the flyleaf of a volume of Macaulay's "Essays."]

"On the morning of the 21st of January, 1863, the blockading force off Sabine entrance consisted of the clipper bark Morning Light of 1,000 tons, carrying four iron 32-pound guns in each broadside and an inch and a quarter Butter gun aft, with one hundred and twenty men and a leader; the schooner Velocity, of about one hundred tons, with two 12-pounder brass boat howitzers and some ten or twelve men.

"The river steamers J. H. Bell and Uncle Ben, having been clad with cotton, arrived at Sabine Pass on the morning of the 20th. The former carried a 6-inch rifle forward, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery amounting to some two hundred and fifty; the latter had two iron 12-pounders forward and about the same number of men as the Bell and of the same sort.

"The morning of the 21st, clear and calm, found all in readiness, and they proceeded to attack the blockaders. The Bell was in command of Charles Fowler and the Ben in charge of William Johnson, both good seamen and brave officers. After a running fight of more than an hour, both vessels surrendered. The Velocity was brought in and the Morning Light was burned on the bar. * * * I was engineer of the steamboat Sunflower. ABEL COFFIN, JR."

This letter confirms my recollections of the event.

About the time the boats were ready to start Major Watkins remarked to Captain Fowler jocularly that he had never smelled any gunpowder. Captain Fowler replied: "I'll give you a chance to smell some to-day."

Our boats were stocked with fuel, consisting of rich pine knots, several barrels of rosin, and some bacon, so as to be able to make plenty of steam. I clearly remember going in the engine room and noticing that our engineer had the safety valve tied down with monkey wrenches and sledge hammers, so we really could not tell how much steam we had. I returned to the deck, expecting every moment to see us all go skyward.

The Bell led the way, with the Uncle Ben close in our rear. When we left the wharf, there was no wind. When daylight came and we were nearing the enemy, there was still but little wind.

As soon as the blockaders saw us coming they realized there was a fight on hand, and immediately began to spread their sails and weigh anchors. They then got away under the slight breeze. When we were within about one and a half miles, we fired our first shot, and our shell fell just forward of the bow under the bowsprit. In a very short time the Morning Light replied with her broadside, which was four shots, and they all fell short. We then gave them our second shot, and much to our satisfaction and delight saw that we had dismounted the forward gun on the Morning Light and wounded several men. About this time the Morning Light let us have her second round. Fortunately all of this round went over us. It was then that Captain Fowler said: "Now is our critical time. The next broadside will be grape and canister." But we were running at such a rate of speed that we were able to keep under the stern of the Morning Light, so she was unable to get her guns to bear on us again. This

fact, together with the dismounting of her gun and the wounding of her men, had sent nearly her entire force below. Meantime our sharpshooters had opened up on the Morning Light, which resulted in sending the balance of her crew below, with the exception of two men. One man was in the rigging with the mast between him and the sharpshooters. The other was Captain Dillingham, of the Morning Light, who never did go below. He stood on the poop of his vessel waving his sword in token of surrender. Shortly after that the white flag ran up and the firing ceased.

During this fight but one man—Andrew McClurg, second sergeant—was injured on our side. When we were within fifty or seventy-five yards of the Morning Light, McClurg threw his gun down on Captain Dillingham, and our captain, O. M. Marsh, knocked his gun up before he could fire. When the bow of our boat struck the Morning Light, he jumped from the cotton to the deck of the Morning Light, and in doing so sprained his ankle. He was the only man hurt on our side.

During this time the Uncle Ben was taking care of the schooner Velocity. Each of our boats took a vessel in tow and carried it back to the bar. The Uncle Ben took her tow in over the bar in Sabine Pass; but as the Light drew fourteen to fifteen feet of water, we could not take her over.

After the fight was over, Captain Fowler turned the expedition over to Major Watkins. On account of certain conditions he did not seem to be able to handle the remainder of it to the best advantage.

We found that the Morning Light had on board about two hundred barrels of beef and pork as stores and a good deal of pig iron as ballast. The vessel could easily have been unloaded and brought into Sabine had it not been for the mismanagement of the party then in charge. The result was that the next day about two o'clock two gunboats came from Galveston, having possibly heard the firing on the gulf. We were then compelled to abandon the Morning Light and set fire to her. A part of her bones now rest on the west side of the jetties at Sabine Pass.

The Uncle Ben and the Bell brought the prisoners to Beaumont. They were transferred from here to Houston.

Captain Dillingham was either a brother or uncle of Mr. Dillingham, of Houston. He was a brave officer.

In return for my \$10 Confederate bill I received a pair of blankets and brother Mark got a suit of clothes. Each of our boys got a relic of some kind.

Why more has not been written about this fight, I do not know, for it was about as nervy a scrap as ever occurred.

ONE OF LIFE'S TRAGEDIES.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE OF BELLUM AND LATER DAYS.

BY RICHARD CARTER HORNE, MARSHALL, MO.

"No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look she turned when he rose."

Tragedies in fiction often stir the human heart to unwonted interest and excitement, but tragedies in real life are enacted every day which the cunning hand of the master in histrionic production can neither equal nor adequately portray.

There recently died in one of the Texas cities a man into whose life was woven a heart romance the like of which was probably never known; one, in fact, then known only to himself and another, who had but lately discovered all the sad

truth, and who, with Spartan fortitude and woman's capacity for silent suffering, had borne within her bosom a flame kindled nearly half a century ago and which burst out anew and burned more ardently than ever when a chance remark in a crowd caught her ear.

In the then Central West in ante-bellum times there lived a young man of high purpose, fine presence, and a favorite in his set and circle. When the Civil War came on, he, being a Southron, espoused the cause of his class and clan, donned the gray uniform of the country dear to him, and rode gayly forth to battle. Within a year he was captain of a battery, and became as dashing and fearless a *beau sabreur* as ever followed flag or fronted foe.

Shortly after Gen. Sterling Price had captured Lexington, Mo., ably defended by Colonel Mulligan, of the Federal forces, he and his victorious army again started South, and encamped for several weeks upon the banks of the classic Osage, in the southwestern part of the State. The hopes of the Confederacy were then high, its star in the ascendant, and its leaders, civil and military, felt they had an even chance to win, even against overwhelming odds. The stars and bars were being advanced and upheld with all the traditions and éclat of the proud Southland, and nobody admitted possible defeat.

While the army was thus encamped for drill and to recruit many ladies visited headquarters, and enjoyed the sights and experience in fullest measure. Among one of the visiting parties, chaperoned by a Mrs. Lewis, a near relative of the Washingtons of Virginia, was a beautiful, high-born girl whose father was a prominent Southerner, one who already had several sons in Price's army. She and all the other ladies were feted and toasted at the headquarters of the different divisions, and much of the pomp and circumstance of war was exhibited upon that tented field to the admiring gaze of the charming visitors. They met and were entertained by generals, colonels, majors, and captains. Martial music and showy uniforms completed the charm already so alluring.

Upon an ideal autumn afternoon in one of the brigade encampments a battery was ordered out for drill and maneuver, and its captain was the handsome young fellow mentioned above, and who never appeared to better advantage nor sat his horse more gracefully. Dressed in new gray uniform, girt with red silken sash and tassels, bowing acknowledgment of female plaudits with all the grace of a French field marshal of the old régime, it is no wonder he captivated the younger ladies and became a favorite with all. After drill it chanced that the young officer was introduced to the young lady mentioned, and their short acquaintance, less than ten days all told, rapidly ripened into a love as lasting as time and as sacred and pure as that of the angels in heaven. Personally they had been strangers to each other, but their families were well known and prominent; and as for references, the civil body of that part of the commonwealth would have stood sponsor for the fair maid, while the whole army would have backed the young captain with its moral and physical support.

Those were happy days! It seemed to the young lovers as though a universal truce had been declared for their especial benefit and that the war—grim-visaged and terrible—would never be resumed, and that nothing but songs of love and peace would ever again be heard in the land. They rode, they walked, they sang, and, in fact, did everything that pure passion and chivalry inspires—she the envy of all the girls and

he more than envied by the young officers in the entire camp. Chaperons ignored their comings and goings, and they strolled wherever and whenever they listed, unchallenged by sentries and seemingly immune from officious espionage by their elders, civil, military, or family.

Under these conditions and under such auspices, with the moon and stars as mute witnesses, troths were plighted, vows made, and tentative plans laid for marriage when the cruel war was over. After mutually promising to communicate whenever possible under the hard conditions war imposes, the lovers separated—he to follow his flag and she to return home—both with high hopes and fond hearts and each with undying faith in the love and loyalty of the other. But “man proposes and God disposes.”

Shortly after their separation all the furious dogs of war seemed loosed at once, and the entire South, particularly the “Border,” was rent and torn by heartless internecine strife. Amid the general disruption and bitter persecution the young lady’s father found it imminently expedient to remove hastily his family to another county where Southerners were not so harassed and where life and property had some measure of protection. This he did, and the migration was fatal to the young lovers.

The young captain wrote at the first opportunity, directing his letter to the town which had always been the post office of his sweetheart. In his letter he breathed a love and tenderness, a faith and loyalty not to be questioned. He told her of his hopes and fears, his increasing devotion to his flag and his hope of its ultimate triumph, but stronger than all was his ardent desire that the war would end quickly and that he might reach her side at the earliest moment afterwards.

If the letter ever reached the town, it fell into the hands of a careless or hostile postmaster, who neglected or refused to forward it to her new address, and thus “the letter that she longed for never came,” and she imagined that he had been slain in the far Southland, and finally ceased to hope, but never ceased to love. He imagined that she had possibly disregarded the vows made upon the Osage. Thus each was left in doubt and cruel uncertainty as to the fidelity of the other, though each was loyal, each was true and faithful.

The soldier never wavered in his devotion to the South. He fought a good fight, was often mentioned for gallantry upon the field, and the collapse of his loved Confederacy found him with high rank and an untarnished name for valor and loyalty. Like many of his brothers at arms, he never surrendered, and with hundreds of them they buried their flag in the Rio Grande, crossed over to Mexico, and, knightlike, offered their swords to the weaker side, that of the unhappy Maximilian, whose star was waning and upon whom was soon to fall in the hour of French desertion and abandonment an irresistible force. Unable to reach the Austrian, they recrossed the boundary into Texas, where they scattered to the four winds, and our artillery officer finally married and settled down to win a competency in commercial life.

In the course of time the young lady also married, and became a dutiful, loving, and faithful wife. After many vicissitudes and cares incident to life, both were bereft of their lifemates, and both apparently settled down to the humdrum of middle age existence, each unconscious of the other’s bereavement. * * *

In the leaded dice of time and peace the lady—then a matronly widow of pleasing appearance—attended a great gathering in a central city. In a crowded hotel parlor, over-hearing some one introduce a gentleman from a certain town

—the town in which the sweetheart of her youth once lived—she sought an introduction. After the usual and conventional pleasantries, she asked the gentleman very modestly and with adroit finesse if he ever knew a Captain Gorham of that place. The gentleman replied: “No, madam. I went there long after the war was over, but I know of the captain’s enlistment, his command of a battery, and his gallant services in the army.”

“Do you think it possible to ascertain his address?”

“I believe it is, provided he is living. I myself have not heard of him for years. The last I knew of him he was living in Texas.”

“If you will inquire and write me, I shall appreciate it.”

“Madam, I now recall that Captain Gorham has relatives living near my town. They surely know of him. I will make inquiry and inform you at once.”

“Thank you. Here is my card.”

The gentleman divined the motive at once, and entered heartily into the quest to help her learn of the friend of forty years ago. Returning home, he inquired and ascertained that Captain Gorham was living in Galveston at the time of the great flood of 1900, but his friends knew nothing of him since that fearful catastrophe. The lady was informed and wrote a most grateful reply, thanking him for the information.

Time wore on. A great Confederate Reunion was soon to be held in a Southern city, and the lady announced to her veteran brothers that she would like to attend the Reunion. They were delighted to have her go, and she went with them. They were anxious to have her meet their State Commander of Veterans, whose headquarters was at a prominent hotel, and she went several times, but each time the Commander was out. Finally she manifested to his secretary her disappointment, when a gentleman, dignified and graceful, arose and asked the lady: “Are you from Missouri, madam? I myself was a Missourian.”

“Indeed,” she answered, “and from what part of Missouri?”

“Marshall.”

The name of the place went through her like an electric shock, but she nerved herself and said: “Please tell me your name. I lately attended a Church denominational meeting at Marshall, and may have met some of your friends.”

“My name is Gorham.”

“Were you related to Captain Gorham, of Price’s army?”

Bowing with all the grace of a Chesterfield, he replied: “Madam, I am Captain Gorham. Whom have I the honor of addressing?” anxiously asked the old soldier.

“Do you remember Eugenia Bronaugh?”

There was a moment of staggering surprise and of lovelight shining through eyes from hearts which the great war had cruelly separated over forty years before, and then with Fate’s cruelest dart he turned and drove the iron into the souls of both by introducing her to the woman he had married the day before. A few commonplaces were said, a few questions were asked and answered, and then each turned and went a separate way—he to die shortly thereafter.

“God pity them both and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.”

[In the “War Records,” Series I., Volume VIII., Maj. D. Herndon Lindsley in a report to Gen. Sterling Price in a battle on March 7 and 8, 1862, states: “Capt. James C. Gorham returned to the battle ground in the face of the enemy and under a heavy fire of three guns and brought off a twelve-pound howitzer that had been captured from the enemy. Such daring as this should be suitably rewarded.”—ED. VETERAN.]

EMERGENCY COMMISSION IMPORTANT.

The Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock) of January 7 told a pathetic story of the death of Mr. Charles Cox under the following startling head lines: "Old hero dies alone, homeless. Wounded at Gettysburg and Shiloh, Charles W. Cox had not a place to lay his head. Barred from the Confederate Home on technicality."

Mrs. Sam S. Wassell, a prominent U. D. C. of Arkansas and of the J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, wrote the Gazette:

"This did actually occur here in our own dear old Arkansas. The State which sent Pat Cleburne, Hindeman, Churchill, Fagan, McRae, Morgan, and many others to fight for State rights—the State which claims to have sent more old men to the war and more boys under age than any other State (the State which held the most glorious Confederate Reunion on record just ten months ago) let this hero of many battles die of hunger and cold. This man who wore the gray had enlisted at the early age of fifteen, serving through the entire four years. Certainly when the Son of man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him and sit upon the throne, then shall the King say: 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me not meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me not drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in.' * * *

"As a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I feel that every Southern man should know that the object of this great Southern patriotic association is to care for the living Confederate veterans first of all. Here in Little Rock there are four flourishing Chapters of the U. D. C., numbering at least five hundred loyal Southern women, any one of whom had she been notified would have gladly attended to the wants of this old soldier. It is a privilege to serve them.

"As law-abiding citizens we do not desire to infringe upon any laws. Neither do we ask a single unusual privilege to be granted any old Confederate veterans; but do the laws of our Confederate Home necessitate the turning away of any old man, be he a soldier of North or South (or should he be not a veteran at all) out in the intense cold of the past week? And this was in the Christmas season, when every man, woman, and child was glad to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of each other; the season, almost the day when God gave his only Son to the world. He too, like our old soldier, had not a place to lay his head.

"If this is the law which is to govern any old soldiers' home, especially our Arkansas Home, members of the board, let me beg of you to change it.

"By reading over Mr. Cox's papers I found that last April, ten months ago, he received his small pension, and there were just two or three days left of that year (1911) which proved to be the grave technicality which kept him out of the Arkansas Confederate Home. Finding himself left penniless on the 29th of December, he attempted to walk back to his widowed daughter's, and was found by Mr. Donovan, of Argenta, and taken to his home. Otherwise he would have died of cold and hunger on the streets of Argenta.

"Too much credit cannot be given the Rev. Charles R. Hyde, of the Central Presbyterian Church, and his most excellent wife. They not only did much to secure the funds for the funeral expenses but had his body carried to their home, where the Veterans and Sons of Veterans and the U. D. C. attended the funeral. Donations of money were received from the Confederate associations of Little Rock, including \$5 from Judge Asher. The large floral offering was the gift of the U. D. C. Chapters.

"To the daughters of Mr. Cox I wish to express love and sympathy and also say that their father fills a Confederate hero's grave, while his soul is resting in paradise with his peerless leaders, Lee and Jackson."

Hon. C. P. Newton, of England, Ark., a State representative, wrote the Gazette that "because it was a typical case" he had tried to secure admission for Mr. Cox to the Soldiers' Home, and those in authority were in sympathy with his undertaking. He secured application blanks, and by the filling of it his splendid record was ascertained.

If conditions had been known, Comrade Cox would have been supplied with the best of everything.

In the granting of pensions there are individual decisions that work injustice and seem severe, but it is a protection against fraud and imposition to adhere to the law in such cases, as this very pathetic one. Mr. Newton states in the Gazette: "I happen to know that the reason his relatives did not respond when notified of his death was because of poverty."

This case is not exceptional. Many are found in different States. There is in Tennessee a noble woman whose husband closed his fine store and made a good soldier. His wife, in her intense loyalty to the cause, volunteered as a nurse, and it is of historic record that she was prominent and efficient in hospital service. Her husband's grave is in the Confederate Cemetery at Americus, Ga. After the war she was married again to an old man born in 1810, who was too old to be a soldier, and he died years ago. Because of that marriage she is ineligible for a pension as the widow of her first husband, and there is no law whereby she can draw a pension for her own worthy services. Now she is old, poor, and in need.

There should be appropriated in every county of every State in which there are veterans or widows a *Confederate emergency fund* and a commission of honorable men who would serve without compensation to have the use of this fund for such cases. Anything so sacred would not be abused often enough to counterbalance the great good. Every State ought to provide such rescue as speedily as possible.

SIXTY-FIVE VIRGINIA VETERANS' AVERAGE AGE SEVENTY-THREE YEARS.—S. L. Crute, Adjutant of William Watts Camp at Roanoke, Va., reports that at the Lee memorial service in that city there were sixty-five veterans present, and their average age was seventy-three years. The occasion was made creditable to that people. The eminent speaker on the occasion was Hon. Harry Wooding, of Danville, who said what in substance is the theme of the VETERAN: "This work has now fallen on the shoulders of the daughters and grand-daughters, who are so successfully carrying forward the work inaugurated by their forefathers."

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
JANUARY 12 TO FEBRUARY 7, 1912.

Alabama: Clayton Chapter, \$1; Stonewall Chapter, \$2.

Kentucky: Post cards sold by Mrs. McKinney, 40 cents; Mr. C. J. VanMeter (personal), Bowling Green, \$5; Paducah Chapter, post cards, 80 cents.

New York: New York Chapter, \$25.

Total collections since January 12, \$34.20.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$13,124.87.

Total collections to date, \$13,159.07.

Less expense for stationery, \$12.50.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$13,146.57.

MEN OF DIXIE READY FOR THE CALL.

When they heard the call through Dixie in the days of sixty-one,
They bade good-by to loved ones midst the music of the gun;
For when manhood of the Southland sees its duty, it is done,
And a duty made the story of the days of sixty-one.

When the dove of peace had fluttered near and finally did arrive,
They heard the call through Dixie in the days of sixty-five.
The manhood of the Southland, to its duty e'er alive,
True to teaching and to precept, met the call of sixty-five.

Then another call through Dixie claimed a higher courage yet,
And the manhood of the Southland learned to labor and forget;
For the bonnie boys from Dixie, with their lusty Southern cheer,
Always have front-faced to duty with the ringing call of "Here!"

Now her beacon fires are smothered. Over matchless hill and
vale
Floats by day the golden sunlight and by night the moonbeams
pale;
And they weave their mystic spell about the heroes' deathless
fame:
The manhood of the Southland keeps its watch o'er her fair name.

When the long call sounds through Dixie and the angels open wide
The portals to those mansions where the glorious shall abide,
A great gray host of heroes, with a mighty Southern cheer,
Will face their call to duty with a full, clear chorus: "Here!"

L. HARLEY MILES.

Kansas City, Mo.

BANJOIST OF ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

[B. J. Rogers, in Petersburg Index-Appeal.]

Comrade Samuel Moorman Gregory, now in his eightieth year, was a member of Company E, 49th Virginia Infantry, A. N. V., 1861-65. A cripple from the effects of wounds received during the war, he is now an inmate of Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, Richmond, Va. Even now when he picks his beloved banjo in his quarters and bursts into the war songs that stirred his hearers in the wilderness or in the trenches around Petersburg, the "Rebel yell" can be heard as of old.

He is always a welcome visitor at the leading homes of Richmond and the adjacent country. All are glad to welcome the nerry "Old Veteran," whose anecdotes never grow stale and whose jovial nature only mellows under the frost of time as he plays and sings on his ancient banjo.

Gregory is famed in war annals of the South as "the banjoist of Gen. R. E. Lee's army," who drove care from camp fires and cheered anxious soldiers on the eve of battle. "Old Joe Hooker, Come Out of the Wilderness," caroled Gregory in the camps of Lee's Infantry.

During the early years of the war Sam Sweeney was as well known as Gregory. He belonged to the cavalry, and followed the fortunes of "Jeb" Stuart, the gay chevalier. "If you want to have a good time, join the cavalry," that favorite song of Stuart's, Sweeney sang and played on the banjo on the long cavalry marches.

With their jolly songs and banjo solos these men performed valiant service in cheering the spirits of harassed soldiers, worn and weary almost beyond human endurance.

Sweeney died of smallpox at Orange Courthouse, Va., before the conflict was half over, while the men of the South were still light-hearted and Stuart still led his daring cavalry into battle. Gregory was spared to fight and play and sing throughout the war. In the closing days Gregory's banjo and voice were as merry in the trenches about Petersburg as ever. From the first Manassas to Appomattox Courthouse Gregory marched with his gun and his banjo. Whenever the troops stacked arms, his jolly camp tunes and stirring martial airs cheered the hearts of the weary soldiers. Often he was called to play at General Lee's headquarters. He ended his military career almost on the spot that he learned to pick the banjo strings. His popularity with his banjo gave him liberties at headquarters that the other soldiers did not enjoy.

GENERAL ZOLLIFFER'S "BRACELET."

"Mrs. Philip Martin, of Delano, Minn., says that she has a bracelet that was taken off of General Zollicoffer's wrist after he was shot. Any of his relatives may apply to her."

The foregoing from the National Tribune was sent by the VETERAN to Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., a daughter of the General, and she replied:

"Thanking those who would restore the bracelet, the daughters of General Zollicoffer beg to say in reply to the above that it is not credible that their father wore such an ornament. Notably simple in dress, he never wore at any time either a ring, gold shirt button, or scarf pin, the only adornment of his scrupulously neat attire being a watch and chain, distinctly for utility. Nor is it in keeping with his reserve and dignity of deportment that he should have made outward show of the sentimentality indicated by a bracelet upon the wrist. No doubt the lady who has the trinket believes it a genuine relic; but equally, without doubt, it is in the class with many other articles kindly, though mistakenly, proffered to General Zollicoffer's family. For instance, the false teeth, said to have been taken from his mouth after his death in battle, the epaulets from his shoulders, and the pistols and field glass from his saddle—well known to be spurious. His teeth were all natural and quite sound. That the epaulets were not genuine, the following letter from Dr. D. B. Cliffe, brigade surgeon to General Zollicoffer, should go far to prove:

"February 4, 1902.

"*Dear Mrs. Bond:* Yours of the 3d received. I have no recollection of seeing your father wear a pair of epaulets. He was unusually plain and unostentatious; in fact, I think he had an aversion to personal display. On the day of his death I feel sure he had on no epaulets nor any insignia of rank save shoulder straps. Yours truly, D. B. CLIFFE."

"In regard to the spy glass and pistols, the truth is that they, together with sword, saddle, and horse, were brought direct from the battle field of Mill Spring (Fishing Creek) to General Zollicoffer's family. About the same time his body was chivalrously sent by the victorious Federals to Bowling Green, Ky., and there delivered under flag of truce to a Confederate escort to be returned to his children, who have not been unappreciative of an act of consideration that was rare, if not unique, in the War of the States."

[Many ideas as false as the foregoing are current.]

WOUNDED TRIO ON TWO MATTRESSES—YANK BETWEEN TWO JOHNNIES.—Franklin Carter Larimore, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, who was a private in Company G, 20th Ohio Infantry, writes to Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain: "I was wounded in the left knee and both hands about 4 P.M. April 7, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Shiloh. The ambulance that carried me to the river arrived at the boat landing about midnight. After sitting in the purser's chair an hour or so (as the berths were full and the cabin was crowded), a place was found for me on the edges of two mattresses between two Confederates from Alabama, who were prisoners. They were wounded, one of them in the thigh. I was about sixteen years old, and they called me their 'baby.' They washed my face and fed me. I traded a revolver to one of them for a watch. At Mound City, Ill., we parted. I was taken to the general hospital, and they were sent to some hospital for prisoners. My gratitude for their kind treatment is unceasing; and if they are still alive, I would like to hear from and to see them."

CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

COL. JOHN P. HICKMAN'S TALK TO HIS COMRADES.

Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Comrades and Friends: You ask for my experience as a prisoner of war, but my confinement was of such long duration that I will have to limit my experience to the most salient points after a brief account of my previous service.

Immediately after the battle of Chickamauga General Wheeler was sent on a raid through Tennessee in the rear of General Rosecrans's army, primarily to cut off his communications and if possible to capture a wagon train then on its way to provision and clothe the Army of the Cumberland. We crossed the Tennessee River and captured the wagon train referred to in the Sequatchie Valley. This train was a long one, and was bountifully loaded with clothing and provisions and guarded by 1,200 Yankees.

We took what we could carry on a rapid run and burned the balance. We started on with our prisoners, and on arriving at McMinnville we found that General Dibrell had captured the town, with some four hundred prisoners. The whole 1,600 prisoners were lined up in a road, made to hold up their right hands, and swear they would not reënter the army until exchanged. We then went on and captured Shelbyville, and on down to Farmington, in Marshall County.

At Farmington the officer who was in command of the rear of General Wheeler's corps, engaged General Wilder's cavalry. In this fight I think we had eleven killed, and I, with one hundred and four other soldiers, was captured. This was on October 6, 1863. Let me remark here that we fought at Farmington some of the very soldiers we had paroled but a few days before at McMinnville. After this fight Gen. W. Y. C. Humes succeeded the officer mentioned.

We prisoners were marched to Shelbyville and then brought to Nashville and incarcerated in the penitentiary. The second day after our arrival in Nashville we were marched to and lined up in front of the Capitol. Gov. Andrew Johnson came out and made us a speech. In this speech he said we were badly whipped, would freeze and suffer in a Northern prison, and advised us to quit. He said he would let us take the oath and go home, and requested all who wanted to take the oath to step two steps to the front. I am sorry to say fourteen marched out. I never saw them afterwards.

I being the youngest and smallest prisoner in the line, Governor Johnson had me taken to his office. When he learned my name and who I was, he became very insistent on my taking the oath. He said he knew my father, who had always been one of his supporters, and offered all kinds of inducements for me to take the oath. This I, of course, refused to do, and was taken back to the penitentiary. In a few days we were sent to Louisville, and from thence to Camp Morton, at Indianapolis, Ind., where I remained until June, 1864.

The barracks at Camp Morton were built with upright plank and very poorly stripped. We suffered greatly from cold, but were allowed two blankets and an overcoat, if we had one. The feeding was by mess, and our rations were very limited, but were sometimes changed, and therefore we had but few cases of scurvy. We were then in paradise to what afterwards followed. In June, 1864, 1,500 of us were taken out and started, as we understood, for exchange. To say that we were happy is putting it mildly, and we geyed the people at every station. When we arrived at Philadelphia, we were loaded upon a boat and started down the Delaware River, and to our great disappointment pulled in at Fort Delaware.

Fort Delaware is on an island in the head of Delaware Bay, and the island would be quite covered by water on the incoming of the evening tide if it were not for a strong and high levee all around the island. On this levee there was a guard house at every fifty yards, and in each a sentinel was always on duty. Besides this, there was a ditch inside of the levee about ten feet wide kept constantly filled with water, and it was almost impossible to get to the levee if we could have passed the guards after getting there. It was one and three-quarter miles to the New Jersey shore, the nearest point of land, even if we could have gotten into the bay.

So there we were, cut off from the outside world, with none to hear our wails except our guards, and they turned a deaf ear. After our arrival, there were on the island in round numbers 10,000 prisoners, and all were in command of General Schoef. He had been appointed a lieutenant in the regular army by President Polk. My stepgrandfather, the Hon. Cave Johnson, who was in Mr. Polk's cabinet, wrote General Schoef, asking that I might be treated with some consideration. Therefore I was frequently carried out to headquarters and beseeched to take the oath, offered transportation home, good clothes, etc.

The prisoners were not allowed to take the oath unless they had some good friends outside who would go bond for the observance of the oath. However, some 1,600 did apply to take the oath, and they were then taken out of our barracks and put over in what was called "galvanized barracks." They were given more and better rations than we had and had better quarters with more liberties. We hated these galvanized soldiers worse than we did the Yankees.

For about a month after our arrival at Fort Delaware we were treated moderately well, but not so well as at Camp Morton. In July, 1864, we were set aside in retaliation for the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Ga., and from then until we were released we caught what General Early said give the Yankees. Our barracks were built with upright planks, with only occasionally strips over the cracks. Our bunks were three tiers high, one above another, and 320 men to each barracks. We were allowed two bushels of coal a day to each barracks, though the thermometer ranged from ten to thirty degrees below zero.

When the coal was received, some imprudent fellows would fill the stoves, and had the barracks comfortable for a few hours, and then we all had to freeze the remaining part of the twenty-four hours. Each man was allowed one blanket; but if he had an overcoat, he had to give up the overcoat or the blanket. One day in every week we were taken out on the northern point of the island, called "Hell's half acre," and as we came back we were searched. We were not permitted to have any money (only two dollars in sutler's checks; with these checks we could only buy pen, ink, paper, and tobacco—nothing to eat) or a pocket knife, but were allowed one blanket or an overcoat, and only one change of underwear.

Our water supply was brought over in tugs from Brandywine River during the summer and part of the spring and fall months; but when ice was moving, our water was pumped into our tanks from the bay when the tide was up. Of course this water was very brackish. Our rations were as follows: For breakfast, from eight to ten o'clock, two crackers, with about an inch square of pickled beef or pork and a cup of very weak coffee; for dinner, from one to three o'clock, two crackers, with a cup of bean soup that scarcely had the flavor

of beans. This diet was continuous, except occasionally a quarter of a small loaf of lightbread was substituted for the crackers at dinner. The crackers we had had been condemned for army use, and were literally filled with worms. We did not eliminate the worms, as they helped to sustain life.

Between the mess hall and the kitchen was a sally port, about twelve feet wide, through which the wind from the bay blew constantly. In this prisoners were tied up by their thumbs, their toes just touching the pavement, and in many instances they were left there until their thumbs burst. One poor fellow when taken down died. This punishment was inflicted for the least infraction of the rules, and some prisoners were tied up almost daily. Our hospital services were execrable, and but few men who were carried to the hospital ever returned to the barracks. They had at the hospital a lot of young doctors who in learning to practice medicine killed Confederate soldiers.

Fort Delaware is the only prison in the North where the dead did not have separate graves. A long ditch was dug, and the dead, after being entirely denuded, were dumped therein and some dirt thrown on them. Some who lost loved ones there have gone there since the war looking for their dead, but could not find them. They were told of burial in this or that ditch, but they could not tell where. Therefore the commission appointed under an act of Congress cannot put up headstones at Fort Delaware.

Our death rate was very large, and but few soldiers could be induced to go to the hospital, preferring to die in the barracks among their friends. The prevalent diseases were smallpox and scurvy. We always had a number of cases in each barrack, and dead men were constantly being taken out. The smallpox was caused by filth. Some soldiers had no change of clothing and never bathed. Then, being without change of diet and drinking salt water, many died of scurvy.

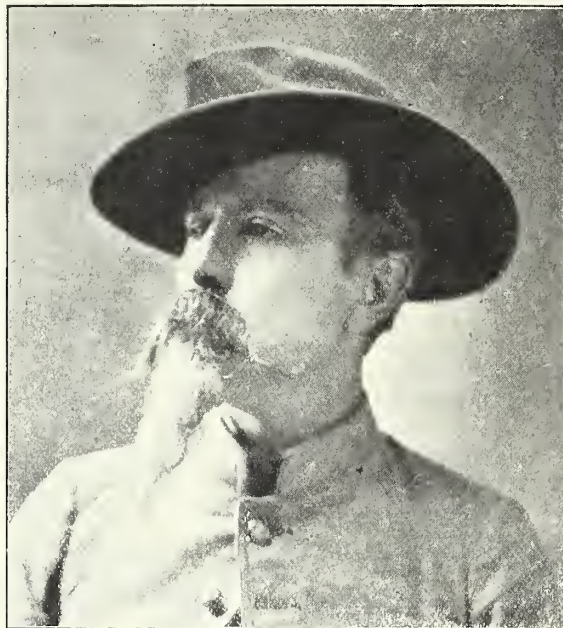
In the summer and fall of 1864 there was a great cry raised in the North on account of the deaths at Andersonville and other Southern prisons. This howl became so insistent that the War Department agreed to swap several thousand prisoners every month until all of the prisons were cleaned out. They were not exchanged, but paroled by their respective governments, and then furloughed pending exchange. By selecting the men in this way they took from our prison the most infirm, who could be of little service if exchanged.

In February, 1865, some 1,800 were sent around from Fort Delaware, but I was not on the list. I had a friend, George Edmonson, of Smyrna, in Rutherford County, who belonged to the 20th Tennessee Infantry and who had consumption, who was on the list. He preferred to stay in the barracks, and slept next to me and was my charge. When I awoke on the morning the prisoners were to leave, I found my friend Edmonson dead. I threw my blanket over him, got his coat and hat, and, leaning heavily on his walking stick, I fell in line and answered to his name.

I passed the guards and was going down to the hold of the vessel, when I was recognized by Captain Ahl, who was an adjutant general of the post. I was immediately arrested and carried to headquarters. There I was tried for trying to get away and sentenced to twelve days in the dungeon, to which I was sent immediately. The dungeon was under the fort, and was a horrible place, very damp. It contained a single iron cot. The only light I had came from a small, heavily barred window several feet above my head, but I had nothing with which to reach it. The window was about one foot high and two feet

wide. It might have been larger, but occupied all the space above ground. My rations were more meager than when in the barracks. Water was substituted for the thin coffee. What I received was passed to me through a small hole.

Several times during my confinement in the dungeon I was offered freedom if I would take the oath, and each time I refused. After twelve days, which seemed a year, I was taken out of the dungeon and put back with the other prisoners.



COL. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

On May 8, 1865, the War Department ordered that all prisoners should be released on taking the oath. They were released several hundred at a time, and on May 28, 1865, my time came. The war being over and our flag being furled forever, I took the oath and was released. I have given the most interesting facts only without detailing the wanton firing into the barracks and cold-blooded murders committed and for which there was not even an arrest, but commendation for the continuous insults, etc.

In closing I give you some official figures on prison life. I deal in round numbers only, the actual differences being but a few either way: Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons, 270,000; deaths, 22,570—a little over eight per cent. Confederate prisoners in Northern prisons, 220,000; deaths, 26,436—a little over twelve per cent.

Bear in mind that the Federal government had inexhaustible credit, with an abundance of rations and medical stores. The Confederate government had no credit, was cut off from the outside world, and it gave the Federal prisoners exactly what rations its soldiers had in the field and the same medical attention we had in our hospitals.

We are taught to forget and to forgive, but I can never forget and my power of forgiveness on my prison experience is very limited. In the judgment when I shall have answered to the last roll call, if found guilty, I am confident my punishment will be no more severe than I suffered during my eleven months in Fort Delaware, especially while in the dungeon.

[Comrade Hickman, it is apparent, was only a lad in the service, but he has been the most prominent Adjutant General, with the rank of Colonel, in the history of the U. C. V.]

AFTER M'COOK'S RAID BELOW ATLANTA.

"Boy's Story," BY W. P. WITT, OCHILTREE, TEX.

On July 27, 1864, Company H, 5th Tennessee Regiment, Ashby's Brigade, Humes's Division, the company I belonged to, was in the rifle pits northwest of Atlanta, and was relieved about dark with orders to overtake the command, which we did about nine o'clock. They had stopped by a house in an oak grove. The adjutant, Allen, came up, put his hand on my horse, and told us about a successful fight they had that evening, and he stated that the major of the 6th Iowa was mortally wounded and the doctors were working with him in the tent that was near us. The 8th Texas had captured the officer at Varnell Station; and when they got his dead horse off his leg, he said: "Boys, the worst I hate about this is being captured by Wheeler's men. I knew him at West Point." * * *

There was not much of that regiment left by the time we got through with it. We did dismount, but were ordered as advance guard, and rode all night and next day until about two o'clock. I felt as a bird out of a cage. I was reared in the country and after having been in camp and on skirmish line from Tunnel Hill to be out in the country once more, away from the army, was delightful, and I was glad to be in the advance guard. I wanted to catch the first Yankee. Some residents told us about a courier having notified our wagon train that the Yankees were coming, and that it had moved over on the other road west. We had much fun at the residents' expense. They seemed to think we were all there was of us, and we spoke as if we were going to thrash the Yankees at sight. Again, as we rode over a hill we saw a house down a long slope, and the family came out to the fence. There were two girls about my age, sixteen. One brought water and the other a plate with two whole pies and three pieces on top. An old lady with bowed head was in deep meditation. I took a drink of water and a piece of pie and started on. Just as I got opposite this lady she threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Boys, for God's sake, go back! They will kill every one of you." I said, "O no, we will whip them if we can catch them;" but she replied: "O no, you can't! There are too many of them." I never will forget that pale, pleading face as she turned toward me. I had no thought then that it would be but a few minutes until I, with twelve others, would be ordered by a major general to whip Brownlow's 1st Tennessee and the 4th Regular Regiments.

Our road came into another and the division stopped near the junction, and the advance guard was ordered to stop about half a mile ahead. This advance guard decided to have a mess of roasting ears. Some made a fire and others brought kettle and water and the corn. About the time the water got hot Gen. W. H. Jackson rode up and ordered us with a few of his escort to advance for his division. We soon arrived at Rock River. The Yankees had burned the floor of the bridge, but the sills were wet and would not burn. There was a fence handy, and we soon had a pile of rails fixed so we could lead our horses over.

After this we started on, and just as I got to the top of the hill I saw three Yankees run across the road afoot into the bushes at the other end of a long lane. I rode back down the hill and reported the fact to Captain Mullendore. General Jackson came up, rode to the top of the hill, and looked a moment; then, turning to us, he said: "Charge them, boys!"

It was about three o'clock then. We started down the lane with a yell, and the two regiments came meeting us with their

sabers drawn, flashing in the evening sun. My thought was that all would be killed or captured that had crossed the river, and I expected orders, but had no idea what they would be. Soon the captain commanded: "Halt! Throw down the fence on both sides and get out of the lane!"

Mac Bayless was number four, so it fell to his lot to throw the fence down on the right, and he rode inside and off across the field at right angles, and that is the last I ever saw or heard of him. None of the party went to the right but Bayless and myself. I was number three in the first fours, and so I thought I would stay in the lane till they got close enough so I could kill a horse or man and wreck the column, giving our men more time to get ready. But the lane was crooked, and I soon saw that I could not get as good a shot as I expected. But I blazed away and went through the gap and rode down on the inside, meeting them. I heard a bugle in the rear of me while I was waiting, and knew it was coming as fast as a horse could bring it. It was General Ross and his bugler. The first Yankee that passed me was on a mule, holding each rein, while his saddle and all were about to go off over the mule's head. He went right on between General Ross and the bugler. I still thought I could wreck the column.

When the head of the column saw that General Ross was not going to run, they commenced trying to stop; but the rear ones kept jamming them up so that General Ross backed his horse a little to keep from being covered up. They made some feeble strokes with their knives, but did no harm. The front Federals were entirely too close and commenced trying to get back. Those in the rear could not tell what was the matter. They seemed not to understand why two men should stop two regiments. I had been shooting on the wing, and when they stopped I had nothing loaded. Soon they began shooting at me while I was loading, but they were no better at shooting than I had been. At last a fellow named Smith, who was reared near Morristown, Tenn., took deliberate aim at me and shot my horse just back of my left leg; so I was afoot between two lines, and the man in the lane was also shooting at me. It seemed to me that our men cared as little about me being there as the Yanks did, so I walked back to General Ross.

The 6th Mississippi was forming as fast as they could get in line. They had to cross a rail pile singly and at some distance apart, and they could hardly be held in line. The boys of the command wanted to get to the Yankees. Each one seemed ready to tackle a regiment single-handed. As those boys were forming I thought of their nice homes, their mothers and sisters back in Mississippi.

The rear regiment of Yankees were already formed in the lane, but were slow, and every second was valuable to us. The captain of the first company of the 6th Mississippi that had arrived sat on his horse in front of them with both hands going, trying to keep them back till all was ready. The Yanks got ready and started, so there was no more time, and when they met it was soon over. Under the most difficult circumstances I ever saw a fight the Yanks were repulsed.

They all ran off and left me and a Mississippi boy who had been number four in the fourth fours in the lane, and he could not get a shot at the Yankees and could not leave the lane, as he could not be spared; but he accidentally shot himself down through the knee. I thought at first he had shot his knee all to pieces, but he did not seem to mind it. I went back with him some distance. No doctor could be found while I was with him. The Yank who had been on a mule was standing in the lane by himself and looked lonesome. I said:

"Yank, have you come on a visit?" "Yes, my mule brought me in." I said: "He was bringing you some when you passed me." It cheered him a whole lot for me to speak to him.

A boy came to me and asked where the general was. He said the Yanks were crossing the river down at the next bridge and would burn our wagons that night as they went back. I told him where to find the general, and he went on the run; but, nevertheless, we lay there until night and let them go as they pleased. They were repulsed the first evening, and the boys were ordered to stop and go into camp, where they waited till it took until three o'clock the next evening to overtake them. Now they had been repulsed again, and just at that time the 5th Tennessee arrived on the ground, making a third more than had repulsed them. It seemed strange to me that we had to stop and wait when they could have been captured so easily before they could have crossed the river. Imagine a private's restlessness after working so hard to catch them and then just having to lie there, knowing they were retiring unmolested and would burn our wagons that night! I never could understand why the fight did not come off there instead of at Newnan.

I would like to hear from the girls who gave us the pie and water, from the boy who told me they were crossing back, from the boy who was shot in the knee, and from Mac Bayless.

A strange coincidence is that the next horse they shot under me was shot through the heart in front of my left leg. The bullet took a clipping of my shin bone. He was the 10th Michigan's best race horse. I had "borrowed" him and had made a good Confederate out of him, which he seemed very willing to be; but he was shot afterwards by a sergeant of the 1st Ohio Heavy Artillery with a fine breech-loading rifle.

JOHN McCUE, A TYPICAL SOUTHERN BOY.

[The following was in an unsigned letter from Baltimore.]

The death and burial at Staunton, Va., of John McCue, a well-known engineer and member of one of the first families of the Old Dominion, recall to many old residents of Baltimore an interesting trial by court-martial in this city in Civil War times. As a boy of fifteen and a Confederate soldier he was tried for his life as a spy.

When the war broke out, the spirit of the South of '61 beat high in the breast of young John McCue; but he was a mere boy—twelve years old—and his father, Capt. John McCue, Sr., who was in the Confederate army, forbade the boy enlisting. To "keep him out of trouble" young McCue was sent to the Virginia Military Institute, where it was thought the gray uniform and drilling would be sufficient to satisfy his military appetite.

The war dragged on, class after class of sturdy youngsters left the institute to join the Southern army, but still John McCue was too young. Then came the dark days of 1864, when the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah was overrun with the blue troopers. In those days in Virginia boys became men in a day, and the Virginia Military Institute cadets were ordered to join the little army gathered to oppose the march of the invaders. They fought at New Market, and historian and poet have told how those boys charged up to the muzzles of the Federal cannon, bayoneted the gunners, and planted their little flag on the battery.

But the fame won by the cadets on the field of New Market was denied John McCue. When the cadets marched to meet the foe, they left at the institute a dozen weeping boys, including John McCue, too small even to march with them.

That was the last straw. A few weeks later there rode into the camp of Mosby's Rangers—Mosby, "the guerrilla"—a mite of a boy on a pony almost as small. John McCue had run away from school. "I want to enlist," stammered the stranger.

A roar of laughter went up from the hardened veterans of many a fight, and the lad's face turned purple.

"Where're your arms?" asked a ranger, looking serious.

"I've got a pistol," said McCue, producing a toy such as boys used to burn powder on the Fourth of July.

There was another shout of laughter, and Judge Dorsey, of Howard County, one of the rangers, said "My boy, if you shot me with that, I'd think a mosquito had bitten me."

But the rangers knew a man when they saw one, no matter what his age and size, and John McCue was allowed to stay with the band to "show his mettle." He did not have long to wait. When the Rebel yell rang out on the valley air and the Colts began to pop, John McCue rode in the front rank of gray. In the *mêlée* he rode up to a Federal cavalryman, thrust his tiny pistol in the man's face, and shouted, "Surrender!" and five minutes later, mounted on a bay horse branded "U. S.," and with carbine slung over his shoulder and a big Colt in hand, John McCue joined in the chase.

CAPTURED IN MARYLAND.

Soon afterwards McCue and several comrades were scouting in Maryland, when they ran full tilt into a party of Federals. In the fight McCue was knocked from his horse, and after a struggle was helpless in the grasp of a big soldier in blue. He was brought to Baltimore and locked up in Fort McHenry to be tried for his life as a spy. At that time his father, Captain McCue, was a prisoner of war in Fort Delaware, and he wrote to Mrs. Robert Hull, of Baltimore, to try to save his boy. She went at once to Captain Wigel, provost marshal of Baltimore, and explained the case to him, asking permission to employ a lawyer to defend McCue. Captain Wigel gave her the permission, but advised her not to employ a "secesh lawyer." Frederick Bruen, a Southern sympathizer, offered his service to defend the boy; but Mrs. Hull finally secured the services of Milton Whitney, of Baltimore, famous as a criminal lawyer.

Mrs. Hull was permitted to summon witnesses for the boy, but the only one she could secure was his father, who was brought from Fort Delaware under guard. Believing that the boy would be executed, Mrs. Hull summoned his father, so he could say good-by to him.

On the stand in his defense young McCue exhibited superb courage, claiming that he was a Confederate soldier and not a spy. He told the court he would answer any question about himself, but none about his comrades.

When the last day of the trial came, Mrs. Hull had given up hope. Addressing the court, Mr. Whitney began to make an appeal for mercy, and said that young McCue had been "conscripted."

Hardly had he uttered the obnoxious word when McCue jumped to his feet, stopped Mr. Whitney, and shouted: "I was not conscripted. I ran away from school to join the army. Take me out and shoot me now, but don't tell my people I said I was conscripted."

That ended the trial, and Mr. Whitney turned away in despair. As the boy was taken back to prison to await sentence he said to Mrs. Hull: "Ask them not to shoot me in the face. My mother hasn't seen me for so long she would not know me."

By the stand of one member of the court-martial, Colonel Bowman, the boy's life was saved, but he was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

Some time after the war young McCue's family and Colonel Bowman interested General Grant in the case, and John McCue was pardoned. While in prison McCue was set to work making nails. The knowledge he learned there stood him in good stead, for later he entered the nail business and was connected with a large nail manufacturing company at Iron Gate, Va. At the time of his death he was engaged in engineering work in Canada.

TESTIMONY ABOUT BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

BY CAPT. A. R. ELMORE, GAINESVILLE, FLA., A LIEUTENANT OF FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA REGULARS, C. S. A.

What I state is based upon my own observation, for, I was at Columbia, S. C., temporarily attached to Gen. Wade Hampton's staff as aid-de-camp, with rank of second lieutenant, first South Carolina Regulars, C. S. A. This regiment had occupied and defended Fort Sumter up to the evacuation of Charleston. I was on furlough in Columbia at the time and, being cut off and unable to reach my regiment by reason of the occupation of Orangeburg and the consequent possession of the South Carolina Railroad by Sherman's army, was given by General Hampton a temporary position on his staff. On the morning of February 17 I was with General Hampton and the rest of his staff on Arsenal Hill, in the northwestern part of the city of Columbia, and not far from Young's Hill, by the river, watching the Federals on the other side, who were preparing to place one of their pontoon bridges. This was perhaps about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The firing had about ceased, with the exception of scattering musketry, for our rear guard was being driven across the actually burning bridges—one across the Congaree River at the foot of Bridge Street (now Gervais), and the other one two or three miles above, where the Saluda comes into Broad River, making the Congaree. The lower bridge was called Congaree bridge, and the upper one Saluda bridge.

General Hampton gave no orders, nor did he make any details of men to burn cotton. About ten or eleven o'clock, the last of our troops having crossed the river and the bridges either burned or burning, General Hampton ordered me to ride rapidly to Maj. George Melton, in charge of his wagon train at the Big Lake plantation, owned by Mrs. John Singleton, eleven miles below Columbia, on the Congaree River, and to order him, under my guidance, to conduct the train by a flank movement via the Singleton ice pond to Dent's Mill, on the Camden road, due east of and five miles from Columbia, and thence in a northwesterly direction and join him on the Winnsboro road at — by the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, sixteen miles north of Columbia. All of this order was successfully accomplished, and the creek bridge at Dent's Mill was burned.

From my starting point in the extreme northwestern part of the city my course lay to the southeast and passed through the entire length and breadth of the city. Elmwood Avenue was at that time the only business street in the city. At the intersection of Elmwood Avenue with Main Street were situated the cotton warehouses of O'Neal and of Keenan and others. All of the cotton business being transacted in this part of the city, it was called "Cotton Town." The only other cotton warehouses in the city were those of Daniel Crawford and John Caldwell, on Bridge (now Gervais) Street, near the Charleston and Columbia depot, a mile from the State house,

and on the same street (Gervais), about halfway between there and the Congaree bridge. Cotton Town was in the extreme northern part of the city and in a section comparatively thinly built up. Had the fire started there, it could easily have been controlled. The warehouses of Crawford and Caldwell, near the Charleston depot, being in the extreme western portion of the city, were comparatively isolated from it by a large pine grove near the depot, on the south side of Gervais Street, and by open ground on the north side. Fire from these warehouses could not have well reached the city proper. These details as to situation are necessary in order to understand what follows.

With the order from General Hampton, I rode straight on Elmwood Avenue to Main Street, going east, and turned into Main, south. One warehouse—O'Neal's, I think—was on the northwest corner of Main Street and Elmwood Avenue, and Cotton Town was immediately on my left. I would swear that there was no cotton burning there. I traveled along Main Street, South, the whole length of it, and not a cotton bale did I see. At the State capitol I turned east into Gervais Street and passed out of the city on my mission and saw no cotton or fire anywhere. I quote here from Maj. George Ward Nichols's book (he being aid-de-camp to General Sherman), "The Story of the Great March: The Diary of a Staff Officer," page 164 (February 17): "I began to-day's record early in the evening, and while writing I noticed an unusual glare in the sky and heard a sound of running to and fro in the street with the loud talk of servants that the horses must be removed to a safer place. Running out, I found to my surprise and real sorrow that the *central* part of the city, including the *main business street*, was in flames, while the wind, which had been blowing a hurricane all day, was driving the sparks and cinders in heavy masses over the eastern portion of the city, where the finest residences are situated. These buildings, all wooden, were quickly ignited by the flying sparks. In half an hour the conflagration was raging in every direction." Mark you, Major Nichols says that the fire started in the "central" part of the city. The pertinent question is, How did the fire start *there*? Certainly no cotton was there, and all the warehouses in either direction were a mile and a half off. "In a half hour the conflagration was raging in every direction." This is absolutely true. Fire started "in every direction," but it started from the *inside*—not the outside—of those handsome residences; and it was set by the concerted action of Sherman's men, and not by "sparks and cinders," and it was fanned into an avalanche of destruction by the heavy gale of wind "which had been blowing hard all day."

As proof that Sherman's soldiers did it, let me quote Dr. R. W. Gibbes, at that time about sixty years of age and one of the most distinguished men of the State; a man who had traveled much, and collected many valuable souvenirs, coins, etc. He says that when the Yankees entered his house, one of the handsomest in the city, saying they intended to burn it, he begged them to allow him to save his collection of souvenirs. They deliberately pocketed his valuable coins and applied the torch to his curtains. His experience was similar to that of many others.

Again quoting from Major Nichols's book, page 166: "Various causes are assigned to explain the origin of the fire. I am quite sure that it originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the Rebels had placed along the middle of Main Street and fired as they left the city." I have already proved above that this is untrue by the evidence of my own eyes and that there was no cotton on Main Street.

Besides, anybody with common sense would know that cotton, in the bale, smolders but never "sparks" or creates "cinders."

Again, on page 166, Major Nichols says: "There were fires, however, which must have been started independent of the above-named cause." He then goes on to say that the escaped prisoners, two hundred in number, set these fires in a spirit of revenge, and adds: "Again it is said that the soldiers who first entered the town, intoxicated with success and having a liberal supply of bad liquor, in an insanity of exhilaration set fire to unoccupied houses." Here we have the whole thing in a nutshell, only add that "occupied" and "unoccupied" residences were treated alike. The diary of a staff officer on Sherman's staff proves by his own writing that the fires were set by their drunken soldiers "in an insanity of exhilaration," and Major Nichols's own words, "in a half hour the conflagration was raging in every direction"—started everywhere by the concerted action and a distinct understanding of Sherman's soldiers, to whom, by comparison, the Goths and Vandals of ancient history were angels.

My fellow townsman, Col. John W. Tench, indorses every word I have written. He, like myself, was "on the spot," being a major on the staff of Gen. William D. Martin, of Mississippi, who was commanding a division of Wheeler's cavalry. He was among the last to cross Congaree bridge, and passed immediately by the South Carolina Railroad depot and the cotton warehouses in that quarter. He states emphatically that there was no burning cotton to be seen anywhere.

On the morning after the burning of the city, February 18, General Hampton having headquarters at —, on the Charlotte and Columbia Railroad, was, with his staff, going along the road to Killians Creek, four miles nearer to the city. We met two scouts with a Yankee prisoner. General Hampton stopped them, and the following conversation, which is additional evidence that Sherman burned Columbia, took place between General Hampton and the prisoner. This conversation is indelibly impressed upon my mind. General Hampton asked: "To what command do you belong?" The prisoner answered: "To Kilpatrick's Cavalry." Then he asked again, "What did you do to Columbia?" to which the prisoner replied: "We burned it up, sir." General Hampton's almost verbatim reply was: "Well, sir, I have every reason to believe that you have told me the truth, for we saw the whole heavens lit up; but I always verify before I act, and if I find you *have* told the truth, I will shoot every man of you I catch."

Dismissing the scouts and prisoner, we proceeded on our way toward the firing line on Killians Creek, as the firing had become incessant. The statement of this prisoner, "We burnt it up," is true evidence that Sherman "did burn it." After riding perhaps half a mile General Hampton stopped and ordered me to ride back and get some additional information from the prisoner. I galloped back, overtaking the scouts at a branch which crossed the road, and was in speaking distance, but not anticipating the tragedy which followed, saw one of the scouts (now dead himself), without a word of warning and before I could speak, send a bullet crashing through the poor fellow's brain. Returning to General Hampton, I found him on the firing line talking to Gen. M. C. Butler and made my report, to which he made no reply.

FLAG OF THE THIRTIETH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

BY A. P. ADAMSON, SECRETARY REUNION ASSOCIATION.

The Reunion Association of the Thirtieth Georgia Regiment desires to learn of its old battle flag which was captured at Nashville December 16, 1864. At that time the 30th Geor-

gia was consolidated with the 29th Georgia Regiment, and was commanded by Col. W. D. Mitchell, of the 29th, with Major Hendrick, of the 30th, and was attached to Gen. Henry R. Jackson's Georgia brigade. We understood that the captors were a brigade composed of the 8th Wisconsin, 11th Missouri, 5th and 9th Minnesota Regiments, and commanded by Col. L. F. Hubbard.

There are conflicting reports about the capture of the flag. One is that the color bearer, David Worsham, of Company D, 30th Georgia Regiment, was killed and that the flag was torn to pieces by the Federal soldiers. Another is that after being wounded he tried to save the colors by tearing them from the flagstaff and placing them in his bosom. This is in part corroborated by the official reports of Federal officers found in Series I, Volume XLV., Part I, of the "War Records," which show that several stands of colors were captured by Hubbard's Brigade, and in one instance the color bearer, being wounded, attempted to save his colors by tearing them from the staff, but was captured.

Again, Lieut. Jesse Anthony, of Company E, 30th Georgia Regiment, says that on the day after the battle he, with other captured officers, was in the second story of a building in Nashville and saw a lot of Confederate prisoners marched through the streets, and among them he recognized the color bearer, David Worsham, who appeared to be severely wounded. It is very probable he died in the prison hospital at Nashville, as he was never heard of afterwards. It is thought the flag was captured by either the 5th Minnesota or 11th Missouri Regiment.

The writer was in prison at Rock Island, Ill., and was not in the battle of Nashville. He has written several letters since the war, hoping to recover the flag of his regiment, but so far his efforts have been unsuccessful. Information is sought either from Confederates, Federals, or any one else concerning this flag and the fate of the color bearer.

[Comrade A. P. Adamson's address is Rex, Ga.]

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1911.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$5. Contributed by Stonewall Chapter, No. 47, U. D. C., —, Fla.

Mrs. J. J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$5. Contributed by Stonewall Chapter of Manhattan, of C. M. Bruce, Children of the Confederacy, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$25. Contributed by R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 1245, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$27. Contributed by Paul McMichael Chapter, No. 427, U. D. C., Orangeburg, S. C., \$25; John T. Morrison Chapter, No. 1286, U. D. C., Estill, S. C., \$2.

Mrs. Thomas S. Boccock, Director for Virginia, \$13.50. Contributed by Manassas Chapter, No. 175, U. D. C., Manassas, Va., \$1; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Richmond, Va., sale of seals, \$10; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$2; cash from source not named, 50 cents.

United Daughters of the Confederacy, \$250.

Total for month, \$325.50.

Balance on hand December 1, 1911, \$21,673.70.

Total to be accounted for, \$21,999.20.

To Sir Moses Ezekiel, sculptor, Rome, Italy, third payment on account, as per contract, \$5,000.

Balance on hand January 1, 1912, \$16,999.20.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

LAST DAYS IN FRONT OF RICHMOND, 1864-65.

BY W. L. TIMBERLAKE, MOBILE, ALA.

That a siege has a most demoralizing effect upon an army was fully demonstrated during the last months of the war around Richmond and Petersburg. It was noticeable among our soldiers even on the retreat from Richmond and Petersburg that the men were more cheerful after being foot loose from their long, dreary confinement in the works. After the suspense was broken, there seemed to be a general feeling of relief and they were ready for fight.

My company, D, 2d Virginia Battalion, had held a part of the Richmond lines from September 29 and 30, 1864, immediately in front of Fort Harrison, where we killed a lot of negro soldiers. Bushrod Johnson's brigade was on our right next to the James River and Field's Division and the Texas brigade on our left. Nearly all the winter of 1864-65 we picketed close up to Fort Harrison, where the ground was low, in all kinds of weather, and many a night we were soaking wet and hungry. We were always hungry. I was on picket there one evening and our artillerymen commenced to shell the fort with mortars placed under a hill in the rear of our lines. The Yankees replied immediately and shelled all along our lines. Receiving no reply from our light artillery in the works, they trained their guns on us and shelled us on the picket line. I was in a rifle pit with a man named Shepherd, and several shells burst over our pit very close to us. I remarked to Shepherd that I thought it would be safer outside; so, taking my gun, I crawled out and lay down on the ground about ten feet from the pit. The next shell struck directly in the spot that I had vacated, striking Shepherd's gun, breaking it and covering him with dirt, but doing him no harm. If I had remained in the pit one minute longer, I would have been cut in two. I asked Shepherd if he was hurt, and after he had gotten the dirt out of his eyes and mouth he said, "No," and we laughed over the matter.

The Federals gave us very little rest that winter, as we were often drawn out from our works and rushed to the right or left to repel flanking attacks. We had a hard fight on the Charles City Road and in front of New Market, where I saw the brave General Gregg, of the Texas brigade, lying cold and dead with a bullet through his neck.

We were drawn out from the lines during the month of February and sent above Richmond on the Broad Street, or Three Chop Road. I had charge of a picket on that road the Sunday evening before the evacuation of Richmond. We were ordered into Richmond that night, and our first stop was at the provost marshal's office, on Broad Street, where we burned a large lot of government papers. We then moved down to the Shockoe Warehouse (filled with tobacco, about ten thousand hogsheads) on Cary Street and burned it. We also took about fifteen barrels of whisky out of a cellar on Cary Street and knocked the heads of the barrels in and let the whisky run down the gutter. I helped to get some ladies out of the Columbian Hotel opposite the burning warehouse. The hotel was burned. We were kept busy all that night.

THE LAST ORGANIZED SOLDIERS TO LEAVE RICHMOND.

I have often read contentions as to who were the last troops to leave Richmond; so I will state that after finishing our work of destruction and the sun being well up we fell in on Cary Street and hurried down to Mayo's Bridge. Gary's Brigade of Cavalry had gone over and Col. Clement Sulivane, of Gen. Custis Lee's staff, was waiting at the approach to the

bridge. The materials for burning the bridge were at hand and distributed all across the bridge. We were hurried on the bridge and the torch was immediately applied to the piles of kindling, tar, and turpentine. We were certainly the last troops to cross Mayo's bridge. Our first stop was at Chesterfield C. H., when I saw some of my friends of the Surrey Light Artillery. We remained here for a very short rest, and were off again on such a march as we had never experienced. Sunday night before leaving Richmond we had issued to us one-third of a pound of bacon and one pound of coarse corn meal which Comrade Marshall and I tried to cook when at Chesterfield C. H. We had our bread in the frying pan about half done when the bugle blew, and I said to Marshall: "I am going to throw this away." He said: "No, don't; we will eat the d— thing anyway." I thought this a peculiar blessing to ask on the last rations we had. This was the morning of the 3d of April, and we never tasted food again except an ear of parched corn and the buds of sassafras trees until a Yankee cavalryman divided his rations with me on the battle field of Sailor's Creek the night of the 6th of April.

The last time I saw Gen. R. E. Lee was at Amelia C. H. Just as we got there we heard an explosion that proved to be the blowing up of a caisson. General Lee and I crossed the road together. I think he had gone over to investigate the explosion. From there we commenced again our weary march of toiling and fighting. Just before we reached Sailor's Creek we killed three sheep, but before we could get them skinned and divided the Federals attacked us again and we had to leave them. We skirmished all the way up to Sailor's Creek on the north side and formed line of battle. The troops ahead of us had thrown up a slight breastwork of rails and we lay behind them, the Yankees shelling us constantly. While we were here General Barton and some of his staff rode up and took position just behind us. I expected to see them killed. I had taken about a dozen cartridges out and laid them on a flat rail to be handy. General Barton said to us: "Boys, they are going to charge us with cavalry; and when they come, I want every man to aim just about the horses' breasts." But they did not come, and we soon crossed the creek about waist-deep, with the enemy right on our heels. They came over, but we drove them back across the creek. We soon found out that during this delay two divisions of Sheridan's Cavalry had cut us off from the army in front and the 2d and 6th Corps had caught up with us, and we had to turn about and fight a bloody battle and were finally surrounded and captured.

I had a splendid blue-barreled Enfield rifle and plenty of the best English ammunition. I saw and did some good shooting that evening. I was slapped on the back and complimented by an officer for my good shooting.

General Ewell and the remnant of his command were captured. I saw him the next day in an ambulance going to the rear a prisoner. We were taken back over the route we had come on through Petersburg down to City Point, where we were put aboard a transport and sent to Point Lookout Prison, in Maryland, where we remained until the latter part of June, 1865, when we were paroled.

If William C. Otey, who was a courier for General Ewell that day, sees this, he will remember that the General came very near riding over me as I was lying down in the grass sharpshooting the Yankees across the creek.

J. L. Greer writes from McKinney, Tex.: "In the *VETERAN* for October, page 485, Ethan Allen Weaver asks who composed the escort of the prisoners from the battle field of

Chancellorsville to Richmond. It is my recollection that the 4th Georgia Regiment constituted the sole escort. I was a lieutenant in Company D of this regiment, and have a vivid recollection of the events of May 2, 1863."

PURPORT OF A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

BY VIRGINIA PEGRAM BUFORD.

Children, whose grandsires are lying low,
Would you know ere this "thin gray line"
Has faded out what story this stone
In your hearts should ever enshrine?

Then ask to hear some vet'ran tell
His life's one simple story;
How at duty's call he gave his all
And stormed the heights of glory,
And plucked from the old world's honor roll
A name the South will cherish
While love and duty shall abide
And till time itself shall perish.
Children of "ages yet to be,"
Learn what this memento meaneth;
Know that it marks the golden age,
When the South was at its zenith,
When men and women were brave and strong
And true to the God who made them,
When side by side they fought and wrought,
While love and duty stayed them.
And on and on through years to come
This stone shall be a token
That faith with our beloved dead
Shall ne'er by us be broken;
That children's children shall tell the tale,
And tell it on forever,
That the hallowed cause for which they fought
Shall be forgotten never.

[This poem, composed by a sister of veterans, was read on November 9, 1911, at Lawrenceville, Va., upon the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to the veterans of Brunswick County—living and dead—of the War of the States; men who were with Buckner in the Tennessee campaign, with Stuart in his masterful raids, with Lee at the crucial battle of Gettysburg; men who were in prisons, in hospitals, in unmarked graves; and after the furling of the banner at Appomattox, a remnant took up the not less serious battle of life along reconstruction lines and are still fighting it out in the old way with indomitable patience and courage.]

CONCERNING THE DEATH OF GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

J. R. Gibbons, of Beauxite, Ark., writes the following to Mr. J. R. Oliver, of Baltimore, Md., thanking him for his article in the November *VETERAN* regarding the killing of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of which he says:

"Not one reference in one hundred to his wounding is correct, as I understand it. It is very much like Lee's surrendering under an apple tree and a good many other things that are false in Confederate history which should be corrected. I beg to thank you for your statement of the facts, which is much nearer to my understanding of it than any I have seen.

"Almost the only battles missed by me during the war in which Stuart's Cavalry engaged were the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, and some fighting near Yellow Tavern. I was a

member of Company I, 1st Virginia Cavalry, from Rockingham County; but during this period I was off on a twenty-four-day furlough, the only one I received during the war. I was visiting my father, who had refuged from Virginia to North Georgia. When I returned to my regiment, I sought all the circumstances connected with General Stuart's wounding.

"The tale as told to me' was that the first squadron of the 1st Virginia Cavalry was ordered to charge down the Brook Turnpike toward Richmond; that General Stuart rode out of the woods from the northwest (the road running southeast at this place) to see the result of this charge, and a line of dismounted Federal sharpshooters who were across the Brook Turnpike fronting the position that you described as being occupied by your squadron were firing at this squadron as it went in, and Stuart was hit by a stray shot by these men. The first squadron ran into two regiments of cavalry under the hill already preparing for a charge. They repulsed the squadron of the 1st Virginia and followed them, and Gus Ehrman, of Company I (the first squadron was composed of Companies A, I, and F), informed me that in being repulsed the squadron took to the woods and rode on, General Stuart being carried out as you described. I do not doubt that your version of it is correct, as from your position you are certainly prepared to know better the facts than almost any one else."

AN ARKANSAS MEMORIAL ON THE COTTON TAX.

To the Honorable United States Senate and House of Representatives: Your memorialist, the James A. Jackson Camp, No. 1308, U. C. V., would respectfully state that the cotton tax levied and collected by the United States government in 1866, 1867, and 1868 amounts in the aggregate to \$68,072,388.99. Of this amount, Arkansas paid \$2,555,638.43, of which a small sum has been returned for the weight of bagging and ties.

Your memorialist would further show that at the time this tax was collected the cotton States were in a very destitute condition; that it has been a grievous burden on the citizens of those States to be taxed for the education of the colored children in addition to the education of their own children; that after a lapse of forty-five years it would be impossible to refund this tax to the original producers of the cotton taxed, as thousands of them have departed this life and many thousands received no receipts for the taxes paid, as a large amount was paid by commission merchants for the owners; that a very large per cent of the receipts for the tax, if in existence at all, is in the hands of brokers or others who did not produce the cotton or pay the tax; that the tax was imposed without constitutional authority unless placed upon the cotton States as conquered provinces to reimburse the government for the cost of the war.

Therefore your memorialist prays that a bill for an act be introduced in Congress making an appropriation of money to be distributed to the several States from which it was collected, according to the number of bales of cotton produced in each State during the time for which the tax was paid, and that said fund so appropriated be paid to the Treasurers of the respective States, and that one-half of said fund be placed to the credit of the pension fund for disabled Confederate soldiers and their widows, and one-half to the credit of the common school fund of each State respectively.

Signed by Hon. D. E. Barker in connection with Camp James A. Jackson, No. 1308, U. C. V., of Monticello, of which J. H. Malonez is Commander and W. A. Brown, M.D., is Adjutant.

FIRST PRIVATE IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

BY W. T. SHUMATE, GREENVILLE, S. C.

In 1851-52, while the war cloud hovered over the Southern States, the citizens of Greenville, S. C., organized a military company and called it the "Butler Guards" in honor of Gen. Pierce M. Butler, of this State, who had distinguished himself most gallantly in the war with Mexico. Through good management and diplomacy the war cloud was dispersed, and everything was serene until Lincoln was elected President. Then everything reached fever heat. We drilled day and night, and I think it was the best-drilled company I ever saw. We had quite a number of companies and regiments in South Carolina, but they were six months' troops and volunteered for the defense of the State. My company went to Richmond, and soon after arriving in that city orders were issued from headquarters to muster the soldiers into the Confederate service. My regiment, the 2d South Carolina, being the senior regiment, was mustered in first. My company was on the extreme right of the regiment, and I, being a tall man, was on the right of my company; therefore I was the first private mustered into the Confederate army. My captain, three lieutenants, and the orderly sergeant marched ahead of me, but I was the first private.

My command was very sanguine of success. We were ordered to Fairfax C. H., where we remained until the Federal army made its appearance on its way to Bull Run, or Manassas. We preceded them and awaited their advance with a good deal of impatience. We met on the battle field and gained a great victory. The Federals fled in confusion, scattering their cannon, small arms, wagons, etc., along the road toward Washington. We could have captured the capital then with but little loss of men. President Jefferson Davis was on the battle field, but did not think it advisable to pursue the Federals. We did not think the enemy would have the courage to meet us again, and that the war would end in three months or less time, but we were mistaken. We thought that in three months or less we would be at home with our loved ones.

We moved up nearer Washington and remained until the Federals got over their panic and raised a large army with which they expected to "sweep the Rebels from the earth."

I was in the following engagements: First Manassas, Maryland Heights, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, and some skirmishes. General Longstreet's command was detached from the Virginia army and sent to General Bragg's assistance in Georgia. I was wounded at Chickamauga, and did no more military duty. I was soon afterwards elected sheriff of my county, and returned home.

The murder of Lincoln was the greatest blow that ever befell the Southern people; reconstruction was terrible.

I believed we had the right to secede, and I still think so; but it is fortunate for the South as well as the North that we were not successful. We are now a happy, prosperous, and united people, and the whole world could not conquer us. This is a wonderful country. I am now eighty-four years old.



W. T. SHUMATE.

FIGHTING ABOUT THE HATCHIE BRIDGE.

BY W. A. LEE, PEA RIDGE, ARK.

I was a member of the N. W. 15th Regiment Arkansas Infantry, Moore's Brigade, Maury's Division, which was composed of three brigades—Moore's, Cabbell's, and Fifers. Moore's Brigade was in the advance that morning and on the retreat from Corinth. Between ten and eleven o'clock we had a view of the little town of Pocahontas, and could see that it was full of cavalry displaying white flags. The brigade moved across the bridge, filed to the right, and formed line of battle and waited for the other two brigades to get into like line. As they started to cross the bridge the artillery at Pocahontas opened fire upon it. We had no knowledge of their close presence until then. Their infantry was concealed less than two hundred yards in our front when the artillery fire began. Some sharpshooters whom we thought belonged to the cavalry above mentioned, as we could not see them, began to fire on us.

It was reported that General Moore, seeing that he was trapped, gave orders for his men to get back to the north side of the river the best way they could; but we didn't hear his orders at the right of the brigade. The river at our back and 15,000 infantry less than two hundred yards in our front created, it may be imagined, much anxiety.

The N. W. 15th Arkansas was on the right of the brigade. Observing considerable commotion down the line, one of our regiment raised up to see what it meant, and concluded it was a charge. We were expecting any moment to try our hand with the cavalry half a mile away. We took the charge for a fact and moved forward at a rapid rate and ran over their skirmish line some forty yards from a fence that their main line was concealed behind.

Just a few steps farther and we realized what we should have known before we crossed the bridge. They made for us a sheet of fire from the third or fourth rail in the fence that I haven't forgotten yet. Well, we surprised them as well as being surprised ourselves at finding them concealed behind a fence so close to us and we did not know it until this accidental move was made. We lay down until their fire slackened a little, and then we made good use of time to get back to the river. We bore downstream a little and chanced to find a tall sycamore that had fallen squarely across the river near the other bank with drift in the top that helped us to get to its trunk. It made a very good foot bridge, and all got away that made a strong effort; so their trap slipped.

I do not know how many men we lost out of our brigade. I suppose our loss was heaviest on the left side of the brigade near the bridge. Their attention was mainly on the bridge. Our company (F) lost Lieutenant Metlock killed and three or four captured. I suppose the losses of other commands corresponded with ours.

Moore's Brigade was composed of five regiments: 2d Texas, N. W. 15th Arkansas, 35th Mississippi, 22d Arkansas, and the 42d Alabama.

If our brothers in blue love us as they would have us love them, they would send our flags home to comfort the few old boys that haven't crossed over.

On May 1, 1863, while opposing Sherman's advance on Port Gibson, the day they crossed the Mississippi River, the N. W. 15th Arkansas Regiment lost its flag. Inscribed upon it were the names and places that we had met the enemy, even Hatchie Bridge.

LEVISA LEEK M'CLAIN.

[Dalton Camp pays tribute to a Confederate mother.]

Levisa Leek, daughter of Moses McElroy Dunn and Mary Leek Dunn, was born March 4, 1824, on York River, in York County, S. C. She moved with her parents to Walker County, Ga. (now Catoosa County), in 1833. Moses Dunn bought and lived in the house of Indian Chief Hix, which stands yet in Dogwood Valley.

Levisa helped to cook for those who gathered and guarded the Indians prior to their departure from Georgia. She went with and cooked for her father while building the first homes in Cross Plains, Ga. (now Dalton), and she helped to cook for the contractors and hands who built the Western and Atlantic Railroad, northwest of Tunnel Hill, Ga.

She was married January 12, 1843, to Contractor Thomas Dowling, and it was he who completed the tunnel at Tunnel Hill. They moved shortly thereafter to the home where she resided the major part of the following sixty-nine years. She traveled horseback with her husband to different points in Georgia and Alabama, passing through Atlanta when it was little more than a blacksmith village, and drank water from the good spring now said to be under the W. & A. Railroad shops. She lived in Augusta while her husband built the lock over the canal, and it was there that her veteran son, John Dowling, was born December 4, 1845. She returned to North Georgia in 1851, a widow with four small children.

In 1856 she was married to Jonathan McClain, of Fairfield, S. C. She remained at home during the Civil War with her daughters and little children, suffering many hardships and privations in supporting those dependent upon her for support. She often contributed to the relief of soldiers.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler's secret service men were frequently visitors to her home, where they were made welcome. She witnessed skirmishes and was in hearing of the battles around Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face, and Dalton, and heard the roar of cannon of several battles farther south. She had several battles with soldiers and stragglers who went with the Federal wagon trains while pillaging her house, and they often succeeded in taking her personal property. The heavy wagons becoming stalled in the deep and miry ford of East Chickamauga, they had ample time to plunder. They often camped on her place, and the officers kept guards at her house, but the fences and crops were destroyed.

Excepting pillagers, she treated all kindly; and notwithstanding her avowed loyalty to her Southland, she had good friends among the Federal soldiers. An officer, admiring the beautiful location of her home, said: "I will lay my land grant here when the South is confiscated." She answered: "You may lay it between here and Atlanta only six feet long and three feet wide." She saw the race of the Andrews's raiders on the engine General, pursued by the engine Texas.

She lost two stepsons in the Confederate army. Lieut. E. R. McClain enlisted in the first Confederate regiment at the beginning of hostilities and went to Pensacola, Fla., where he enlisted for six months. Reënlisting for the war, he went to Mobile, Ala., and from thence back to Rocky Face, Ga., and on to Kennesaw, where he was wounded, from the effects of which he died later and was buried in Mobile, Ala.

W. S. McClain enlisted in 1862 and served in Company G, 11th Georgia Regiment, in the Virginia Army, until General Longstreet was sent to Chickamauga. He here received wounds from which he died, and was buried in Knoxville.

Her son, John D. Dowling, enlisted in Company E, 1st Confederate Regiment, Georgia Volunteers, at Fort Gaines garrison. In January, 1864, he took part in the battle of Rocky Face and went through the Atlanta campaign. He was in the battle of Franklin, and was by the side of Colonel Smith when he fell. He was among the few who went over the breastworks in the charge. He went between the lines to rescue his company's colors. Three had fallen in the attempt. He was in the battle of Nashville and was captured December 16, 1864, sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and released in June, 1865.

Mrs. McClain opened her doors to all who called or needed her hospitality, regardless of circumstances of station. Among her guests was Col. Theodore Roosevelt, of the Spanish-American War, who, on taking his leave, said: "I've been across the water and in almost every State in the Union, and in no country have I eaten such bread as prepared by you."



MRS. M'CLAIN AND HER VETERAN SON AND DAUGHTER.

Her last act of patriotism was that of making a flag quilt for her veteran son in 1908, the Jefferson Davis centennial year. She planted cotton in her garden, cultivated it, picked and ginned it with her fingers, batted it, and made it into the flag. She cut and started the quilt in 1908, finished it in 1909, and quilted it in 1910. It had embroidered in white letters: "J. D. Dowling, Company E, 1st Confederate Regiment, Georgia Volunteers." It is lined with gray satin, and is considered a work of art. She made many pretty silk and velvet quilts, and the best butter on the market.

She died at her home, between McClain Ford and McClain Gap, October 12, 1911. She was the mother of twelve children, four of whom predeceased her. She was a member of the Baptist Church for many years.

The following resolution was passed by the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., at Dalton, Ga.:

"Resolved, That the officers and members of the Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., Dalton, Ga., have with deep regret heard of the death of Mrs. McClain, and that this Camp hereby extends its sincere sympathies to the bereaved family.

"W. W. Batey, J. H. Moore, R. H. Fox, Committee."

RICHMOND'S FIRST REUNION—THEN AND NOW.

Mr. Charles G. Gray, a Fort Valley (Ga.) banker and a comrade who takes deep interest in reunions, in a speech about Macon's approaching Reunion and about the wonderful recuperative powers of the Southern States said:

"When I witness the manifestations of so much prosperity, the growth of the State along all lines, blossoming as the rose; when I see the great industrial enterprises springing up everywhere, the huge manufacturing plants in our cities, our section the land of investment and development, railroads everywhere—great through passenger and fast freight trains—colleges and schools flourishing, people on joy rides in their automobiles, I ask myself if the present generation has any conception of the conditions which confronted us old soldiers when we returned home in '65 from the fields of battle.

"The contrast of conditions then and now is beyond expression. The most succinct description of what greeted the home-coming of our soldiers I have ever read was by Henry Ward Beecher in his oration on the raising of the flag at Fort Sumter April 14, 1865. He described the situation in these words: 'The soil has drunk blood and is glutted, millions mourn for thousands slain, towns and villages have been razed, cities destroyed, fruitful fields have been turned back to wilderness. It came to pass as the prophet said: "The sun turned to darkness and the moon to blood." The course of the law was ended, the sword sat chief magistrate in half of the nation, industry was paralyzed, morals corrupted, the public weal invalidated by rapine and anarchy, whole States were ravaged by avenging armies, the world was amazed.'

"Was devastation ever more vast? was destruction ever more complete. At your Reunion you will meet face to face the remnant of that ever-lessening band whose home-coming was to witness these conditions.

"When you witness the parade, remember you behold some of the men who restored your country, who redeemed the land, who saved Southern civilization, brought victory out of ruin and chaos. Your parade will be one of heroes.

"For our prosperity of to-day, for these surroundings which rob defeat of its sting, for this grand restoration which is our boast and pride, we owe nothing to the North; but it is due to the pluck, the vim, the fortitude, the patriotism of those old soldiers, who fought and lived."

FEDERAL SOLDIER AND R. E. LEE AT GETTYSBURG.

I was in the battle of Gettysburg, and an incident occurred there which largely changed my views of the Southern people. I had been the most bitter anti-Southern man and fought and cursed the Confederacy. I could see nothing good in any of them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded, a ball shattering my left leg. I lay near Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat he and his officers rode near me. I recognized him; and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted, "Hurrah for the Union!"

The General heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me and, grasping it firmly and looking right into my eyes, said: "My son, I hope you will soon be well."

If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget the expression of General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost

their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the General had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground.—*Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in the Atlantic Monthly.*

THE NEGRO LIKES WARM WEATHER BEST.

The Southern negro is famed for his remarkable endurance of heat, says the Montgomery Advertiser. The sun never grows too hot for the ducky. That's why he does so well in the South. Some time ago, so the story goes, an Alabama negro visited his aristocratic uncle in Boston, and while there died. The uncle wanted the remains cremated, and he sent the body to a near-by crematory, where the body was placed on a slab and shoved into the hot furnace. Later the crematory man went to the furnace to get the ashes of the cremated body, and he heard a voice from within say: "Shet dat do,' white man; da's a draft comin' in heah."

"A JOLT" FOR WENDELL BY A NEGRO WAITER.

A long time ago Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist, went to Charleston. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips took the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and, more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist. Finally Mr. Phillips told the ducky to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave. "You must 'scuse me," said the negro. "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause Ise 'sponsible for de silverware."

ANNUAL REUNION FLORIDA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the Florida Division, U. C. V., was held at Orlando October 25 and 26, with a large attendance. The good people of Orlando opened their homes and hearts and gave the old veterans the best they had. After the business of the day, there were receptions and entertainments for the guests. It was in every way a successful reunion.

J. A. Cox, of Lakeland, was elected Commander for the ensuing year. The next reunion will be held at Lake City.

INQUIRY ABOUT THE MURPHYS AT CROSS KEYS, S. C.—J. M. Stinson, of Mount Vernon, Tex., writes that in May, 1864, his company (C, 4th Alabama Cavalry) was camped near Cross Keys, S. C. He observed two ladies, mother and daughter, and being attracted by the younger of the two, made bold to introduce himself to her. Her name was Miss D. J. Murphy. They corresponded for some time. She graciously proposed that if he should be wounded or become ill they would care for him at their home. If the younger woman be living still, Comrade Stinson would rejoice to hear from her or of her.

GRAVES OF GEN. JOHN B. HOOD AND WIFE.

While there was a most liberal spirit manifested in behalf of the children of Gen. J. B. Hood and a fund of more than \$20,000 was procured for the children—which when paid to them exceeded \$30,000—yet the father and mother, who both died of yellow fever, are honored by only a small stone at their graves in New Orleans. It bears the inscription:

"JOHN BELL HOOD,

General in the Confederate Army.

Born June 9, 1831; Died August 30, 1879.

MARIE HENNON HOOD,

Born January 28, 1837; Died August 21, 1879."



"Peace to the dead, though peace is not
In the regal dome or the pauper's cot.
Peace to the dead; there's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust."

DEATHS IN TROUP COUNTY (GA.) CAMP, No. 405.

[Report by J. L. Schaub, Commander Lagrange, Ga.]
T. G. Cameron, Company B, 4th Georgia Regiment.
W. R. Lord, Company C, Cobb's Georgia Legion.
C. O. Smith, Company C, Ferrell's Georgia Battery.
John R. Broome, Company K, 13th Alabama Regiment.
W. C. Cotton, Company I, 2d Louisiana Regiment.
S. M. Taylor, Company B, 13th Georgia Regiment.
S. P. Woodall, 1st Georgia Reserves.
John R. Ware, Company B, 37th Georgia Reserves.
Sam P. Smith, Company E, 41st Georgia Reserves.
C. F. Harris, Company D, 8th Georgia Regiment.

WILLIAM M. WHITE.

William M. White was born June 8, 1842, in White County, Tenn. At about the age of twenty years he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served as private until the close of the war, making a record of honor and valor as a soldier. While in the service near Dalton, Ga., he was converted under the preaching of his chaplain; and after his return home from the war, he identified himself with the Baptist Church, and was ordained a minister in the Church in 1870, in which capacity he served with credit and efficiency until his death, having the care and pastorate of four Churches at the time of his death.

He was a Master Mason, and was buried with Masonic rites and ceremonies in the Spring City Cemetery on December 17, after an impressive and appropriate religious service conducted by Rev. G. W. Brewer, of Dayton.

Comrade White was a man of fixedness of purpose, always on the side of strict sobriety and exemplary morals, never faltering as to his position and stand on matters political or religious.

CAPT. THOMAS MORTON SCOTT.

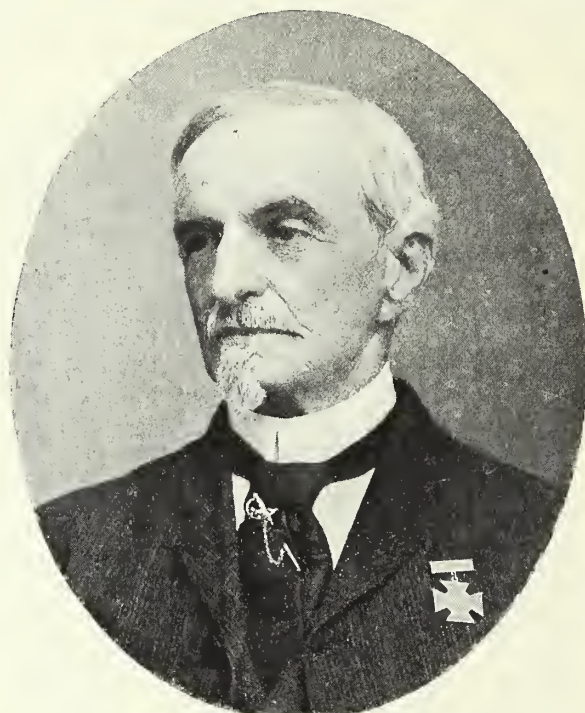
Thomas M. Scott was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 24, 1824; and died in Melissa, Tex., March 6, 1911. He was the son of James and Harriet (Arnold) Scott. He moved to Louisville, Ky., in 1851, and married Miss Elizabeth Matilda Shirley, daughter of Lewis Shirley, soldier of the War of 1812. Surviving him are his devoted wife, three sons, and one daughter, all of whom are most honorable and useful members of society. He was truly of military stock. His ancestor, Thomas Scott, was an officer in Cromwell's army and member of the English Parliament, also member of the committee which signed the death warrant of Charles Stuart, king of England.

Captain Scott was a gallant soldier and officer in the Mexican War. He was in California in 1849-51, and commanded troops against hostile Indians. Moving to Texas in 1852, he joined the Confederate army in 1861, and was first lieutenant

in the 9th Texas Infantry. After the battle of Shiloh, he was promoted to captain and assistant adjutant general by President Davis, and served through the war as staff officer to Gen. S. B. Maxey and to Gen. D. H. Cooper.

During his long military service he was distinguished for his skill in winning respect and admiration of troops and for his valor in performing valuable service. He was endowed with rare military bearing, voice, and mien, and his appearance was an inspiration to every soldier. He was one of that princely race of men whose numbers seem on the decline.

After the war Captain Scott held many positions of trust and honor, always giving most efficient service. The greatest



COL. THOMAS M. SCOTT.

pride of his later years was centered in his youngest son, Col. Willie Scott, who is a graduate of West Point, and who is now commanding a regiment in the United States army.

[Data supplied by E. W. Kirkpatrick, of McKinney, Tex.]

A delightful journey was made by the Editor of the VETERAN with Colonel Scott (he deserved promotion to this rank if ever any man did, and he was called Colonel Scott) from the Reunion at Bowie, Tex. He was small of stature. Though eighty-four years old, he was very erect, and said he had never felt the need of a walking stick. Indeed, he had rarely ever been sick. When feeling unwell, it was his custom to take physical exercise. On one side of his farm, near Melissa, there was a smooth road a mile long. He would exercise on that, walking briskly for a time, and then advance to a run. At the farther end he would rest briefly and pursue the same rule returning. Venerable man! He was a blessing to his associates.

SAMUEL ALLEN.

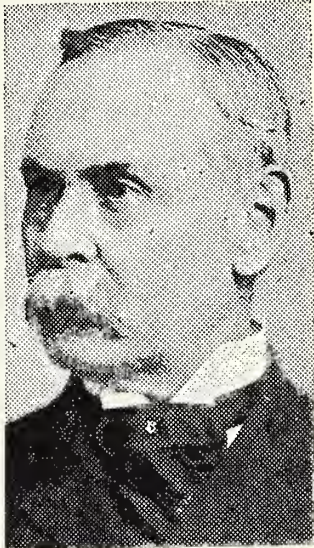
Sam Allen was born February 28, 1838, in Williamson County, Tenn., and lived there until his death, November 22, 1911. He served in the 11th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., under Forrest. A few weeks before his death he moved to Franklin. The Confederate flag was placed in his casket.

CAPT. GEORGE CHAMBERLAINE.

The death of Capt. George Chamberlaine occurred in January at his residence in Norfolk. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, one of Pickett's brave men, and Norfolk loses one of her best citizens. His illness was of a short duration. He was cashier of the Savings Bank of Norfolk, and to within a few days of his death he was at his desk in the bank. While on his way home one evening he was fatally stricken with paralysis. He was a remarkably well preserved man. His close application to business and his clocklike regularity at the bank were notable. A purer, better, and more upright man was not to be found in Virginia. He had lived in Norfolk most of his life.

An exchange states:

"Captain Chamberlaine was a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Chamberlaine, and was born July 30, 1834. He was educated at the Norfolk Military Academy and the Virginia Military Institute, graduating in 1853. After two years spent in the banking house of Samuel Harris & Son, of Baltimore, he became a partner of his father in the banking business under the firm name of R. H. Chamberlaine & Sons, where he remained until September 1, 1861, when he entered the Confederate service and was made commissary. Later he served with the 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, until after the battle of Gettysburg. After that he was on post duty at Franklin and Burkeville, Va. He was paroled at Richmond in April, 1865.



CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAINE.

"At the time of his death and for many years before he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Norfolk Academy. He was a member of Christ Episcopal Church and a vestryman.

"Captain Chamberlaine married Miss Bettie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. C. Taylor, of Norfolk. He is survived by his wife and seven children—two sons (C. T. Chamberlaine, of Norfolk, and R. H. Chamberlaine, of Baltimore) and five daughters (Mrs. Charles F. Burroughs and Misses Bessie L., Eloise, Mary M., and Hildegard Chamberlaine, all of Norfolk). Three brothers and four sisters survive: W. W. Chamberlaine, of Washington; Charles F. and Robert L. Chamberlaine, of New York; Mrs. Joseph Barker, Mrs. Benjamin Fabius, and Misses Addie and Mary B. Chamberlaine, of New York.

"The funeral was held from Christ Episcopal Church and was attended by Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. D. C."

MAJ. C. B. MOORE.

Maj. C. B. Moore, a Confederate veteran, died at his home, in Texarkana, Ark., on the early morning of December 6, 1911, in his seventy-sixth year.

Major Moore was a graduate of the class of 1857 of Princeton College (now Princeton University), New Jersey, having previously taken a literary course at Washington College, Virginia (now Washington and Lee University), with the immortal T. J. Jackson as one of his professors. He was ad-

mitted to the bar and was actively engaged in the practice of law previous to the Civil War, but at its very commencement enlisted in the service of the Confederacy.

He was one of six brothers who followed the fortunes of the Confederate flag. He was commissioned first as a captain and then as major in the quartermaster's department, and in this capacity served upon the staff of the commanding general of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Prior to the battle of Helena, July 4, 1863, by special permission, he was relieved from his duties as quartermaster and actively participated in that hard-fought but disastrous battle. He surrendered with Gen. E. Kirby Smith at Shreveport, La., in May, 1865.

After the close of the war, he resumed the practice of his profession at Little Rock, Ark., and for two terms filled the office of Attorney-General of the State of Arkansas.

He was a consistent and devoted Christian, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and in a ripe old age exchanged the cross for a crown.

H. A. CRAWFORD.

H. A. Crawford was born near Dayton, in Rhea County, Tenn., on October 2, 1835, and was educated in the common schools. He stayed on his father's farm until he was about nineteen years of age, when he clerked in the store of R. N. Gillespie (afterwards his father-in-law) at Washington.

In about 1858 he was elected County Court Clerk of Rhea County, and served as such until the beginning of the War of the States, serving also as Deputy Register after the war. At its beginning he resigned his office and entered the Confederate service in Company E, 26th Tennessee Regiment, of which his father was captain. On account of efficient service he was appointed to a position in the quartermaster's department of Morton's Battery, where he served until the end.

When the war closed, he returned to his home, in Rhea County, and soon took service upon the Cherokee, a steamboat on the Tennessee River plying between Knoxville and Chattanooga. Later he engaged in the mercantile business at Washington with R. N. Gillespie, Jr., doing a successful business. He was married to Anna Neilson Gillespie, the daughter of R. N. Gillespie, on October 8, 1868. He spent much time on his farm. His wife died on November 20, 1905.

He served as a school director for Rhea County for about twenty-five years, as justice of the peace for a number of years, and as Chairman of the County Court, making one of the best and most efficient chairmen that this court ever had. He was a strong advocate of temperance and education and for the uplift of his fellow men. He was also a fine historian, and much of the last few years of his life was given by him to investigation, compilation, and preservation of the history of the county, especially as to its organization, its county courts, and the different locations of its courthouse.

He died at his home, in Dayton, on December 30, 1911, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the Buttram Cemetery with Masonic honors. He was a Mason for more than fifty years.

[The foregoing is from proceedings of the County Court adopted January 1, 1912, at its regular quarterly session.]

ZACK HOWELL.

Death came suddenly to Zack Howell at his home, in Shreveport, La., after a brief illness of acute indigestion. He was born in Chester County, S. C., and was in his seventy-seventh year. Erect, agile, and of a cheerful disposition, he viewed life from its brightest side.

In 1856 he went to Shreveport, where he engaged successfully in business as a cotton factor and a warehouseman, and he was also interested in agricultural matters. He was a splendid citizen as he had been a good soldier—a defender of the Confederacy, serving in Company A, 25th Louisiana Infantry. He was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., and several engagements under Gen. J. E. Johnston. At the close of the war he surrendered at Shreveport, having been transferred from the Army of Tennessee.

Comrade Howell is survived by two daughters and two sons. He was a member of Leroy Stafford Camp, U. C. V., from which a delegation attended the funeral.

DR. HOWARD A. M. HENDERSON.

At Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, Tuesday morning, January 16, after a lengthy illness, occurred the death of Dr. Henderson, one of the noted men of the South before and during and since the Civil War. He was in his seventy-sixth year, and after a noble and strenuous life he was not unwilling or afraid to die.

He was born in Kentucky, graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan, was a famous soldier of the Confederacy, passing upwards from captain to an assistant adjutant general of the Confederacy, and was later made commissioner of exchange of prisoners. His Southern cross of honor was his only decoration. He was prominent in all associations and councils of Confederate soldiers since the war.

As a preacher he held the highest appointments in his Church, among them being those in Lexington and Frankfort, Ky., San Francisco, and New York. He was buried at Frankfort, Ky.

For eleven years he was Superintendent of Public Instruction of his native State, Kentucky, and by reason of his fine scholarship and oratorical fame he was greatly in demand upon all kinds of educational and fraternal occasions.

As a distinguished Mason he was Grand Chaplain of the Ohio Commandery Knights Templars and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. Much of his ministry was spent in Alabama and Kentucky, and in later years his home was in Cincinnati.

As an author he won notable fame, having written along varied lines such books as "Wealth and Workmen," "Ethics of the Pulpit," "Diomedes the Centurion," and "My Black Mammy," a very beautiful and pathetic tribute to his life as a boy in the Old South.

[Sketch by H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General Army Tennessee Department, U. C. V.]

CAPT. ELIHU W. CANNON.

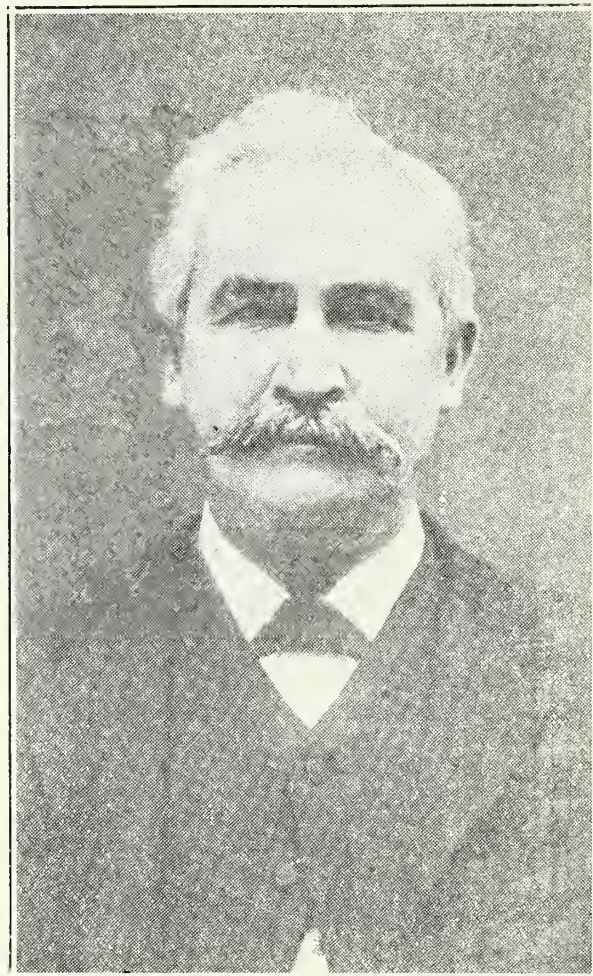
E. W. Cannon was born at Darlington, S. C., October 3, 1841; and died in Hartsville, S. C., December 23, 1911.

When the war between the sections broke out, young Cannon was a cadet attending the military academy of D. H. Hill (afterwards Lieutenant General Hill). The superintendent went into service in Virginia at once and the cadets went to their homes.

E. W. Cannon enlisted at once with the Hartsville Light Infantry, and was promoted to be color sergeant to bear the beautiful silk flag presented to the company by the ladies of Hartsville. Very soon he was promoted to lieutenant of the company, and soon became conspicuous for his soldierly bearing and for his cheerful and enthusiastic devotion to duty.

He was first lieutenant of Company E, 6th South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, and in the severe engagements at Wil-

liamsburg, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Frazier's Farm he was conspicuous. He attracted the attention of the superior officers by his courageous conduct and his coolness and good judgment under fire. He was publicly commended as an officer of unusual qualities and promise. At Frazier's Farm he received the desperate wounds that caused the amputation of his right leg and incapacitated him for further service.



CAPT. E. W. CANNON.

After the close of the war, about 1876, E. W. Cannon came to the front again. While he walked with a wooden leg, he was able to ride horseback. Our cherished civilization was in jeopardy, the safety of our homes, the preservation of life and property were at stake. Wicked and corrupt men duped the black people and obtained control of the State. Then it was that E. W. Cannon came to our relief by organizing and leading a red-shirt company, and succeeded in driving from office those who had debauched the State.

Captain Cannon during his whole life was noted for his patriotism. Governor Hampton appointed him County Treasurer, which office he filled with credit. Before this he had served two terms in the State legislature from Darlington County. Captain Cannon was ever loyal to the memories of the Confederacy.

On Sunday, the day before Christmas, his mutilated body, clad in his gray uniform, was buried in the Presbyterian cemetery of Hartsville. A large crowd of sympathizing friends

were at his grave to manifest their sorrow and respect for the noble patriot and Christian.

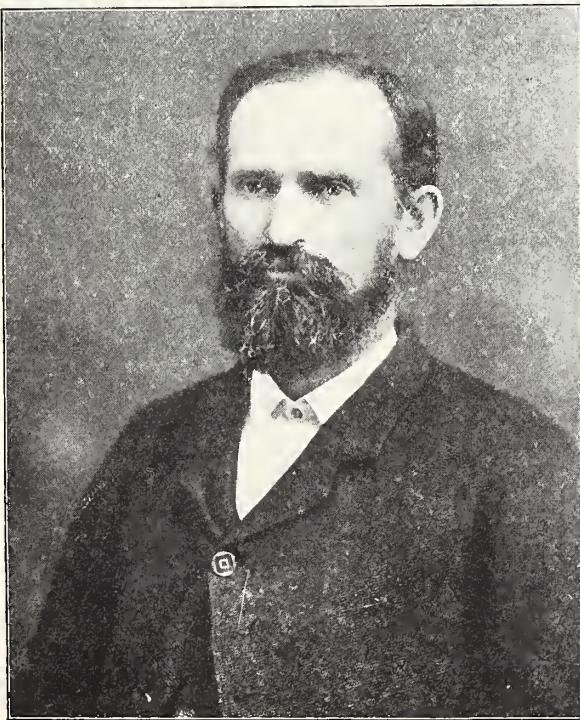
He was an active and consistent member of the Hartsville Presbyterian Church.

DR. Q. C. SMITH.

After a long illness with severe suffering, Dr. Quintus C. Smith died at his home, in San Diego, Cal., on October 27, 1911, aged sixty-nine years. He was born and reared in Humphreys County, Tenn., a son of Moab S. Smith. In his eighteenth year Dr. Smith became a Confederate soldier in Company F, 10th Tennessee Cavalry, in which command was a younger brother also. He served faithfully to the end, and as a soldier was courageous and dutiful.

After the war he studied medicine, graduating from the old Medical College in Nashville in 1868. The first few years of his professional life were spent near Bloomfield, where he was married to Miss Mary Sykes, who survives him. Of their several children, only one, Dr. Henry Stephens Smith, still lives.

From Missouri Dr. Smith moved to Cloverdale, Cal., and spent seven years; two years were then given to special research work in New York City, after which he practiced for twenty-five years in Austin, Tex. He went to San Diego, Cal., several years ago to be with his son. He continued in active practice of his profession until two years ago, when the serious failure of his health made it necessary for him to retire. For many years Dr. Smith contributed liberally to medical journals, and he was an active member in several organizations devoted to scientific research, and was prominently identified with Confederate organizations wherever he lived. He was laid to rest in the beautiful plot reserved for Confederate veterans in the cemetery at San Diego.



DR. Q. C. SMITH.

For many years Dr. Smith's zeal for the VETERAN and its cause never waned.

DR. S. W. MURTESHAW.

Our Camp, Omar R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., is called upon to record the passing of our beloved and honored comrade, Dr. S. W. Murteshaw, which occurred at his home, at Jacksonville, in this county, on New Year morning.

He was born at Union, S. C., September 17, 1842, and resided there with his parents until the outbreak of the War of the States, when he volunteered April 15, 1861, enlisting in Company E, 3d South Carolina Cavalry, and from that time until honorably discharged at the close of the war he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy in both armies, that of the Northern Virginia and of Tennessee, according to the transfer of military forces.

A distinctive trait in Dr. Murteshaw's character was his modesty. He rarely talked about himself. But those who were familiar with the details were ever eager to pay tribute to him and his useful and self-sacrificing career down to the end of his life.

At the close of hostilities Dr. Murteshaw, still a young man, went west into what was then the wilderness of Arkansas, and, fortunately for the people there, chose Jacksonville as his home. From that time he illustrated the highest type of citizenship, and proudly persisted in the performance of duty, despite persecution, and calmly waited for vindication.

Capable in his profession, but with that ability which some have of caring for himself independent of that profession, his profession came to be a mere instrument for aiding and comforting his neighbors and fellow citizens. In the almost half century which has intervened he was an unmixed blessing to those who needed him the most, and living and dead, they join with us in paying this tribute to his beloved ashes.

As a Camp we request that this memorial be published in our city papers and also in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn. It is directed that the Adjutant of the Camp prepare a properly certified copy thereof and deliver the same to the family of our honored and revered comrade.

[From Commander George L. Basham, Adjutant George Thornburgh, and the following committee: Jonathan Kellogg, J. Myer Pollock, and C. S. Collins.]

CAPT. WILLIAM WALLACE HERR.

In a tribute to William Wallace Herr, of the Rice E. Graves Camp, U. C. V., Owensboro, Ky., a committee on resolutions, E. R. Pennington, Henry Moorman, and W. T. Ellis, say in substance:

"William Wallace Herr was a great soldier. He not only followed the flag of the South until it went down, to rise no more forever, but through all the years of peace which have come down to us since the cause of the Confederacy succumbed to overwhelming numbers and resources to the hour of his death we was true and loyal to the stars and bars and to the cause of the Old South, which he so gallantly defended.

"As a young man he recruited a company for the Confederate army in Jefferson County and drilled it until it was one of the most efficient military organizations in the Confederate service. He was elected a lieutenant in his company, and made one of the most efficient officers in the gallant 1st Kentucky Cavalry. His soldierly qualities readily attracted the attention of the commander of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Ben. Hardin Helm, who was a graduate of West Point.

"Colonel Helm while he commanded the 1st Kentucky Cavalry appointed Wallace Herr sergeant major of the regiment; and when he was promoted to the rank of a brigadier gen-

eral and placed in command of the Orphan Brigade, he tendered to Wallace Herr the position of aid-de-camp on his staff. This position he filled with distinction, and he was ever on the firing line.

"General Helm relied upon him as his chief of staff. He was with General Helm upon that memorable field of Chickamauga when the latter fell mortally wounded, and died in front of the enemy. In the midst of a leaden storm he picked up the General and bore him to the rear, where in a short time he died. Captain Herr then reported immediately to Col. J. H. Lewis, of the 6th Kentucky Infantry, who, being the senior colonel of the Orphan Brigade, became its commander upon the death of General Helm.

"Wallace Herr served through that battle, as General Lewis says in his report of it (see 'War Records,' Series I., Volume XXX., Part II., page 206), 'Gallantly and Faithfully.'

"Later Wallace Herr served upon the staff of Gen. John S. Williams; but being such a fine soldier, in an emergency he was selected to command a company of scouts, which position he filled with such efficiency, fidelity, and bravery that he became one of the marked men in the Army of Tennessee.

"As a citizen in times of peace, he was a model man. He added to the wealth of the community in which he lived; he was first in all enterprises that promoted the welfare of his fellow citizens; he loved his country and its laws, and from the close of the war to the day of his death stood ready at all times to defend its integrity and honor against all enemies.

"We have lost a great man. But reviewing his life both in war and in peace, reviewing his upright conduct toward his fellows, his Christian virtues and his manly bearing at all times, it is not too much to hope that he has passed to a 'land which is fairer than day,' where we all hope he will meet many another brave and loyal comrade who has gone before.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of this resolution be sent to each of the local papers and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, Tenn., for publication."

The following members of his camp and of the W. T. Ellis Camp, U. S. C. V., attended the remains to Louisville as escort: Capt. S. H. Ford, Ben T. Field, Henry Moorman, Dr. C. H. Todd, and Bugler Yewell Haskins.

HON. ELI N. STONE.

Hon. Eli N. Stone was born in Madison County, Tenn., September 20, 1847. He was the son of Clark L. and Margaret (Anderson) Stone, natives respectively of Virginia and Alabama.

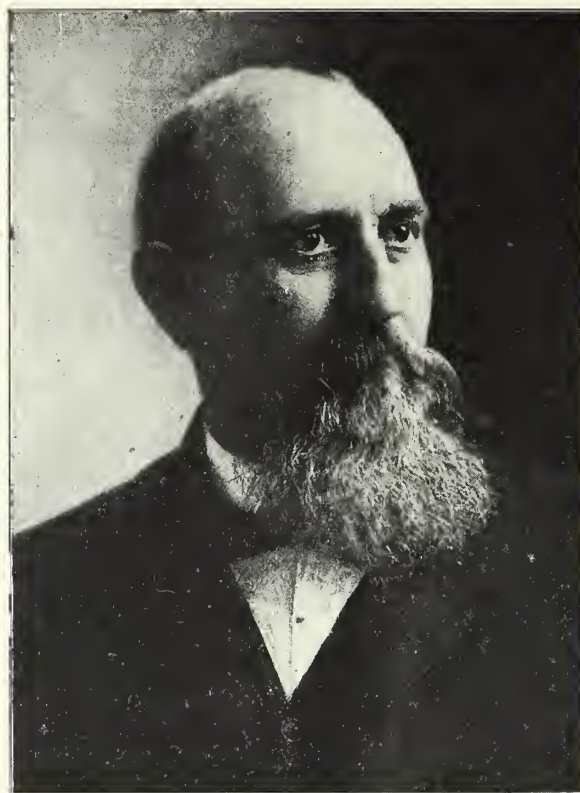
In 1862 he enlisted in Company F, Chalmers's Battalion of Mississippi Cavalry, but was later transferred to Company C, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, and served as a private under General Forrest until he surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., at the close of the war.

In early life he was married to Miss Hattie Lowry, of Mississippi, who died, leaving him with two children, one of whom soon followed her. Later he was married to Miss Elizabeth Priest, who, together with nine children and a host of friends, survive to mourn her loss.

Mr. Stone went to Milan when he was quite a young man, and had ever been a most valuable citizen of the town and State. For a long time he was President of the Board of Education there, and for a number of terms was Mayor of the town and for two terms was a member of the State legislature from this county. He was a broad-minded man, interested in education, and an enthusiastic and loyal Demo-

crat. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and Knights and Ladies of Honor, and for a number of years a member of the Methodist Church.

No man was ever more generally loved in Milan. He was popular with all ages, from the little children to the oldest citizens. In his home he was kind, considerate, and hospitable.



HON. E. N. STONE.

On Monday Night, November 27, 1911, he, like the great general whom he so much admired, "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," leaving, together with his other friends, to mourn for him the members of John W. Morton Bivouac, No. 39, U. C. V., of which he was Adjutant.

M. N. REYNOLDS.

M. N. Reynolds died at his home, in Notasulga, Ala., in his seventy-second year. He leaves a widow and one son, E. H. Reynolds, a prominent merchant and planter. His wife was Miss Joe Bailey, of Lee County, Ala. In 1861 he enlisted in the 6th Alabama Regiment; but after three or four months, early in 1862, he was mustered into the service of the C. S. A. at Loachapoka, Ala., and was elected orderly sergeant of Company F, 34th Alabama Regiment. He was the best man physically in the regiment, brave and fearless in battle. He commanded his company in two battles.

He was wounded three times. He was shot through the leg at Murfreesboro, Tenn. At Resaca, Ga., he was shot in his cheek bone, the ball remaining there for nine days. He was slightly wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., while in command of his company. There were three brothers in the same company. They were on detached service in Abbeville, S. C., when Johnston's army surrendered. They were paroled at Atlanta, Ga., on May 6, 1865. He was an official member of the M. E. Church, South, for forty years.

[Data from W. H. Reynolds, one of the three mentioned.]

DEATHS IN CAMP 1543 AT LAKE LAND, FLA.

[Reported by C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant of the Camp.]

Members of Lakeland Camp, U. C. V., No. 1543, who died during the years 1910 and 1911:

H. McInnis, enlisted October 1, 1861, in Company A, 1st Florida Cavalry; discharged April 26, 1865; died October 31, 1911.

J. F. Gracey, enlisted in 1st Tennessee Cavalry; discharged at the close of the war; died April 23, 1911.

N. B. Bowyer, first lieutenant in Company A, 10th Virginia Cavalry; served to the end; died December 23, 1910.

O. P. Foster, Company I, 63d Georgia Infantry; died October 5, 1910.

W. J. Murry, Company D, 26th Georgia Infantry; died June 17, 1910.

J. E. Martin, — Alabama Cavalry; died March 24, 1910.

William Knowles, — Georgia Regiment; died May 15, 1910.

A. H. Smith, 5th Virginia Infantry; died December 3, 1910.

A. A. Scott, captain 6th Alabama Infantry; died March 24, 1910.

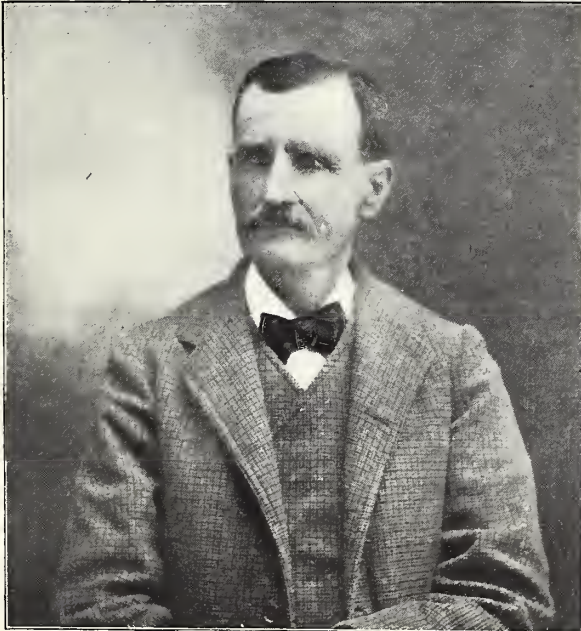
Roan Sapp, enlisted in 1862 in Lutterloh's Cavalry; discharged in May, 1865; died October 9, 1910.

George D. Turner, Smith's Battery; died February 11, 1910.

Z. D. Trammel, Company K, — Alabama Cavalry; died March 17, 1910.

W. M. Boswell, lieutenant; enlisted in July, 1861, in Company G, 1st Alabama Infantry; discharged April 26, 1865; died September 12, 1911.

W. W. Chaney, first lieutenant; enlisted in May, 1861, in Company K, 1st Arkansas Infantry; served till the close of the war; lost a leg in service; died July 6, 1911, at Helena, Ark.



J. H. WADE.

James H. Wade was born in Bradley County, Tenn., in 1842; and died at his home, in Quitman, Ga., on October 15, 1911. His parents moved to Rusk County, Tex., when he was seven years old, and it was from there that he enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, at nineteen years of age. He was first with Company G, 10th Regiment of Texas Cav-

alry, but later was transferred to the 1st Texas Artillery, which company was engaged in some of the big battles of the Trans-Mississippi Department, such as Oak Hill and Elkhorn. He distinguished himself for bravery and effective service at Corinth, Miss., and during the Kentucky campaign under Gen. Kirby Smith, taking part in the battles of Richmond and Perryville. He was also with his command at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. In the latter battle he was cut off with several comrades and captured, but escaped during a fierce charge by a Confederate division. Although wounded, he rejoined his command and took heroic part in the bloody battle that followed on Sunday.

After Missionary Ridge, he followed the fortunes of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from Ringgold Gap, through the battles of Kingston, Rome, Kennesaw, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta, and in the latter battle he was badly wounded and captured. He was sent to Camp Douglas prison, from which he was paroled in May, 1865. Union sentiment was so strong in his home community that on account of his Confederate record he left and went to Screven County, and then to Savannah for a year, and finally to Quitman, which he made his home for life. Few men served the Confederacy more devotedly or more heroically. He cherished the glories of the Confederate cause.

His wife, one son, and two daughters survive him.

JOSHUA WESTBROOK.

One of the Texas pioneers, Joshua Westbrook, was born in Alabama November 13, 1825. Texas became his home in 1835, and in 1842 he was married to Matilda McMahon. He was a man of indomitable energy, unquestioned integrity, and great courage. Always in the lead in matters of progress and public affairs, his name became part of the history of Newton County. He served on the first grand jury that convened in that county after it separated from Jasper. Court was held in a barn, the county having no courthouse.

At the breaking out of the War of the States he entered the cavalry under Captain Blewitt, and remained in service until March, 1862, when he was honorably discharged. In the spring of 1863 he reenlisted in Captain Gibbs's company, and continued in the service until the close of the war. During the latter part of his enlistment he was in the hospital service. He was honorably discharged in 1865. He returned to his home and family and manfully took up the work of re-establishing himself after disastrous years of civil strife and struggle. He prospered in all of his affairs and reared a large family.

DR. J. H. RYLAND.

Dr. J. H. Ryland died at the home of his brother-in-law, Capt. W. D. Prowell, near Columbus, Miss. He was seventy-six years old and one of Lowndes County's best-known and most highly respected citizens. He was a Confederate veteran, having gone to the front at the outbreak of the Civil War as a member of the famous Tombigbee Rangers, and served bravely throughout the great struggle.

Deceased is survived by his widow, a sister (Mrs. W. D. Prowell), and other relatives. The funeral took place at Friendship Cemetery, with Dr. H. G. Henderson, pastor of the First Methodist Church, as the officiating clergyman. Col. C. L. Lincoln, Messrs. S. B. Street, Sr., E. R. Sherman, J. E. Dougherty, C. H. Jordan, and C. W. Evans officiated as pallbearers.

[From data furnished by a friend.]

CAPT. CHARLES TEANEY.

(Gen. James MacGill in the Lynchburg News.)

The death of Capt. Charles L. Teaney, of Pulaski, Va., which occurred January 19, recalls some incidents of the war of 1861-65. Captain Teaney and his two older brothers enlisted in the Pulaski Guards under Capt. James A. Walker early in 1861 as a part of the 4th Virginia Infantry in the "Stonewall Brigade." They were the only sons of a widowed mother. On the battle field of Manassas, July 21, 1861, in the first charge made by the 4th Regiment all three of the Teaney brothers were shot down, two killed and Charles so badly wounded that he was honorably discharged. He was then only eighteen years of age, having been born January 19, 1843.

Six months later, recovering from his wounds, in spite of an "honorable discharge" he reenlisted in the same company, and continued in the service throughout the war. He was slightly wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, and at Fredericksburg injured by a large limb of a tree (which had been cut off by a shell) falling upon him.

Captain Teaney served the last two years of the war as a sharpshooter in the Stonewall Brigade, and was one of the fifty men selected by Gen. J. B. Gordon to make the assault and capture of Fort Steadman, a strongly fortified position on the Federal lines at Petersburg March 25, 1865. This was a night assault, and one of the most daring feats of the war. Mrs. Gordon made white bands of cotton to be sewed upon each of them so that they could distinguish one another in the night attack that was made. These fifty men were to take the Federal pickets and rush upon the fort without firing a gun and open the way for the three hundred selected men to follow and endeavor to get in the rear of the Federal fortification. This he did. Fort Steadman was captured with about 1,000 prisoners, including General McLaughlin, nine heavy cannon and a number of small arms, and a long line of breastworks in both directions from the fort, with a loss of less than half a dozen Confederates.

General Gordon held this position and awaited reinforcements that were to follow, but from some cause never reached him, and after daylight arrived and only his three hundred select men to oppose Grant's overwhelming force they had to retire.

Quoting from Gen. J. B. Gordon: "A consuming fire in both flanks from the overwhelming forces of Grant forced me to withdraw my command with heavy loss. Among the disabled was the gallant Gen. Philip Cook, of Georgia, and I myself was wounded."

I would not be surprised if Captain Teaney is about the last of this gallant band of fifty men that General Gordon had selected for the accomplishment of this work. He died on January 19, which was his sixty-ninth birthday as well as the anniversary of the birth of his beloved chieftain, Gen. R. E. Lee. He was laid to rest on the 21st of January, the anniversary of the birth of his old commander, Stonewall Jackson, whom he followed from Harper's Ferry in 1861 to Chancellorsville in 1863. To the end of his life he wore the Confederate gray.

CAPT. JULIUS A. SITGREAVES.

A New York special of January 23, 1912, reports the death of Capt. J. A. Sitgreaves in the office of an art publication. He was born in Rock Hill, S. C., seventy-four years ago, and was in the War of the States. His company was in the first attack on Fort Sumter, and he was one of the first to fire a gun for the South. He lost his right leg in battle.

MICHAEL BURKE.

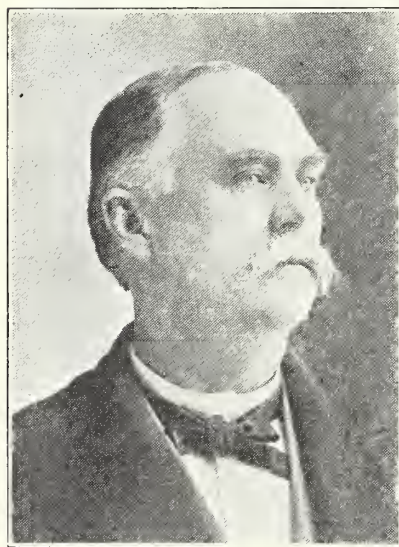
M. Burke was born October 11, 1827, in County Limerick, Ireland, and emigrated to this country when quite young. He enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1861 as a member of Company G, 8th Kentucky Infantry. He was captured at Fort Donelson, exchanged at Vicksburg, returned to duty with his command, and was in many hard-fought battles afterwards. He was badly wounded at Jackson, Miss., and was in the hospital three months. The regiment having been reorganized, he was next in Company A. In 1864 the regiment was mounted and sent to General Forrest, and was with him until the surrender.

Comrade Burke returned to Kentucky, and in 1869 was married to Miss Hannah Warner, from which union were born six daughters and three sons, who, with their mother, survive him. He was an honorable Christian gentleman. He died at his home, on Red River, near Adams, Tenn., September 11, 1911, aged eighty-three years and eleven months.

[Sketch by his comrade, A. D. Dolton, Olmstead, Ky.]

THOMAS C. CALDWELL.

Thomas C. Caldwell died at his home, in Independence, Mo., on November 21, 1911, and was buried beside his wife in the City Cemetery. He was born in Howard County, Mo., in 1839, of fine old Scotch-Irish lineage on the side of his paternal grandfather. He was related to John C. Calhoun and also to Secretary Browning, of Lincoln's cabinet. While always proudly self-reliant, he attributed to the latter fact his release from prison at Camp Chase by order of President Lincoln, signed the day before his assassination. He belonged to Company G, 3d Missouri Regiment, Army of



THOMAS C. CALDWELL.

Tennessee. He entered the service in June, 1861, and served until his release from Camp Chase, Ohio. He took part in the battles of Lexington, Elkhorn, and other minor engagements west of the Ohio River; and in the Army of Tennessee he fought at Corinth, Iuka, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Big Black, Vicksburg, Atlanta, and in other engagements. He was wounded and captured in the battle of Franklin. In the siege of Vicksburg the shock from a ball

paralyzed the nerve of his right eye, destroying the sight; and as he died from hemorrhage on the brain, one is inclined to conjecture that this shock may have shortened his days.

He had a varied and honorable career in civil life, distinguished more by humble civic and social service than by material accumulations. Mr. Caldwell had been County Clerk of Jackson County, was twice Mayor of Independence, and at the time of his death he was serving as police judge for an old veteran of the Mexican War.

His funeral was conducted under the auspices of the First Presbyterian Church, of which he had been a member for the greater part of his life. Only the Sunday before his death he had attended Sunday school and church service.

WILLIAM L. JACKSON.

William Littleton Jackson, son of George and Mary Ann Adams Jackson, was born near Markham, Fauquier County, Va., July 31, 1844; and died in Archer, Fla., December 26, 1911. He enlisted in Company H, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and served in the Valley of Virginia while a mere boy. Being a fine horseman and thoroughly familiar with the Shenandoah Valley, he became a valuable soldier, and remained until the end. Always a lover of the Confederacy, he took a deep in-



WILLIAM L. JACKSON.

terest in the VETERAN, and the writer is sure it would be his wish that his name appear in the Last Roll.

On August 9, 1882, he was married to Mrs. Sallie Fleming Winecoff, and in 1884 he joined the Presbyterian Church in Archer, Fla., and remained a faithful member until the call came. He was a noble type of the "old Virginia gentleman," with a cordial, jolly disposition, and he was ever generous toward his fellow men. During an illness of over a year and a half he showed the same courage and unselfishness that characterized his life. He was a devoted husband, and was universally loved by rich and poor, white and black.

He is survived by a devoted wife, a stepson (to whom he had always been a devoted father), four sisters, a brother, and a host of friends.

CAPT. F. H. LYTLE.

Capt. Frank Henderson Lytle was born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 15, 1829; and died at Stanton in Lake Weir, Fla., November 28, 1911, aged eighty-two years. He served as first lieutenant of Company C, 18th Tennessee Infantry, and was promoted to captain. He was captured at Fort Donelson, and was confined in the Federal prison at Johnson's Island. He was exchanged in September, 1862. He was appointed major on the staff of General Wheeler, and served until again captured. He remained a prisoner on Johnson's Island until paroled in 1865.

Captain Lytle came of an ancestry distinguished in the civil and military annals of the country. He was a lineal descendant of an officer of the Revolution and member of the Society of the Cincinnati and a near relative of General Lytle. He was a brave, faithful soldier, true to the cause he loved, an earnest member of Ocala Camp No. 5, U. C. V., a Presbyterian, a man of strong convictions, and undeviating in his adherence to all that was true, honorable, and just.

Captain Lytle was married January 31, 1850, to Sophia E. Burriss, who died, leaving three sons. On June 20, 1865, he was again married to Sarah E. Dumas, who died several years ago. He moved to Stanton in Lake Weir, Fla., and planted an orange grove, which is still in possession of his sons.

[Sketch by H. W. Henry, Sr., Lake Weir, Fla.]

COL. MOSES H. CLIFT.

There are elements in a man that draw men to him quite independent of his intellectual force or power of achievement. This rare power of inspiring personal attachment with that of diffusing the impression of independent force in thought and action is possessed by few men. Such a man was Col. Moses H. Clift, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who departed this life at St. Thomas Hospital, Nashville, on Sunday morning, December 3, 1911.

He was beloved beyond most men. That was illustrated in the remarkable tribute paid him by his fellow lawyers in Chattanooga December 4. A prominent attorney said: "Over a long period of residence in Chattanooga I have attended many such meetings, but in genuine sorrow and uncontrolled emotion I never witnessed anything to compare with this." Another writes: "I have never been so impressed with the sincerity of every word uttered. When the speakers endeavored to tell of his integrity, his big heart, and unfailing kindness, their emotion almost prevented utterance, and there were none but tearful eyes among the listeners. I am confirmed in what I had long believed that no man held the love of his brother members of the bar as completely as Major Clift."

The mark of a gentleman is a keen sense of the feelings and susceptibilities of others. One of Major Clift's chief characteristics was kindness—kindness to everybody of every station in life. Humanity appealed to him. Out of the greatness of his heart he was heard often to say: "I am sorry for everybody." Verily he loved his fellow man. His hand was ever open to the needy, and he gave of himself with his alms.

Another distinguishing element in Major Clift's character was his fearlessness. This is the record of his life in peace as well as in war. Whatever he did resulted from an independence that none could fail to admire. He was too brave, too independent, and too noble to pander to anybody, and withal he was too gentle and too kind to offend willingly. This rare combination of qualities, coupled with a strong intellect, an integrity that was never questioned, and a nature most unselfish, justly placed him "a man among men" and drew them to him with bonds of immutable affection and confidence.

These forces in Major Clift's character must have received an impetus from a noble line of ancestry. For seven generations through the Brooks and Irwins on his mother's side and the Clifts, Campbells, Hitchcocks in his father's line there is an array of soldiers, scientists, statesmen, teachers, preachers. With the exception of the Spanish-American War, some of this family have participated with distinction in every war fought in the United States and were of historical note in Scotland and England. In the Confederate army Major Clift was made a captain in the battle of Fort Donelson, major

at Kennesaw Mountain, and colonel at Waynesboro, Ga., in 1865. He served under General Forrest and later under Gen. George G. Dibrell; was in twenty-five battles and was thrice wounded.

Colonel Clift's valor was so marked that General Wheeler wrote of him: "Major Clift served with me during the war, and probably won greater distinction than any other officer of his grade."

Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart once wrote a mutual friend: "Major Clift served with distinction and great credit in both Forrest's and Wheeler's Cavalry. He is a lawyer of long and excellent standing at the bar, a man of great ability, efficiency, and is thoroughly honest."

An ex-supreme judge of Tennessee wrote of him: "I heard from one of the most gallant generals of the Confederacy, General Dibrell, with whom Major Clift served for years and fought in many battles, that the South had no better soldier. He won his rank by gallantry and retained it by the preservation of a character of which all his friends are proud, and he is one of the few who have always since the war carried its honors in a private station."

Major Clift fought the battle of life as bravely as he had faced the enemy in war. No man ever saw him other than cheerful and helpful, and none ever heard him murmur or complain. He had an abiding faith in God; and when the last enemy was to be overcome, he exhibited the same characteristics that had ever distinguished him and that had made association with him so great a blessing—an unfaltering faith in his Maker, a calm courage, little consideration of his own suffering, putting forth his last efforts to comfort those about him whom he had loved best in life.

Major Clift was born at Soddy, Tenn., August 25, 1836. He was the son of Col. William Clift, one of the pioneers of this county and a man of remarkably rugged character and sterling worth. His wife, Arwin, was a daughter of Gen. Moses Brooks, of Knox County, Tenn., a soldier of the Revolution. Major Clift was the last survivor of this family of seven children. Others of them were well known and beloved. He read law in the office of Judge L. Hopkins, now of Atlanta, Ga., a brother-in-law, and he was admitted to the bar in 1861. But the call of his country took him from the office to the field, and he raised Company H of the 36th Tennessee, C. S. A., and enlisted as a soldier in the cause he decided was right, while his father became a colonel in the Union army.

Major Clift was twice married. His first wife was Miss Ataline Cooke, the daughter of Dr. Robert F. Cooke, a brother of the late Judge J. B. Cooke. To this union were born three children—Arwin (who married P. A. Brauner, Jr., and died some years ago), Roberta (the wife of T. R. Preston, President of the Hamilton National Bank), and Moses H. (who died in infancy).

His second marriage took place in Cartersville, Ga., in 1883 with Miss Florence V. Parrott, a daughter of Judge Josiah Rhoton Parrott, a distinguished jurist of Georgia, Solicitor General, President of the Constitutional Convention of 1867-68, and an able and fearless judge of the superior court, Cherokee Circuit, until his death, in 1872. [The wife of Dr. Robert Pillow, of Columbia, Tenn., is a sister of Mrs. Clift.]

In a crisis of Streight's raid, when General Forrest's brother had been wounded and he had lost two cannon, captured by the enemy, he rushed up to two of his regiments "in quite a passion," ordered Major Clift to duty on his staff, and moved

forward in the lead. His selection of Major Clift for staff duty then was a great tribute to his valor and judgment.



MAJ. MOSES H. CLIFT.

Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart wrote a statement in 1904 showing the extraordinary efficiency of Major Clift at Bentonville: "At Bentonville, N. C., in 1865 General Johnston was informed by his cavalry commander that there was no road leading round Johnston's left to his rear. But there was such a road. A Federal division found it and came very near getting into our rear, which would have led to the capture or the utter rout of Johnston's little army. Cummins's small infantry brigade and Dibrell's small cavalry force (the latter being led by Maj. M. H. Clift) made a bold charge—one in front, the other on the flank—of this Federal division, threw it into a panic, and routed it. This alone saved the day."

COL. D. A. NUNN.

Among the men of the South who bravely met the hardships and dangers in active service during the War of the States, followed in after years by the magnanimous part in bringing about the best civic conditions, there was none anywhere who deserves more honor or recognition for his part than Col. D. A. Nunn, who died at Crockett, Tex., August 13, 1911.

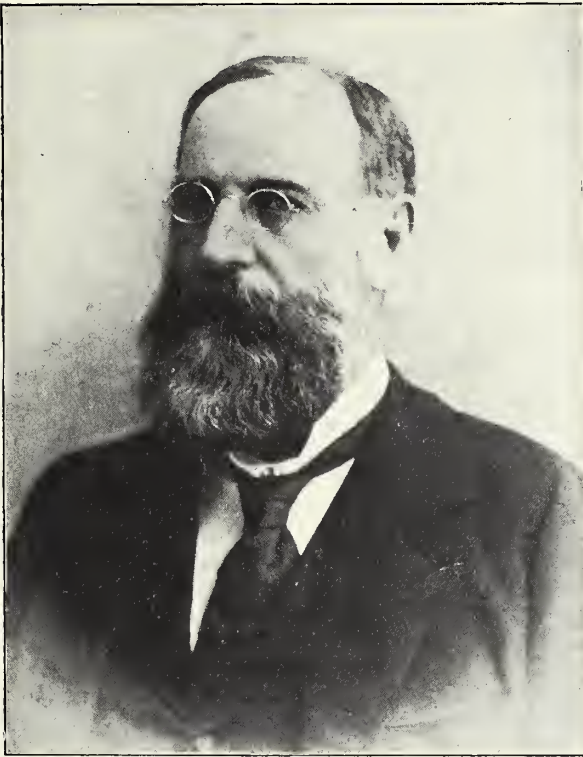
Striking in physique and extraordinary in strength of mind and character, fearless and tireless in his activity, always unselfishly alert and vigilant for the public interest—always a leader—his entire career following the war was directed toward establishing in his State, and especially in his community, those beneficent conditions of civil order and liberty which are checks alike to savagery, oppression, and fraud.

Colonel Nunn was born October 1, 1836, at Summerville, Noxubee County, Miss., of Scotch-Irish and English ancestry. His father's associations brought him in contact when a boy with leading men of the State, Jefferson Davis, A. G. Brown, William Barksdale, Judge Gray, and others, and he thus imbibed that pure Democracy of the old school of pure politics.

Getting his academic education in his home town and in

Murfreesboro, Tenn., he finished with a law course in New Orleans. He received license to practice law from the circuit court of Noxubee County, then presided over by the celebrated Judge William L. Harris.

In 1858 he married Miss Helen Williams, of Macon, Miss., and at once went with his bride to Texas. He located in



D. A. NUNN.

Crockett, at which place he made his home until his death. He was soon made Mayor of the town without solicitation on his part and without salary. By his courage and firmness he established peace and order in a community in which, among many excellent people, there were many men of lawless and desperate character. With no police, the Mayor depended on his shotgun and revolver, aided by the town marshal, to cope with all difficulties. In less than six months the law-breakers surrendered to the authorities. Thereafter Crockett has ever been most orderly.

At the outbreak of the war, in 1861, keenly alive to the call of patriotism, he raised a company and was promptly at the front, where he remained to the end. He took part in the early disturbances in Arizona and New Mexico, and later in Arkansas and Louisiana, and was ever conspicuous for enthusiastic, steady devotion to duty. His gallantry distinguished him throughout his entire life. His love for the cause he had fought for never perished.

Resuming the practice of his profession at the close of the war, he rapidly rose to its front rank among such men of strong minds and rugged, enterprising characters as are often attracted to a new country, as Texas then was. The Reconstruction Period was upon the South; the need of the hour was leaders, and Colonel Nunn was one of them. His strong personality peculiarly fitted him to meet the demands, and he gave to the uttermost of his mental and physical powers. In 1875 a convention was called to form a new Constitution;

to it Colonel Nunn was sent as a delegate, and he at once took a leading part among the ablest men of the State.

A noble man, a warm friend, a kind and considerate husband and father has answered the last call and walks no more among the living; yet his influence is a sacred inheritance.

In "War Records," Series 1, Part II., Volume XXXIX., page 627, the report states: "Captain Nunn, of Morgan's Battalion, succeeded in getting a good position with his squadron and delivered an effective fire at short range." (From report of Gen. William Steele in the Red River country.) Again, Lieut. Col. William Scurry, of the 4th Texas Cavalry, mentioned him, with others, as conducting the last brilliant and successful charge which decided "the fortunes of the day." This was in New Mexico near Fort Craig. (See "War Records," Series 1, Volume IX., page 515.)

MRS. JULIA ANN WHITE.

After an illness of several months, Mrs. Julia Ann White, wife of John A. White, of Clinton, La., died on the 30th of September, 1911, aged seventy years. She was the oldest native of Clinton, and had lived there all her life. Mrs. White had a father and two brothers in the Confederate army, and she took an active part in all things pertaining to the Confederacy, being instrumental in organizing a Chapter U. D. C., of which she was elected President. She had a prominent part in raising money for the erection of the monument at Clinton, which was dedicated in April, 1910. For the past twelve years she and her husband had attended all the General and State Conventions U. C. V. until 1911, when failing health prevented. She is survived by husband and brother.



MRS. JULIA ANN WHITE.

It is a disappointment to defer other sketches until the April issue, but it is unavoidable. They include tributes to Gen. W. H. Jewell, of Florida; J. L. Schaub, of Georgia; M. H. Clark, of Tennessee, a native of Virginia; Capt. J. M. Glenn, of Tennessee; Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va.; and Maj. W. G. Bush, of Nashville, Tenn.

THE HISTORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., whose photo appeared in the February *VETERAN*, is the author of the "Ku Klux Klan," a booklet now being sold by the Mississippi Division. The proceeds are for the erection of a monument at Beauvoir, Miss., home of the President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis.

At the request of the Mississippi Division Mrs. Rose wrote this absolutely correct history of the origin of that famous Klan. It has been published and is being sold for the purpose above named. This booklet is advertised regularly in the *VETERAN*, and Mrs. Rose writes: "Parties ordering the booklet will always write, 'I saw the notice in the *VETERAN* [proving the value of the *VETERAN* as an advertising medium].'" The booklet has already been sold in thirty-three States and in far-away China, and a nice sum is being realized for the monument. Mrs. Rose has written several valuable historical articles, among them "Arlington: Its Past and Present," which appeared in the September *VETERAN*.

Mrs. Rose on behalf of her Division while at Richmond, Va., during the U. D. C. Convention November 8-11, 1911, placed a beautiful floral tribute on the grave of Jefferson Davis in Hollywood Cemetery. This was a large pillow of white immortelles with "Mississippi Division, U. D. C.," on it in red, thus using the Confederate colors. The immortelles (or everlasting flowers) were symbolic of the undying love and loyalty of the Mississippi Daughters to the memory of the South's beloved chieftain, Jefferson Davis.

"THE JOURNAL OF JULIA LEGRAND."

RECORD OF EVENTS IN NEW ORLEANS IN 1862-63.

This little book of 318 pages, edited by Kate Mason Rowland and Mrs. Morris L. Croxall and published by the Everett Waddey Company, of Richmond, Va. (1911), is illustrated with portraits, and was for sale at the U. D. C. Convention in Richmond, Va., where it was indorsed by the President of the Maryland Division. Julia LeGrand was a Maryland woman by birth and lineage, though most of her life was spent in Louisiana. The latter years were passed in Galveston, Tex., where she married Mr. Adolph Waitz, of Germany. Her journal gives a vivid picture of conditions in New Orleans under "Beast Butler" and his successor, General Banks, and has been attracting considerable attention, as shown by the published reviews of it and the commendation it has received in personal letters to the editors.

The Virginia Historical Magazine in the January number says: "A diary not kept with a view to publication, and especially the diary of a woman of social standing and cultivation who lived in New Orleans during the years 1862-63, must be of great interest. The journal of Julia LeGrand (afterwards Mrs. Waitz) does not disappoint expectation."

The William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine, just out, tells its readers: "Miss LeGrand was a woman of high purpose, and her narrative of events after the surrender of the city is full of the fiery spirit of old Patrick Henry. 'The women only,' she says, 'did not seem afraid.' In another place she passionately exclaims: 'I would give up all, sacrifice all to honor.' It was this unconquerable spirit of the women of New Orleans, not of the men, that staggered General Butler. He had so little of the nobler spirit himself that he knew no other way of subduing the women than by resorting to the grossest insults."

Dr. McIlwaine, the Virginia State Librarian, in a private letter says of the journal: "I have looked over it with a great

deal of interest. It contains much of considerable historical value." So Dr. Charles Lee Smith, of Raleigh, N. C., a former college president and an earnest historical student, writes to one of the editors: "I congratulate you on your part in getting out such an attractive and interesting book. It is of permanent value, and the edition should be quickly sold."

Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, author of a biography of Lee and other works, says of the book: "We have enjoyed the journal wonderfully. Mrs. Shepherd sat up nearly all night reading it. She was a child in New Orleans (1861-62) on a visit to a relative, and just escaped Butler."

The price of the volume is \$1.50, and it can be obtained direct from the publishers or through the bookstores.

"SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN LEADERS."

BY REV. J. H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

This book, by Rev. Henry Alexander White, D.D., ought to interest not only Presbyterians but all who would know the moral and spiritual character of the old Southern civilization and social life. The Church has ever been one of the mightiest forces in the development of our country, and in no part of the country has that influence been more powerfully exercised than in the South. Each one of the great denominations has done a noble part in giving inspiration and direction to the activities of our life. Each has its own distinct ideals for the formation of character, and all combined have impressed on the South a high type of religious and biblical character. Each denomination has had its epic period of conflict against opposing forces and each its period of peaceful progress, when it has been able to hold forth its ideals with clearness and to influence communities. These periods of conflict and of repose have been marked by the rise and activity of great leaders who embodied in themselves the spirit and traditions of their Church and who impressed the age in which they lived and served. It is due to the memory of these great leaders, as well as to the Churches they represented, that the story of their services and sacrifices be preserved as an inspiration to coming generations.

The Presbyterian Church in the South has had her share of devoted men, faithful and true to the land and to the Church, and through them she has exercised no small influence in shaping and developing our spiritual life.

In this book the Church has a chronicler thoroughly competent and true to the grand traditions of his Church and his land, a trained and accomplished writer. Dr. White was professor at Washington and Lee University, and is now in the faculty of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. He has written admirable biographies of Gens. R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Here he has told of the part taken by Presbyterian ministers and laymen of the South in the great movement for civil and religious liberty and for the spiritual uplift of our people from the earliest times to the present. It is a grand history, and should stir the sons of other Churches to render like service for them. The make-up of the book is worthy of its contents—clear print, substantial binding.

(The Neale Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$3.)

"RELIGION AND SLAVERY."

This little book, by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, D.D., is a vindication of the Southern Churches, and one that is needed both for the truth of history and for the vindication of Southern Christians. It will open the eyes of many people of the present generation, both North and South, if they will only take the little time necessary to read it. The book is a brief, calm,

conservative statement of what was done for the religious training of the slaves by the Protestant Churches of the South before the Civil War. It is by a minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church, who took part in the work of preaching to the slaves, who served four years in the Confederate army, and who was for forty years a pastor in Nashville, Tenn. The facts are carefully gathered from official reports of the Churches and from personal experience.

The charge is made in grave histories and in essays and stories by Northern writers and speakers that the slaves were treated like cattle and their religious culture utterly neglected by the Southern people. Yet here it is shown that half a million slaves—one-seventh of all—were communicants in churches. The Methodist and Baptist Churches had the largest proportion. But the other denominations had also gathered in a great many. The system of plantation missions of the Methodist Church had brought over a million into that body in the thirty-five years—1829-65. The amount expended for work among the slaves by all the Churches in that time was \$4,000,000.

This book sets forth the manner in which Southern efforts were hindered by the abolition crusade, with its violent abuse of slaveholders. It shows the views as to the morality of slavery and the difficulties in the way of emancipation. It gives the history of how the Southern Churches tried to carry the gospel to the slaves and many amusing instances of the response of the negroes to these efforts, and it gives the characteristics of the negro's piety and also examples of his devotion to his "white folks."

The book is written not only to inform the present generation of whites, but also to arouse interest in the religious instruction of the negroes. It would be well for the colored people to read this story of past work in their behalf.

(Publishing House, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Pp. 88. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.)

"PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR."

BY ROBERT L. MORRIS, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There has just been gotten out by the Review of Reviews Company, 13 Astor Place, New York, a new history of the War of the States. Its inception, design, and execution are altogether unique and different from any history ever published, ancient or modern. It is denominated a "Photographic History of the Civil War" and has for its basis several thousand photographic war pictures taken during 1861-62 by both Northern and Southern photographers. In addition to the photographs, there is a million-word text of historical matter prepared impartially by both Northern and Southern writers and historians of national reputation and scholarly ability. The history comprises ten volumes, is printed on enameled paper throughout, and produced at a cost of more than \$350,000.

This history is in reality a magnificent monument to the genius, ability, and devotion of Southern men. It owes its inception to Charles J. Lanier, officially connected with the Review of Reviews and a son of that sweet Southern singer and brave Confederate soldier, Sidney Lanier. The editor in chief is Francis Trevelyan Miller, LL.B., of Washington and Lee University, Virginia, and the managing editor is Robert S. Lanier, still another son of Sidney Lanier. Among other eminent Southern historians and writers contributing to the making of this history are Associate Editors Dudley H. Miles, of Texas, and Edgar Allen Forbes, of Georgia; William P. Trent, of Virginia; Holland Thompson, of North

Carolina; with a long list of well-known Confederate veterans as contributors of articles of ability and great merit.

It can be truthfully said that it is the first full and fair history of the War of the States that has been written. The story is largely told by the ever-truthful camera; it is the one faithful and true eye-witness of the world's greatest war. It tells a story more vivid and thrilling than could be told by tongue or pen, and the youngest child can read if not understand it. There are 3,800 of these actual war photographs. You can see the field of Gettysburg before the smoke of battle has cleared, Gilmore's gunners working their long "Parrotts" under fire from the Confederate forts at Charleston, likewise the Confederates themselves inside battered Fort Sumter still unconquered and defiant.

The western armies of the Confederacy, which have received such small mention in other histories, here receive full treatment.

This history by reason of its many thousands of engraved photographs will on the passage of time become priceless, and are really so at this time. There is magnificent sentiment in the inception and execution of this pictorial history. The genius, devotion, and courage that lie behind this work cannot be measured in dollars and cents. The American people owe a great debt of gratitude to the men behind the book that can hardly be repaid. I most sincerely and particularly commend this invaluable and artistic work to every lover of the South and to those who desire a truthful history of Southern valor and devotion.

STONEWALL JACKSON CALENDAR.

PROCEEDS TO ERECT A MONUMENT AT HIS BIRTHPLACE.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1333, U. D. C., at Clarksburg, W. Va., is raising funds with which to erect a monument to the memory of Stonewall Jackson at his birthplace, Clarksburg, W. Va. The Chapter is issuing a calendar 7x10 inches consisting of four leaves besides the cover, with two portraits of General Jackson, a picture of his birthplace and of his uncle's house in the country, where he lived, after his mother's death, until he entered West Point. It is a beautiful souvenir for all admirers of this great soldier.

Price of the calendar, 50 cents. Address Mrs. George C. Stone, President Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1333, P. O. Box 644, Clarksburg, W. Va.

COMUS (MD.) CHAPTER OFFERS A CALENDAR.

The Ridgely Brown Chapter, U. D. C., of Comus, Md., was organized only last May, and is the one Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer reported at the General Convention in Richmond, Va., as doing such splendid work. This Chapter has on hand a calendar which is a record book in which people represent the different parts of the year down through the hours. Those who wish to help along this work can have their names and addresses in the calendar by sending any small contribution from ten cents up. The proceeds are to be used to erect a monument at Rockville, Md. Veterans who contribute should give the regiment in which they served, and U. D. C.'s should give their Chapters. When complete this calendar becomes the property of the Chapter at Comus; but should it ever disband, the calendar will be placed in the Maryland Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va.

Send contributions to Miss F. May Sellman, Corresponding Secretary U. D. C., Comus, Md.

[There is a community of interest in all the foregoing. See if you can help make such enterprises successful.]

MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS IN 1908.

Mrs. B. A. Emerson, of Denver, while seeking data for her splendid "History of Confederate Monuments," procured the names of all mothers of Confederate veterans living in 1908. She designed to use them in the book; but failing to incorporate them, she sends them to the *VETERAN*. During the third of a decade since then the larger part have evidently fallen on sleep. The "Mrs." is omitted and perhaps the name of the husband is used, while the ages of many were not procured:

Alabama: Thomas Love, Montgomery; Eliza J. Chambliss, Prattville; — Kelly, Birmingham, 89.

Georgia: Jane P. Glover, Marietta, 88; Fannie Cleveland, Marietta, 91; B. F. Wright, Albany, 83; B. F. Russell, Albany, 86; Catherine S. Young, Grenada, 81; Adeline Gardner, Savannah, 87; Octavia Cohen, Savannah, 91; Mary A. Matthews, Savannah, 86; J. L. Jones, Elberton, 81; Joe Arnold, Elberton, 81; Overton Tate, Elberton, 84; Mary Penn, Elberton, 87; Martha Brown, Newnan, 91; Margaret Carminsole, Newnan, 91; Elizabeth Saunders, Newnan, 87; Martha K. Brown, Newnan, 82; Lora Bynum, Newnan, 91; Mary Leigh, Newnan, 80; Emily Wright, Newnan, 79.

Kentucky: Elizabeth R. Keller, Cynthiana, 82; Nellie G. Holt, Paris, 85.

Maryland: Dorothy Swann, Baltimore, 85; Sallie Hall, Pocomoke City, 84.

Missouri: M. J. Woodson, Independence, 88; Malvina Murray, Liberty, 89; Zarelda Samuels, Kearney, 86; S. E. Ustick, St. Louis, 87.

South Carolina: Eliza Witherspoon, John N. Crockett, Fannie Moore, and Mary Johnson, Lancaster; Rosanna Snelgrove, Ellen Derrick, and Elizabeth Kaufman, Leesville; Eliza Cochran, Anderson, 86; Mary Loving, Edgefield; Jane Harling, Greenwood; Jane Long, Newberry; R. H. Holsteen, Saluda.

Tennessee: Elizabeth M. Martin, Memphis, 85; Sam Randolph, John Gibbon, and — Hogan, Giles County.

Texas: Ben Young, Marshall, 88; Eli Craig, Marshall, 86; Anna M. Shaefer, San Antonio, 96; M. A. V. Walthall, San Antonio, 82; Mary E. Minot, San Antonio, 82; Florida Tronstall, San Antonio, 83; Lucinda Neely, Oak Cliff, 95;

Virginia: Phoebe Cole, Abingdon, 82; John Roberts, Abingdon, 85; — Duke, Abingdon, 86; Sarah Redd, Henry County, 98; Eliza Salmon, Henry County, 96; Crotia Boyd, Floyd County, 88; — Moran, Floyd County, 87; E. A. Broughton, Cape Charles, 92; Susan Ewell, Parksley, 88

INQUIRIES BY AND FOR VETERANS.

Mrs. D. D. Bradford, of Clarkston, Ga., care Ed L. Sutton, makes inquiry: "I am desirous of hearing from some of the comrades of my father, Capt. James Blair Brown, Forrest's command, who probably enlisted at Murfreesboro and went in the army as a corporal. I wish to mark his grave."

Price O. Craven, 134 S. Emerson Street, Denver, Colo., writes: "My grandfather, E. J. Craven, joined a company which went out from Atlanta in 1861, he being lieutenant. He afterwards returned to Atlanta and organized another company, of which he was captain. My impression is that he was promoted to the rank of colonel before the close of the war, but of this I am not certain. If any veteran knew him, I will be grateful for any information as to number of company, regiment, etc. I wish to join the Sterling Price Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Denver, and desire this information for that purpose."

It would be fitting to publish a chapter of errors in each *VETERAN*. On page 16 of the January issue an article is headed "Tennessee Division Convention" which is entirely about the U. C. V. Convention in Louisiana.

The notice on page 15 of the sword sought by Mrs. M. J. Eagan which belonged to her father should have been given as Lieut. T. H. Willis, not Lewis. He was wounded in the "Hornets' Nest" at Shiloh on April 6, 1862, and died on the 9th. Mrs. Eagan would be profoundly grateful for the recovery of the sword or for information about it. Her address is Crystal Springs, Miss.

Mr. E. C. Rogers, of Lampasas, Tex., is seeking to establish his war record, and would like to hear from some comrades who can testify as to his service. In June, 1864, he became a member of Company B or H, 2d Georgia Cavalry, and was with that command until July 22, when the regiment was practically obliterated. He was soon afterwards enrolled in Company H or B, of Graham's Battalion, with which he served for six or seven months, when the battalion was attached to Gen. W. T. Wofford's brigade. It was surrendered by General Wofford at Calhoun, Ga., May 12, 1865.

COMRADES OF A. J. LOCKE, 2D BATTALION TENNESSEE CAVALRY.—W. H. Wright, of West Blocton, Ala., is assisting an old soldier, A. J. Locke, to secure a pension. Comrade Locke is eighty-one years old, and is blind. He enlisted at Cleveland on August 7, 1861, and was mustered into service the same day at Knoxville as a first sergeant, Capt. William Snow's company, 2d Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A. This command was also called the 3d Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, and subsequently became Company B, 1st Carter's Tennessee Cavalry. Mr. Wright seeks the names of two members of Comrade Locke's company or other comrades who knew of his service. He writes further: "Alabama is now paying all old soldiers who are over eighty years of age or blind \$25 every three months, but he must make proof of his service, as indicated. Being in the army from Tennessee, no one here knows of his service. Mr. Locke is a very worthy old man, and made a good soldier. Mr. Locke was captured at Piedmont, Va., in March, 1865, and exchanged at Boulwares and Cox Wharf, Va., on March 23, 1865."

ABOUT PELHAM'S BATTERY AND STUART'S HORSE ARTILLERY.

David Cardwell, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Southern Railway, Columbia, S. C., is preparing a history of Pelham's Battery, "Stuart's Horse Artillery," and he desires data in regard to Breathell's Battery and of McGregor's Battery also. He desires personal characteristics of the men, incidents of the camp and the march, as well as notable deeds of the men during the war and names of any who attained distinction. Comrade Cardwell was a member of McGregor's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

A noble form, a soul divine,
Fit temple of the living God.
No grander fane was ever laid
Beneath a cherished country's sod.

[James Lockhart Goodloe, of Harvey's Scouts, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry.]



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God in his generous, loving plan,
For the happiness of lonely man,
Gave the world a woman true
To lighten labor with her love
And lift his soul high above
The fleeting joys of radiant hue;
Her right to watch while others sleep,
To dry the eyes of those who weep,
To stanch the life blood's flow,
To make lives bright and glad,
And cheer the mourners when sad,
And shield the helpless from the blow.
God gave her right, glorious, grand—
The right of motherhood of man,
The right a mother love to know,
The dearest, sweetest right below—
These the rights to women given
From out the golden book of heaven.

John G. Watson, of Arcola, La., writes
in behalf of an old comrade there in
destitute circumstances, and he hopes
to hear from some comrades who can
testify as to his record and enable him
to get a pension. His name is George
W. Thomas, and he enlisted in Company
D, 52d Tennessee Regiment, in February,
1862. After the battle of Shiloh, the 51st
and 52d Regiments were consolidated,
and his company was then A. He was
paroled at La Grange, Tenn., May 15,
1865.

Mrs. Julia Manston, of Pulaski, Tenn.,
wishes to hear from some comrades
who served with her husband, Richard
V. Manston, who was captain of a
company of the 1st Louisiana Regiment
under General Sladden. He started in
the infantry, was wounded at Shiloh,
and afterwards joined the cavalry. He
surrendered with an old comrade, Mr.
Writtenhouse (Rittenhouse ?) Nutt,
in Mississippi. He resided at Corinth,
and was in the insurance business.
Such information will enable her to get
a pension, of which she is in need.
She thinks her husband went through
the war as an officer, having been edu-
cated at a military school in Berlin.

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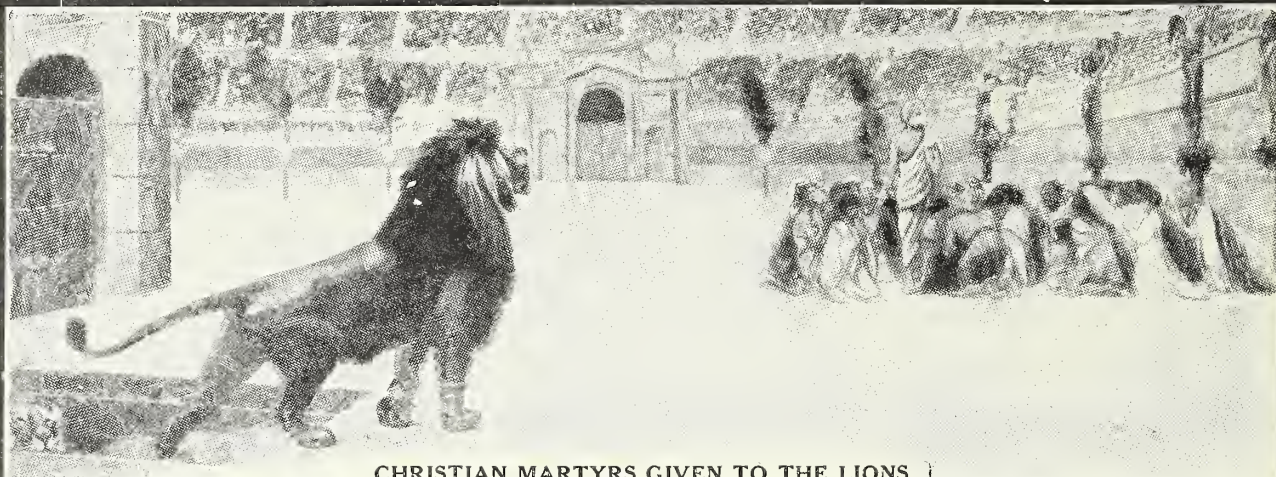
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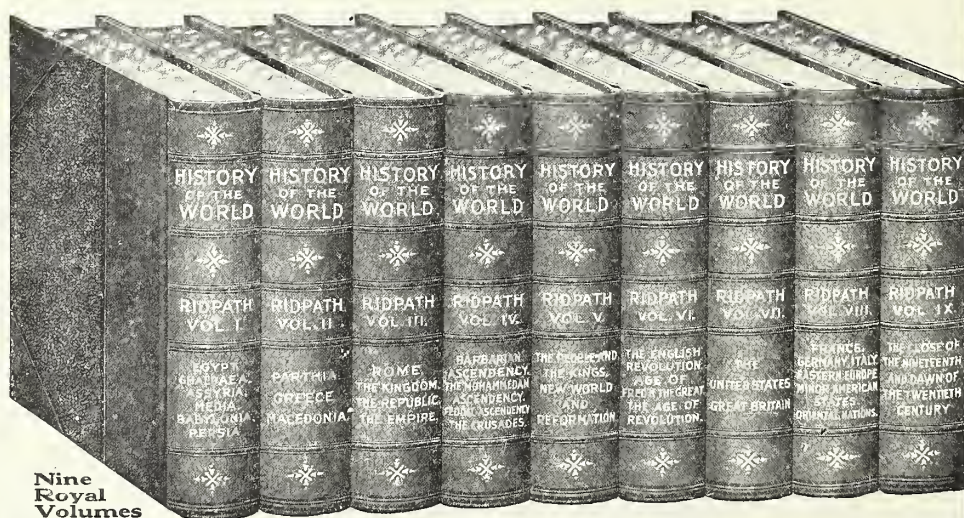
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FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN, AND MAIL

J. D. Allen, of Lakeland, Fla., wants a copy of the song, "In His Faded Suit of Gray," and hopes to hear where it can be procured.

W. P. Cannon, of Lindale, Tex., makes inquiry for any comrades who served with him in Company F, Sholtz's Battery, of the Palmetto Battalion Light Artillery.

Ira L. Wheat, of Sonora, Tex., seeks information of the war record of H. D. Allen, who enlisted in Louisiana in the latter part of 1862 or early in 1863 in General Horton's cavalry, Company H, under Captain Webb.

The widow of C. D. Parker, who belonged to the 26th Texas and whose captain was G. H. Black, would be glad to locate some of his comrades, as she wants to make proof for a pension. Address W. McShan, Brady, Tex.

Mrs. N. Cooper, of Camden, Ala., seeks information of the service of E. J. Logue for the benefit of his widow, who needs a pension. Comrade Logue enlisted early in the second year of the year, and was in Captain Brewster's company in Forrest's command. Some surviving comrades may be able to testify as to his service, which will be appreciated.

Mrs. Ellen Stevenson, of Vernon, Tex., seeks information of her husband's war record, and will appreciate hearing from any of his company or relatives who can assist her. G. W. Stevenson enlisted in Middle Tennessee under a Captain Woods, who was killed at Corinth, and Stevenson was then appointed captain. She is eighty-three years of age, and has been blind for some years.

Mrs. J. J. Vaughan, of Wilton, Ark., needs a pension in her old age, and will appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband who can testify as to his service for the Confederacy. John Jackson Vaughn served first at Altoona, Ga., until stricken with smallpox in 1862. He was afterwards sent to Andersonville and guarded prisoners there in 1863 and 1864. He was mustered out at Andersonville. The family was living at Alpharetta, Ga., when he enlisted.

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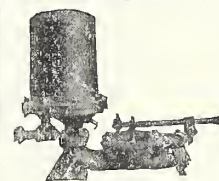


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P. G. Brown, of Lytle, Tex., writes that he would be glad to correspond with any survivors of his old company and regiment, Company E, 7th Tennessee Cavalry, N. B. Forrest's command. He is now nearing the seventy-fourth mile post.

Mrs. Mary V. Toler, of Dodd City (Route 1), Tex., would like to hear from any member of Company E, 2d Missouri Cavalry, who knows anything of the war record of her husband, Absalom C. Toler. She wishes to make application for a pension.

Mr. J. K. Lawless, 320 E. First South Street, Morristown, Tenn., has a watch fob which he found on the way to the Little Rock Reunion, and would like to return it to the owner. The inscription on it is: "J. W. R. Smith, Co. K, 18th Miss. Infy., U. C. V."

W. A. Bailie, 616 Stoner Avenue, Shreveport, La., wants to secure the war record of his father, W. A. Bailie, of Louisiana, who went out with or soon joined the brigade of General Pettus, of Alabama. He was afterwards transferred to a Louisiana regiment.

T. B. Anderson, of Gallatin (R. F. D. No. 2), Tenn., makes inquiry for some comrades who were with him in the Macon (Ga.) hospital, and hopes to hear from them. They were John L. Greenham, of a Mississippi regiment; James Sellers and Joseph Swift, of Alabama regiments.

J. H. Kelton, of Fayetteville, Ark., wishes to communicate with any surviving members of Captain Dunwiddy's company (H) of Col. William Bradford's 31st East Tennessee Regiment; also Capt. Thomas Biggs, Thomas Luster, Samuel Wells, Morris Wells, who were with him at the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., in 1863.

Capt. P. A. Blakey, of Mt. Vernon, Tex., seeks to secure a pension for J. H. King, who served in Company I, 17th Tennessee Infantry, and asks that surviving comrades who can give any information of his service will kindly write to him. Comrade King entered the service at Winchester, Tenn., and was under Captain Henley and Colonel Marks; the latter was later Governor of Tennessee.

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CINCINNATI

R. Emmett Gregory, of Crawfordville, Fla., asks that survivors of Company A, 2d Regiment Georgia Reserves, Gartrell's Brigade, who remember F.

S. Gregory as a member of that command, will kindly write in the interest of his widow, for whom a pension is sought.

Bruce H. Pilcher, of Black Rock, N. Mex., seeks detailed information in regard to his father's service in the Confederate army. His name was J. R. F. Pilcher, and he entered the army at New Madrid, Mo., serving in First Cavalry.

L. F. Mullikin, of Pigua, Ky., who suffered the horrors of prison life at Camp Morton and Camp Douglas, would like to hear from any of his comrades of those days now living. He mentions especially W. R. Warner, who was from Jessamine County, Ky.

W. G. Allen, of Dayton, Tenn., asks what became of Col. John S. Scott, who commanded the 1st Louisiana Cavalry in East Tennessee and Kentucky. He also commanded a brigade composed of the 1st Louisiana, 2d and 5th Tennessee, and Colonel Hart's 6th Georgia; he was later transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Charles Taylor Smith, of Manitou, Colo., wants to locate some members of the "Brown Rebels," Capt. A. G. Brown, of Raymond, Hinds County, Miss., which was Company H of the 18th Mississippi Infantry which left Hinds County on the 3d of June, 1861, for Corinth as a camp of rendezvous. This command was at Williamsburg in 1862.

Mr. C. W. Bibb, 2208 Girard Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn., would like to hear from any old soldier who knew Rush Sharp, of Company K, Missouri Cavalry or Infantry. Young Sharp was in the siege of Vicksburg, and later received the wound that caused his death at Marietta, Ga. A beloved mother, now ninety-one years old, would appreciate any information from those who knew her boy.

Whit M. Waide, of Paul's Valley, Okla., seeks information of the service of his father, William E. Waide (familiarily known as "Ringo Wade"), who was a private in Breckinridge's Battalion, Company G, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, with Morgan. He enlisted at Lexington, Ky., on September 10, 1862, at the age of fifteen years; was wounded and captured at Watson Creek, Ky., June 19, 1863. (He had also been captured six days before.) Who remembers him? The son will appreciate hearing from any member of the company or regiment.

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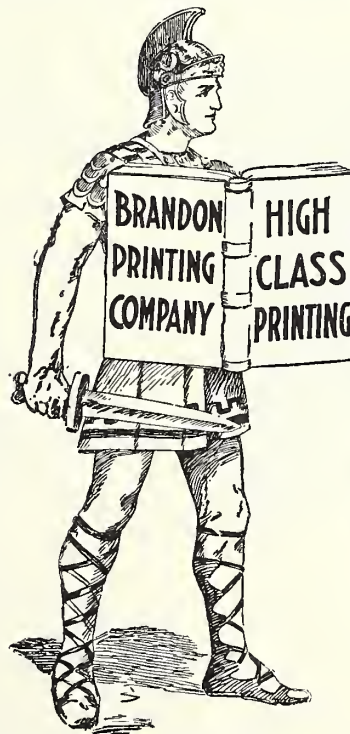
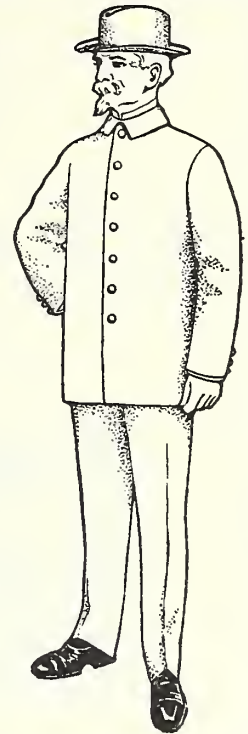
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T. H. Hightower, of Cleveland, Tenn., inquires for surviving members of his old company. He was a member of Capt. T. P. Lynch's battery, which was

disbanded at Christiansburg, Va., after General Lee had surrendered, and he has not seen or heard from any of his old comrades since 1870.

Don't Abuse a Man Sick with the Liquor Disease!

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How the Keeley Treatment Cures

The Keeley remedies are reconstructive tonics which restore the nerve cells to a healthy condition. When this is done the "craving" disappears, because, like a cough, it is merely a *symptom* of a disease and not the disease itself.

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Result of the Keeley Treatment

It frees patients, absolutely, from all craving, appetite, and necessity for alcoholic stimulants. The man is also vastly improved mentally, physically, and morally. His head is clear, mind active, appetite and digestion good, eyes bright. *His desire for drink is gone*, he is disgusted with his former life, and filled with ambition to "make a fresh, clean start."

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Yes! Cure him! In the last 32 years 400,000 men have been cured of the disease of drink by the Keeley Institute.

Drunkenness Is a Disease

The man who drinks to excess is to be pitied and *helped*—not abused.

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Dr. Keeley's definition of drunkenness is now universally recognized as absolutely correct. He says:

"It is a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence."

There is little or no hope that, unaided, an inebriate can or will stop drinking of his own accord or by the exercise of his own enfeebled will power.

The Leslie E. Keeley Company, Dwight, Illinois

Confederate Veteran Reunion

Macon, Ga., May 7, 8, 9, 1912

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"The Real America in Romance" is nothing short of the epic of our nation, a his-

tory that tells the story of our country as no history ever has been told. And I only wish that I had the space to tell you more of its countless distinct features, of the 3,100 beautiful illustrations, of the exquisite binding and splendid, large, readable type.

But you are interested, aren't you? You want to know more, and I want to tell you; so just sit down now and fill out the attached free coupon. Then send it to me right away, and I will send you not only full information, but some very interesting literature about this notable historical romance. Don't delay, but write me to-day, please. The coupon costs you nothing; it will bring you much. *Send it now.*

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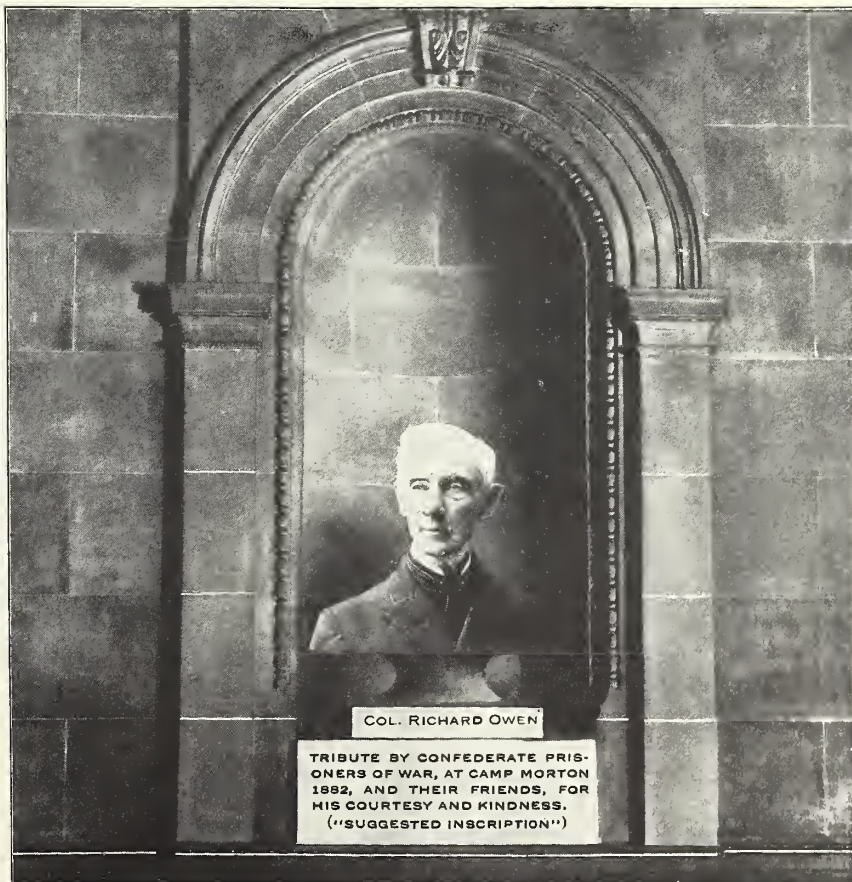
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FOURTH NUMBER



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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1912.

No. 4. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

PRESENT COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

Gen. C. Irvine Walker has long been prominent in Veteran circles, and particularly in the movement for the monument to the women. His Confederate career was quite distinguished. Entering the service in April in 1861, when only nineteen years of age, as a drillmaster, he was promoted for his gallantry and devotion to duty; so that at the age of twenty-two years he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 10th South Carolina Regiment, and commanded it during the last year of the war. He was severely wounded in front of Atlanta July 28, 1864. As a citadel cadet he was on duty when the opening gun of the war was fired, January 9, 1861, and surrendered at the close in Greensboro, N. C.



GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER.

It is said that his severe wound in the battle of Atlanta was inflicted when he had carried the flag of his regiment to a very exposed position. Gen. Stephen D. Lee had sought to take the flag, and Colonel Walker protested against it, and personally carried it to where General Lee wanted it placed.

REUNION VETERAN ENLARGED.

There is so much pressing demand for space in the VETERAN that the May issue will be larger than usual, and the edition larger. The attention of schools and summer resorts is commended for space. In order to secure space, copy should be supplied by April 20, and earlier would be safer.

INTERESTING AND THRILLING FACTS OF HISTORY

Interesting sketches and valuable statistics may be found throughout this VETERAN. It is as interesting in the main to patriotic young men and women as to veterans and "Mothers of the Confederacy." Care equal to that applied to the making of a standard book is given to every sentence.

Among the most valuable articles is the Columbia College prize essay by Miss Kate DeRosset Meares. Young people should give this closest consideration.

Every Southerner should know well the periodical that has had a larger circulation for a longer time than any other in the South's history. It is interesting to younger people, and older persons should commend it to them. Every family of prestige in the Southern country should read it regularly.

Favoritism to correspondents is shown comrades not in the habit of writing for the press, and it causes much work. Space is so important that they should rewrite or have others do it, so as to condense as much as possible. Every page costs the VETERAN a dozen dollars; and as there are several times as much sent as can be used, comrades should take this care and have copy typewritten when it is practicable. The greatest tax upon the Editor is the condensation of that sent by comrades who write for no other publication. Please remember this. The truth concisely stated that will do the South justice and tend to the good of the country is what is most sought.

ORATOR FOR THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AT MACON.—Col. N. E. Harris, who is to deliver the memorial address at the coming reunion of the C. S. M. A. at Macon, is a man of the highest character and of brilliant eloquence. Mrs. Behan, President of the Confederate States Memorial Association, through the Chaplain General, did well to choose him for this service.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Friends: Many new Chapters are being reported—one at Portsmouth, Va., with the wonderful charter membership of over two hundred. I call the attention of State Presidents and State Organizers to the almost unworked field of the organization of the young ladies of our communities. Do not let this store of vitality, enthusiasm, and ability be lost to our association; garner it. The proper infusion of this new blood kept interested and well directed will be worth much to us.

Let me urge Chapter Presidents to issue certificates of membership to their new members as soon as they are admitted to full membership.

Since the U. D. C. seals are now in the hands of our Seals Committee, which must report to the next General Convention the quantity of seals ordered, the number sold, and the amount of money realized from their sale, all money received from the sale of the seals should be sent to this committee. The Arlington Directors will therefore from now on send all money from the sale of U. D. C. seals to the Chairman of the U. D. C. Seals Committee, Mrs. W. L. Durr, 203 S. Perry Street, Montgomery, Ala., who, after retaining necessary money to make payments to manufacturers, will send the balance to Mr. Wallace Streater at Washington, Treasurer of the Arlington Monument Fund.

This method will place this work on a self-supporting, business basis and show what is really being realized from this sale of seals. The former method of not sending money to the Seals Committee places the committee without seals and without money.

In order to make proper contracts with the manufacturers, I ask the Arlington Directors and Chapters to send in their orders for seals at once, so as to place the needed amount of money in the treasury of the committee. I trust all will do this promptly and that every Chapter, no matter how small, will sell at least \$5 worth of seals this year. This can be done with but little effort. Let me urge you to sell out each year's supply and order anew every year, and thus thoroughly establish this work and this beautiful seal. When you consider what large sums are secured every year from the sale of the Red Cross stamps, you will see the possibilities of the U. D. C. seals. Their success rests with you.

On account of the conflict of date of Division Conventions with the date for the U. C. V. Reunion at Macon, many Daughters will be prevented from going to Macon, as they had planned. I trust all who can will meet me there to pay homage to the men who bought with a great price a chaplet of fame for the South, and to show our appreciation of the efforts of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Lieutenant General commanding, to draw into closer union in good works the organizations of the U. C. V. and U. D. C.

GEORGIA DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Miss Mattie B. Sheibley, Treasurer of Georgia Division, U. D. C., writes to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association:

"My Dear Mrs. Behan: At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., held in Macon February 3, I was commissioned by the President, in behalf of the Division, to extend to you and through you to the Confederate Southern Memorial Association cordial greetings and to assure

you that when your association shall meet in Macon in May a hearty welcome awaits you from our association.

"Georgia feels herself honored in having for guests the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederate Memorial Association the two beloved heroic veteran bands of the South, who, when "tried in the fiery furnace," were not found wanting. In the morning of life you bore the South's fondest hopes. Now, in the twilight and until evening comes, the Daughters reverence you and render homage to you.

"It will be the pleasure of the members of the Executive Board and of the Daughters of Georgia to show you every courtesy, wait tenderly upon you, and make memorable your meeting of 1912 in Macon."

E. H. HYMAN, A HUSTLING NASHVILLE BOY.

GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE MACON CONFEDERATE REUNION.

The General Secretary of the Macon Chamber of Commerce will not be forgotten in connection with the competition at Little Rock for Macon. As Secretary of the Bibb County Agricultural Institute and in other positions of honor and responsibility in Macon he had the unqualified support of the commercial and patriotic organizations.



E. H. HYMAN.

Mr. Hyman was born in March, 1865, in Nashville, Tenn. He was City Secretary of the Jamestown Exposition of Norfolk, Va., Secretary of the 200,000 League of Norfolk, Va., Secretary of the Citizens' Commission of Norfolk, Va., and also Advertising Director for the Norfolk & Portsmouth Traction Company. Through his successful experi-

ence in promoting so many public enterprises the campaign that won the Reunion for Macon over many strong competitors was placed under his management, and he was evidently the busiest man in Little Rock during the 1911 Reunion, hardly excepting the Reunion managers. He uses remarkable tact in fighting competition, and his genial smile mollifies any feeling of bitterness; when he has won through his indomitable energy, his competitors seem inclined to congratulate him. His remarkable "nerve" in suggesting the removal of the capital of Georgia from Atlanta to Macon shows the courage of the man. The bill embodying the submission of the question to the people lacked only one vote of passing at the last session of the legislature.

BELIEVES THAT HIS CHILDREN WOULD REMIT.

"I have notice of time to renew for the VETERAN. I would like, if you will, for you to send it on, and I will try to send you the money this fall. If I should drop out, I think my children will have enough respect for me to settle up the account. Yours till the last roll call."

THE RIDGELY-BREWER CHAPTER, U. D. C., ROCKVILLE, MD.

The location of the Ridgely-Brewer Chapter, U. D. C., was erroneously located in article about the calendar notice in the VETERAN for March, page 135. Comus is the address of the Corresponding Secretary, Miss F. May Sellman, but the Chapter is located at Rockville. Give attention to the calendar.

VETERAN WALKING TO THE REUNION.

BY W. MARION M'CRELESS, LEWISVILLE, TEX.

J. C. Williams, a Confederate veteran seventy-two years old, whose home is with his son, near Lewisville, Tex., is walking to Macon, Ga. He was a member of Company I, 20th Mississippi Regiment, and served throughout the war. He was wounded twice, and was in Camp Douglas Prison some of the time. Never having had the opportunity to attend a Reunion, and being financially unable to go to Macon, he resolved to make the trip on foot. Having a knapsack made like the one he carried during the war, he started on his journey afoot on February 27. The distance from Dallas to Macon is about eight hundred miles, and Mr. Williams expects to walk all the way, carrying his knapsack. He goes in soldier fashion, without gun, worthy of the confidence and respect of all with whom he may come in contact. This is written to assure all who may see him that he is in every respect a worthy veteran and a sincere gentleman.



J. C. WILLIAMS.

CONFEDERATE REUNION BALLS.

BY JOHN W. TUCKER, BRENTWOOD, TENN.

In the VETERAN for November, 1911, page 517, Rev. A. D. Betts, of Greensboro, N. C., gives his views on Reunion balls. He says that when our veterans meet in Macon, Ga., next May some one will read a paper on General Gordon's life and death, and adds: "Will some woman rise up and ask us to dance over his grave that night?" In defense of the good and noble women of the South I will say, "No!" He states that eight veterans died at Memphis during the Reunion there, but the women kept on dancing. Yes, and the men danced with them. Yes, poor Eve ate the apple and a man helped her eat it.

I wonder if the Rev. A. D. Betts considers how bad that looks in print about the good and kind women who nursed the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals during the war. What sacrifices they made for them and the many kind deeds they have done and are still doing for them! O, Rev. Mr. Betts, I for one think you are entirely too hard on the grand and noble women.

At the Birmingham Reunion ball it looked to me as though

there were two or three hundred officers in the ballroom dancing at one time. At the Mobile ball it was a grand sight to see about forty old soldiers, dressed in their uniforms, dancing with the pretty young girls. I know it made them feel young again. I am personally acquainted with many who were at that dance, and believe some of them to be good Christians.

When we go to the Reunions, let us go to have a good and jolly time. Let us try to forget our business worries and our old age. It will not be many years until none of us will be left, so let us have a good time while we can. If we never commit any more sin than to dance a little, I think we will come off very well. If we have to go to the Reunions with our faces as long as our arms and act as if we were in a funeral procession, I shall not care to go.

Rev. Mr. Betts asks the readers of the VETERAN to speak out on the subject. I have spoken.

A recent exchange states that a communication from Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Huntsville, Ala., said that she would arrive in Birmingham with a large party to attend a Confederate ball to take place at the Country Club there, and that "Mrs. Clopton will wear a historic gown, as will Mrs. Alberta Taylor, daughter of a former Alabama Governor."

[Comrade Tucker had both arms shot off at Fort Donelson, and yet he can do many wonderful things. He practices the above doctrine. This comment is not given in a partisan spirit in the discussion. The writer is not an advocate of dancing. He never tried to dance in his life.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

COL. RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

On the title-page of this VETERAN appears a photo engraving of the niche in the wall of the Capitol at Indianapolis where the Richard Owen Memorial is to be placed, with the proposed inscription.

Col. Richard Owen was commandant of the prison at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, in the winter and spring of 1862. Four thousand Confederates were imprisoned there at that time—fifty years ago. The founder of the VETERAN was of that number. Then, and since, no word has ever been heard but of gratitude to that noble man for his unfailing courtesy and kindness to the unfortunate Confederate soldiers who had been captured and were stockaded there.

The writer is impersonal in the undertaking; Colonel Owen never knew him. Many years after the war in a most accidental way he learned who "Colonel Owen" was; that his given name was Richard; that he was teaching in the Nashville (Tenn.) Military Academy almost up to the breaking out of hostilities, when, true to his convictions, he resigned, went home, and enlisted in the cause of the Union.

As confirmatory of his deserving the gratitude of the Southern people, when he was captured, with his regiment, at Munfordville, Ky., General Buckner, who was one of the victorious commanders in that battle and was authorized by General Bragg to accept the surrender "unconditionally," approached Colonel Owen in the presence of the assembled prisoners and publicly announced that in consideration of his kindness to prisoners of Camp Morton he was given unstinted liberty. (This comes from a pamphlet sketch of Colonel Owen's life.) Recently a niece of Colonel Owen who lived at the home in New Harmony, Ind., made famous by the distinguished family, then a young girl, mentioned that her uncle wrote to his family, urging them to send him books liberally for the prisoners to read. Every evidence that has been produced for

fifty years gives Col. Richard Owen first place on either side for Christian courtesy and kindness to prisoners.

What a beautiful lesson of restored unity and of appreciation by the true American spirit! What man or woman, boy or girl of the North or South, or what foreigner who may see the bronze bust and inscription showing the nobility of the commander and the appreciation of the Southern men who were there in the Northern prison will not feel mellowed in spirit and grateful to God that in the midst of privation and just from the field of carnage the spirit of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us should manifest itself so splendidly.

The proctor of this potent influence for good in this country would be discouraged with the tardiness of responses, but so many thousands have been steadfast to him and his work for nearly twenty years that he still believes they will realize as they reflect upon it the lasting good that will be accomplished. He has not money to spare from the great responsibility of the VETERAN, but this work must be accomplished, and it ought to be done during this semi-centennial of time since Colonel Owen by his zeal procured food abundant for the prisoners after a period of starvation, and no doubt did his very best to supply clothing to those who were in great need. No human being is so worthy to be honored in this as Colonel Owen, and the writer appeals to every friend of Confederate prisoners who were in Camp Morton or in other prisons at the period mentioned to contribute to this worthy undertaking. Please do it now. Fifty years ago to-day Colonel Owen was diligent in his kindness to us.

A visit was made to Governor Marshall at Indianapolis in February to fix the location. After careful examination of the most suitable places, the Governor showed the spirit manifested by all the people concerning it, and said: "You can place it where you wish." He coöperates most cordially.

HELP BUILD IT IN GOVERNOR MARSHALL'S TERM.

Governor Marshall is so popular with his people that he was chosen by a majority of 15,000, while the ticket of his party was defeated by 10,000 at the last general election.

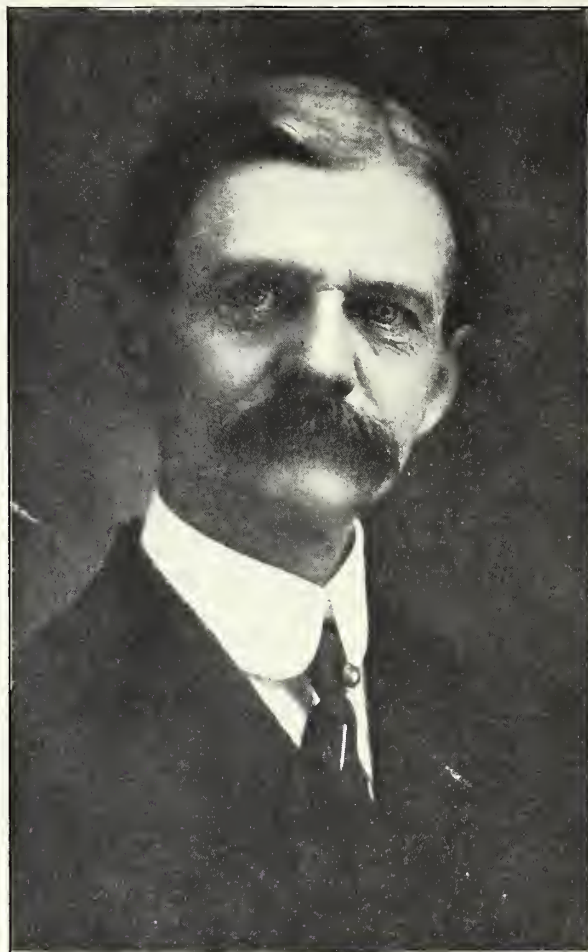
Thomas R. Marshall, Governor of Indiana, was born in Wabash County March 14, 1854. He never sought or held public office until he was elected Governor in 1908. He was admitted to the Whitley County bar on the day he became twenty-one years of age, and continued in the practice in that county uninterruptedly until he went to Indianapolis as Governor. For many years, however, he had been active in political affairs. He is a man of scholarly attainments, and is a trustee of his Alma Mater—Wabash College. Indiana will present his name to the Democratic National Convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination, and the Indiana Democracy will be solidly and enthusiastically for him. He is an eloquent speaker, and clings tenaciously to the fundamental principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.

A friend of Governor Marshall writes as follows of him:

"Although possessing much practical knowledge of politics because of his experience in Indiana affairs, Gov. Thomas R. Marshall is something of a scholar in politics. Education is one of his hobbies, and his public documents have won him literary fame. While a trustee of Wabash College, Indiana, his Alma Mater, he has the degree of Doctor of Laws from Wabash, Notre Dame University, the University of Alabama, and the University of Pennsylvania.

"He is a good Governor, and is very popular in Indiana.

Mrs. Marshall is a social favorite. They have no children, yet it is a happy home.



GOV. THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

"He is classed as a progressive Democrat. He is not, however, a radical, and he clings tenaciously to the old principles of representative government. His one hobby, as revealed by his speeches, has been that the three departments of government must be kept separate and distinct. He believes thoroughly in the old nationalism as distinguished from the new nationalism as suggested by Theodore Roosevelt in the campaign of 1910; but when it comes to progressive legislation, so far as it affects the independence, health, morals, and general welfare of the people, he has shown decidedly progressive tendencies—'progressive with the brakes set.'"

Comrades, take up subscriptions in your Camp and report for the Reunion issue. Dear Daughters of the Confederacy, there never will be undertaken a worthier cause than that of honoring the memory of a man who was kindest of all officials to those who were in the strife, to Confederate prisoners. If you want to show that you are a friend to the memory of Confederates who were suffering in prison fifty years ago, and if you would show your appreciation of the VETERAN in the work for nearly a score of years, take this subject in hand now and report what you will do. The Editor of the VETERAN would live on bread and water that this most worthy undertaking be worthily executed. It must be done now. There is no turning back. Arrangements are made and the owner of the VETERAN must pay the bills, whatever the help.

Colonel Owen was one of the most active officers in the United States army. The "Records" show that he was at Cheat Mountain in September, 1861, and rendered creditable service. He was one of the most astute officers in the Kentucky campaign against General Bragg. In January, 1863, he was at Arkansas Post, and in July following he was in command of a brigade at Vicksburg.

He was succeeded in command at Camp Morton by Col. D. G. Rose, United States marshal, who was as exceedingly mean as Colonel Owen was kind. (Just before the last of the prisoners were sent from Camp Morton for exchange in September, 1862, the writer was under fire of a guard who, outside the plank fence, experimented with his pistol at a spot on the fence, and upon going to Colonel Rose with complaint he retorted: "You don't deserve any better." There was absolutely no excuse whatever, for the guard's conduct.)

While it was evidently determined to get rid of so humane a prison commander as Colonel Owen, he was so able and so faithful to every honorable duty that they dared not openly condemn him. For this reason every citizen of the United States government should commend this tribute, and every "friend of Confederates," even though he fought for the Union, might with propriety contribute a mite to this worthy cause, upon which the North might with pride and gratitude unite with the South.

WHAT COLONEL OWEN SAID OF HIS WORK.

It need not be surprising that Col. Richard Owen was criticized for his kindness. In Series II., Volume III., page 515, "War Records," he replied to criticisms of the Indianapolis Journal as follows:

"CAMP MORTON, INDIANAPOLIS, April 18, 1862.

"*Editor Journal:* As an editorial in your issue of the 17th would seem to imply that His Excellency the Governor had failed to select a suitable person to take charge of the prisoners of war at Camp Morton, perhaps you will accord me some space in your columns for the statement of a few facts regarding the orders given and the manner in which they are carried out.

"It would be unnecessary to trouble you if these animadversions touched only myself, feeling that I have rigidly and energetically discharged the duty assigned me in a manner which would meet, I think, the approbation of that strict disciplinarian, General Wool, by whom in Mexico I was formerly taught that constant vigilance which should characterize a soldier. Expecting also if I live to the close of the war to return to my cherished pursuit of science, the mere question of popularity, much as I desire the approval of the good and wise, would not affect me. But that the duty of guarding the prisoners assigned to Indiana for safe-keeping should be faithfully performed is a matter of State pride, and the discussion as to the best policy therewith connected is really a national question. To permit escapes from the various camps would indicate a want of strength in the State and nation, and to render the confinement close and irksome would offer stronger inducement for the prisoners to attempt an escape as well as probably increase sickness and consequent expense.

"On the other hand, so to arrange and systematize as to have strict discipline and order, yet to grant such privileges as were consistent with safe-keeping and such comforts as could be realized by a regular and authorized saving from their rations without costing the government a dollar, seemed (even if better treatment than they deserved, as some contend) at least calculated to make them less restless in their confinement and likely when they return to their homes to spread among their friends and acquaintances the news that they had been deceived regarding Northern men; that most of them never entered on this war solely for the purpose of depriving the South of her negroes as they had been led to suppose. All the above plans have been carried out. Through the savings on rations there have been furnished tobacco, stationery, stamps, wheelbarrows and tools for policing, scissors for cutting hair, planks and nails for making bunks, lines for airing clothes, leather for mending shoes, thread for repairs, etc.; also additional vegetables, such as potatoes and onions, and some extra supplies of molasses."

[To be concluded with "Rules of Camp Morton."]

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

A Friend	\$ 5 00	Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn....	\$ 1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville...\$	5 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Sp'gs, Miss.	1 00	Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.....	2 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark....	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn...	1 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone....	2 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex....	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.....	5 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.....	2 00
Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky....	1 00	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss....	2 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Memphis, Tenn.....	25 00	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.....	2 00	Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss....	1 00
Asbury, Capt. A. E., Higginsville, Mo	1 00	Hinson, Dr. W. E., Charleston, S. C.	2 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn..	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.....	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	10 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla....	1 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.....	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	25 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.....	1 00	Jewell, Gen. Wm. H., Orlando, Fla	1 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark....	1 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn....	1 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn..	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.....	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va....	1 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va.	1 00
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W. Va	1 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky....	1 00	Stones, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn...	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss....	2 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo....	1 00
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn....	1 00	Lester, John H., Deming, N. Mex.	1 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex...	1 00
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La....	1 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn..	1 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelousas.	1 00	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C..	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C....	1 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.....	1 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati	10 00	Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J..	10 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.....	10 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa..	1 00	Vanmeter, C. J., B't'g Green, Ky..	5 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky....	50	Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark....	2 50	VanPelt, S. W., Farmville, Va....	1 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.....	2 00	Myers, J. M., Fisherville, Ky....	1 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga....	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark..	1 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La..	1 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.....	1 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, La.....	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn.....	1 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.....	1 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn..	1 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balt....	10 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.....	1 00
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.....	1 00	Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C..	1 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn..	1 00
		Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.....	10 00

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CONCERNING RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Are you paid in advance? If not, did you receive a reminder that it is time to renew your subscriptions? If in arrears and you have still overlooked the request, please meditate upon some facts concerning the subject. About \$200 and a great deal of work were required to send that notice. If you are worth a million or a hundred thousand dollars, you can afford to be careless, for you will pay by and by; but while that is presumed and you expect the VETERAN to be continued upon that presumption, there are ten others who are not worth so much, and some who can't pay are taking advantage of these conditions; and when another \$200 has been expended, some of them will reply that they did not order it, and from others notice will come that ——— has been dead two years or so, and no mention be made of what is due.

While these unfortunate conditions prevail, and it is apparent to any friend if he will give attention, it would be well to give this little matter attention, and do it now. In remitting many who have plenty of money remit for one year, although they may owe a good portion of the amount. If they would remit for two years or more, it would save them attention and save the office from resetting names, which in the aggregate is a considerable expense.

Again, it would be such an easy thing to suggest to some friend that he subscribe and send the amount for them. Guarantee satisfaction in this, and the VETERAN will make good every complaint by returning the money if desired.

For a rich person to send one year by himself is like having a buggy with a seat for one person. Such vehicles ought not to be made. Don't misjudge the VETERAN in this. Gratitude is greater for the person who has but fifty cents than any other class; but don't be stingy with the VETERAN, for it is not stingy in any sense.

DIXIE HAS A KENTUCKY HOME.

KENTUCKY SECURES GRATITUDE OF THE ENTIRE SOUTH.

Kentucky has done the patriotic and liberal thing for the Jefferson Davis Home Association by an appropriation of \$7,500, of which \$800 goes to pay the remaining debt on the property, \$1,800 for a fence, and the balance to a monument or memorial. This great commonwealth always reveres and honors the memory of its sons. Her people claim Jefferson Davis as one of the greatest men this country has ever produced, one who reflects luster and renown not only on the State of his nativity, Kentucky, and on Mississippi, which was so long his home, but upon the great republic for which he fought and for the principles of which he made great sacrifice.

The friends of the Confederate cause everywhere will rejoice that his birth State makes this liberal appropriation, declaring to the ages yet to come her appreciation of Jefferson Davis and his unselfish, courageous, and spotless life.

It now behooves all the people for whom and with whom he suffered to show their appreciation of Kentucky by contribution of funds which will make Fairview, Ky., one of the fairest spots on the American continent.

COTTON TAX SHOULD BE RETURNED.

PLEA BY CAMP GRACIE, LUVERNE, ALA.

The following paper was submitted by the Adjutant of Camp Gracie, U. C. V., Luverne, Ala., and was adopted:

"Whereas the Federal government for three years succeeding the War of the States levied and collected as a tax from the cotton raisers of the South the sum of three dollars per bale, aggregating over sixty millions of dollars; and whereas the collection of this cotton tax from the cotton raisers of the South was by the Supreme Court of the United States declared unconstitutional and illegal; and whereas the Federal government has failed to pay back this illegally collected tax to the individuals from whom it was collected; therefore be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the county newspapers, in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and copies be sent to our United States Senators, Johnston and Bankhead, and to each of the Congressman from Alabama, with a most respectful petition that they bring this matter before Congress to the end that legislation may be enacted to donate the amount of said cotton tax to the Confederate veterans and their widows of the South, and thus relieve the Southern States from the expense of pensioning and maintaining them."

The paper was signed by J. L. Hawkins, Commander; G. N. Buchanan, Adjutant.

THE SONS AND THE VETERANS.

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I note with interest your remarks in the March VETERAN of the possible merging of the Veterans and the Sons. I expect to read the article for discussion at the March meeting of our Camp of Sons in Washington, D. C. The Veterans in Washington have the matter up now. I think the Sons will generally agree with my ideas: That it is a matter for the Veterans to decide whether to merge and so institute a continuing body or maintain their own separate body with close and friendly relations indeed with the Sons, but remaining within their own hallowed circle of old-time comradeship into which no others can from the nature of things ever intrude. The Veterans have a twofold object: to guard the shrine of history and to perpetuate wartime friendships; the Sons' chief object, to help in seeing to correct history.

Several of us Sons expressed ourselves in accordance with the above to the Veterans recently when invited to be present with them and express our views on the subject.

THE FINEST REUNION FOLDER YET.

The Great Southern Railway System, the "Premier Carrier of the South," pays fine tribute to the Confederate organizations and to the city of Macon, Ga., in its Reunion folder for 1912. The booklet is five inches wide, ten inches long, has twenty-two pages, printed on fine, coated paper, with a map, nine and a half inches by twelve and a half inches, of the many States over which its lines extend, including the Mobile & Ohio, and backed by a fine map of the city of Macon. Its magnificent engravings include on the covers bust pictures of Lee and Jackson, and on some of the inner pages General Lee on Traveler, the Capitol of Georgia, the United States government building at Macon, the Wesleyan Female College, and many other buildings, one of which is the City Auditorium, where the Reunion will be held.

Send a two-cent stamp to Mr. C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A. Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder and get acquainted with Macon before you go there.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JANUARY 31, 1912.

Mrs. Drury Conway Ludlow, Washington, D. C., sale of seals, \$6.

The Confederate Choir, Washington, D. C., sale of seals, \$100.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$30.25. Contributed by J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 685, U. D. C., Gainesville, Fla.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$54.05. Contributed by Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, \$10; Miss Georgie Bright, \$29.05; Mr. Rufus K. Goodenow, \$5; Mrs. Samuel T. Brown, \$10.

Mrs. John J. Crawford, Director for New York, \$150. Contributed by New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C., New York.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$72. Contributed by Mrs. Mollie R. MacGill Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex., \$2; Mary West Chapter, No. 26, U. D. C., Waco, Tex., \$25; Joseph Wheeler Chapter, No. 243, U. D. C., Sulphur Springs, Tex., \$5; Mary Alice Bryan, Houston, Tex., \$5; Hood's Texas Brigade, Houston, Tex., \$5; W. P. Rogers Chapter, No. 44, U. D. C., Victoria, Tex., \$10; Lamar Fontaine Chapter, No. 38, U. D. C., Alvin, Tex., \$10; Julia Jackson Chapter, No. 141, U. D. C., Fort Worth, Tex., \$10.

Stephen H. Darden Chapter, No. 1021, U. D. C., El Campo, Tex., \$1.20.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$18. Contributed by Craig Chapter, No. 1296, U. D. C., Newcastle, Va., \$2.25; W. M. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., \$9; Bristol Chapter, No. —, U. D. C., Bristol, Va., \$5.75; sale of calendar, \$1.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$69.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer-General, \$400.

Col. W. C. Gorgas, U. S. A., Ancon, Canal Zone, \$2.

Interest credited on deposits, \$182.38.

Receipts for the month, \$1,084.88.

Balance on hand January 1, 1912, \$16,999.20.

Total to be accounted for, \$18,084.08.

American Surety Company, premium on Treasurer's bond, \$62.50.

Balance on hand February 1, 1912, \$18,021.58.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

Mrs. C. W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$8. Contributed by W. C. Sloan Chapter, No. 871, U. D. C., Imboden, Ark., \$1.50; Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 98, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Ark., \$4; D. O. Dodd Chapter, No. 212, U. D. C., Pine Bluff, Ark., \$2.50.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$30.75. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., Gainesville, Fla., \$11.50; Dickson Chapter, No. 56, U. D. C., Ocala, Fla., \$3; General Loring Chapter, C. of C., St. Augustine, Fla., \$3; Apalachicola Chapter, No. 826, U. D. C., Apalachicola, Fla., \$3; John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 1088, U. D. C., Muskogee, Fla., \$5.25; Marianna Chapter, C. of C., Marianna, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$210. Contributed by Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., Baltimore, Md., \$160; a friend, through Miss Annie R. Jackson, \$50.

Mrs. J. B. Gantt, Director for Missouri, \$10. Contributed by John Owen Chapter, No. 963, U. D. C., Monroe City, Mo.

Mrs. Thomas W. Keitt, Director for South Carolina, \$69.93. Contributed by School, St. Matthews, S. C., \$5; Edgefield Chapter, No. 1018, U. D. C., Edgefield, S. C., \$5; Butler

Guards Chapter, C. of C., \$6.80; Crafts School, Charleston, S. C., \$12.98; Second Grade School, Bennettsville, S. C., \$1.90; Miss Ora I. Smith, \$5; Mr. W. G. Hinson, \$5; Moffatt-Grier Chapter, No. 610, U. D. C., Due West, S. C., \$15; John Hames Chapter, No. 493, U. D. C., Jonesville, S. C., \$5; Williamsburg Chapter No. 1065, U. D. C., Kingstree, S. C., \$1.50; Stephen Elliott Chapter, No. 1349, U. D. C., Beaufort, S. C., \$1.75; Marion Chapter, No. 38, U. D. C., Marion, S. C., \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Clapp, Director for Tennessee, \$31.50. Contributed by Knoxville Chapter, No. 89, U. D. C., Knoxville, Tenn., \$10; R. E. Lee Chapter, No. 924, U. D. C., Puryear, Tenn., \$10; H. B. Holland Chapter, No. 1243, U. D. C., Jackson, Tenn., \$2; John Lauderdale Chapter, No. 356, U. D. C., Dyersburg, Tenn., \$2.50; Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, No. 10, U. D. C., Fayetteville, Tenn., \$2; Louise Bedford Chapter, No. 642, U. D. C., Colliersville, Tenn., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$121. Contributed by Portsmouth Chapter, No. 30, U. D. C., Portsmouth, Va., \$100; William R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., \$1; Jeff Davis Chapter, No. 1072, U. D. C., Accomac, Va., \$10; Craig Chapter, No. 1296, U. D. C., Newcastle, Va., \$10.

Mrs. Marie Burrows Sayre, Director for Washington, \$31.10. Contributed by Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 967, U. D. C., Spokane, Wash., \$2.50; sale of seals, \$28.60.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$35. Contributed by Huntington Chapter, No. 151, U. D. C., Huntington, W. Va.

Receipts for the month, \$547.28.

Balance on hand February 1, 1912, \$18,021.58.

Total to be accounted for, \$18,568.86.

Balance on hand March 1, 1912, \$18,568.86.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM

FEBRUARY 7 TO MARCH 7, 1912.

Alabama: Charles Canty Chapter, \$2.

Arkansas: Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, \$5; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$5.

California: California Division, U. D. C., \$10; A. S. Johnston Chapter, No. 79 (given by Mrs. C. C. Clay), San Francisco, \$50.

Georgia: Dixie Chapter, Eatonton, \$2.50.

Kentucky: Post cards sold by Mrs. McKinney, \$1.25.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, \$50.

Mexico: Col. George Wythe Baylor (personal), Guadalajara, 50 cents.

Oklahoma: Thomas Wills Chapter, Sapulpa, \$5.

Tennessee: Hattie B. Holland Chapter, Jackson, \$10; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, \$5; Mrs. J. L. DeVinney (personal), Ripley, \$1; Mrs. J. M. Taylor (personal), in memory of Judge J. M. Taylor, Lexington, \$25; Col. W. C. Gorgas (personal), Ancon, Canal Zone, \$2.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$2.

Interest: \$4.72.

Total collections since February 7, \$185.97.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$13,146.57.

Total collections to date, \$13,332.54.

Less expense for Shiloh Edition Newton Enterprise, \$29.30.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$13,303.24.

FRANK LEAKE CAME NEAR BEING BURIED.

BY P. H. WRIGHT, SR., OXFORD, MISS.

[Mr. William Hume, of Tennessee, while visiting at Oxford, Miss., during the Christmas holidays saw a feeble man helping a blind one. Interested in his comrades, he became acquainted with them and was furnished the following story that the man now blind had written.]

In 1862 I was with Bragg's army, Walthall's Brigade, 34th Mississippi Regiment. We marched from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Perryville, Ky., before having an engagement with the enemy. We were attacked about one mile west of Perryville on October 9. The morning after the battle I was ordered as sergeant to take charge of a detail of men and report to our brigade surgeon, Dr. Devine, who was surgeon of the field hospital, located in the McDowell house—the family having gotten out when the battle began. About two hundred wounded soldiers of the gray and blue were in this hospital.

The second day after the battle Bragg's army started into Tennessee, and we were left in the hands of the enemy. I preferred to go with the army, but the division surgeon said that if I left I would be treated as a deserter.

We were paroled by the Yankee officers, and I was ordered to conduct the hospital on the same lines that I had been until the wounded were able to be carried to the railroad and sent to Vicksburg for exchange. In a few days I walked to Harrodsburg, Ky., a distance of seven miles, to see Col. Samuel Benton, of Holly Springs, of the 34th Mississippi Regiment, who, with other wounded, had been carried there. After greetings, his first question was, "How is Frank Leake?" stating that Leake's father was a particular friend of his and, by the way, one of the wealthiest men in Tippah County. The Colonel asked me as a favor to him to look after Frank, a boy of seventeen, and see that he had attention. This I did after returning to the hospital. He was among the severely wounded, with little hope for his recovery.

After six weeks we left the hospital. Those who could walked and those who couldn't were carried in wagons to the railroad, a distance of eighteen miles.

I did not see Leake again until we reached Cairo, Ill. He was delirious; in fact, he had never been entirely conscious since wounded. He was placed in a ward with some others that needed constant attention, and two Catholic Sisters of Charity did all they could for them. I called to see him daily. Finally we were ordered to board a steamboat for Vicksburg. I went in to make my last call to see Frank, and was told by the sisters that he was dying, and I thought he breathed his last while I was in the room.

When I reached my command in Tennessee, one of Frank's company asked about him, and I told him of the boy's wounds and that he died the day I left Cairo. This man asked me to write to his sister and tell her of his death and the attention he received. This I did, giving the best account I could of his service as a soldier and of his treatment in the hospital.

After a lapse of forty-two years, here in Oxford one day I was introduced to a Mr. Leake. I said: "I knew a Leake in the 34th Mississippi Regiment." He said: "That was my regiment." I remarked that it was Frank Leake whom I knew, and he replied: "My name is Frank Leake." "But," I answered, "I saw Frank Leake die." He said: "I did die, and was carried to the grave to be buried; but the Yankees told me that I showed signs of life, and they carried me back to the hospital." He soon convinced me that he really was the Frank Leake whom I thought dead.

Mr. Leake told me that his sister had had my letter announcing his death to her published in a Ripley newspaper as his "obituary."

UNCLE SAM ERECTS CONFEDERATE SHAFT.

The South and the North met on October 22 in Union Cemetery, Kansas City, to unveil a granite shaft erected by the government through the solicitations of the local United Daughters of the Confederacy and William P. Borland to perpetuate the memory of the fifteen Confederate soldiers who died in Union prisons in Kansas City. Veterans of the Confederate and Union armies shook hands and looked with kindly eyes and talked over old war times and the battle of Westport, whose forty-seventh anniversary fell on the day before.

The shaft, which bears a bronze tablet on which are engraved the fifteen names of the Confederate soldiers, is a tall obelisk of gray granite and stands on a conspicuous knoll.



MRS. JOHN W. BLACK.

It was unveiled by Mrs. John W. Black, a member of the local Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., assisted by Miss Gladys Shelby, granddaughter of Gen. Jo Shelby. Mrs. Black said:

"*My Friends, Daughters, and Veterans:* It is with pride and a full sense of my responsibility and in the spirit of humble obedience to those who appointed me as a representative of the Daughters of the Confederacy that I make a few closing remarks. The splendid speeches of Kansas City's representative orators have already told you the object and meaning of our presence here. As representatives of the Daughters of the Con-

federacy we hereby unveil and dedicate to posterity this beautiful monument, which stands as a symbol of that truth and earnestness for which our ancestors rendered up their lives."



MISS GLADYS SHELBY.

Gen. John B. Stone paid an eloquent tribute to the soldiers who were thus honored in giving their lives to the cause of their Southland.

H. B. Kelly replied for the Union soldiers and complimented a government so broad and democratic that it would erect monuments to its defeated enemies. Representative Borland eulogized the lives of the soldiers who were being honored, and talked of the life and work of Gen. Jo Shelby. Battery B fired a salute of twenty-one guns.

The names of the soldiers on the tablet are: Jacob W. Blankenship, Company A, Love's Missouri Regiment; Abram W. Blythe, Company A, Smith's Arkansas Regiment; Alexander Gates, Company L, Love's Missouri Regiment; Joseph G. Hopkins, Company G, Nichols's Missouri Regiment; William K. McConnell, Company H, McGeehee's Arkansas Regiment; Andrew S. Medley, Company I, Green's Missouri Regiment; Francis Mitchell, Missouri regiment; Daniel F. Pitts, of Arkansas; Alexander Rogers, Nichols's Missouri Regiment; Jefferson Self, Coleman's Missouri Regiment; Josiah Smith, Company E, Nichols's Missouri Regiment; Walter Smotherman, Company H, McGeehee's Arkansas Regiment; Seward Taylor, Company C, McGeehee's Arkansas Regiment; John A. Turner, Company E, Wood's Battalion, Missouri Cavalry; Charles Yarborough, Company C, Nichol's Missouri Regiment.

BE ON GUARD IN REUNION CROWDS.

At the Little Rock Reunion just as a number of us had gotten off the train, and as we passed along by the door of one of the shops, a man very blandly stepped in front of us and invited us to go in and rest. Soon after being seated (there were three or four of us, one being an old lady), he said: "I want to show you that you have been doing all your reading through one eye." He then asked us to let him see our glasses. He had one of his frames already prepared, and said, "You can't see out of your left eye," as he put his glass

to the left eye. After a good, long palaver, he said: "I have a good glass here; and as you are an old soldier, I will sell you these glasses at \$10, which is only cost, and I will guarantee them for five years." When I saw his game, I told him I would not buy his glasses at any price, and, more than that, I would send a policeman to test his glasses. In the meantime he had put my glasses on the table behind me; and when I called for them, he had taken the glasses out of my frame and put in some cheap lenses instead, but I did not discover this until I had left the city. I had the pleasure of seeing two of this clan arrested.

One old soldier told me he had his pocketbook, with all his money, his watch, and his tickets, stolen on the street during the parade in daytime.

Can't something be done to stop these outrages in the future? Let every old soldier be on guard. Will not the authorities place honest policemen without uniforms on guard?

VETERANS TO HELP THE U. D. C. IN WASHINGTON.

Camp No. 171, United Confederate Veterans, of Washington, D. C., has published resolutions concerning the next Convention of the United Daughters to be held in the national capital, in which it is stated:

"Whereas we hail the coming of the Convention to Washington and look forward to it with much pleasure and anticipate that it will be of great benefit to the cause which it represents; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans of the District of Columbia, tender their heartiest and warmest support to the Daughters of this District in their labors in preparing to entertain that great Convention.

"2. That we respectfully ask for the Daughters of the District of Columbia the sympathy and aid of all of the good people of Washington in furthering their efforts to entertain properly the Convention, which will include at least a thousand of the leading women of the South."

The Camp also by resolutions paid high tribute to its recent Commander, Maj. Holmes Conrad, who is in impaired health.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY LEILA BOSWORTH WILSON.

Across my desk's mahogany

The gallant Colonel's smile serene

Upon me falls; in other days

It shone on other hearts, I ween.

For he was gay and glad and young;

A woman's hand, so small and soft,

Caressed those dark, thick locks upon

That proud and Southern brow full oft.

Beneath that brow so white and broad,

What dreams of life and hope were there!

Time stretched a golden paradise—

Ah dreams so fond, so fair!

Within that uniform's gray folds

One hand is thrust in careless pose;

Beneath the hand a Southern heart.

Oppressed with Southern woes.

Long dead the Colonel, dead the cause;

A Southern woman—still I see

The uniform of Southern gray

Across my desk's mahogany.

MACON'S WELCOME.

BROWN M'MILLIN.

Brave men in gray, who battled for the cause
 You thought but just, and braved the belching fire
 Of cannon's throat, and made your creeds and laws
 For wife and home and principle's desire,
 A city fair, with outstretched arms, awaits
 Your presence and the honor to but give
 Of what she has within her wide-flung gates
 To such of you as on this May day live.

Her drums await your signal but to roll
 A welcome to your footsteps in her mart;
 Her arms, outstretched, are aching to enfold
 The tattered gray and aged forms to heart;
 Her flags are furled but soon to be unfurled
 And fly to winds of May as you march in.
 Heroes of earth and nobles of the world,
 March in her gates from world's vain strife and din.

While Macon stands with head prepared to bow
 At your approach in reverence and love,
 The thousands stand beside her streets and vow
 Eternal love as on the columns move.
 Brave men in gray, undaunted by the waste
 Of time and age and swiftly passing years,
 Come to her heart, in sacrifice made chaste—
 She welcomes you not with tears, but cheers.

COMPANY D, FIRST FLORIDA INFANTRY.

BY JOHN R. BLOCKER, ONLY (?) SURVIVOR.

In the fall of 1860 a company was organized in Tallahassee as much for its social as for its military features. We would meet in the courthouse on Thursday night and talk and plan for the future. Then came reports of uneasiness in the government on account of the Republicans electing a President, and much war talk was indulged in. Our company voted itself the name of Lion Artillery, and intended to do big things.

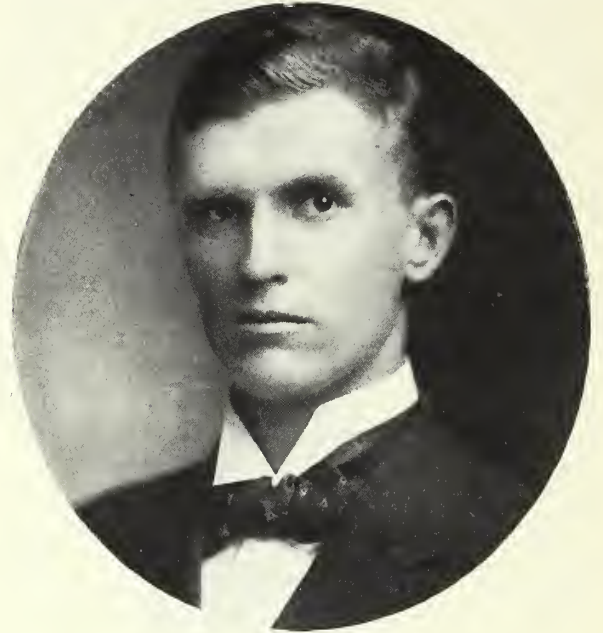
When Florida passed an ordinance of secession, the captain of the Lion Artillery called a meeting of the company. Every member was present and voted to offer our services to the Governor. We were accepted. Events transpired rapidly, and the company was ordered to Pensacola. We were anxious to go to the front. We were afraid the war would be over before we could get there. We marched to Chattahoochee and took steamer from there to Columbus, Ga., where we went into camp with other Florida companies and organized the 1st Florida Infantry, with our company as D.

When we were getting ready to leave Tallahassee, the captain called for volunteers to recruit our company, which at that time consisted of only about sixty, all Tallahassee boys, young, healthy, and many of them wealthy; so when the regiment was organized we had the following commissioned officers: Captain, R. B. Hilton; lieutenants, Walter Gwynn, W. G. Poole, and John W. Nash, with R. A. Meagher as orderly sergeant. One of the privates, A. C. Croom, died at Ocala February 7, 1912, quite suddenly. He was serving the third time as Comptroller of the State.

At this writing I am the only survivor as far as I know of Company D, 1st Regiment Florida Infantry. This company had some men on its roll who became illustrious: W. D. Bloxham, twice Governor of Florida; J. D. Wescott, judge of the United States court; E. Brevard, a noted physician; George M. Edgar, Principal of West Florida Seminary for

several years; G. Troup Maxwell, eminent physician; R. B. Hilton, captain, who was elected to the Confederate Congress.

If there are any others living who belonged to Company D, 1st Florida Regiment, I would be very glad to hear from them.



BROWN M'MILLIN.

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR OF CONFEDERATE REUNION, MACON, GA.

Mr. McMillin was educated at the University of the South, where he pursued his studies both in the Academic and Law Departments. Upon leaving college he joined the editorial staff of the old Nashville American. After continuing with this paper for over a year in various capacities of reporter and as sporting editor, he went to Louisville, where he was sporting editor of the Louisville Times, the evening edition of the Courier-Journal. He later accepted a position with the Memphis News-Scimitar as news editor, leaving there to become legislative writer on the Tennessean-American. He later became city editor of the Knoxville World, and at the organization of the Nashville Democrat was made dramatic critic and political reporter upon that paper. Together with E. H. Hyman, Secretary of the Reunion, he has been doing the publicity work for the event in May since January.

Mr. McMillin is the son of Hon. Benton McMillin, a former Governor, and congressman from Tennessee for twenty years, a grandson of Maj. Gen. John C. Brown, who was Governor of Tennessee. He was recorder and later president of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company and president of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company. Young McMillin is also a great-nephew of Neil S. Brown, a former Governor of Tennessee. His grandmother, Mrs. John C. Brown, was the second President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

FROM COL. WALTER A. HARRIS, GENERAL CHAIRMAN.

The Reunion Committee and all Macon feel honored that the Memorial Women of the Confederacy will meet in our city with the Veterans in May. I assure you we will do all that we can to make your stay pleasant and to show our high appreciation of the privilege of having you with us. I appointed as Chairman of the Committee on Confederate Southern Memorial Association Mrs. T. C. Parker, who is much interested and upon whom I can surely rely.

VERMONT RETURNS KINDNESS IN VIRGINIA.

[Miss Grace O. Giddings, whose father, Lewis Giddings, served in Company G, 13th Vermont Volunteers, in the sixties, sends in extracts from the history of her father's regiment an interesting story of Carmi L. Marsh, who "was a subscriber to the *VETERAN* until his death," which occurred on December 28, 1910.]

On the Dumfries Raid, of the many who became ill was Lieutenant Marsh. He had pneumonia; and when the command moved, he marched a dozen miles. A relapse occurred and meningitis followed, which made his case so serious that his parents were wired for. They procured his admission to the home of a Mrs. Wilcoxon, who did all she could for the sick officer and his parents. They remained with her until the following March, when they left for Vermont with their emaciated son, reduced to seventy-five pounds in weight. Mrs. Wilcoxon was a widow about forty-five years of age. During the stay of Lieutenant Marsh and his parents at her home Mosby's men learned of his presence, and would have taken him in charge but for her pleading. This was told Lieutenant Marsh years after by one of Mosby's men.

There being no communication between Vermont and that part of Virginia, no correspondence between the invalid soldier and his benefactors ensued during the war nor for many years after. Being in Washington City in 1898, and still remembering with gratitude the kindness of Mrs. Wilcoxon, Lieutenant Marsh went in quest of her or to learn her fate. After several days' search, he learned that she had married again a Mr. Selecman, and was living near Manassas, Va. He went there and found her. After the changes developing from forty-five to eighty years, he could not at once recognize her, and she didn't know him, but the conversation soon assured each as to the identity of the other.

Ascertaining that she was in needy circumstances, he gave her money, and he had visited her every year since. He took his wife, daughter, and granddaughter to see her, and he sent her a check quarterly. In July, 1902, she became ill and expressed a desire to see him. He went to her at once, and a week later she died. He paid the expenses incident to her illness and funeral. He was ever grateful in being able to make her last years comfortable.

Let us all demur to the oft-repeated comment that the bitterness of the war is eliminated. Such a statement is misleading. It was not personal then, while the principles involved are just as stubborn now as they were then, and they are the more clearly justified as the truth of history develops.

CONFEDERATE GRAY UNIFORM.

[From the Roanoke (Va.) News.]

Again we have indignant protests against the reported purpose of the Tennessee authorities to adopt Confederate gray as the uniform for the penitentiary convicts. We think it very unlikely that the report is true.

In the first place, it is very hard to define what is Confederate gray. At the beginning of the War of the States the Confederate soldiers and officers wore cadet gray, the same that is used at West Point, a kind of dark silver shade. Really, it was the most attractive and becoming uniform in the world—finer even than the British scarlet and much better adapted for the purposes of war. Most of the first soldiers of the Confederacy were stalwart young country men, with broad shoulders, trim waists, and deep chests; and when a regiment or brigade of them in their gray uniforms were drawn up in

line, they made probably the handsomest array of fighting and efficient men ever gathered on earth.

Toward the last the Confederate soldiers wore anything they could get to cover them, whatever they could buy or pick up or capture from the enemy. Probably the clothing in most general use in the ranks was butternut homespun dyed at home with butternut or walnut shells.

We surmise that the gray it is proposed to adopt for the Tennessee convicts is the very coarse, rough, light gray, long used in the English prisons and marked with the broad arrow indicating that the wearer is the property of the government. Aside from other considerations and very sacred associations, the expense alone would prevent the Tennessee officials from using the real Confederate or cadet gray as a garb for convicts. It is a costly and fine fabric, usually, we believe, made especially to order.

CEMETERY AT ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

J. H. SCHENCK, 1705 15TH STREET, MOLINE, ILL., TO GEN.

C. I. WALKER.

Dear General Walker: You no doubt will be surprised to get a letter from me. I have for a long time wanted to write you, and now I have at last got to it. I was born in Moline, and have lived here ever since. Rock Island arsenal is just across a little river, and many times have I been on the "Island," as it is called, seen the "sights," and visited the National Cemetery and the Confederate Cemetery.

Last summer I made a trip through the South; and when I looked at the Confederate Cemetery, where fully two thousand men of the South rest, it made me feel sad. There is nothing to indicate what that large white field is—no gateway, no trees (other than a few in the background), and no words. There are only two on the four corners of the old iron chain around the cemetery yard: "Rebel Cemetery." It is for trying to have this changed and have it really look like a cemetery that I write this letter to you. Surely these two thousand loved ones of the South should be left in peace.

The Governor may be asked to beautify the resting ground or probably it can be done by subscription. If so, you can put me down for two dollars. I am a young man employed in the factories here as blacksmith. Will you take it up, or shall I, and how?

In sending the foregoing to the *VETERAN* General Walker writes: "It strikes me that the suggestion inclosed arises from a high and noble motive and springs from a big heart."

A Federal soldier of Geddes, S. D., has a Bible which was found upon the body of a Confederate soldier on the Lookout Mountain battle field in the sixties. It will be returned to the owner, Hattie Hamlin, if she can be found.

The Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel has received a communication in regard to it. The writer, Rev. W. A. Greene, of Geddes, S. D., states: "A small Bible taken from the knapsack of a dead Confederate soldier on the battle field of Lookout Mountain, having name of Hattie Hamlin on the frontispiece, can be returned to her if she can be found."

An interesting *VETERAN* subscriber of Houston, Tex., sends three subscriptions with the following cordial note: "One of these subscribers is the son of a gentleman with whom I soldiered during the war; and when he was in my office this morning, I happened to think of you and the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. At the same time I called up my sons and told them they had to quit reading my *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* and subscribe for it themselves, and this is why I am sending it."

BLUE WITH GRAY TO MINGLE AT REUNION.

Recently I had a talk with a hard-headed, stout-hearted old Yankee soldier who spent four years gunning for Johnny Reb, during which his flesh was torn by three of Johnny's bullets. In time we drifted to war-time music, talked about the popular songs born of the big family row, "Rally Round the Flag," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—by all odds the grandest one in the lot—"The Battle Cry of Freedom," etc.; and then of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," and "Yankee Doodle."

My Yankee friend waxed enthusiastic as we recalled and hummed the old favorites, declared that they had had a large part in bringing success to the Union cause, and remembered occasions when it was patriotic music alone that keyed him up to go into a fight with Johnny—the old man chose to call the Confederates "Johnny."

Suddenly he stopped talking and dropped his face into his big, brown hands, where it remained so long that I said: "It's all right, Tom. Thoughts of the old songs as we used to sing them when boys on the march and in camp are a bit too much for me, too, at times, and a few unbidden tears have helped to clear the atmosphere. Go on and have a good cry."

"Get out! That is not what made a baby of me. I was thinking of the old Johnnies—and their war songs."

"Anything tearful about such thoughts, Tom?"

"Probably not for flint-hearted old bowlders like you, but it was too much for me at this time."

Tom lost a brother in battle. For twenty years after the war he was very bitter against the South and its army. Now hear him.

"Yes, I was bitter. It was natural. Billy was my twin brother. It tore me to pieces to see him killed. We were young, mere boys. But things have changed. Billy died for the best of causes. I revere Billy's memory and rejoice that he was willing to die for the flag and the Union.

"Do you mind what a good time we had a short time ago talking about our songs of war times? Well, now, did you ever stop to reflect that Johnny and the rest of his tribe in gray had the same love for their war songs—for 'Dixie,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag?'"

Then the old fellow's face again sought his hands. I said: "Old Softy, what is the matter? What are you working up to?"

"Johnny, like us, is an old man. His soldiership was as heroic as was that of our fellows. He looks back to those brave old days very much as the boys in blue do, with the exception that at the end of the four years of hard campaigning he had to go home under the cloud of defeat and often to a home of abject want. We missed these. We came home as victors, in the main to homes of plenty, with the doors of opportunity swung wide open to us. They, in the main, had to make opportunity under great difficulty. All these years most of them have had a constant fight on hand to keep the wolf from the door, and it has been an honest, manly, brave fight. They haven't had the help of such pensions as our boys have had. Their States have given them, or some of them, a small pension in case of loss of limb or health. Old chum, those old boys in gray have made a heroic fight ever since 1865."

"But, Tom, what made you shed those tears?"

"Keep still, you stone image. Did you ever have something get into your throat when you heard the school children sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' or 'America' and saw Old Glory waving from the flagpole? I've cried more than once at such a demonstration just before memorial day, and so have you. I have the same choking sensation nearly every time a band or

an orchestra plays Johnny's favorites. Why? Because I know how well Johnny and his comrades enjoy them, and because they are as good Americans as we are.

"I have a lot of sympathy for the old Confederates. I admire them for their soldiership and for their courageous battles ever since the war. I want them to have all the comfort, pleasure, and happiness possible during their remaining years. I am touched to the heart whenever I think of their life struggles, their days of want, their good citizenship, their worth as men. I like the South and her people."

The chief object I have in quoting Tom's talk is to say that I believe he has spoken about the veterans of the Southern army very much as most of the survivors of the Northern army feel. Next year for four days, on the Gettysburg field, thousands of men of both old armies will meet in the most memorable soldier reunion ever held. You will not watch in vain there for an abundant show of the kindly feeling Comrade Tom gave expression to. It will be a meeting of brothers tried as by fire.—J. A. Watrous, Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A. (Retired), in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

As the Cromwellians added luster to the pages of English history, so will our children in the future read with proud and swelling hearts, *sans reproche*, the lustrous pages of the great American conflict, telling the thrilling story of the mighty hosts who rallied to their standards.

With these sentiments at heart I enclose a clipping from today's *Chicago Record-Herald*, thinking it might please you and touch your heart as it has mine. It breathes the same lofty spirit which impels your action to erect at Indianapolis a memorial to Col. Richard Owen, of the Union army.

"Let the bitter past be buried from sight

As our comrades, so noble, brave, and true,

Are buried on fields where they made the brave fight,

Keeping their virtues alone in view—

The chivalrous gray and generous blue."

Sincerely yours in the bonds of peace and good will,

MATTHEW H. PETERS.

[The author, Matthew H. Peters, is Past Commander of Williams Post, No. 25, G. A. R., at Watseka, Ill. He was a private in Company E, 16th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, captain and major 74th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and colonel 9th Battalion Illinois National Guards.]

SANG "DIXIE" AS HER HOME BURNED.

[Extracts from the Greenbrier (W. Va.) Independent.]

The stirring war song of the Southland never had more dramatic rendition than on one midsummer day in 1864, when it rang in vibrant tones from the throat of a young girl in Shepherdstown, W. Va., as Union raiders were burning the house over her head, a house that had been one of stately old-fashioned mansions of the valley, built of the solid limestone rock to endure for ages. The house was that of Alexander R. Boteler, Fountain Rock, near the Potomac River, in Shepherdstown.

On the afternoon of July 19, 1864, Colonel Boteler's home was burned by order of Captain Martindale, of the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry.

Fountain Rock, named after a beautiful spring on the premises, was originally a tavern. When it was built is not known. Dr. Henry Boteler purchased it in the early part of the last century and enlarged it. Colonel Boteler, who owned it at the time of its destruction, served on Gen. Thomas J. (Stone-

wall) Jackson's staff in the early part of the war. Later he was a member of the Confederate Congress. Two daughters of Colonel Boteler survive—Mrs. Henry A. Didier, 13 Read Street, Baltimore, and Mrs. Dudley D. Pendleton, of Pittsburg. It was Mrs. Pendleton who as a young girl sang and played "Dixie" under these dramatic circumstances.

When news of the intended destruction of the Boteler home came to Shepherdstown, neighbors and servants removed all the furniture, including the piano, to the tree-shaded lawn, hoping that the destruction of the house alone would be sufficient to appease the stern commander of the Department of West Virginia.

When the raiding party arrived at the doomed homestead, the servants were ordered to carry back every article that had been removed before the torch was applied. Among those articles was the old piano, the favorite instrument of the young daughter of Boteler. She had eluded notice, and the thrilled crowd of obedient raiders and awed spectators heard the familiar strains of "Dixie" as the smoke rose above the home of Colonel Boteler. The song was interrupted by the raiders, who were impressed by the danger of the young girl, and with rude kindness dragged her from her blazing home.

Col. Alexander R. Boteler lived a quarter of a century after the war. He was one of the most eloquent orators, one of the most brilliant lawyers, and one of the most distinguished statesmen that Virginia has produced. He took up arms for the Confederacy only after he had made many speeches trying to avert the inevitable conflict. Like Lee, like Stonewall Jackson, and many other sons of the Old Dominion, he was a Union man until his State seceded, and then followed the fortune of his State, risking not only his life in active service but his property near the border and the lives of his family.

It is not only a picturesque but a historic neighborhood in which the ruins of the Boteler residence stand. Not a mile away is the scene where James Rumsey on January 13, 1788, conducted the first successful steamboat experiment. Colonel Boteler labored hard but vainly in the Virginia Legislature to have a monument erected to Rumsey on the top of a high bluff overlooking the Potomac.

THE HALLOWED GRAY.

BY FRANK L. WHITE.

Aurora, robed in living light,
 'Throned on the wings of day,
 Grows dim beside the glory 'round
 The uniform of gray.
 The uniform of gray that clad
 The men whose souls were tried,
 The men who loved the Southland so
 They suffered, lost, and died;
 The men whose valor looms sublime
 Adown the distant years,
 Where battle's horrors drenched the gray
 On sacred blood and tears.
 O may the glory of the gray
 The brave Confederate wore
 Forever blaze and cheer the souls
 On fame's eternal shore.
 And should some traitor ever dare
 To tarnish gray with shame,
 Let deep perdition hide his soul,
 Oblivion shroud his name.

AN INCIDENT OF A SWORD.

BY N. INGRAHAM HASELL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The battle of Jones Farm, about four miles south of Petersburg, Va., near the crossing of Boydton plank road and Church road, occurred on September 30, 1864, and the day after, October, it was decided that the advanced works near the Pegram House must be carried. Two battalions of sharpshooters were selected to do the work—one from Lane's North Carolina Brigade and one from McGowan's South Carolina Brigade. It was thought desperate, and we were promised that the survivors would get thirty days' furlough.

We formed the two battalions in closed ranks and rushed on the works, carried them, and captured two hundred and forty prisoners. Our loss was so small that we did not get the thirty days' furlough. I had the honor of commanding Company A, Battalion of Sharpshooters of McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, Wilcox's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army Northern Virginia. We captured a young lieutenant, and I took his sword. I held him, as I could not spare a man to carry him to the rear. He reminded me it was against the usages of war to keep a prisoner under fire; but at that time every man was needed, and I had rather have let him go than lose a man. In a few minutes I saw prisoners being carried to the rear, and I turned the lieutenant over to them. My sword being rough (Confederate make), I put it aside and donned the lieutenant's.

The next day we had a truce to bury the dead. I went out to superintend and met a Federal officer. I noticed he was scrutinizing my sword, and he asked me if I "would part with it." I told him it was a trophy and could not be bought. He said: "Pardon me, I did not mean to offend you; but that sword belonged to an officer killed in front of Petersburg, and I had it in keeping to return to his widow. I loaned it to a young officer until he could get one from the North, and I would give anything to recover it." I unclasped it from my belt and handed it to him, saying: "I present it to the deceased officer's wife." He thanked me and took it. He then asked me to give him a safeguard to bury some of his dead on the left of my line (his right). I told him I would go with him. After burying the dead, he told me to come inside of his line in the rear of his rifle pits, and we walked until I got opposite the center of my line. He again thanked me and said: "If the fortune of war ever throws you in my hands, I will remember this." I bowed and returned to my lines.

Some time after my sergeant came to me and said there was a flag of truce coming in front. I told him to meet it, and he returned with a handsome sword (made in Newark, N. J.), saying the officer begged me to accept it. I have regretted ever since that I did not ask his name. He should have sent his card, but I suppose in the hurry he forgot it. I still have the sword, and value it beyond price. I am sure this is the first instance of an officer presenting a sword to his enemy.

But the war is over, and I have always felt a deep interest in this gallant officer and have always wanted to know if he survived the war.

The above is written hoping it may catch the eye of the officer if he is living or his family if he is dead.

Frazier W. Hurlburt, of St. Paul, Minn. (General Delivery), wants to buy a Confederate flag, Stars and Bars, that saw service, and he also wants one or more stars from the collar of a Confederate officer's coat. Mr. Hurlburt was in the secret service of the government during the war, and met

Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy, on several occasions. She knew that he was a Federal spy and he knew what she was, but neither gave the other away. He is now interested in seeing that her grave is properly marked.

THE KENTUCKY PENSION LAW.

There is bitter denunciation in Kentucky, led by J. E. Keller, concerning the recently passed law giving dependent Confederate veterans of that State a pension of \$10 per month. The specially obnoxious feature of the law seems to be the humiliating provision that the beneficiary must get the certificate of two physicians making affidavit to the fact; that he must go into court and declare it to be a fact to the satisfaction of that tribunal. Then the applicant must swear that he is not worth as much as \$2,500 and has not an annual income exceeding \$300 year and has not a wife able to support him.

In Tennessee some years ago the charity aspect was presented to a man who had lost a leg in the war, but he was enterprising; he kept a tollgate and dealt in chickens, so he was thought to be earning a sustenance. He declined to subscribe to the pauper conditions. It is poor policy to reward any class of people for slothfulness. The Kentucky Legislature may be at great fault as a body, but Governor McCreary, as faithful a veteran as the South has, evidently did what he considered the best possible under the circumstances.

Be errors in the law as they may, Comrade Keller is certainly at serious fault in his concluding sentence in giving advice to comrades—viz.: "He should not fail to teach his children, his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren never to go to war for a State that has shown itself to be such an ingrate."

Kentuckians did not serve in the Confederate army for even prospective remuneration, and their progeny should not consider the cost when great issues of principle are involved as they were in the sixties.

TRAGIC DEATH OF TWO ARKANSAS WOMEN.

MRS. MARGARET MARTIN GALLOWAY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

In the latter part of 1861 Horace B. Toombs and John E. Rossen joined the First Arkansas Infantry Regiment. Toombs was in Company H and Rossen was in Company K. The two men lived in St. Charles, Ark. They were friends and partners in business. Each had a wife and child. Rossen's wife was Virginia Rogers. Toombs married Miss Fannie Puckett, of Memphis, Tenn. She, after her husband enlisted, went to Memphis to live with her father, Maj. Richard Puckett, during the crisis. While there she often ministered to the sick and wounded soldiers. Soon after the battle of Shiloh Mr. Rossen became ill near Corinth, Miss., and died near there.

In the fall of 1864 Mrs. Toombs went to St. Charles to attend to some business. While there she was the guest of her friend, Mrs. Rossen. The town was garrisoned by negro soldiers of the 53d United States Colored Infantry, commanded by Col. Orlando C. Ridsen, who ordered all citizens to leave. Mrs. Toombs was waiting for a boat to return to Memphis. Mrs. Rossen was preparing to go to the home of her stepfather, Mr. John R. Walton, who lived five miles in the country.

On October 23d Mr. Walton went in for them, but Mrs. Rossen was not quite ready to leave her home, wishing to get a piece of cloth out of the loom, so she told him to return next day. When ready to go, he turned and said: "I don't like to leave them there." They told him not to be uneasy.

That night before 12 o'clock they were awakened by loud knocking upon the door. Mrs. Toombs got up, and was shot through a window. The bullet entered her heart, and she fell in a kneeling posture across a table. The negro nurse girl, the eyewitness, sought safety under the bed. Mrs. Rossen fled from the house and ran to the negro cabin, where she got in the bed with her old servant. But the negro fiend pursued her and dragged her by the hair into the yard, where he beat her brains out. Then he entered the house and looted it. The clothes he stole led to his identification. The old negro man, Armistead, went for Mr. Walton, who reached the sad scene just as the officers did, at break of day.

The two children, Laura Toombs and Joe Rossen, were found asleep upon the skirt of Mrs. Toombs's gown. When they had cried, the negro threatened to shoot them. Though so young, little Laura remembered the tragic incident as long as she lived, six years. Joe Rossen lived to manhood, married, and practiced law. He died some years ago in Abilene, Tex. The negro soldier was arrested, tried, and executed.

YANKEE SWEET POTATOES AT FRANKLIN.

BY REV. J. M. WYCKOFF, COMPANY D, 21ST ILLINOIS VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY (GRANT'S OLD REGIMENT).

At the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Dickson, Tenn., in May, 1907, I was in conversation with a Confederate soldier who inquired if I was in the army. I told him I was a Yankee soldier. He then wanted to know if I was in the battle of Franklin, Tenn. I told him I was. He asked me if I remembered the first cannon fired from Hood's army. I told him I did and had a right to remember it and never forget it. Then he wanted to know why I remembered it so well. I told him that our troops, having marched all the night before from Spring Hill to Franklin, were exhausted for the want of sleep and rest, and that before the battle opened up and while the boys were sleeping I discovered a vacant house just outside our lines, in one room of which there was a nice pile of sweet potatoes. Obtaining a gunny sack, I went back and confiscated a full sack of them. I then procured some rails and made a fire the length of two rails, then got a supply of water and every mess pan and camp kettle there was in the company. I soon had the potatoes boiling. About four o'clock in the afternoon the potatoes were getting ready for the "Yanks" to have a sumptuous feast, when, suddenly, this single gun was fired. The ball struck the string of sweet potatoes endwise and simply annihilated not only the sweet potatoes, but the rails, mess pans, and camp kettles. Not even a coal of fire was left, but no one was hurt. When the Confederate told me that he was the man who fired the gun, I replied that I had a notion to "lick him."

After a hearty laugh we talked over the matter of how strange it was that after the lapse of so many years the Blue and Gray find out the whys and wherefores of those little incidents that they have always remembered.

I send regards for the VETERAN and boys who wore the gray.

HISTORY OF THE KUYKENDALL FAMILY.—Dr. G. B. Kuykendall, of Pomeroy, Wash., is collecting data for a history of the Kuykendall family, and would like to hear from any Kuykendall reader of the VETERAN. Many of the name were in the Confederate army, and the Doctor would like to hear from all such and from any other Kuykendalls. He has some interesting facts connected with the early history of the family.

OPPOSITION TO SECESSION IN THE SOUTH.

BY KATE DE ROSSETT MEARES, RIDGEWAY, S. C.

[Miss Meares, winner of the prize offered by Columbia College, was graduated from St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C., and later taught several years. She was taking a course at Teachers' College, Columbia, last winter when she competed for the prize. Her paternal grandfather, Col. Gaston Meares, of Wilmington, N. C., was killed in the battle of Malvern Hill, and her maternal grandfather, Dr. J. D. Palmer, of Ridgeway, S. C., was a surgeon stationed at Charleston, S. C., throughout the war.]

In speaking of the secession of the Southern States Robert Toombs said that the step was not taken hastily or passionately, but after long, patient, and mature deliberation, when the people became convinced that their honor and social and natural welfare demanded separation as the best means by which those vital interests could be preserved.

"When the future historian shall address himself to the task of portraying the rise, progress, and decline of the American Union, the year 1850 will arrest his attention as denoting and presenting the fast marshaling and arraying of these hostile forces and opposing elements which resulted in dissolution; and the world will have another illustration of the great truth that forms and modes of government, however correct in theory, are only valuable as they conduce to the great ends of all government—the peace, quiet, and conscious security of the governed." So stated a leading South Carolina paper on the first day of January, 1850 (quoted by Benton in "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," Vol. II., p. 781), and not without a knowledge of what it was saying. Any periodical in South Carolina was in a position to know whereof it spoke, for some years before this time this State had been an authority on the subjects of State rights, nullification, and secession. This State was foremost in fighting protective tariff legislation, and its emotions were earliest, most deeply stirred concerning sectional questions. In the year 1789 Pierce Butler, Senator from South Carolina, in the course of a far from mild speech (Maclay's "Sketches of Debate in First Senate," quoted by Hodgson in "Cradle of the Confederacy," p. 251) threatened "A dissolution of the Union in regard to my State, as sure as God is in his firmament." Antagonism between the two sections had its birth long before the South, in 1850, first came near to making an organized secession from the Union. During the ten years preceding that date this feeling of sectional antagonism ran very high. John C. Calhoun had been busy stirring up the spirit of resistance to the extreme; an address of his had been issued by a convention of Southern members in Congress. Except in South Carolina, however, the address did not make a deep impression. (J. F. Rhodes's "History of the United States," Vol. I., p. 105; also New Englander, of August, 1849.) But the Virginia resolutions were of greater moment; they spoke of resistance to the last extreme. (Mile's "Register," Vol. LXXV., p. 73.) The disciples of Calhoun in Missouri were aroused. Feeling in Tennessee was at fever heat. *Ibid.*, p. 373.) Kentucky requested Henry Clay's resignation because of his favorable attitude toward the North. (Mile's "Register," Vol. LXXV., p. 348.) The excitement in the cotton States was more intense. In South Carolina "A Southern Confederacy" was toasted with enthusiasm. (New York Tribune, April 25, 1849.)

Why, then, since evidently the danger was imminent, did the South not secede in 1850? What part did this section itself

play in the success—or, at least, temporary success—of Clay's compromise, which delayed actual war for a decade?

In South Carolina the secession movement dates definitely from the year 1824. (D. F. Houston, "A Study of Nullification in South Carolina," p. 5.) By 1832 the feelings of the majority of South Carolinians were alienated from the Union. (*Ibid.*; also South Carolina Laws—1828, 1831, 1832.) Calhoun was the eloquent exponent of the doctrine of secession. Yet at the time of the tumultuous partisan feeling over Clay's Compromise the Union party showed such unexpected strength that it was clear that any attempt at separate secession would meet resistance within the State's own borders. The word "separate" is significant; there was in the State a party of semi-conservatives in favor of "coöperation." This policy was one advocated by men who believed it undesirable for South Carolina to secede until she saw whether or not her sister Southern States would be willing to secede and follow her. It seems that this is as near as impetuous South Carolina could bring herself to a definite policy of conciliation or retardation. (Joseph Hodgson, "Cradle of the Confederacy," Chap. XI.) There were not, however, entirely lacking in the State men of forceful personality who strongly opposed secession. As early as 1831 a Union party had taken definite shape and had a celebration of the Fourth of July for which elaborate preparations were made. (Thomas Cooper, "Life and Times of Memminger," pp. 37-105.) Francis Lieder, professor in the South Carolina College, issued an address to the people of the State which was a plea for the preservation of the Union and an argument against secession. (Joseph Hodgson, "Cradle of the Confederacy," Chap. XI.; also Lieder's "Letters to His Son," p. 312.) James L. Petigru took his place decidedly with the Union party. There was no cause, he thought, for revolution; he considered the word synonymous with secession. (W. J. Grayson, "Memoirs of James Petigru," p. 117.) In a furious contest for the election of Mayor in Charleston James Pringle, the Union candidate, was elected. (*Ibid.*, p. 128.) Members of such prominent families as the De Saussures, Presslys, Pringles, and the Gaillards were opposed to secession. Opinion is not lacking that these men were "in point of ability not inferior to the more widely known leaders of the State Rights party, and in point of temperament were undoubtedly better qualified to direct a constitutional government." (D. F. Houston, "A Critical Study of Nullification in South Carolina," p. 140.) Men such as these, who strongly opposed secession, now threw their influence on the side of the policy of coöperation. In the convention of May, 1851, the two-thirds majority necessary for secession was wanting, and the report commending "coöperation," introduced by Mr. Orr, finally commanded the support of the convention. (Journal of the Convention, p. 315.) To vote for coöperation was really to vote, as the men entirely opposed to secession had hoped, for a continuance of the Union, since none of the Southern States were willing at this time to aid and abet South Carolina in her plan of secession.

After South Carolina, Mississippi was the most zealous exponent of secession. But in 1834 the people of this State had repudiated secession, together with nullification, in their primary elections, in a State convention, and through the legislature. On June 9, 1834, the State convention, presided over by Gen. Thomas Hinds, unanimously resolved that "A constitutional right of secession from the Union on the part of a single State * * * is utterly unsanctioned by the Constitution, which was framed to establish, not to destroy, the

Union." (Journal of the Convention, p. 309.) The legislature had passed a joint resolution declaring that it would aid with heart and hand the President of the United States in restoring "peace and harmony to our distracted country and maintaining unsullied and unimpaired the honor, the independence, and the integrity of the Union." However, as has been said, Mississippi was second only to South Carolina in favoring secession, and political feeling in the State ran high at the time of the compromise of 1850. The Southern convention, which met at Nashville June 3, 1850, had been intended as a secession mass meeting by the secessionists themselves. But Judge Sharkey, who presided over the convention, declared that its purpose was not the disruption of the Union, but its preservation. The secessionists, having a very different conception of the purpose of this convention, were so dissatisfied with its results that a second session was held in November. This second session none of the delegates from Mississippi attended, claiming that action taken at the first session was sufficient. J. J. McRae, a Mississippi delegate, denied, like Sharkey, that the purpose of the convention at Nashville was the dissolution of the Union. He said: "The first one [resolution] declared that the objects of the convention were conciliatory; that its end and aim were the preservation of the Union. There was not a single sentiment in any of them which breathed a spirit of dissension." (Cong. Globe, 33d Cong., first sess., p. 52.) The Whig journals, the Natchez Courier, Holly Springs Gazette, Vicksburg Whig, and the Corinth Advertiser, were opposed to secession. (House Miscellaneous Documents, 3d sess., 45th Congress.) Senator Foote "stumped" the State, making anti-secession speeches, endeavoring to get up a convention to indorse his views. ("Casket of Reminiscences," p. 356.) While Governor Quitman was in correspondence with South Carolina on the subject of secession, Foote's convention assembled in Jackson. A majority of the delegates condemned the Governor's recent message (*Ibid.*, p. 182) to the legislature favoring secession, and denounced the secession movement. (Publication Mississippi Historical Society, Vol. IV., p. 89.) Thus was organized the Union party, having as its measure acquiescence to the compromise and the preservation of the Union. The Democratic State Rights party advocated resistance to the compromise, and secession if necessary. Its nominee for Governor was Quitman, known as the secession candidate, Foote being the nominee of the Unionists. Foote himself said that "the precise question in this campaign is, Will Mississippi join South Carolina in the act of secession from the Union?" This states the exact issue clearly and concisely. In the September election of delegates the people pronounced against secession by a majority of 7,000 votes. In haste the secession party discarded Quitman as a candidate and persuaded Jefferson Davis to resign from the United States Senate and become a candidate for Governor. The party even announced that all further thought of secession had been abandoned. Jefferson Davis denied that he was in favor of secession. On November 19, 1850, he had written to a group of members of the Union party: "If any have represented me as seeking to establish a Southern Confederacy on the ruins of that one which our Revolutionary forefathers bequeathed to us, my whole life and every sentence I have uttered in public or private give them the lie. If any have supposed gratuitously (they could not otherwise) that my efforts in the Senate were directed to the secession of Mississippi from the Union, their hearts must have been invincible to the obligation

of honor and good faith which I feel is imposed upon me by the position of an accredited agent of the Federal Government." (Cong. Globe, 3d Cong., 1st sess., p. 171.) Although Davis by his efforts reduced the Union majority from 7,000 to 1,000 (Tabor's Cyclopedia Pol. Sci., Vol. II., p. 860), Foote was elected Governor, and a majority of the legislature, three members of Congress, and the Senator chosen to succeed Foote in the United States Senate were of the Union party. (Publication Miss. Hist. Society, Vol. IV., p. 89.) A convention planned for by Quitman and expected by him to endorse secession declared that it "would abide by it [the Compromise] as a permanent adjustment—the asserted right of secession on the part of a State was utterly unsanctioned by the Federal Constitution." (E. Chadbourne, "Life of Quitman," Vol. II., Chap. XII.) Foote believed the question of secession in Mississippi forever settled, and expressed this opinion in the Senate. (Cong. Globe, 32 Cong., 1st sess., opp. p. 59.) The secession movement seemed laid to rest. So it was—for the moment. It was nine years after the election of Foote before the election of Lincoln gave the signal for Mississippi to sweep herself out of the Union to join the fortunes and share the fate of the Confederate States.

Georgia was the most conservative of the Cotton States in regard to secession. In the effort to get a "Southern Congress" to assemble, according to the call of the dissatisfied secessionists after the Nashville convention, Georgia was at the head of the States in preventing the Congress from being held. (T. H. Benton, "Thirty Years' View," Vol. II., p. 784.) In the fall of 1850 the people of this State through a partial misunderstanding of the compromise were plainly opposed to it. (Cong. Globe, December 22, 1849.) The populace seemed ready for immediate secession. (The Federal Union, October 8, 1850.) But at the crisis the triumvirate—Toombs, Stephens, and Howell Cobb, all strong Union men—"stumped" the State in an effort to change the tide of popular opinion and win an acceptance of the compromise as a basis for the continuity of the Union. In this endeavor they succeeded. Delegates were sent to a State convention called to consider grievances. The resolutions of this convention are known as the famous "Georgia Platform of 1850." It was resolved that "as our forefathers yielded to compromise to frame the Constitution, we should yield somewhat for its continuance; while not approving all the measures of adjustment, we accept and abide by them." (Joseph Hodgson, "Cradle of the Confederacy," p. 283; also Johnson's and Browne's "Life of Stephens," p. 245; P. A. Stovall's "Life of Toombs," p. 64.) The pacific policy embodied in the platform was indorsed by the convention by a vote of 237 to 19. (Journal of the Convention, p. 15.) After the convention Toombs and Stephens organized a new party and all friends of the Union were invited to join the constitutional Union party, which nominated Howell Cobb for Governor. This organization was opposed by a Southern rights party, whose candidate was ex-Governor McDonald. Cobb was elected by the very great majority of 18,000 votes. (The Federal Union, December 17, 1850; also Journal of Convention, p. 5.) The secession movement in Georgia had been defeated by the resolution of the people of the State, and a desire for peace possessed the section. For the succeeding decade Georgia was strongly in favor of maintaining the Union. (U. B. Phillips, "Georgia and State's Rights," p. 167.)

In Alabama Yancey's sturdy personality had for some time loomed large in favor of secession. But with his passing from the center of the political arena the Union party was left de-

cidedly in the ascendancy. A period of cooler reasoning had followed the first excited utterances. A mass meeting was held in Montgomery to encourage Union sentiment. There were present at this meeting B. S. Bibb; James Abercrombie; Thomas J. Judge, who had striven, although unsuccessfully, to strike from the resolutions of the Nashville convention the denunciation of the compromise; Henry W. Hilliard, a strong Whig, and Thomas Watts, destined to be Attorney-General of the Southern Confederacy. In resolutions of this meeting these men and others expressed a strong attachment for the Union. Secession was denounced as unnecessary. A State Union Convention was called to meet in January at Montgomery. This convention denied the right of secession, but stated that "we claim it as a paramount right, which belongs to every free people, to overthrow this government when it fails to answer the ends for which it was established." (*Journal of the Convention*, p. 11.) There was nothing equivocal about this stand. The "paramount right" is not the right of peaceable secession, but simply the right of rebellion—the right to be styled a patriot like Washington if successful and the right to be called a traitor and cast into chains like Jefferson Davis if unsuccessful. Evidently these men believed that in substance the right of secession is nothing but the natural law of revolution. The practical fact is that they did oppose secession and were successful in holding it off for ten years. The Union candidate for Governor, B. J. Shields, published a card, saying: "I am for the Federal Union of ours under all circumstances and at all hazards; right or wrong, I am for the Union." (Joseph Hodgson, "Cradle of the Confederacy," p. 296.)

These candidates for Congress denied the right of secession: James Abercrombie, Judge Mudd, W. R. Smith, R. W. Cobb, George S. Houston, and Alexander White. (*The Monitor*, various issues of the year.) Alabama elected the Union candidate for Governor and sent to Congress four out of the seven men named above. "So strong was Alabama fixed in the Union faith that not the sound of a cannon would have shaken her then from her moorings." (Joseph Hodgson, "Cradle of the Confederacy," p. 297.)

Such was the attitude toward secession of the more aggressive Southern States preceding and during and immediately after the passing of the compromise. Louisiana had not fostered to any great extent the idea of secession. (Albert Phelps, "History of Louisiana," Chap. XII., p. 284.) Also in the two new and lusty States of Florida and Texas sectional matters were necessarily on a different status. Florida had too recently become a State, and was perforce too absorbed in getting her own strength to take a positive stand on national questions. Her internal condition and geographical situation compelled her to follow in sectional matters the policy of the States immediately north of her. (G. R. Fairbanks, "History of Florida," p. 201.) Neither is anything else to be expected than that in politics Texas was rather slow in adapting itself to party alignment on national issues. Relative to the questions growing out of the Mexican War and to most of those involved in the compromise, there could be in the nature of the case but one party in the State. Texas wished to be in the Union and was not in a position to quibble about the details first. So she herself was not aggressive in matters of national politics, although the rest of the country was in a ferment of excitement as to whether the large body of land lately annexed should be slave-holding or nonslave-holding. It was only after the ground was cleared by the

compromise and the financial adjustment of 1852 that excitement in Texas over national issues began to appear. (G. P. Garrison, "History of Texas," p. 279.)

In turning to a consideration of the so-called border States, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee—and attention must be given to Kentucky, always a strongly Southern State in sentiment—there can be no doubt, as I shall endeavor to show subsequently, that the policy of secession won here finally in 1861 only after a hard struggle. These four States were the last to secede, and to the end they were strong in the fight against secession. Their attitude toward it ten years before the outbreak of actual hostilities was unequivocal. In 1850 the State Emancipation Convention at Frankfort, Ky., demanded that the new Constitution should give the legislature complete power to effect a system of gradual emancipation of slaves. The State regretted its abuse of Clay and rallied to the support of him and his compromise. In this year too Kentucky provided for the placing of a block of marble in the Washington monument bearing this inscription: "Under the auspices of heaven and the precepts of Washington Kentucky will be the last to give up the Union." As a matter of fact Kentucky never seceded, although it took gigantic efforts on the part of her leaders and her people who opposed secession to keep the State in the Union. (N. S. Shaler, "History of Kentucky," p. 231.)

Virginia, the State which had given birth to a long line of statesmen of national fame, had an intense attachment for the Union. Let us turn back for a moment to the year 1832, when President Jackson tried to use arms against South Carolina to force that State into obedience. Virginia had spoken of State rights in the famous resolutions at the close of the preceding century, and since that time seven State rights Presidents selected from her soil had guided the welfare of the American people. But in interposing between Jackson and South Carolina Virginia was not defying the national government; her position was that of a pacificator, a position she was to assume later on a more critical occasion to save intact the nation she loved so well. She felt that she was in a position tactfully to mediate, and, sending Benjamin W. Leigh as a commissioner to South Carolina, by her efforts stayed at least for a time the storm which threatened the Union. (J. E. Cooke, "History of Virginia," p. 489.) In Tennessee A. O. P. Nicholson and R. V. Brown, who had been prominent members of the Nashville convention, repudiated the impetuous attitude of Barnwell Rhett, delegate from South Carolina. The Whigs won over the State rights party and aided in the adoption of the compromise. (James Phelan, "History of Tennessee," pp. 435, 436.) In North Carolina secession was vigorously opposed, as this State continued to do until late in 1861. (J. W. Moore, "History of North Carolina," also S. A. Ashe, "History of North Carolina," Vol. II., *passim*.)

I have tried to show that a change in Southern sentiment, which in the cotton States at least and particularly in South Carolina had been violently in favor of secession, was noticeable soon after the introduction of the compromise of 1850. The South herself frowned upon her extreme advocates of disunion. The Southern Whigs were in favor of the compromise, rallying, after considerable abuse of him first, to Clay's support. (J. F. Rhodes, "History of the United States," Vol. I., pp. 136-192.) Congress met in December, 1850, and calm prevailed in that hitherto turbulent body. In January a pledge was signed by members of Congress, thirty-four of them from slave-holding States, which declared that they

would not support for office any man not known to be opposed to the disturbance of the settlement. (J. F. Rhodes, Vol. I, p. 136.) Conservatives like Clay were eager to assert that sectional lines had been obliterated. By the autumn of 1851 the South had accepted the compromise, had declared against secession, had apparently laid the question to rest. Peace reigned.

But the calm was only artificial. The triumph of the Unionists in 1850 and the years following was due largely to the fact that the weight of leadership, so potent an influence in the South, and party traditions were with the Compromisers. The distinguishing feature of this group was the strong Unionism of the leaders, whether Whig or Democrat. (A. B. Hart, "The American Nation in History," Vol. XVIII, p. 40.) The perpetuity and peace of the Union stood, in their opinion, above all other political considerations. Clay, having fondly expressed his belief in the finality of his compromise, died in 1852. Benton, who had incurred much unpopularity with a majority of his constituency in Missouri because of his determined anti-secession attitude, lost his seat in the Senate in 1851. Berrien, of Georgia, and Mangum, of North Carolina, retired in 1853. Foote, the leader of Mississippi Unionists, was not in politics after 1851. This left only three prominent leaders, Houston, Bell, and Crittenden, to struggle up to the very verge of the war to prevent secession. The two chief Southern leaders now in the Senate, Toombs; who had been sent by Georgia to succeed Berrien, and Jefferson Davis, who was returned to his old chair by Mississippi in 1857, while they were not secessionists by preference, differed from Clay and the other leaders of the preceding decade in these significant respects: They believed thoroughly in the abstract right of secession as a principle, though they strongly deprecated it as a policy, and they were not willing to compromise on the question of slavery. Alexander Stephens had a similar attitude to the question, although he made heroic efforts to prevent Georgia's secession, as will be seen later. (P. A. Stovall, "Life of Toombs," p. 209; Johnson and Brown, "Life of Stephens," p. 374; E. A. Pollard, "Life of Davis," p. 43.) With these three comparatively conservative leaders were William Yancey, "the silver-tongued orator of secession," ready for disunion at any time; as were also Quitman, of Mississippi, Barnwell Rhett, and a host of other prominent South Carolinians. From this time on the feelings of Southern people towards the North grew rapidly into its final form, and any work on opposition to secession would be at a natural end but for the record of the short, sharp struggle that yet remained, a struggle that lasted only from South Carolina's unanimous act of secession, December 20, 1860, to Tennessee's retarded casting of her lot with the Confederacy June 8, 1861. The time was short, but the feeling was intense, and the final outcome marked the triumph of sectional loyalty and patriotism rather than the unanimous conclusion of reason and real desire. The total Southern vote for the three candidates opposed to Breckinridge was 705,928, showing a majority with Union sympathies of 134,877. It is evident then on this momentous election day the majority of the South was not secessionist. That the movement for secession soon became a popular one is certain, but it is impossible to think that extreme action was forced upon the leaders by a wave of popular sentiment. The great vote throughout the South for Bell and "the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws" is a denial of such overpowering sentiment in favor of secession. (F. E. Chadwick, "Causes of the Civil War," pp. 133, 150.)

After the split in the Democratic National Convention in Charleston, the remnant of Whigs and the Constitutional Union party met in Baltimore on May 9. The delegates for the most part were older men who, alarmed at the impetuous action of the younger Southerners, had met together in the hopes of saving the endangered Union. But the assembling was a futile effort. After the nomination of Lincoln by the Republican convention held in the interim in Chicago, most of the members of the Baltimore assemblage joined the seceders from the Charleston convention. (M. Halstead, "National Political Conventions of 1860," p. 159.) Alexander Stephens, in a personal letter to P. M. Johnston (Johnston and Brown, "Life of Stephens," letter dated June 19, p. 365), said of the seceders from the National Democratic convention: "They intended from the beginning to rule or ruin; and when they find they cannot rule, they will then ruin. Envy, hate, jealousy, spite—these made war in heaven, which made devils of angels, and the same passions will make devils of men. The secession movement was instigated by nothing but bad passions. Patriotism, in my opinion, had no more to do with it than the love of God had with the other revolt." Later in the year, almost simultaneously with South Carolina's secession in December, Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, proposed his compromise, the salient feature of which was the disposition of the territorial question. The North, alarmed now that the threats of the South had not after all proved mere gasconade, hoped to prevent, by the plan of compromise, the secession of the cotton States other than South Carolina. Union-loving Kentucky had both her senators on the committee, and Union-loving Virginia had one. (J. F. Rhodes, "History of the United States," Vol. III, p. 153.) Just where the responsibility for the failure of the Crittenden compromise lies has been difficult to decide. As Davis and Toombs voted with the Republicans against the compromise, it is often asserted that they were responsible for the failure of the last attempt to prevent secession and war; but this is probably a mistake, for the evidence is undoubted that if a majority of the committee had indicated their intention to accept the compromise as a settlement Toombs and Davis would also have supported it. No fact is clearer than that the Republicans defeated the compromise. (The scope of this work does not permit of a full discussion of all the evidence bearing on this much-mooted point. I give as authority for the position I take Rhodes's "History of the United States," Vol. III, pp. 154-169, where the question is given full consideration and numerous authorities for the conclusions reached are cited.)

South Carolina had been foremost in fostering the secession movement. She had defiantly asserted her doctrine of nullification. Her renowned son, John C. Calhoun, had promulgated the doctrine, together with that of secession. She had earliest been least tolerant of compromise. It was eminently fitting that she should be the first State to declare herself out of the Union, and this she did by unanimous vote December 20, 1860. It did not seem to a certain close observer in 1855 and 1866 that all South Carolinians were dis-Unionists, but no doubt remained in his mind after a sojourn in the State in 1861. (J. W. De Forest, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1861, p. 495.) Trenholm, a member from Charleston, proposed to the legislature a resolution looking towards coöperation with Georgia and the convention of Southern States, but this suggestion of delay and possible conciliation was frowned upon. (Editorial in *Charleston Mercury*, November 9, 1860.) It is true that James L. Petigru "was not of a complexion to be moved from his firm devotion to the cause of the Union;" and

when the prayer for the President of the United States was omitted from the Episcopal Church service, he left his pew. (W. J. Grayson, "Memoirs of Petigru," p. 14.) C. L. Memminger declared in a speech that "secession was a necessity, not a choice." (New York Tribune, November 30, 1860.) But the majority of the leaders and the people at large were wholly committed to secession. William Gilmore Simms wrote a friend in the North on November 20 that "South Carolina will be out before Christmas." (W. P. Trent, "Life of Simms," p. 253.) The event proved the truth of this prophecy.

In his "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians," Reuben M. Davis says of the Mississippi convention: "There was much discussion, in which divers opinions were maintained. Some opposed separate State action in secession. Some were opposed to 'secession unless eight other States would go out at the same time.' Governor Jacob S. Yerger offered an amendment as a substitute for secession providing 'for the final adjustment of all difficulties between the free and slave States of the United States by securing further constitutional guarantees within the present Union.' The amendment was lost by a vote of 78 to 21. James L. Alcorn likewise offered this as a substitute for immediate secession: 'The ordinance shall not go into effect until the States of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Louisiana shall resolve to secede from the Union and resume their sovereignty.' This motion was lost by a vote of 74 to 25. An amendment offered by Walter Brooke to submit the ordinance of secession to the qualified electors of the State for their acceptance or rejection shared the fate of the other two suggested substitutes. (Journal of the Convention, p. 14.) Jefferson Davis, by telegrams and letters to his own and every other State, endeavored to postpone their action. ('Life of Davis,' by his wife, Vol. II., p. 3.) It is significant that the leaders at Washington, among them Davis, and their minority of supporters in the cotton States were not out-and-out opposers of secession. They advocated delaying the step in the hope that compromise might be effected, partly because of their attachment for the Union and partly because they believed that secession was a poor policy. Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession January 9, 1861, by a vote of 84 to 15. (Journal of the Convention, p. 16.) On the next day a convention summoned in Florida passed an ordinance of secession by a vote of 62 to 7. (Journal of the Convention, p. 5.) 'It was a bold step for Florida, weak in population and resources, to be among the first to pass an ordinance of secession with such great unanimity.' (G. R. Fairbanks, "History of Florida," p. 207.)

In Alabama the people in the north of the State were opposed to immediate secession. They still hoped for satisfactory compromise. Yancey denounced them in violent terms. Because of this strong Union sentiment in the north of the State, it was openly proposed to form a new State in the Tennessee Valley, calling it Nickajack. (J. W. Beverly, "History of Alabama," p. 76.) The delegates to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston were instructed to withdraw if the "Alabama platform" was not adopted. It was not, and the delegates contributed to the split that took place in the convention. A secession convention in Alabama made motions to delay the step, but the majority voted them down. Secession was declared for by a vote of 61 to 39, January 11. (Journal of the Convention, p. 76.)

Georgia was the most active of the cotton States, as it had been ten years before, in opposing secession. Stephens says (Alexander Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 127): "In this State I believe that the majority of slave-

holders were against the policy of secession at the time. . . . My opinion is that a majority of them voted against secession delegates to the convention which was called in this State. How this matter really was, there is no way to determine—that is, on which side a majority of this class was on that question—but it is well known that a large portion of the most active opponents of that measure were amongst the largest slaveholders of the State." Stephens made his well-known Union speech before the legislature in November, and this so attracted Lincoln's attention that he entered into a correspondence with Stephens in an effort to avert secession. It must be always remembered that Stephens believed firmly in the abstract right of secession, although he said: "My judgment, as is well known, is against the policy of immediate secession for any existing causes." Who can tell what the result might have been if some strong leader of dominating personality had existed at this time in the South who should have boldly raised his voice against the *principle* of secession? or should have declared that the right of secession was simply the right of rebellion, as the people of Alabama had declared nine years before? Indeed, a highly philosophical historian (J. W. Draper, "The Civil War in America," Vol. II., p. 224) has said that "the founders of the Confederacy never seriously contemplated the recognition of such a political absurdity as the right of secession. It was too slippery a principle. They never practically adopted its kindred delusion of individual State rights as against the united whole. They never believed that a powerful dominion could be constructed out of discontented communities." But this dictum is dogmatic. Certainly every statement of the later Southern leaders themselves gives it the lie. The constitutional right of secession has been a bitterly contested question; and we will not involve ourselves in it here, but it was a question that arose early after the adoption of the Constitution, first in Massachusetts and Virginia, and it is scarcely just to Calhoun, Stephens, and other Southern leaders to assert that they were mere jugglers in words and phrases deliberately intended to befuddle and excite the mass of people. (Alexander Stephens, "War between the States," passim; T. M. Pinckney, "Life of John C. Calhoun," passim; J. D. McCabe, "Life of Robert E. Lee," p. 28; E. A. Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 48.)

Another prominent Georgia politician, "born before the Constitution was adopted and loath to die with his eyes resting on a dissevered Union," went to see Lincoln at Springfield, hoping to win the latter over to the plan of compromise. (G. T. Curtis, "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 426.) A substitute for secession was proposed by Herschel V. Johnson as follows: Suggestion was made for the calling of a convention of the slave States and "the independent republics of South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi," to be held at Atlanta to consider their relation with the Federal government and to adopt the course which their interests might require. It was further intimated that if the Personal Liberty Acts were repealed Georgia would be content to remain in the Union. The suggestion of Johnson was declared against by a vote of 164 to 133, showing that a large minority favored its being put into execution. The convention, on the fourth day of its session, declared for secession by a vote of 208 to 89. (Journal of the Convention, p. 317.) How Georgia wavered, how strong was the Union sentiment of the State, is told at greater length by Stephens. (His "War between the States," passim.)

Governor Moore, of Louisiana, a few days after the election of Lincoln called a special session of the legislature, which directed a Convention to meet in January. Conservatives, in

the face of certain defeat, did not cease their efforts toward peace, issuing a sort of pamphlet as a platform. This platform had strong adherents in New Orleans and especially in the parishes of Claiborne, St. Helena, and Jackson. But popular vote by a big majority of 4,258 for disunion against 3,978 for "Co-operation" instructed the convention to vote for secession. However, an eminent citizen of the State could say: "I think that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people sincerely hope that some plan will yet be devised to heal up dissensions." (*American Annual Cyclopaedia*, 1861, p. 428.) The majority for secessionist candidates in New Orleans was but three hundred in a vote of eight thousand, little more than half the entire vote of the city. (*Richmond Whig*, February 5, quoted by Rhodes, "History of United States," Vol. III., p. 274.) The convention finally dissolved Louisiana's connection with the Union, January 26, by a vote of 113 to 17. (*Journal of the Convention*, p. 231; also Albert Phelps, "History of Louisiana," p. 284.)

In Texas the election of Houston in 1859 was a victory for the Union-loving element of the State. After the secession of South Carolina and the Gulf States, Governor Houston used all his efforts to divert the people of his State from declaring themselves out of the Union. The leader of Texas by force of personality, he set himself an impossible task. In the presidential election of 1860 the conservatives and opposers of secession rallied to the support of Bell, and what Houston could do for them was done. He condemned the disunionists, and said that the election of Lincoln did not justify secession. He issued a circular letter intending to avert or forestall the act of secession. This letter seems to have been neglected. (Garrison, in his "History of Texas," speaks thus naively of the letter. Considering the attitude of the other cotton States at this time, it is not to be wondered that it was "neglected.") A convention called by the legislature declared for secession on February 1 by a majority of 166 to 7. (*Journal of the Convention*, p. 6.) On March 4, the day of Lincoln's inauguration, the people ratified the action of the convention by a vote of 44,000 to 1,300. (G. P. Harrison, "History of Texas," p. 287.)

It is to the Border States that we must turn for the really valiant fight against secession. Just in proportion as they had grappled with the shadow looming large in 1850, so now they grappled in a brief but heroic struggle with the substance. It was true of the border population in general that they shrank from a dissolution of the Union with real horror. (N. S. Shaler's "History of Kentucky," p. 230.) Maryland took no steps at all towards secession, Governor Hicks refusing to call a convention to consider the subject. (J. F. Rhodes, "History of the United States," Vol. III., p. 301.) In Kentucky, the home of Clay and Crittenden, the elections of the year 1859 gave the State to the Democrats. This did not mean, however, a majority for the Southern Rights Party. A large number of the Democrats represented men who were unwilling for slavery to be abolished by any action coming from without the State, but as a class they were not willing to go to the extreme of separating from the Union to advance their State rights politics. (N. S. Shaler, "History of Kentucky," p. 232.) It is true that there can be no doubt that the greater part of the leaders of that party were latently inclined to secession in the event of Lincoln's election, but the fact that their attitude was not approved by the people was at once plainly shown. In the August election of 1860 the Union candidate for Clerk of the Appellate Court was elected over his secessionist opponent by a large plurality. In the presidential election of the fall, counting the votes opposed to Breckinridge as for the Union, we find a majority of 39,184

against secession. This seems to point to the fact that the people were preparing to array themselves against secession as the nature of the project began to unfold, though it is ever a difficult thing to determine the state of mind of the general mass of people in a political crisis. (N. S. Shaler, "History of Kentucky," p. 234.) It is true of the Southern people in general that they were inclined by traditional upbringing and class instinct to follow the guidance of their leaders, but in Kentucky the people seem rather to have taken things into their own hands. In the high pitch of the emotional tension of the times, this State's attitude of neutrality was denounced as cowardice in no mild terms by the cotton States. Only a very flippant mind now can criticize Kentucky's policy of neutrality until she was forced to take a definite stand, for she felt the anguish of the conflict probably as no other State did. Elsewhere during the war an entire State or community went one way, but in Kentucky the father often marched away to battle in one direction, while his sons went away in another. It is only pathetic to contemplate the appeal which the women of the State made to the legislature in 1861 to guard them from the calamity of civil war by maintaining neutrality. As time goes on and the depth of sectional feeling is less and less intense, it is safe to prophesy that the effort of Kentucky to stay the tide of fratricidal strife will get the full credit that her action deserves.

In Virginia no less fierce a struggle than in Kentucky took place. Draper (J. W. Draper, "The Civil War in America," Vol. II., p. 79) says that rationally Virginia never left the Union; her action was dictated by feeling. Certain it is that the State, "Mother of Presidents" and of a long line of statesmen of national usefulness, bestirred herself to prevent separation from the Union. The Virginia Legislature met January 7, 1861, in extra session. On the seventeenth an amendment advocating secession was lost by a vote of 96,836, although in the State Senate it was unanimously declared that "every consideration of honor and interest demands that Virginia shall unite her destinies with her sister slave-holding States." A convention had been called for February, and this met in Richmond on the thirteenth of the appointed month. Of the one hundred and fifty-two delegates only twenty-five were classed as secessionists, but not more than six were for the preservation of the Union at any cost. (L. G. Tyler, "History of Virginia," Vol. II., p. 621.) But the State's most earnest protest against disunion was her action in calling what came to be known as the Peace Conference. The resolution of the legislature on January 19 was an invitation to all the States "willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies in the spirit in which the Constitution was originally framed, to consider and, if practicable, to agree upon some suitable adjustment." The basis proposed was the Crittenden resolution, with slight modifications. In answer to this invitation, South Carolina sent word that she had "no further interest in the Constitution of the United States." It was, in part, with reference to the Peace Conference that Lowell spoke in this wise: "The usual panacea of palaver was tried, Congress doing its best to add to the general confusion of thought." (*Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1861, p. 758.) Nevertheless, the conference was an honestly intended protest on the part of the Border States against secession. Virginia instigated it, and it showed a lingering hope of an avoidance of separation on the part of North Carolina and Tennessee. Their judgment and cooler reasoning called for the preservation of the Union. But the mainsprings of action lie ever in the emotions. Virginia's secession, April 17, fol-

lowed fast on the fall of Fort Sumter, the conservative opposition element being overwhelmed by the enthusiasm and high feeling of the secessionists' attack. The prompt result of the formation of the northwestern counties into what later became the State of West Virginia showed the strength of the opposition to secession in that quarter.

A few days after Virginia's secession, a convention in Arkansas, which first had voted in opposition to secession, reassembled and with but one dissenting vote framed an ordinance of secession on May 6. The records of this convention show that Arkansas had not at first responded to the disunion movement with the fervor expected. (*Journal of the Convention*, p. 6.) Feeling in this State and in Missouri had been very bitter, and the two had suffered from the throes of the struggle in much the same way that Kentucky had. The matter of secession was advocated so vigorously in Missouri that Claiborne, the then acting governor, ordered an election to settle the matter by a vote of the people. The result of this election was that the State remained in the Union, giving a majority of 80,000 against secession. (Lucien Carr, "History of Missouri," p. 284.)

The people of North Carolina, when news reached them of the secession of South Carolina, looked with regret upon the precipitation of the sister State. It was seen upon the assembling of the legislature that much division of opinion existed among the members as to their proper line of conduct. The bulk of the old line Whigs and the Douglas Democrats were of the same opinion and declared that the election of Lincoln offered no pretext for a dissolution of the Union. They cherished the hope that the Peace Conference or the Crittenden Conference might effect something to avert bloodshed. The legislature received visits from several commissioners from the cotton States soliciting North Carolina's secession, but this solicitation did not avail to array the State on the side of disunion. The people by a small majority opposed a movement to hold a convention. Then came Lincoln's requisition upon Governor Ellis for troops. The chief magistrate of the State made reply that North Carolina could afford no aid to carry on war against the Southern States. The legislature called a convention, and on May 20 the State, which had been so resolute in her opposition to recall her plighted faith to the Federal Constitution, unanimously passed the ordinance of secession. (J. W. Moore, "History of North Carolina," Vol. II., p. 146.) Of this convention and its final action, I quote as follows (James Sprunt monograph, "Convention of 1861," p. 5): "When the nation trembled on the verge of the great conflict, North Carolina, disapproving all hot-headed action, hesitated, preferring, if possible, the peaceful maintenance of the Union. When in December, 1860, pressure was brought to bear upon the General Assembly to induce it to call a convention of the people, the measure suffered defeat, albeit by a small majority. A study of the convention will show that when the air was full of sulphurous wrath and wild boastings North Carolina preserved a full measure of dignified courage and thoughtful resolution to dare the most and endure the worst."

Tennessee was the last State to secede. This fact is on the face of it the strongest evidence of its opposition to the movement. Andrew Johnson, United States Senator, who from the first had repudiated the doctrine of secession, remained in Washington, and many leading Tennesseans, such as Emerson Etheridge and W. G. Brownlow, gave him a hearty support. The question of calling a State convention to take into consideration the matter of secession was voted on by the people

February 9 and defeated. (James Phelan, "History of Tennessee," p. 440.) John Bell told the State at large that its "present duty was to take sides with neither the North nor the South." If this could be called a feeble attempt at opposing secession, it was probably the last word heard against it in the South. Less than a week later Bell himself was for "standing by the South." The press, despite of opposition to disunion hitherto (Chase Paper MSS, quoted by Phelan, p. 440), had placed the secession flag at the head of its columns, and on June 8, at the ballot box, the people, acting directly, approved secession, giving a majority of nearly 58,000 for separation from the Union. (*Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia*, p. 678.)

The secession of the States is now an accomplished fact. We have investigated Toombs's statement that the step was taken only after "long, patient, and mature deliberation." The "Anti-secessionist" viewpoint was not popular in the South at any time, and especially during and since the war has the tendency been to look upon it as a contemptible lack of patriotism and loyalty. Justice, I think, demands a different attitude. Let us accord, in the words of a great orator, "honor and praise to the eminent men of all parties who rose that day to the measure of a true greatness; who remembered that they had a country to preserve, as well as a local constituency to gratify; who laid all the wealth and all the hopes of illustrious lives on the altar of a hazardous patriotism; who reckoned all the sweets of a present popularity as nothing in comparison with that more exceeding weight of glory which follows him who seeks to compose an agitated and to save a sinking land."

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CHRISTIAN GREETING TO COMRADES.

BY JESSIE W. LEE, ST. LOUIS.

[Although late for this contribution, it is too good to be postponed to another year.]

A happy year, brave heroes of the past,
Whose stainless record time can never dim,
Some tears there must be still to overcast
The saddened memories of the "might have been"—
Tears for the dauntless spirits one and all
Who now have answered to the last roll call.

A happy year! The tireless feet that trod
The thorny paths of duty undismayed
Shall find eternal rest and peace when God,
The Great Commander of souls unafraid,
Shall muster all his veterans great and small
To answer to his loving last roll call.

SOUTH CAROLINA SECESSION CONVENTION.

Col. Robert Anderson Thompson, sole survivor of the one hundred and sixty-eight men who signed the secession ordinance in Charleston fifty-one years ago, daily attends to his law practice in Walhalla, S. C. He is eighty-five years old.

HIS RECOLLECTION OF THE CONVENTION.

The great convention met at the call of the State legislature in the Baptist church in Columbia December 17, 1860. There were no restrictions barring any citizen from acting as a delegate. There were more white-headed men in that convention than in any gathering I have ever witnessed. Seriousness pervaded the very air. There was no disturbance, no violence, no haste. Secession had practically been agreed upon before the convention met. Every profession was represented. There were ministers, lawyers, members of the legislature, members of Congress, judges, and chancellors. I was a commissioner in equity for Pickens district at the time, but my home was in Walhalla.

When the convention was called, there was a rumor about Columbia that smallpox was rampant, and it was decided to hold the convention in Charleston. We met there on the second day in St. Andrew's Hall. During the first day of the convention in Columbia we organized by electing Gen. D. F. Jamison, of Barnwell, president, and B. F. Arthur, of Columbia, clerk. Upon his election General Jamison made a ringing speech urging secession. On Thursday, December 26, 1860, the great ordinance was read in the convention. No speeches were made. There were no cheering and no debate. Articles were revised and amended, but none objected to the proposed action.

At seven o'clock in the evening the convention met in Institute Hall. The legislature was present, as were Governor Pickens and his staff. Hundreds crowded into the hall, and the streets for blocks were jammed with those who could not gain admission. A silence brooded over it all, which meant more than fireworks or shouting or processions. I felt as if I must scream because of the strain. Amid that awful silence General Pickens rose and merely called the names of the different parishes and districts represented in alphabetical order. As each district was named its delegate rose quietly, stepped to a table in the center of the hall, and affixed his signature to the ordinance, which had been emblazoned on parchment.

When all had signed it, General Jamison rose and without preamble said: "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an independent sovereignty."

Applause, stamping, and shouting shook the very building. Hats and canes were waved and broken. Outside, fireworks boomed and crackled. There were scores of bonfires, and processions were soon going through the streets. The pent enthusiasm of a people had burst through the armor of dignity and reserve which they had preserved until the final step had been taken.

Soon after this history-making meeting St. Andrew's Hall, in which the first ordinance was signed, was destroyed by a fire that swept great portions of the city.

Colonel Thompson was born near Pendleton, S. C., on Twelve Mile River. He worked on his father's farm during his boyhood. Later he went to Pendleton and became a "printer's devil" on the Messenger. Until 1858 he worked in different capacities on various newspapers, and he was then appointed commissioner in equity.

Colonel Thompson volunteered for the Confederate army, and later was active in the Reconstruction Period. Entering the war as a commissioned officer, he rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel of the 2d South Carolina Rifles. He has very little to say of the many personal incidents which reflect considerable credit on his name. He eats two meals a day, and walks a mile and a half from his home to the little office in Walhalla almost every day. He takes pride in Pickens district, and is fond of talking of great Southerners and patriots who have lived there.

WOMEN OF NORTHWEST ARKANSAS.

(B. H. Greathouse in Fayetteville Democrat.)

The story of the Confederate women of Northwest Arkansas in the days of the sixties ought to be told. They tilled the soil often with no better team than a cow or yearling. My own mother cultivated six acres of corn with a little red yearling. When they had raised their scant supply of food, they cooked a good part of it and carried it to the woods for the men in service. My mother concealed General Jackson, of Missouri, in the Clear Creek hills for three days and carried his provisions to him. Getting their scant supply of grain ground was a difficult task. On one occasion mother and a neighbor, Mrs. Niece, walked to Freyschlag's Mill on Clear Creek, a distance of six miles, each carrying a bag of corn. When they crossed the creek, which they had to do often, Mrs. Niece, who was a large woman, would carry over the corn, and then take my mother on her back and carry her over. When they reached the mill, their corn was taken from them. No Spartan souls were braver than those women.

One day John Birks and the writer slipped into Esquire A. W. Wasson's house to get dinner. While we ate his brave daughter (now Mrs. John Stokes) stood guard. She soon saw the blue coats coming and raised the alarm. We sprang to our horses, but when Birks tried to mount his stirrup leather broke and he failed. Miss Wasson, seeing his situation, ran to him, took him in her strong arms, and set him in his saddle, and he dashed away.

Often these brave women with their own fair hands had to dig graves and bury their own dead that had fallen at the hands of the enemy. Miss Mollie Deaver, of Elm Springs (now Mrs. Woodruff, of Texas), and Miss Callie McCamy (now Mrs. Gollagher, of Springdale) had the gruesome task of burying their brothers, Billy Deaver and Ike McCamy, who had been burned to death.

The devotion of the Southern soldiers to these women was

a beautiful thing. They were treated by every Southern soldier as a mother or sister. It was natural for them to desire to meet once in a while socially, dangerous as it was. Sometimes they would select the home of some true friend in an out-of-the-way place for a gathering. On the appointed night the boys would come in from every direction, each with a girl on his horse behind him. Sometimes they would travel for miles through the woods alone; but no mother was afraid to trust her girl with those boys, for they were gentlemen to a man, and no mother's confidence was ever abused. When the war was over and these boys and girls met in peace, it was a happy time. As the writer, a sixteen-year-old boy, was returning home in August, 1865, he passed the home of Alfred Taylor, of Clear Creek. When Mrs. Taylor and her daughters saw him, they pulled him from his horse and greeted him with kisses, as if he had been their own son and brother.

People living now can scarcely realize the tie that bound us together in those days. When I reached home, the neighbors thought it was a time to rejoice, and they persuaded my mother, a good Methodist woman, to give them a dance at her house, which she did, and many came. Even Methodist preachers consented for their daughters to attend. When Uncle Tom Banks was asked to let his daughters attend, he said: "Well, if there ever was a time to dance, it is now, and I know Sister G. will keep things right." And they came. My mother was helping the community to peace, and men who had been in the Federal army were invited. Hop Douglass, the fiddler, sat in the door, and two sets were run till the small hours of the night. One amusing scene occurred. A Federal soldier dancing with a Rebel girl got the buttons of his blue jacket tangled in her hair, and they seemed to be eternally tied together. Since then the blue and the gray have lived in harmony in that neighborhood.

NORTH CAROLINA AND THE CONFEDERACY.

BY ANNIE GWINN MASSEY, HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

Before attempting to write on the subject assigned me I very profitably spent some time in pleasant research, in which I found that the status of North Carolina and the Confederacy could not be presented at all without a hasty glance at what that State and the Southland generally did before 1861.

It is deplorable that no true history of the South has ever been written. By some we are known as "a rabid, fighting people, slave drivers by instinct, traitors by nature, and secessionists by choice." By others we are designated as "a proud, aristocratic section who sought to perpetuate human slavery by plunging the country into war."

This prejudice will disappear gradually when historians study closely the South. Students of our history are beginning to see that the South has figured conspicuously in the history of the American people. Every school child knows of the Mayflower, but few know that Virginia was a colony of eleven plantations with a representative assembly, making laws and planning colleges before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth. Only that phase of the history has been much written about which relates to the disruption of the Union. Truly it has been said: "Ill fares it with a people whose history is written by other than her own sons." With all nations the character of the founders is a source of pride. Ancient Greece asserted that her founders were divine. Romans gloried in the fanciful idea that Romulus descended from the gods. No fabled fugitive, it is true, settled this new country across the sea, but we will be pardoned if we agree that it was by men

"who knew their rights and dared maintain them." The Carolinians are proud that the fleet commanded by Sir Walter Raleigh and equipped by Queen Elizabeth first anchored by their sandy shores, and as a memorial to him who led it the capital of the Old North State is called Raleigh.

The territory of Carolina received its name from Charles I. in a grant to Sir Robert Heath. It was separated into two sections—North and South Carolina—in 1712. Carolina was the first of the original thirteen colonies to rebel at English rule, and it was here that the character of the women displayed itself. The women of Edinton assembled and agreed to drink no more tea until the odious Stamp Act was repealed. The bravery of these men and women during and even before the Revolution, was like that of their sturdy ancestors, and they have ever stood for their rights.

In 1861 they were not the first to leave the Union; but when action was taken on May 20, 1861, they aided the Confederacy to the limit of their power, and the last battle east of the Mississippi was fought upon her soil, at Waynesville. At the outbreak of the war in 1861 John Ellis was Governor; and when called upon by President Lincoln for troops to defend the Union, he said: "Tell President Lincoln he can get no troops from North Carolina." In all, 129,000 men were sent to the front for the cause of the South, besides 5,000 home guards, the largest number furnished by any Southern State. On account of a large clothing factory located at Raleigh, her men were comfortably clad, and, being on the seacoast, her war vessel, the *Advance*, made many splendid captures of valuable stores and food from the Federals.

At the close of the war Dr. Hogg, of the commissary department, stated that he was feeding half of Lee's army; so she gave the greatest temporal aid to the Confederacy, and, in addition, the life blood of her sons, which ran like a river for the cause of their inalienable rights.

The first soldier killed in the conflict was a volunteer from the State, though a native of Virginia, and the first man killed in defense of the Union in the Spanish-American War was a descendant of Wyatt, who died in the streets of Richmond in 1861. Over and over history repeated itself by patriots dying for principle. In the seven days' battle near Richmond North Carolina bore one-fifth of the entire loss; in the battle of Fredericksburg she bore one-third, and in the awful battle of Gettysburg the North Carolina troops rode first into the valley of death. As evidence their dead were found the next day nearest the enemy's lines; and of the 5,792 slain on this field, 770 were North Carolinians.

What indeed was she to the Confederacy? Greatest aid to the cause, great was her loss in her manhood. After the war, when the flower of her manhood had been destroyed by shot and shell, "reconstruction" ran riot in North Carolina. One of her Governors died during the conflict, and Zebulon Vance filled his place. He was a brave soldier, a wise statesman, and he went forward for the right and wrested the State from carpetbag rule. Like Nehemiah of old, he led in rebuilding the waste places.

[This paper was read by Mrs. Massey at a meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Hot Springs, Ark.]

The sketch in Last Roll, page 36 of January VETERAN, had the name of Judge John M. Philips incorrectly spelled. Judge Philips had no children, but had adopted Mrs. Philips's nephew, Richard A. Apperson, a noble young man, who is a great comfort to her in these days of most poignant sorrow.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND ROBERT TOOMBS.

[Extracts from a paper by C. S. Wooten, of La Grange, N. C., in the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer eleven years ago.]

Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs were two of the most distinguished men that acted their part in the great drama of public affairs during the last fifty years. In the summer of 1870 I saw Jefferson Davis and Robert Toombs at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs and heard them talk. I was fascinated by the courtliness of Davis and the brilliancy in the conversation of Toombs.

Mr. Davis was six feet tall and weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. At the time he had a closely cropped beard, and a ruddy complexion was indicative of good health. He bore the most honest and open expression of countenance that I ever saw. He walked with a "proud step and a martial mien" and with a bearing as graceful as the bounding deer. Indeed, he walked from me with a step as "springy as an Indian brave on the warpath." His heart was as tender and sympathetic as a woman's. His "eyes would fill with tears on a sudden," yet he was resolute and fearless with a heroic courage that no danger could quell.

I saw him in his carriage during September, 1870, when about to take the train for a trip to Europe. The guests of the hotel gathered around the carriage to bid him farewell. I never saw such affection manifested for any man as was shown to Mr. Davis. As the carriage was about to move off, Mr. Corcoran, the rich banker of Washington City, then about eighty years old, came limping down the steps and rushed to the carriage and grasped his hands and said: "Why, Mr. Davis, you liked to have gone without my having the pleasure to bid you good-by. May God bless you!" The tears streamed down Mr. Davis's cheeks. Every man in that throng bowed his head and every eye was filled with tears.

General Toombs during the war criticized Mr. Davis without mercy and hurled his remorseless darts of wit and sarcasm at his defenseless head. Yet I heard him say, after witnessing Mr. Davis's conduct at Fortress Monroe, the meekness, the patience, and the courage with which he bore his imprisonment, without a single murmur escaping his lips, that he was a hero, a patriot, and a great man.

During the many conversations I heard from Toombs, while he was bitter and fiery in his denunciation of men and measures, I never heard him say an unkind word of Mr. Davis.

During the Mexican War Mr. Davis was colonel of a regiment of Mississippians. Henry Clay, Jr., a son of the great commoner, and a graduate of West Point and the pet and pride of his distinguished father, was a member of this regiment. Young Clay was so fascinated by the manly bearing and soldierly qualities of Davis that in every letter he wrote to his father he praised this great man. Lieutenant Clay was killed at Buena Vista. After the war Mr. Davis was appointed Senator to fill the unexpired term of Gen. Jesse Speight, who died in office.

In 1849 and 1850, during the agitation of the slavery question which threatened to spread over the country and destroy the Union, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, who had been in retirement, were returned to the Senate, so that the country could have the benefit of their counsel in that grave emergency. Clay introduced his compromise measures to pacify the country. Davis opposed them. Notwithstanding Davis was an extreme State rights Democrat of the Calhoun school and Clay was a conservative old line Whig, there was a warm attachment between them. On one occasion, as Davis was pass-

ing through the Capitol grounds, Clay and Berrien, of Georgia, were talking. Clay called Davis and said, "Come, my young friend, and go with us and pass the compromise measures;" and, turning to Berrien, said: "It will save the Union for our day, but our young friend Davis will be here to fight it out yet." Mr. Davis replied: "Mr. Clay, I don't propose to place upon posterity a fight that I ought to make myself." Were there ever nobler or more generous words spoken? No sage of antiquity ever uttered a grander sentiment; and if they had been spoken before Shakspeare's day, he would have put that sentiment in the mouth of some great actor, and it would have thrilled the world. As a writer none ever surpassed him in affluent and exuberant rhetoric and graceful diction and rounded periods. His pen "had the lightness of the wind with the force of a thunderbolt." Toombs in one of his fiery philippics against him during the war said if the Confederacy wanted a rhetorician for President, a man who could write fine State papers, clothed in classic language and beautiful imagery, and who could play the courtier and charm the social circle, Davis was the right man.

No one ever questioned the patriotism and devotion to what he believed a just cause. He was one of the few men who, if it had been necessary, could have gone to the scaffold with unblanched cheek and with a firm step as a martyr in defense of what he believed was right. Would that we had more of such men and fewer of the demagogues! He was thoroughly honest and conscientious, and was always actuated by the loftiest sentiments of the unsullied statesman in dealing with questions of State, and was a stranger to the arts of the political trickster and mouthing demagogue.

In the summer of 1858 Mr. Davis visited Portland, Me., to get the benefit of that bracing climate for the recuperation of his health. In response to a serenade from the citizens there he delivered a speech which is one of the finest specimens of glowing rhetoric and chaste diction that I have ever read. While Mr. Davis was not as consummate a politician as Webster, as profound a metaphysician as Calhoun, as ready a debater as Douglas (in a rough and tumble discussion), as eloquent an orator as Preston or Prentiss, or as skillful a general as Lee or the two Johnstons, yet he possessed the qualities of all these men to a remarkable degree, and had some that none of them had; so take him as an all-round man—as orator, statesman, scholar, and soldier—there has been none other like him.

While in prison after the war the patience and heroic courage with which he endured his imprisonment have never been surpassed. Even the great Napoleon when at St. Helena chafed under the restraint and paced his prison bounds like a caged lion. While some of his own people at the close of the war, smarting under defeat, hurled their cruel shafts of criticism at him, yet he murmured not and struck not back, and the sublime meekness with which he bore it was almost Godlike. He was a perfect mirror of chivalry, the whitest flower among American statesmen and the fairest type of the Christian hero that history furnishes.

The annals of mankind present the name of no man who was distinguished for a more romantic gallantry, for a more chivalric courage, for a more unbounded generosity, for a more unwavering integrity, for a loftier patriotism, and for every noble and generous virtue that can adorn and embellish human character than this illustrious man. His great name will stand forth in undecaying luster as the most conspicuous example in history, of heroic courage and undying devotion

to the cause of his country and as the true embodiment of that immortal sentiment that "all his ends were his country's, his God's, and truth's." The time will come when he will no longer be stigmatized as a "graceless traitor and foul contending rebel," but he will take his proper place in history beside such names as William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and our own immortal Washington. May the memory of Jefferson Davis remain immortal and perpetual in the hearts of the people he loved so well and to whose service he devoted the "golden prime of his manhood days!"

Robert Toombs was over six feet tall and weighed about 240 or 250 pounds, with broad shoulders, a little inclined to stoop by carrying his head down as if in deep thought when he walked. On one occasion during the war he rode to the tent of Gen. J. E. Johnston, who was commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, and upbraided him in his vigorous style, as only Toombs could do, for some order that he had issued. When he returned to his quarters, he narrated the circumstance to his life-long friend, Dr. Stienner, his brigade surgeon, who had been in the Mexican War and knew something about military discipline. He said: "General, you have been too rash; you will be arrested." Toombs replied that he thought so too. A few days after he was summoned to General Johnston's tent to attend a counsel of war, and it was noticed that he was the only brigadier in counsel. Johnston afterwards said Toombs is "the brainiest man in the Confederacy."

Longstreet heard of Toombs making stump speeches to the army, referring in anything but complimentary terms to his commander, and he ordered him under arrest. He afterwards said that Toombs had the "kindling eye and rare genius of a soldier."

Now here was praise from two men whom Toombs had severely criticized. Yet they were big enough to accord to him credit for his merit. In this day of pigmies if you differ from them they cry out, "Crucify him." His speech in the Senate in defense of secession was said by Mr. Stephens to have been equal to the speech of Pericles at the opening of the Peloponnesian War. Mr. Blaine in his great book says that Mr. Toombs was the only Southern statesman who "put upon record the grounds upon which and the grievances for which destruction of the Union could be justified."

I sat one day at the White Sulphur Springs and heard him talk for five hours. He held the audience spellbound like a magician with his wand. No one moved or spoke. I never saw such a copious flow of sparkling wit, of burning sarcasm, of classical allusion, of brilliant language, and such a perfect "scattering of the diamonds of the mind." As he spoke he would move nervously in his chair, with an unlit cigar in his hand; every "muscle on his frame seemed to crawl," his bosom would rise and swell as his "mighty mind throed to deliver forth his thoughts," and his eyes blazed like "burning suns." When he would straighten himself up as if to give emphasis to what he was going to say and shake his big head, his hair looked like "the mane of a war horse;" and when he reached the climax and would utter some fiery denunciation and the foam dashed from his lips, the effect was electrical upon the audience, and it stunned them like a clap of thunder or dazzled them like a flash of lightning. It almost took your breath. It was as brilliant as a display of fireworks or the falling of a celestial shower. The material which he threw away on this occasion with such lavish prodigality was like the mighty waste of Niagara. I was forced to throw up my hands and exclaim: "What a man!"

In his young days Toombs was a Whig; and when only thirty years old, in 1840, during the Harrison campaign of "log cabin, hard cider, and coon skins" memory, he went into South Carolina to meet George McDuffie, the great Democrat who was styled the impetuous orator and called by some "harnessed lightning." Toombs's argument was so convincing, his invectives so fiery, and his eloquence so overpowering that McDuffie said of him: "I have heard John Randolph of Roanoke and met Burgess, of Rhode Island, but this wild Georgian is a Mirabeau." But the most remarkable event in the life of Toombs and the most wonderful exhibition of physical and intellectual powers was at the time he made his discord speech in 1849, when the House was unorganized and in a wrangle over the election of Speaker. He successfully subdued a tumultuous crowd and silenced an infuriated assembly and forced an unwilling audience to listen to his speech. It was so eloquent that members forgot their dignity and applauded it vigorously.

Toombs has been popularly regarded as a fire eater and a prince of that class, but it is a libel upon his character. Some one in summing up his characteristics said of them: "While wild and exasperating in speech, he was safe and cautious in counsel." He was the first Secretary of State in the Confederate cabinet; and when the firing on Fort Sumter was first discussed, he opposed the assault on the fort. Pacing the floor, with his hands behind him, with a dreamy, heavy look on his face, he turned to Mr. Davis and said: "Mr. President, at this time it is suicide, murder, and will lose us every friend in the South. You will wantonly strike a hornets' nest which extends from mountain to ocean, and legions now quiet will swarm out and sting us to death. It is unnecessary; it puts us in the wrong; it is fatal." These prophetic words don't read like the language of a fire eater.

Toombs was a brigadier general in the Confederate army and also a member of Congress. During the first year of the war a bill was pending in Congress authorizing the government to issue bonds for the purchase of cotton from the planters. During the debate on the bill Toombs walked in the hall. Drawing himself up, he said: "Mr. Speaker, we have been told that cotton was king; that he will find his way to the vaults of the bankers of the Old World; that he can march up to the throne of mighty potentates and drag from the arsenals of armed nations the dogs of war; that he can open our closed ports and fly our young flag on all the seas. And yet before the first autumnal frost has blighted a leaf on his coronet he comes to this hall like a kangaroo and his speech gives me the headache." "His epigrams were terse, and he threw them out like proverbs."

His home and domestic life was pure and beautiful. He would carouse and hurrah with the boys in the day, but at night he would repose in the bosom of his family and enjoy the sweets of wedded love. No man was more loyal or devoted to his wife than he was. I remember seeing them at the springs after they had passed the meridian and were fast approaching the "chambers of the setting sun." She was a typical Southern matron of the old school, plump of figure, with traces of loveliness in her face. The gentle, Christian example of this lovely woman had a soothing, salutary effect upon the "soaring, stormy spirit" of Robert Toombs, and when she died, it seemed to steady him, and, like the prodigal, he "came to himself" and threw himself at the foot of the cross and made an open declaration of his faith in the Christian religion. This man, who defied Presidents and generals and

whom no mortal man could intimidate, could be governed by a nod of the head or a gentle touch of the hand of his wife. I witnessed an instance myself when his temper, like the pent fires of a volcano, was about to burst forth; she touched him on the shoulder and he became as quiet as a lamb. He was always bubbling and overflowing with kindness, sympathy, and generosity. While he was Senator in Washington he wrote a letter to his wife on her fortieth birthday, and referred to her as the "same lovely and true-hearted woman to me that you were when I made you my bride twenty-three years ago, and that there was no other change except the superior loveliness of the full blown over the budding rose, and that whatever success in life I may have had, whatever of evil I may have avoided, or whatever good I may have done, I am mainly indebted to the beautiful, pure, true-hearted little black-eyed girl who on the 18th of May, 1830, came trusting to my arms, the sweetest and dearest of wives." This is the language of a lover. Romeo could not have uttered a sweeter and more poetic sentiment.

Now that the kindred spirits of Davis and Toombs have stepped on the "silent, solemn shore of that vast ocean we must all sail so soon," may we not hope that, though discordant and belligerent here, they have walked into the unfading lights of the celestial city and their wasted cheeks have been kissed by the "breath of the eternal morning" and that they may abide and shine in the splendors of Him "beneath whose feet the stars are dust?"

THE LOUISIANA CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

GEN. DICK TAYLOR'S FAMOUS ORDER OF MAY 28, 1864.

D. J. Kendall, Esq., Mayor of Sulphur, Okla., sends the VETERAN a circular that contains the following:

"This document will be prized as a precious relic by every survivor of Wharton's Division and the Army of Western Louisiana. It is the famous general order issued by Gen. Dick Taylor congratulating his soldiers on the great victory they had won, culminating in the rout of Banks at Alexandria. This order was not generally circulated, but fell into the hands of Col. (ex-Gov.) Frank Lubbock, and fortunately he preserved the original document. Colonel Lubbock was assistant adjutant general on the staff of Major General Wharton. In his 'Six Decades in Texas' Governor Lubbock reproduces the order, and it is presented in this form by Capt. Tom Killingsworth, of Waco, now residing at Norman, Okla. Captain Killingsworth was a member of Company H, 19th Texas Cavalry, which was a part of the brigade commanded by Gen. W. H. Parsons. This company was enlisted in Waco.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S ORDER.

"On March 12 the enemy with an army of 30,000 men, accompanied by a fleet of ironclads mounting one hundred and fifty guns, moved forward for the conquest of Texas and Louisiana. After seventy days' continuous fighting you stand, a band of conquering heroes, on the banks of the Mississippi. Fifty pieces of cannon, 7,000 stand of small arms, three gunboats, and eight transports captured or destroyed, sixty stands of colors, over 10,000 of the enemy killed, wounded, or captured—these are the trophies which adorn your victorious banners. Along three hundred miles of river you have fought his fleet, and over two hundred miles of road you have driven his army. You matched your bare breasts against his ironclads, and proved victorious in the contest. You have driven his routed columns beyond the Mississippi, although fed by reinforcements of fresh troops, while many of your gallant com-

rades were withdrawn to other fields. The boasted fleet which lately sailed triumphantly over our waters has fled in dismay after destroying guns and stripping off armor in its eagerness to escape. Like recreant knights, the ironclads have fled the field, leaving shield and sword behind.

"The devotion and constancy you have displayed in this pursuit have never been surpassed in the annals of war, and you have removed from the Confederate soldier the reproach that he could win battles but could not improve victories.

"Along a hundred miles of his path the flying foe, with more than savage barbarity, burned every house and village within his reach. You extinguished the burning ruins in his base blood and were nerved afresh to vengeance by the cries of women and children left without shelter or food.

"If the stern valor of our well-trained infantry was illustrated on the bloody fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, this long pursuit has covered the cavalry of this army with undying renown. Whether charging on foot shoulder to shoulder with our noble infantry or hurling your squadrons on the masses of the foe or hanging on his flying columns with more than the tenacity of the Cossack, you have been admirable.

"Our artillery has been the admiration of the army. Boldly advancing without cover against the heavy metal of the hostile fleet, unlimbering often without support within range of musketry, or remaining last on the field to pour grape and canister into advancing columns, our batteries have been distinguished in exact proportion as opportunity was afforded.

"Soldiers, these are great and noble deeds, and they will live in chronicle and in song as long as the Southern race exists to honor the earth. But much remains yet to do. The fairest city of the South languishes in the invader's grasp. Soldiers, this army marches toward New Orleans; and though it may not reach the goal, the hearts of her patriotic women shall bound with joy, responsive to the echoes of your guns."

49TH TENNESSEE IN BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE.

In proportion to the numbers engaged, I believe that the Confederate losses in killed and wounded in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, were heavier than were suffered in any other battle of the Civil War. The 49th Tennessee, of which I was chaplain, was in Quarles's Brigade, Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, and it was almost exterminated. The highest commissioned officer in the brigade the next morning was a lieutenant. I estimated the loss in the 49th at eighty-five per cent out of about one hundred and twenty, and only seventeen answered to roll call after the battle.

The central point of the Federal lines was a gin house on the east of the Columbia road. Around this point for probably one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards on each side was the fiercest fighting, and the carnage was terrible. My brother was killed in a few feet of the works; and when I went to get his body, I realized how fearful was the slaughter at that point. I was in the charge, going with the men until they began to fall so fast that I had to stop and direct my litter-bearers in carrying them from the field. So I was dependent on the reports of the few who came out of that carnival of death for what occurred at that "roaring height of destiny."

Capt. R. Y. Johnson, of Company F, was one who came back severely wounded. His was the color company, and two of the color bearers had been shot down, and he was stooping to pick up the colors when he was shot in the head and in the

arm. When he recovered consciousness, he was holding on to the colors, and he brought them out with him. I assisted the surgeons in dressing his wounds.

Recently I received a letter from Captain Johnson, living now near Guthrie, Ky., in which he states that the 49th Regiment was the first to reach the enemy's work at the old gin house. I quote from his letter as follows: "In the battle of Franklin the point of direction for the 49th was the old gin house, at which there was an angle in which was a battery of six guns. The regiment went against and extended round this angle. Part of the men—Lieutenant Barnes and Captain Harrison, of Company C; Lieutenant Cooper and C. H. Bailey, of Company A—went over the enemy's works to the right of the angle, and Lieutenant Colonel Atkins, commanding the regiment, and Sergeant Grant, of Company F, went over on the left of the angle, thus showing that the regiment lapped around the angle."

I can never forget the awful scene around that gin house, with trenches overflowing with dead and the field so covered with dead men that one had to pick his way carefully to keep from stepping on their bodies.

Did they die in vain? Was this heroism fruitless? I do not believe it. No sacrifice for conscience is ever in vain. The future shall reap the fruits of these sufferings.

TYPICAL CHARACTERS IN SLAVERY.

ATLANTA DARKY GOES TO JAIL ON HIS HONOR.

Cicero Finch, "servant of the Finch family in Jackson County, espeshully of Mars Ben Finch endurin' de war," is an honest man.

Deputy Sheriff Wiley Roberts took Cicero for a visit to the family whose harness he was accused of appropriating. Cicero had "plenty of chance" to get away, but he waited for the deputy and accompanied him to their destination.

Returning toward, the officer left the old negro to return to the jail alone. He presented himself at the grill door and asked for admittance. "Well, suh, here I is, and you know dem white folks jes natchelly knows I ain't guilty!"

He was sent back to the prison to await his trial. He was believed to have taken some harness from Mr. Crawford, at whose house he had done some painting. Cicero stoutly denied guilt, and he said: "I is sixty-six years old, come nex' June. I b'longed to ol' Mars Charlie Finch, on Mulberry River, in Jackson County, eighteen miles from Athens. He give me my name, and I'se had it ever since. I lived wid him ontel he give me to little Mars Ben, and I went wid him to de war. You know when Petersburg blowed up? Well, Mars Ben was killed right dere, and I got wounded in two places. Dey sent me home to see my folks, and atter dat I was in de Georgy war and left here when Atlanta was took. Sence dat time I been workin' at mos' anything. Mostly I is a painter, but lemme tell you," the old negro laughed and slapped his leg with his broad-brim hat, "I is jes natchelly one of de finest roasters and hotel cooks in de land. An' lemme tell you somethin' mo': I never was whipped in my life and I never was up fer stealin'. I sho didn't git dem harness, and you knows dem white folks knows it. De ol' nigger is hones'; he is sho, boss."

OLD BLACK MAMMY'S BIRTHDAY.

The Tennessean and American states of "Aunt Rachel:"

"Tuesday was Aunt Rachel's seventy-ninth birthday, but it promised to mean no gala occasion for the faithful old woman. Until recently she had managed to earn her own living, sup-

plying her simple wants as best she could through money obtained in nursing little children, washing, and general housework. Now the knuckles of her hands are knotted with rheumatism. It was discovered that the faithful old negro faced her seventy-ninth birthday without coal or provisions in her little cabin. Her case was made public. While the old woman had never accepted charity in her life, she could not refuse the "birthday gifts" which were taken to her, and the gratitude as expressed by her was pathetic.

"'Tse jus' bilin' with joy, honey,' she said to Mrs. Booth, one of Miss Fannie Battle's right-hand workers in the United Charities of Nashville. All gifts for Aunt Rachel were sent to the United Charities and forwarded by them to her.

"When the United Charity worker gave her the gifts, the old honest face lighted up with that 'bilin' joy,' but when it came to the money, the old woman said: 'Now, honey, you jus' pay de rent fo' a month and pay de dollar I owes on de burial insurance, and den you keep de res' till I jus' has to have it, 'cause shore as I have it myself I might spen' it on somethin' to eat which I might's well git erlong without.'

"The United Charities will keep the few dollars left after paying the rent and insurance, and will give it to Aunt Rachel as she may need it; but the clothes and the sirup and the pound cake and the roll and the meal and the tea and the bacon and the canned soup and the warm things to wear are in the possession of the old woman as birthday gifts from white friends.

"The gifts were accompanied by little notes saying, 'In memory of an old black mammy,' or 'For Aunt Rachel, wishing her a happy birthday,' or some equally appropriate expression. As the little notes were read to her, the old woman's eyes filled with tears and she said: 'Now, ain't dat sweet? De Lord bless whos'ever sent dat.'"

WHITTIER AND ABOLITION.

In the following letter from John G. Whittier to Mrs. Fannie C. Hoffman, of Lafayette, Ala., the old gentleman takes an old man's privilege to lecture a little. He wrote:

"AMESBURY, MASS., April 19, 1889.

"My Dear Friend: Thy letter in regard to the Confederate Soldiers' Home I heartily thank thee for. A member of the Society of Friends—a society which requires all its members to bear a faithful testimony against slavery—I can truly say that I have never cherished any feeling of hatred toward a slave holder.

"I sought the abolition of slavery for the well-being of masters as well as slaves, and I am glad to show my wish to promote good feeling between the North and the South by subscribing as far as my means will allow to the proposed home.

* * * Inclosed find \$20.

"Believe me, very sincerely, thy aged friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

INFORMATION DESIRED OF CALLIE LEE.

Mrs. A. D. Andrews, of Orchard Park, N. Mex., a devoted U. D. C., writes inquiry for a woman whose maiden name was Callie Lee. She was born about the beginning of the War of the States. Her father, Ealoam Lee, was a lieutenant in the Confederate army, and was killed in one of the battles in Tennessee. It is understood that he lived for a time in Pine Bluff and served with an Arkansas regiment, also that he married in Georgia. There is some property due this Miss Lee (or Mrs. —), and it will be appreciated by Mrs. Andrews if she can procure information in regard to her.



"Where are they who went away,
Sped with smiles that changed to tears?
Lee yet leads the lines of gray,
Stonewall still rides down this way;
They are fame's through all the years.

DEATHS IN A. S. JOHNSTON CAMP, No. 1164.

The following members of A. S. Johnston Camp at Corinth, Miss., are reported as missing from roll call: J. P. Epps, 11th Miss. Cav.; J. P. Collier, 4th Ala. Cav.; Maj. J. L. Wofford, Wofford's Miss. Battery; J. D. Bills, 32d Miss. Inft.; J. R. Adams, W. A. Brewer, 11th Miss. Cav.; W. H. Callahan, 22d Ga. Inft.; J. B. Topell, 31st Tenn. Cav.; David Fields, 26th Miss. Inft.; J. G. Taylor, Rice's Battery; G. D. Winston, 2d Miss. Inft.; W. W. Dancer, 26th Miss. Inft.; Kit Baker, 31st Tenn. Cav.; J. J. Blankenship, 10th Ark. Inft.

JOHN T. ROLLINS.

John Thomas Rollins, of Blackburn, Mo., died October 28, 1911. He was born in Shelby County, Ky., June 22, 1838, and moved to Missouri in 1856. In 1861 he joined the Missouri State Guards. He served in that command until discharged by the expiration of that service. Comrade Rollins, who was a corporal, joined the Confederate army in August, 1862, as a member of Company D, 1st Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade.

While General Marmaduke commanded the division, Shelby's Brigade being part of it, he took the company to which Rollins belonged for his escort, and the company was known as Marmaduke's Escort a greater part of the time until the close of the war. Comrade Rollins was one of the best soldiers in the company. He was quiet, but always went in when fighting was to be done and stayed until it was over. He was very popular in the company, always ready to divide anything he might have with comrades. He was married to Miss Martha Hays, of Saline County, Mo., a short time before the war. Four children were born to this union, three of whom are living: Samuel R., living in Colorado; Mrs. Marvin Davis, of Sweet Springs, Mo.; and Mrs. John Martin, Blackburn, Mo. Mrs. Rollins died some twenty years ago.

Comrade Rollins was buried at Pisgah Cemetery by the side of his wife and near several of his comrades in arms, there to await the sound of the call of Gabriel's trumpet calling him to his home above for which he was so well prepared to go.

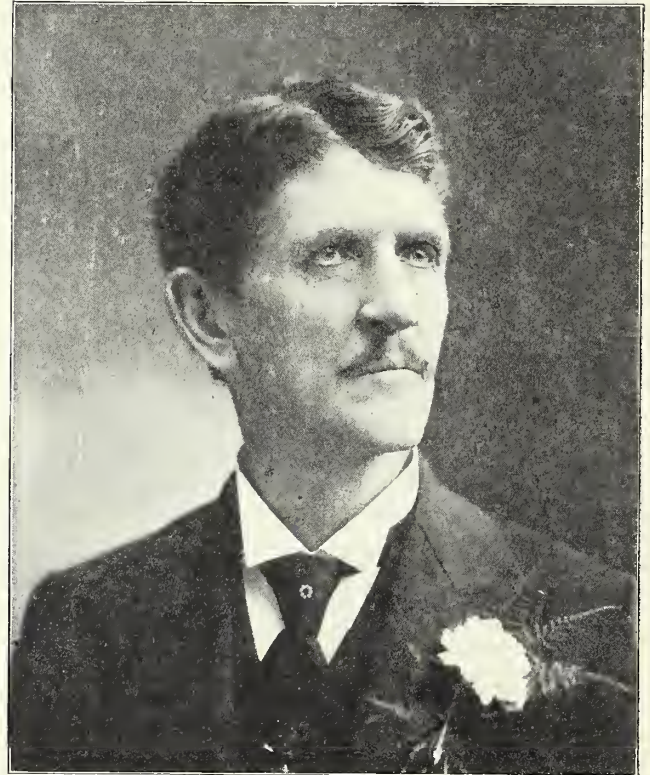
[The above sketch is from W. C. Hall, of Sweet Springs, Mo.]

ORDERLY SERGEANT MATTHEW COX.

Matthew Cox, who died at his home, in Dawson County, Ga., on November 22, 1911, was a brave Confederate soldier, having served as orderly sergeant of Company K, 43d Georgia Regiment. He volunteered in March, 1862, and was assigned to Bragg's command, serving under Generals Johnston and Hood in the Western Army. He never shirked a duty as a soldier. In the battle of Baker's Creek, near

Vicksburg, he was severely wounded and captured, but exchanged, and after getting out of the hospital he returned to service in 1864. His wound troubled him continuously, and, in addition, he was severely afflicted with rheumatism, so that he could not walk for eight or ten years. During this time religion was his solace, and he patiently awaited release from his sufferings.

Comrade Cox was Past Master Free and Accepted Masons, whose service was used in the burial. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and three sons.



JUDGE T. B. CORSON.

Judge T. B. Corson was born in Lexington, Tenn., April 8, 1835. He graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1857. He served as county chairman for ten years, and also as clerk and master of the chancery court of Lauderdale County. He shared the favor and confidence of his friends to an unusual degree, serving five terms as State representative and one term in the Senate from Lauderdale County.

As a Confederate soldier Judge Carson served as second lieutenant of Company E, 1st Confederate Cavalry, and was Commander of Camp No. 890, U. C. V., at Ripley for two years. He also served as Adjutant of the Camp four terms. He died in Ripley on November 30, 1911, in his 77th year.

CAPT. S. W. COWLING.

Capt. S. W. Cowling, Commander of Bridgeport Camp, U. C. V., of Bridgeport, Tex., died on September 11, 1911, lacking only four days of having completed his 72d year. He was born and reared in Lowndes County, Ala. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in the 3d Alabama Infantry, in which he was made lieutenant. In the fall of 1862 he was commissioned to raise a cavalry company, of which he was captain in Morgan's command. He was taken prisoner in 1863, and was in prison eighteen months, being paroled just before the close

of the war. He was married in 1866 and the companion by whose side he fought the civil battles of life valiantly survives him. He was three years a sufferer from disease, but as a brave soldier heroically endured to the last.

G. H. MASON.

Comrade G. H. Mason was born in Robertson County, Tenn., on May 10, 1843. He enlisted in Company B, 30th Tennessee Regiment, and remained in the service until the close of the war. After the surrender he returned to Robertson County, where he resided until his death, which occurred at his home in Springfield on November 10, 1911. On the succeeding day he was laid to rest in beautiful Elmwood Cemetery.

Comrade Mason had for several years endured great suffering, superinduced by exposure during the war. His record as a soldier is untarnished, and his private life above reproach. He was loved by all who knew him, for he was one of nature's noblemen—honest, kind, and faithful.



ANDREW J. PICKETT.

Andrew Jackson Pickett, son of Frederick and Martha Farrior Pickett, of Dublin County, N. C., was born in Pike (now Bullock) County, Ala., on March 15, 1838. He grew to splendid manhood in the fresh and sparsely settled country around his home. He was fond of hunting wild game, with which the country then abounded. He received his education in the "old field" schools of the county and at Orion, Troy, and Brownwood, near La Grange, Ga. On December 15, 1858, he married Miss Torbut Sloan, of Lowndes County.

At the beginning of the War of the States he joined the 1st Alabama Cavalry. In the battle of Perryville a ball passed through his body, and he was left on the field for dead. Three days after he received attention from a surgeon of the Federal army. His recovery was very slow; and when he returned home, his beautiful wife was in her grave.

After his recovery from his severe wound he joined the 6th Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Col. C. H. Colvin, and was captured March 25, 1865, at Pine Barren and sent to Ship Island, where he remained until May 1, and was then taken to Vicksburg and paroled on May 6, 1865.

In December, 1867, he was married to Miss Augusta Siler at Orion, Ala. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, but in less than a year she was claimed by death.

On April 29, 1875, he was again married to Miss Alice McLaurine, of Virginia, who has been to him a helpmeet in every way, and who, with her six children, survives him.

Comrade Pickett was a man of deep and earnest piety, a devoted Church member since 1863, and held the office of Church clerk and deacon for many years. He never fully recovered from the wound that he received at Perryville and for some time had suffered from paralysis. On August 25, 1911, this noble patriot and devout Christian passed "over the river to rest under the shade."

HARRIS DOWLEN.

Harris Dowlen was born in Robertson County, Tenn., on September 28, 1841. In June, 1861, he joined the 30th Tennessee, Company A, and made an excellent soldier. He was wounded at Chickamauga and sent to prison at Camp Butler, where he remained until the close of the war.

Comrade Dowlen came back to his native home after the war and engaged in farming near Coopertown, where he died September 12, 1911. Shortly before his death he requested to be buried in his uniform and with his cross of honor, which request was complied with. He was an honest, upright, faithful citizen and true to every trust.

JOHN W. HIGHT.

John W. Hight was born in Wilson County, Tenn., June 22, 1835; and died at Lisbon, Tex., September 12, 1911.

Comrade Hight enlisted in the Confederate service from his native county May 22, 1861, as a member of Company I, 18th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) Palmer. He was in all the principal battles of the Tennessee Army. He was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Butler, Ill., and kept in prison eight months until exchanged. He reenlisted for three years, or during the war, at Corinth, Miss. From there they went to Jackson, Miss., on to Murfreesboro, in which battle he served, as also in that of Chickamauga and in those of the Georgia campaign. He surrendered with Johnston's army at Durham, N. C., on April 15, 1865.

Returning to Wilson County, Tenn., he was married to Miss Mahala Bond. In 1872 he moved with his family to Texas and settled in Dallas County, where he successfully farmed until his death. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

DEATHS OF COMRADES AT LEBANON, VA.

The report from McElhane Camp, Lebanon, Va., gives the names and ages of those who have been lost from the membership: J. R. Campbell, 76; L. Gilmer, 78; Thomas Dyc, 79; Levy Johnson, 77; D. K. Banner, 67. All were gallant soldiers and good citizens.

CAPT. ED B. ROSS.

Capt. Edward Barker Ross was born in Todd County, Ky., March 5, 1840; and died December 7, 1911. His father, James Ross, was one of the most scholarly men of the time, being well educated in both Latin and Greek, and he was conversant with the general literature of his day. His book, "The Life and Times of Elder Reuben Ross," is a faithful history of his father, a pioneer Baptist preacher of that country, and it is also an excellent interpretation of the men and women of those early times. This truly great book is in style and quaintness of humor charmingly original.

Though born in Kentucky, Captain Ross was reared on a farm near the State line in Tennessee, where he lived and died. He received his education on the farm at his father's school for boys, his college period occurring while he was a Confederate soldier. He and his three brothers all enlisted in the army and served to the close of the war, save Col. Reuben Ross, who was killed early in the service at Hopkinsville, Ky. So distinguished was the latter's service at Fort Donelson that the Confederate authorities requested his promotion to brigadier general, but owing to his early death the commission was not executed.

Captain Ross enlisted July 20, 1861, in Company K, 3d Kentucky Infantry, organized by Col. Lloyd Tilghman. He was third lieutenant in Captain Barnett's company, and made a fine record as a soldier. Gentle and brave, he won both the admiration and the affection of his men, who always followed his lead. His regiment was at Bowling Green under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, following in the retreat, and was in the carnage at Shiloh. Early Sunday morning, the first day of that battle, he was wounded, had his wound dressed, and went back at once to the front and fought to the end of the second day. Again in the first siege of Vicksburg he showed the same fighting spirit. After the Arkansas Ram had successfully executed its daring feat in breaking through the Federal chain of forty vessels, disabling three or four of them and losing ten or twelve of her men, a call for volunteers was made to take the places of her killed and wounded. Captain Ross was among the first to step forward as a volunteer for this dangerous service.

In April, 1863, after General Grierson had made the most successful raid ever made by the Federals, marching through Tennessee and Mississippi to Baton Rouge, several companies of the 3d Kentucky were mounted in order to intercept similar raids. As mounted infantry Captain Ross's company covered the retreat of Gregg's Brigade from the battle of Raymond, Miss., where this brigade had fought one of Grant's army corps practically from sunrise to sunset. Not the charge of the Light Brigade nor Pickett's still more famous charge at Gettysburg is more glorious than the heroic fighting of Gregg's Brigade at Raymond.

Some two months later this mounted infantry were ordered to give up their horses and take their places in the infantry service. About fifty men refused to be dismounted and left for their homes in Western Kentucky. General Buford selected Captain Ross as the man best suited to send after these men with instructions to persuade them to return to their commands or to hold them together and act independently, reporting to him once a month. These men were brave soldiers, but they claimed that as the term of their enlistment had expired they had the right to reenlist where they pleased. The authorities thought differently, hence the trouble. Captain Ross did not succeed in persuading them to come back, but he

held them together and added new recruits and made it so uncomfortable for the Federal forces at Paducah that they dared not send out small raiding forces in the adjacent country. In this way Captain Ross was of great service to all the country between Paducah and Mayfield, besides aiding our armies in procuring supplies from that rich farming section.

After he had accomplished all that could be done on this mission, he returned to his company at Paris, Tenn. He was with Forrest at the capture of Johnsonville, and it was he, Capt. H. Clay Horn, and the gallant Capt. Frank Gracey, of Clarksville, Tenn., who first attempted the crossing of the river on an improvised raft to capture and bring over the Federal transport, the Mazeppa, which had been disabled by the Confederate batteries. The raft breaking to pieces, immersing all three, the gallant Gracey stripped his clothes and, tying them and his pistols around his neck, threw one arm over one log of the raft, and thus got across the river and captured the vessel.

When General Hood was on his way to Franklin, Tenn., General Lyon was sent to make a diversion on a raid into Kentucky, and Captain Ross went on this raid. General Lyon went as far north as Elizabethtown and captured there a whole train of provisions. But finding himself completely surrounded by the enemy, he gave orders to his men to get back South as best they could. Captain Ross and four of his men were captured by a large force of the enemy just as he was pushing off from the bank of Green River. This was about December 24, 1864. He was carried to Camp Chase Prison, where he suffered terribly from cold and hunger until he was exchanged about the middle of March, 1865.

As soon as Captain Ross was exchanged at Richmond he went back to his regiment, and remained with it until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., on May 9, 1865. A comrade has



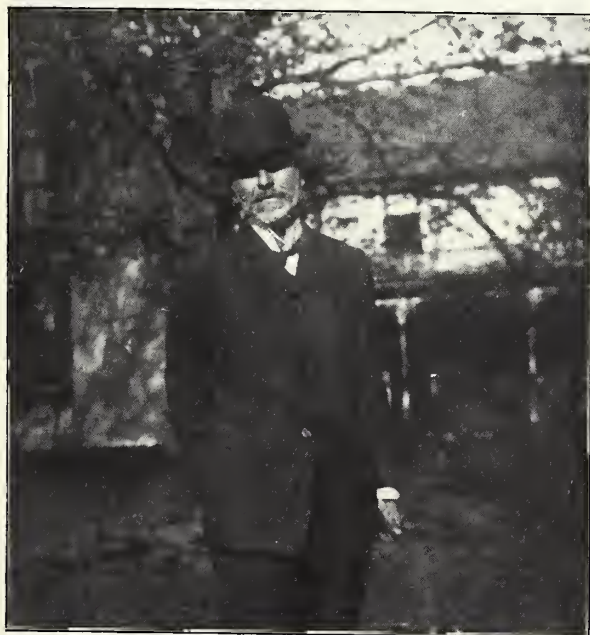
ED ROSS WHEN A SOLDIER.

written of him: "When I saw him after his captivity, he was just as hopeful and determined to continue fighting as at the beginning of the war. He never gave up, and would have fought all his life had the war continued so long."

Returning home from the war, Captain Ross was not cast down nor disheartened by defeat, but with tireless energy and with that buoyant hopefulness which never deserted him he took the management of his father's farm and assisted him in teaching. He soon became a successful farmer.

In October, 1870, Captain Ross married Dorothea Crouch, a refined and cultured lady, who survives him. To this union were born six children, four daughters and two sons, all of whom are living and are worthy sons and daughters of their honored father.

In 1880 Captain Ross engaged in the tobacco business in connection with his farm, building a stemming factory and putting up strips for the English market. So careful and so honest was he in all his work in this business that when he visited England to look after his tobacco business, those merchant princes, the Giliots and the Babingtons, one a member of Parliament and governor of the Bank of England, entertained him in their homes during his entire stay.



CAPTAIN ROSS IN LATER YEARS.

He took a deep interest in all that concerned his neighborhood. He got up a Good Roads Club and induced all his neighbors to join in building one to the Clarksville Pike.

While stationed at Holly Springs during the war he became a member of the Episcopal Church, and from that time was ever a true follower of Christ. There being no church near enough for the family to attend, he threw his whole energy into the matter of having one built, interesting the community in the enterprise, and within a few months had built the little country church which is a lasting monument to his name. For several years he taught in the Sunday school, never failing to attend, and doing everything in the capacity of a layman that he could. His little church being too poor to employ a minister, he took orders in the Episcopal Church and became a regular minister, although against his inclination; but it was an emergency. Though burdened with large

business activity, he always had time to visit the sick, to console the distressed, and to cheer the despondent.

Stricken by a fatal malady eight years before he died, he was still the same cheerful, self-denying man, lightening his own heavy burdens by sharing those of others. He never was a truer soldier of the cross than when he was an invalid and waiting for his end.

In reviewing the life of this masterful and yet loving and tender man, it can truly be said that he was a faithful son, a devoted husband and father, a courageous and victorious soldier of his country and of the cross.

JOHN WESLEY RICHARDSON.

John W. Richardson died suddenly at his home, in Hampton, Va., in August, 1911. He was born in Northampton County, Va., his ancestry dating back in the early history of that section of his native State. In his childhood the family removed to Baltimore, where he was educated in the public schools. In 1858, at the age of nineteen, he located in the town of Hampton, Va., where he became a skilled artisan in his trade as carpenter, and was known as one of the leading citizens of his new home, interested in the welfare and advancement of the community. When the War of the States began, he did not hesitate in his allegiance to his State; but in April, 1861, he volunteered in the Washington Light Artillery, organized at Hampton and officered by some of its most prominent citizens, one of the lieutenants being James Barron Hope, the poet and magazine writer and after the war a distinguished journalist of Norfolk. As a member of that command Comrade Richardson participated in the Peninsula campaign, including the siege of Yorktown, the battle of Williamsburg, and the retreat to Richmond. On arriving there, by some mismanagement the company was disbanded and the men sought service in other commands.

John Richardson, with nineteen other Hampton boys, reenlisted with the King William Artillery, commanded by Capt. T. H. Porter, afterwards promoted to commander of a battery of field artillery. As a private in this renowned command Richardson proved his mettle in some of the most hotly contested battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He did not boast of having been in a hundred battles, but half the number would probably cover them, beginning with the Yorktown campaign in 1861 and closing with the terrible conflict at the Bloody Angle, May 12, 1864, where he was captured with Edward Johnson's division, spending fourteen months at Fort Delaware. He did all that was honorable, just, and brave for the Southern cause. From the privations and sufferings of prison life, almost more than mortal man could endure, he never entirely recovered, and from their effects he was a lifelong sufferer. Yet he would never give up as long as he was able to walk, living only two months after he retired from business.

On his return to Hampton from prison, three months after Lee's surrender, he immediately engaged with cheerfulness and hope in the work of rebuilding the waste places of the old town made desolate by the ravages of war (the town was burned by General Magruder in July, 1861), joining hands with the remnant of his own people and the incomers from the North who had remained after the Federal troops were withdrawn. In 1868 he began merchandising on a small scale and continued in business thirty years, constantly enlarging it and accumulating a competency. During that time he filled quite a number of positions of public character, serving as alderman and Mayor of Hampton after its in-

corporation. Ten years later, upon urgent request, he consented to serve again as Mayor, the conditions requiring a man of experience and tact to redeem the errors of previous administrations. He was also for seven years Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 3, U. C. V., and was a member of the County and District School Board for many years. At the age of seventy-two years he folded his hands and was at peace with his Maker, for he had been a Christian many years.

Comrade Richardson was twice married, and surviving him are his widow, a son, and two daughters, with a host of friends, one of whom in his far-off Texas home sends this tribute to the gallant soldier and true son of the South.

[Sketch by F. T. Roche, Georgetown, Tex., ex-Commander Texas Division, U. C. V.]

MEMBERS OF CAMP LOMAX, U. C. V.

"The Day of Sorrow" is an annual observance with Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., in Montgomery, Ala., at which time resolutions are passed in memory of those who have been lost to the membership during the year. At the meeting held late in December the following tributes expressed most fittingly the appreciation of those so lately lost to their comradeship:

"We are admonished by the invasion of our ranks by the fatal messenger that in a few years more the noble army of Confederate soldiers will have all passed away. Of this, those who are surviving should not complain, for each and every one of us has passed the three-score mark and many the three-score and ten. Rather should we be thankful to Almighty God that he has for his own wise purpose given longer lease of life and seek for our remaining days so to act and live as to be found worthy in his sight when our course shall have been run.

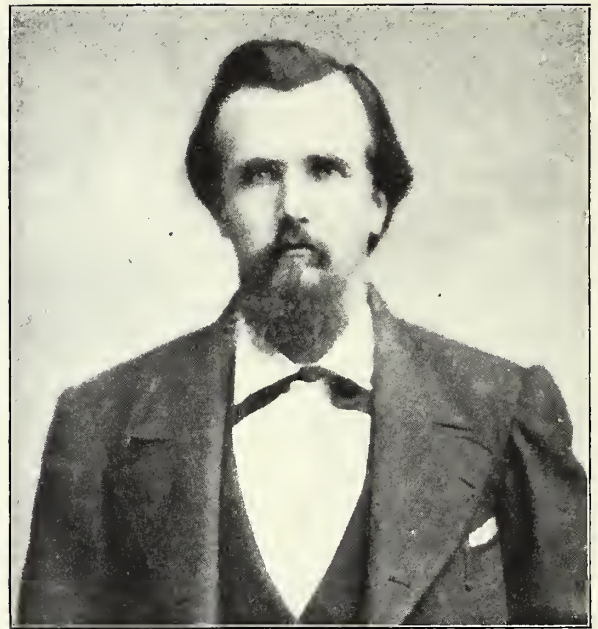
"Since our last memorial meeting, one year ago, death has been busy in our midst, and ten of our number have paid the last debt of nature, to whose memory and virtue we meet to pay tribute. They are: W. W. Herron, Watts Cadets, died February 23, 1911; J. B. Slaughter, Company F, 30th Georgia, died July 27, 1911; W. S. Hammond, Selden's Battery, died July 28, 1911; W. F. Lawrence, 6th Alabama Cavalry, died August 3, 1911; A. J. Pickett, 1st Alabama Cavalry, died August 25, 1911; E. M. Trimble, Alabama Cadet Corps, died September 4, 1911; S. B. Hall, Company F, 3d Alabama, died September 8, 1911; Alto V. Lee, Clayton Guards, 1st Alabama, died October 27, 1911; W. C. McTyeire, 17th Alabama, died November 15, 1911; Frank McLean, Company I, 1st Mississippi, died November 25, 1911.

"The testimony of all who knew these comrades is that they were good soldiers, true to their convictions, loyal to their cause in time of war, and patriotic citizens in time of peace. This is a record to be proud of, and we add our tribute of respect and express our sorrow that they have been taken from us."

E. S. CREED.

E. S. Creed, a Confederate veteran, was born March 24, 1843; and died at his home, in Mexico, Mo., on January 14, 1912. He first enlisted under Capt. Daniel McIntyre in the State Guard, where he served one year. He then joined Company E, 9th Missouri Infantry, in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and served till the end of the war. He was a fine soldier and ever loyal to the cause for which he fought.

He lived an upright life and reared a large and worthy family. He was successful in business life and a faithful follower of the Nazarene.



CAPT. J. M. GLENN.

Capt. J. M. Glenn died on January 16, 1912, at his home, in Collierville, Tenn., aged seventy-one years. He was born in Lawrence District, S. C.; but losing his parents in youth, he was reared by his uncle, James Fleming, at Oak Grove, Marshall County, Miss.

At the fall of Fort Sumter, when the men of the South were called to arms he responded and assisted in organizing a company in Marshall County, Miss. Although not of age, he was elected first lieutenant, and later was promoted to captain. His regiment was in Cheatham's Division. He never missed a battle in which his regiment was engaged, including Belmont, Perryville, Richmond, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Battle of Atlanta, and many others. Through all these battles he was only slightly wounded. In all Captain Glenn was ever found at the front, calling on his boys to "Follow me." He surrendered under Gen. J. E. Johnston.

Soon after coming home he engaged in merchandising and farming, and amassed quite a fortune. He moved to Collierville about twenty years ago. At the time of his death he was president of both the bank of Collierville and the Collierville Mercantile Company. He will be greatly missed in the community. His hand was ever extended to help the unfortunate. He took special interest in the old veterans who were in need. He was a great friend to the VETERAN, and said to the writer a few days before his last illness that he believed it was getting better and better.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. B. M. Cowan, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, assisted by Rev. L. T. Ward, who was intimately associated with him in the banking business. Both spoke beautifully of his life and character. Many floral tributes and the large procession that followed the remains to the last resting place, despite inclement weather, gave evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. He was laid to rest at Magnolia Cemetery, near his lovely suburban home. He left a wife, three daughters, and two sons to mourn their loss.

They are passing away from us, passing away,

The dear old boys, the true old boys who wore the gray.

[Data for sketch from J. H. McFerrin, Collierville.]

JULIUS L. SCHAUB.

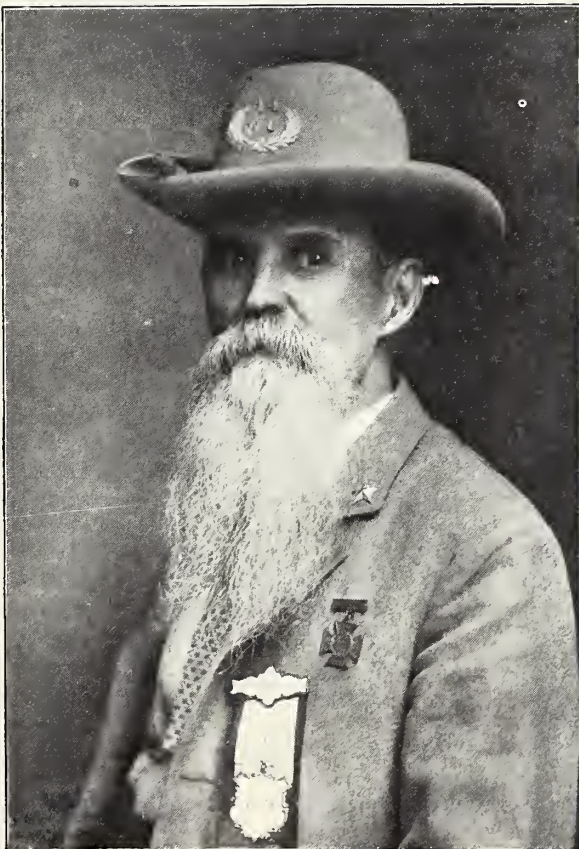
J. L. Schaub was born in Davidson County, N. C., January 9, 1843. His father was of the Moravian stock about Salem, N. C., and his mother a Lambuth, of English ancestry. When the war began, in 1861, he was a student in Yadkin Institute.

When Sumter fell, young Schaub and many other students went to their homes and prepared for service in the Confederate army. He joined a company that was mustered into service on April 25, 1861, and it became a part of the 4th North Carolina Regiment. This regiment was afterwards the 14th.



J. L. SCHAUB AS A SOLDIER AND LATER.

Comrade Schaub was wounded in his first battle. He soon recovered, and was a gallant soldier to the end. He moved to Georgia years ago and lived at LaGrange until his death.



J. L. SCHAUB. PHOTO DESIGNED BY HIM FOR LAST ROLL.

COMMANDER J. L. SCHAUB.

TRIBUTE BY F. M. LONGLEY.

Comrades: The Commander of our Camp has answered the last roll call and has joined Lee, Jackson, and others of the Army of Northern Virginia, companions of his in the stormy sixties, and my eyes are moist while my hand hesitates to write the words: "We shall see his face no more."

No fears of the last enemy agitated him; he had faced that enemy almost defiantly seventy times on Virginia's battle fields. His was a character of the martyr composition, with the courage of a Ney, the loyalty of a Nelson, and the fidelity of a Daniel. With him, as with his great captain, duty was the sublimest word in the English language. Duty was his harbinger, and led him through the ice and snow of winter, the heat of summer's marches, led him into the midst of the hissing missiles, bursting shells, and sanguine conflict. No soldier of the War of the States saw more service or faced more dangers than Comrade Schaub. He was no mere reed to be shaken by the winds, but rather a mighty oak in his convictions, and never questioned the perfect justice of that cause for which he willingly gave four years of hard service and was loyal to it even unto death. Wrapped in his own faded Confederate uniform, more to him than royal robe, he sleeps well, and may in his last hour have murmured:

"A life of battle mine, but not of greed
Of fame or glory that to war I went.
I've won at last and lay my armor down;
I'm going home to wear the victor's crown."

Brother Schaub will be greatly missed in LaGrange, missed by the Ladies' Memorial Association, by the Confederate Camp of which he was Commander and its very soul and spirit, and missed by all who knew him. He was valued for his sterling integrity and Southern manhood. * * *

"Far down in the valley they're marching
In the lowlands that lead to the sea;
Behind lies their warfare's privations,
Beyond lies the golden-tinted lea.
They're crossing in squads with the boatman;
They're pressing, feebly pressing, on the bays;
Steer them gently, O pilot, o'er the waters,
This remnant of old Confederate grays."

DEATHS IN CAMP WINNIE DAVIS, WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

Rev. F. P. Ray, 19th Tex., December, 1904.
J. F. Bradley, 48th Tenn., June, 1905.
G. J. Penn, Wall's Legion, March, 1905.
John H. Taylor, 53d Tenn., July, 1905.
J. M. Gladish, 23d Tenn., August, 1905.
R. B. Sparks, 1st Ga. Cav., December, 1905.
W. J. Hanna, 48th Tenn., March, 1906.
H. A. McAlpin, 154th Tenn., April, 1906.
L. H. Peters, Van Flack, Ala., September, 1906.
J. K. Moffett, 30th Tenn. Cav., December, 1906.
J. F. Porterfield, 12th Tex., February, 1907.
Samuel A. Quate, 12th Tex., June, 1907.
John Harrison, Whitfield Legion, September, 1907.
William Schuster, 24th Tex. Inf., February, 1908.
J. D. Carder, Carter's Art. Bat., March, 1908.
B. F. Spalding, 4th Tex. Cav., April, 1908.
S. B. Stephenson, Ford's Art., April, 1908.
Rev. Newton Givens, McRea's Ark. Vol., May, 1908.
Capt. Carr Forest, 19th Tex. Cav., May, 1909.

Maj. M. W. McKnight, 2d Bat. 1st Tenn. Cav., July, 1909.
 T. S. Freemon, 40th Ala., February, 1910.
 H. M. Caruthers, 6th La. Cav., —, 1910.
 Robert Jones, 19th Tex. Cav., February, 1910.
 J. R. Rives, 44th Ala. Inf., January, 1911.
 W. W. Middleton, 37th Tenn., January, 1911.
 J. F. Iglehart, 21st Tex. Inf., January, 1911.
 S. P. Langsford, 4th Ariz. Cav., September, 1911.
 G. W. L. Perry, Craft's Ga. Art., September, 1911.
 J. B. McCaul, 20th Tenn. Inf., April, 1911.
 Henry M. Rhodus, 19th Tex. Cav., November, 1911.
 J. P. Paul, 14th Tex. Inf., December, 1905.
 F. L. Adams, 9th Ala. Inf.
 James Martin, 1st Tenn.
 W. L. Hancock, 18th Tex. Cav.

CAPT. SAMUEL SPENCER SEMMES.

Mrs. Alyce J. Cole and Mrs. Roberta Friend Eberhart were selected as a committee to present a sketch of the life of Capt. S. S. Semmes, of Osceola, Ark., with resolutions expressive of the sorrow of the Anne Spencer Semmes Chapter, U. D. C., of Wilson, Ark., on his death:

"Samuel Spencer Semmes was born in Cincinnati, O., March 4, 1838, and died at his home in Osceola, Ark., January 24, 1912. Although seventy-three years of age, to those who knew him best his end was untimely, and the sorrow occasioned by it has been felt by the entire community.

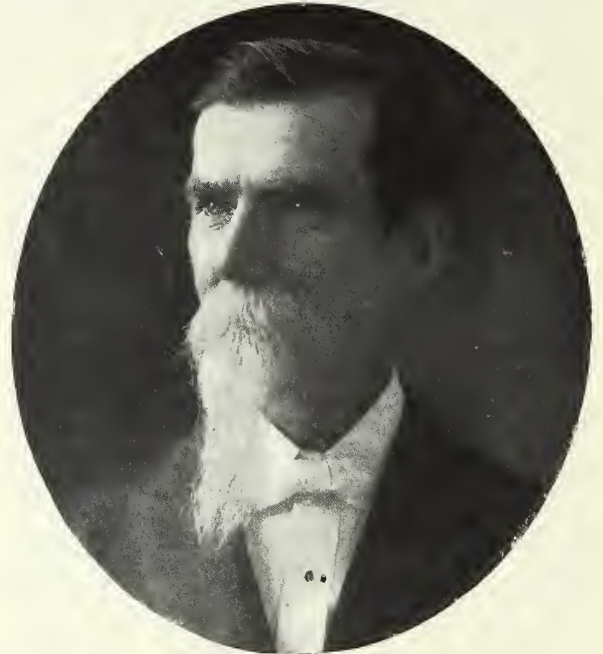
"Captain Semmes was the eldest son of Admiral Raphael Semmes, of the Confederate navy, and his wife, Anne Spencer. He was reared in Mobile, Ala., and received his education at the Jesuit College (Spring Hill), near Mobile, from which institution he graduated in 1855. He was admitted to the bar in Washington County, Ala., in 1859, and subsequently graduated at the law school in New Orleans in 1860, in which city he was residing and practicing his profession when the war began. True to his convictions, he enlisted in the Confederate service as second lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Louisiana Infantry (regular), commanded by Col. [afterwards General] A. H. Gladden, and was promoted to the rank of captain. He went through the war in the Army of Tennessee, participating in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, and others.

"At the close of the war Captain Semmes engaged in agricultural pursuits and in the practice of law in Southern Alabama. In 1874 he removed to Mississippi County, Ark., where he resided when he died.

"Captain Semmes was elected county judge in 1882 and held the office one term. He helped to organize the Bank of Osceola, of which he was vice president. He also held other prominent offices in the business interests of the community, and at the time of his death was a candidate for county treasurer. During his residence in Mississippi County he had become one of its most valued citizens. He was gifted by nature with an indomitable spirit of perseverance which won him a leading place at the Osceola bar, where for thirty-eight years he practiced his profession. His love for his home, his books, and his flowers, together with his ability, moral courage, and integrity of character, were conspicuous qualities.

"In 1863 Captain Semmes was married to a distant cousin, Miss Pauline Semmes, daughter of Gen. Paul J. Semmes, of Columbus, Ga. (killed at the battle of Gettysburg), and to them were born five children—three sons and two daughters. His wife died in 1877, and his second marriage took place in 1881 to Miss Frances Morris, of Osceola. Of this union

there were five sons and three daughters. Captain Semmes is also survived by three sisters (Mrs. Luke S. Wright, of Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Pendleton Colston, of Mobile, Ala.; and Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis) and two brothers (Raphael, of Montgomery, and Judge O. J. Semmes, of Mobile).



SAMUEL S. SEMMES.

"Captain Semmes was a devoted member of the Catholic Church, to which three of his children had dedicated their lives. The funeral service was conducted by his son, Rev. Father Semmes, in the church which had been built principally by Captain Semmes, and two of his sons served the mass."

JOHN J. MCKINNEY.

John J. McKinney was born in Lincoln County, Tenn., June 13, 1843; and died January 16, 1912. Camp Erath, U. C. V., has lost a faithful comrade. He was a brave soldier, a good citizen, and a kind neighbor. He was an affectionate husband and father. He belonged to Company E, Balentine's Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

A. H. McAlister in a letter to the family wrote: "I happened to join the company that he was a member of when we were beardless boys. Our names beginning with 'Mc' threw us together at once and often. As my mother had been surrounded by six cocked guns in the hands of as many Yankees and made to give up father's money, I went to the army to kill Yankees. I found in John McKinney as brave a boy as ever wore the gray. He cared less for danger than any one I ever saw tried, and he was there for the same purpose."

WILLIAM LITTRELL.

On December 15, 1911, William Littrell departed this life. He was born on March 5, 1840, in Claiborne County, Tenn., near the place where he died. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861, and served until April, 1865, as a member of Company D, 3d Regiment of Engineers Corps, under Captain Winston. His diary shows that he served three years and seven months. Comrade Littrell was an honorable and highly respected citizen, liked by every one. He had never married. He was never able to do much physical work since his service in the war, but he taught school a number of years.

VICTOR MONTGOMERY.

Judge Victor Montgomery died suddenly on October 18, 1911, at Huntington Beach, Cal., where he had gone for rest and recreation. He was dean of the Orange County bar and president of its association, and his sojourn by the sea was in preparation for taking up an important case the following week in the Superior Court.

Under religious persecution old families from Scotland, including the Montgomerys, became established in the north of Ireland, and from that country three sons came to America prior to the Revolutionary struggle and settled one each in Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia. William Montgomery, of the Carolina branch, served with distinction in the first war with England for independence. A son, A. B. Montgomery,



VICTOR MONTGOMERY.

who was born and reared in South Carolina, became an extensive planter in Arkansas and Mississippi, making his home meanwhile in Nashville, Tenn., where his family held high social position. He married Miss Davidella Flournoy, of Lexington, Ky., and they became the parents of nine children. They went to California in 1875 and settled at Santa Ana, where both died. The father was eighty-two years old.

Victor Montgomery was born near Nashville April 28, 1846. Until the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, his life passed happily, surrounded by every advantage of wealth. He was a student at the Nashville Military Academy. At the opening of the war the father and son burned their cotton, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. This loss, with other misfortunes incident to the times, greatly reduced the family estate, but all was relinquished with a spirit of loyalty to the Confederate cause.

The father had promised that the son when sixteen years of age might enlist for the Confederacy, and on May 1, 1862, the youth entered a cavalry company. Later in the war he served as scout under General Forrest. He was in several severe battles, and in that of Greenville, Miss., he was taken prisoner and started North up the Mississippi River. Near the mouth of the White River he jumped from the boat into the water and got into a skiff, reaching the shore in safety.

Though the undertaking was hazardous in the extreme, it was brought to a successful consummation in his return to the command.

His youthful buoyancy was not checked by war's disasters, and when he returned home he matriculated in the University of Mississippi at Oxford. Upon leaving the university he took up the study of law under that famous statesman and jurist, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, and in 1868 he was admitted to practice at the Mississippi bar. However, as his father's health failed, he returned to the family plantation in Washington County, Miss., and assumed management of it.

In 1875 the Montgomery family removed to California, where this young lawyer again engaged in the practice of law, both in the Federal and California courts. In 1884, when Grover Cleveland was the Democratic candidate for President, Mr. Montgomery was the Democratic candidate for State Senator, and he led the party ticket by 584 votes. He was the author of the bill for creating Orange County, and he was a prime factor in its development. As a criminal lawyer he gained widespread reputation.

Judge Montgomery made a scientific study of California fruits and planted on an extensive scale. All movements for the advancement of his town and county shared his co-operation and sympathy. As a member of the Board of Education he promoted school work in Santa Ana. With his family he held membership in the Presbyterian Church of Santa Ana, in which he served as trustee. Fraternally he was associated with the Ancient Order of United Workmen. His wife was formerly Miss Charlie Louise Tarver, of Washington County, Tex., but from girlhood was a resident of California. She has been an active official of the U. D. C. Their three children are Tarver, Gertrude, and Louise, all of whom reside in Santa Ana.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON CAVENDER.

William W. Cavender, familiarly known with Wheeler's Cavalry as "Bill" Cavender, the famous secret service man and scout, died at his home, in Coweta County, Ga., on November 6, 1911, in his seventy-fourth year. He was a true friend, a kind-hearted gentleman. He never swerved from the path of honor. He was familiar with the poesy, fiction, and history of the English-speaking race. As a Free Mason, he held many positions of honor, dignity, and trust in the local lodges. He was made a Royal Arch Mason in 1895, in 1903 a Knight Templar, and in 1904 he became a Mystic Shriner.

His wife and children idolized him and his friends loved and honored him.

He was a private in the first battle of Manassas, at which time he was struck on the head with a fragment of shell, which came very near ending his life. After recovering from this wound, he was made a sergeant in Captain North's company of the 1st Regiment Georgia Cavalry.

Maj. John W. Tench, of the 1st Georgia Cavalry, under whom he served, says of him: "A more daring, active, indefatigable soldier I never met in the 1,500 days I was in the service. He was always ready, reliable, and competent. Nothing daunted him, nothing long stood in his way. An excellent shot and an expert sabreur, he sat a horse with the grace of a cavalier of old. The tent is struck, the light is out, and over the river with 'Stonewall' and the others he rests under the shade of the trees, where God will care for them."

Comrade Cavender left a widow, who was before her marriage Miss Lastheina Haseltine Copeland, and five children.

JOSEPH H. ARNOLD.

Having kept the faith and finishing his course with triumph, the beloved Joseph Humphrey Arnold was called to eternal promotion March 27 1911, from his residence in Lancaster, Ky. He was born February 6, 1836. On October 16, 1866, he married Miss Eliza Jane Anderson, of Central Kentucky.

Joseph Arnold served in Company I, Capt. M. D. Logan, Forrest's old regiment. He was mustered in at Memphis, Tenn., about July 10, 1861, and was elected orderly sergeant of the company. Then, through the four years of the gigantic struggle and experiences of scout, picket, prison, and heroic battle line, no framing of the picture could leave him out.

In tenderness of heart, gentle as a woman; in coolness and courage at the front, dauntless; thoughtful and resourceful in exigencies, his soldier qualities became a proverb in the far-flung line of the fray, as "just like Jo Arnold."

Captured twice, first at Fort Donelson, he was in prison seven months at Fort Butler, Ill., until exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. Later he was transferred to Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and was with his command in the famous Ohio raid. He was captured again at Buffington's Island, and was a prisoner at Camp Douglas until the close of the war in 1865. He broke ranks for the last time at Appomattox. In his toilsome journey home through the Allegheny range—in Kentucky and Tennessee—the personal peril of four years in battle line was to be rebegun and condensed in the history of a few weeks. They scaled the mountain path of the bushwhacker or bivouacked in the chill of the cheerless night with stones for pillows, but still they were undaunted and unconquered. Only the red-letter day of Valley Forge and Yorktown could hold a rival. It was a most vivid and thrilling narrative in the experience of our dear old Uncle Joe. Afoot, in little ragged groups, groping their way largely by night, making weary detours over unknown roads, targets by night or day for the stealthy aim of the hostile mountaineer.

In the forty-six years from 1865, the discipline, valor, and suffering of the soldier were transformed to the stainless shield of a soldier of the cross. Cavalier, tender and true as husband and father, he was nobly sustained in the companionship and faithful ministries of a devoted wife, revered and honored by the affection and loyalty of worthy sons and daughters. He could always be relied on and was sincerely esteemed in the Church of which he was a faithful official. He was the loyal counselor and helper of his pastor, and the ever-fraternal hand was extended to him by those against whom he had engaged in battle.

[From tribute by Dr. E. H. Pearce, D.D., Lancaster, Ky.]

MEMBERS OF CAMP AT FARMERSVILLE, LA.

The adjutant of Camp Sid Griffin, No. 379, U. C. V., of Farmersville, La., reports the death of some of their best and most worthy members. They are Hale Feazel, W. A. Dumas, Charles Webb, E. A. Coleman, and Z. T. Brooks. Their memories will be cherished for their valorous deeds as soldiers of the Confederacy.

DEATHS OF COMRADES AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

Camp Allen C. Jones, No. 266, U. C. V., of Greensboro, Ala., has lost the following members in the past several years: C. A. Pollnitz, Frank Syrine, A. J. Lawrence, N. H. Gewin, J. H. Harvy, William Tingle, J. J. Godwin, E. A. Powers, J. J. Hogue, J. H. Redding, C. Napier, George Pollard, P. M. Britton, A. A. Coleman, H. B. Singley, S. D. Webb, W. H. Avery, S. M. Willingham.



BENJAMIN H. ASHCOM.

On February 22, 1911, at 9:30 P.M., the tired spirit of Benjamin Hesselridge Ashcom passed out of a stormy life. His illness was long and painful, having covered a period of more than ten years, and the fight he made for health and life was surpassed only by his courage to the end of the struggle. He was an exemplary and useful citizen.

Mr. Ashcom had scarcely reached young manhood when the call to serve the Southland was met with prompt obedience. He enlisted under Col. Congrave Jackson, of the Missouri State Guard, and was made first lieutenant of a company of volunteers. After that he entered the regular Confederate service under Colonel Perkins and was first lieutenant again. He served under General Van Dorn in Arkansas and afterwards with Colonel Dorsey. In December of 1861 he was taken prisoner and paroled, but soon returned to the service of the Stars and Bars. In 1863 he became first lieutenant in Elliott's regiment under Shelby, where he served until the close of the war. In the battle of Fayetteville, Ark., he received almost simultaneously three serious wounds.

After the war he returned to Renick, Randolph County, Mo., and taught school until he was able to establish a general merchandise store at that place. In the early eighties he was elected to one of the county offices and moved with his family to Huntsville, where he was prominent to the end.

CAPT. C. B. HOOD.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Tupelo pay tribute to Capt. C. B. Hood in which they say:

"We mourn the loss of one who from the organization of our Chapter was closely identified with our every interest, who was among the first to receive a cross of honor in the town of Tupelo, and who was with us upon all public occasions.

"The passing of Captain Hood occurred at the residence of his son, Dr. E. D. Hood, Sunday, January 28, 1912, and the Daughters of the Tupelo Chapter are sorely bereaved. * * *

"We mourn the loss of a Confederate soldier who made a fine record in the battles of Perryville, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Missionary Ridge, Franklin, Murfreesboro, and Nashville. Captain Hood went out as second lieutenant of Company F, 41st Mississippi Regiment, and was promoted to the captaincy, and after the battle of Franklin he was in command of a brigade.

"We will cherish fondly the memory of this dear old man who, though one of the oldest, was one of the most public-spirited citizens of Tupelo."

A copy of the resolutions was ordered spread upon the minutes and sent for publication to the town papers and to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The paper was signed by Mrs. C. P. Long, Mrs. V. C. Cavett, and Mrs. Vic Thompson Hoyle.



MRS. VIRGINIA B. ARMSTRONG.

Virginia Bell Armstrong was born at Shelbyville, Tenn., September 19, 1845; and died at Nashville, Tenn., January 22, 1912. She was a devoted and faithful mother to a large family, a woman of the highest ideals, a lover of literature, and a musician of ability. Evidences of her devotion to God and a kindly feeling to all mankind were left behind in a manner that did not indicate a spirit of display, but in a way that stamped hers a true Christian character.

Mrs. Armstrong was a daughter of Robert Mathews, of Shelbyville, at one time president of the Shelbyville branch

of the State Bank of Tennessee. He was noted as the closest personal friend of President Andrew Johnson. He was one of the most ardent advocates of the Southern cause in the War of the States, and gave to it all possible moral and financial support. He gave his large fortune to the cause without stint. Mrs. Armstrong inherited to a marked degree his tenacity of purpose, which in after years served her well. She was a niece of the late Rev. John Mathews, one of the most widely known and best-beloved preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

She received her early education at the old Shelbyville Academy under Rev. Dr. Edgar, son of Rev. John Todd Edgar, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Nashville. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, devoted to her home, and idolized in the family circle. She is survived by her husband (Mr. A. D. Armstrong) and six children (Mrs. Robert McLin, of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. J. J. Dorsey, of Gulfport, Miss.; Misses Mary and Charlotte Armstrong, of Nashville; Roswell Armstrong, of Albany, N. Y.; and Archibald Armstrong, of Nashville).

Among the many writings found with her books after life on earth for her had ceased was the following, which showed a mother love and an abiding faith in God:

"When I am gone and dear ones, who
To me have steadfast been and true,
Shall with affection's teardrops leave
The moldering sod upon my grave,
Ah, I would then one moment take
To calm the sorrow in each breast:
A moment would death's silence break
To tell them sweet is dreamless rest."

DR. DAVID C. JONES.

Dr. David C. Jones, known as Hood's Brigade Surgeon, died at his home, in Cameron, Tex., January 27, 1912. He was born in Tennessee in 1832, and had reached the ripe age of eighty years after having lived a strenuous life, into which were crowded many adventures. He was a graduate of the best medical schools in the United States, and by his indomitable pluck and energy reached the very top of his profession. He went to Texas at an early day and became assistant surgeon in the United States army in Texas on the western border under Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. His command saw continuous service fighting hostile Indians.

When his adopted State withdrew from the Union, he heard the very first drum beat, and with Lee, Johnston, Hardee, and others he resigned his position, returned to Texas, and joined Townsend's company as a private in the 4th Texas Infantry, composing a part of Hood's Brigade. As a private on the firing line he did his whole duty and helped to make his brigade the wonder of the ages. He was later appointed surgeon of his regiment, and finally made brigade surgeon in Hill's Corps with the rank of major, measuring up to every responsibility placed upon him.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away, Dr. Jones returned to Texas, and in Milam and adjoining counties for fifty years he had gone in and out among the people doing good. He was endowed with splendid mental faculties and was a gentleman of the old school. He was perhaps one of the most widely known men in Central Texas.

Old age came to him with happy memories of the past and a quiet confidence in the future; and when the eye of the relentless reaper rested upon him, he fell even as the ripened grain before the scythe.

WORK OF ELLA K. TRADER NEWSOM.

BY CAPT. IRVING A. BUCK, OF FRONT ROYAL, VA.

My Dear Mrs. Trader: You of course do not remember me personally as I do you, even to your appearance, having frequently seen you when Cleburne's headquarters were at Wartrace and General Hardee's at Beechwood, the beautiful home of Mrs. Andrew Irving. Few living can testify better than myself to the efficiency of your service to the soldiers and the appreciation in which these were held, from the commanding general to the humblest private. But alas! time has so thinned the ranks of the thousands to whom you were the ministering angel that few survive now to speak of it. The poverty of language prevents me giving full expression of all that you were to the sick, wounded, suffering, and dying. I have tried to do this in a letter to President General Mrs. White. I feel that I feebly present your case and fail in doing you justice.

Being in the hospital from a wound, I was not with General Cleburne when he was killed. For nearly half a century a visit to his last resting place had been the Mecca of my hopes. This desire I was able to gratify after attending the Little Rock Reunion, making a special trip to Helena, and with bared head I reverently stood beside and gathered from his grave a few sprigs of grass and a small Confederate flag, which I keep as a sacred memento of my beloved chief.

Allow me, my dear Mrs. Trader, to express my high personal esteem and hope that you may yet be spared many years with health and the consoling reflection that there still remains a small remnant of those who remember your untiring and unvarying services to your native Southland.

HISTORIC SOUTHERN MONUMENTS.

BY MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA., HISTORIAN U. D. C.

Mrs. A. J. Emerson, of Denver, Colo., has done and is still doing a great work in collecting photographs of Confederate monuments and writing the history of their erection. These monuments now erected in the South number very nearly seven hundred, and others are still being erected. Never in the history of any country can there be found heroes so honored as our Confederate soldiers. Never before in any history has equal honor been shown to the private in the ranks as to the commanding officer. Never in any history has there ever before been recorded monuments erected to the brave women of any cause.

This history Mrs. Emerson has striven to collect, and all loyal Daughters of the Confederacy, members of Ladies' Memorial Associations, as well as Veterans, should give her a helping hand. Her first volume is a most creditable work in plan and execution. Because many monuments are omitted is our fault, not Mrs. Emerson's, and only proves that other volumes must follow.

As Historian General I appeal to all Chapters to aid Mrs. Emerson in collecting and preserving for us these valuable data. Her book is well worth your personal subscription.

REPORT OF WEST VIRGINIA REUNION.

Maj. J. Coleman Alderson, of Charleston, W. Va., has published a most interesting and admirable souvenir booklet of the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans held at Hinton, W. Va., last October. It is doubtless the best report of a reunion from any State Division. It contains an account of the reunion of the West Virginia Division, the address of welcome by Judge A. R.

Heflin, of Hinton, the response by Hon. A. S. Johnson, of Union, Commander of the West Virginia Division of Sons of Veterans, the splendid speech of Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, the resolutions adopted, and other interesting matter. The engravings, comprising the Confederate flags, the speakers and the general officers of that Division, and those of other distinguished West Virginia Confederates, are exceptionally good. The booklet also contains fine pictures of "the last meeting of Lee and Jackson," those of the Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and Stonewall Jackson's monuments at Charleston, also other West Virginia Confederate monuments.

The booklet was produced with a great deal of careful and intelligent labor, and it does much credit to Major Alderson, who was directed by the convention to prepare and publish it. It is an appropriate souvenir of that great reunion and is well worth reading and preserving.

Single copies may be had for twelve cents or ten for \$1 through Major Alderson at Charleston, W. Va.



TRIBUTE TO JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN.

One of the most exquisite memorial sketches of a young life is that of Julia Jackson Christian by her mother, Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, wife of Stonewall Jackson. While the book of nearly sixty pages is well printed and bound and gives much of the inner life of the great yet ardently pious General, the author, Mrs. Jackson, in her "Foreword" states that it is published simply for the sake of her grandchildren; yet it contains the climax of the finest characteristics of her immortal husband. She also mentions her granddaughter's happy marriage to Edmund Randolph Preston, a native of Virginia, but now an adopted son of the Old North State, and the little great-granddaughter, Anna Jackson Preston.

More of this charming book hereafter.

Mrs. Jackson has rescued possession of the plates of her exquisite story of the home life of her husband and will publish it ere long.



From Speaker Champ Clark

"I prize it very highly. I certainly will be very glad to have it and will regard it as a great addition to my library."—CHAMP CLARK.

President University of Virginia

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"I would not for any price be without them. I wonder at the phenomenal amount of labor and expense required to construct the amazingly beautiful and artistic edifice. It is like living through the heroic days of the sixties to turn these pages. My wife and I turned over together the pages, and when we came to the picture of Lee's home in Richmond, she pointed out to me her father's house that stood next and the windows of the room in which she was born. Who could believe that the kid with the gray uniform was my friend, Dr. John A. Wyeth at sixteen? So, in addition to the historic value which will increase with the years, every reader in this generation will find these books a perfect treasure house of personal and family interest."—BOYKIN WRIGHT.

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ALLEN C. REDWOOD, Artist and Author; Late Army of Northern Virginia; Author of "Johnny Reb Papers," etc.
COLONEL HILARY A. HERBERT (Ex-Secretary U. S. Navy, Eighth Alabama Infantry, SERGEANT-MAJOR SUMNER A. CUNNINGHAM, Confederate States Army; Founder and Editor of "The Confederate Veteran."
LIEUTENANT RANDOLPH H. MCKIM, D.D., A.D.C., 3d Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia.
DEERING J. ROBERTS, M.D., Surgeon Confederate States Army.
CAPTAIN JOHN W. HEADLEY, Confederate States Army Secret Service.
LIEUTENANT COLONEL J. W. MALLETT, Superintendent Ordnance Laboratories of the Confederate States; Professor Chemistry, University of Virginia.
COLONEL D. G. MCINTOSH, Confederate Artillery.
COLONEL T. M. R. TALCOTT, C.E., Commanding Engineering Troops of Northern Virginia.
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The story deals with the tragic fate of Sam Davis, and here again the Judge delves into history and maintains that Sam Davis was not betrayed by his chieftain, Shaw, as has been generally asserted, but that the plans found on his person were stolen from Federal headquarters at Pulaski by a negro boy, who gave them to his master, an old farmer, in Giles County, who in turn gave them to Davis.

The heroine of the story is a Nashville girl and very attractive. All the characters are natural. The incidents are stirring, and the book is written in the kindest spirit. As a work of fiction it is both instructive and very entertaining. The first limited edition is exhausted, and the second will be on sale soon.

All who have read the book speak of it in the highest terms.



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J. F. SHIPP, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Quartermaster General, United Confederate Veterans

G. W. Bryson, of Gainesville, Tex., makes inquiry as to the whereabouts of one E. M. Anderson, of Company G, 2d Missouri Volunteer Infantry.

Gen. Marcus Wright, of Washington, D. C., refers to the statement made by A. Wood, of Mission, Tex., that A. M. Headly was a brigadier general in the C. S. A. from Maryland. He was not a brigadier general in the Confederate army.

Miss Katherine Salmon Clark, of Pulaski, Tenn., would like to locate some of the comrades of her father, Maj. George Boardman Clark, who was adjutant of the 4th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, during the war. At the close of the war, while aid-de-camp on General Green's staff, he was paroled and discharged at Shreveport, La.

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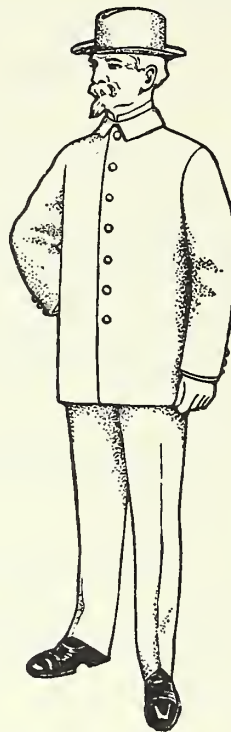
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Alex Hawthorn, who served in Company B, 14th Mississippi Infantry, enlisting at Enterprise, Miss., desires to locate some comrade who can certify to his service, as he is in need of a pension. Address him at Montpelier, La., care of C. E. Tillery.

The widow of Robert M. Smith, who served with a Georgia regiment, would like to ascertain the company and regiment and the name of the captain under whom he served, to enable her to secure a pension. Such information should be addressed to Mrs. R. M. Smith, Parler, S. C.

R. Emmett Gregory, of Crawfordsville, Fla., asks that survivors of Company A, 2d Regiment Georgia Reserves, Gartrell's Brigade, who remember F. S. Gregory as a member of that command will kindly write to him in the interest of the widow, for whom he seeks to secure a pension.

Any survivors of Company A, 41st Tennessee Regiment, Gracey's Brigade, or "The Plowboy Company," who remember Jacob Leander Parker as a member will kindly write to his widow, Mrs. Leander Parker at Rover, Ark. Their testimony will enable her to get a pension, of which she is in need.

Dr. G. B. Kuykendall, of Pomeroy, Wash., wishes to hear from any people of his name living in the South, and will appreciate especially hearing from or of those who were in the Confederate service during the war. Doubtless there are many of our patrons who can give him information along this line. He is trying to get material for a history of the Kuykendall family, which is among the oldest of American families of Dutch origin.

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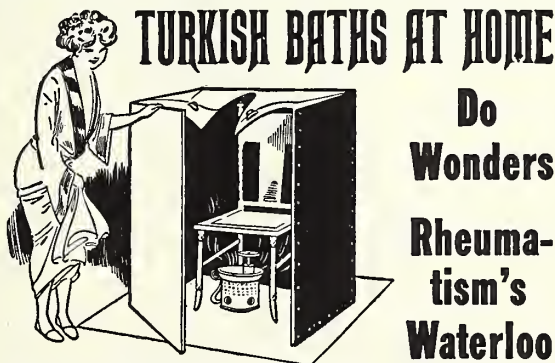
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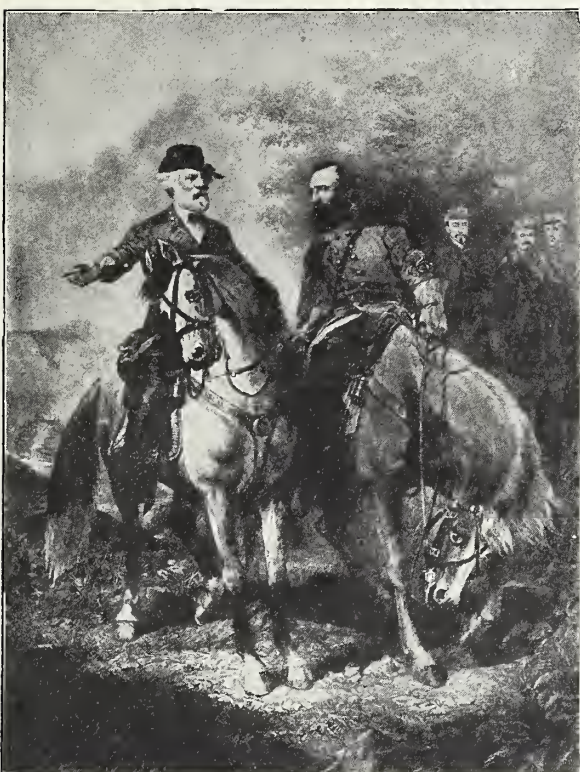
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If you do not know the pathetic story of this picture, it is not due to a lack of interest in the thrilling life-story of two of our Nation's heroes; it is because these incidents, dramatic as they are, have hitherto been buried in dry-as-dust, textbook histories. The above reproduction of Julio's famous painting is only one of 3,100 Half-Tone Etchings of the **Sacred Landmarks of Our Country and Reproductions of Masterpieces of American Art in**

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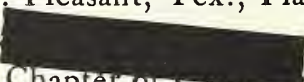
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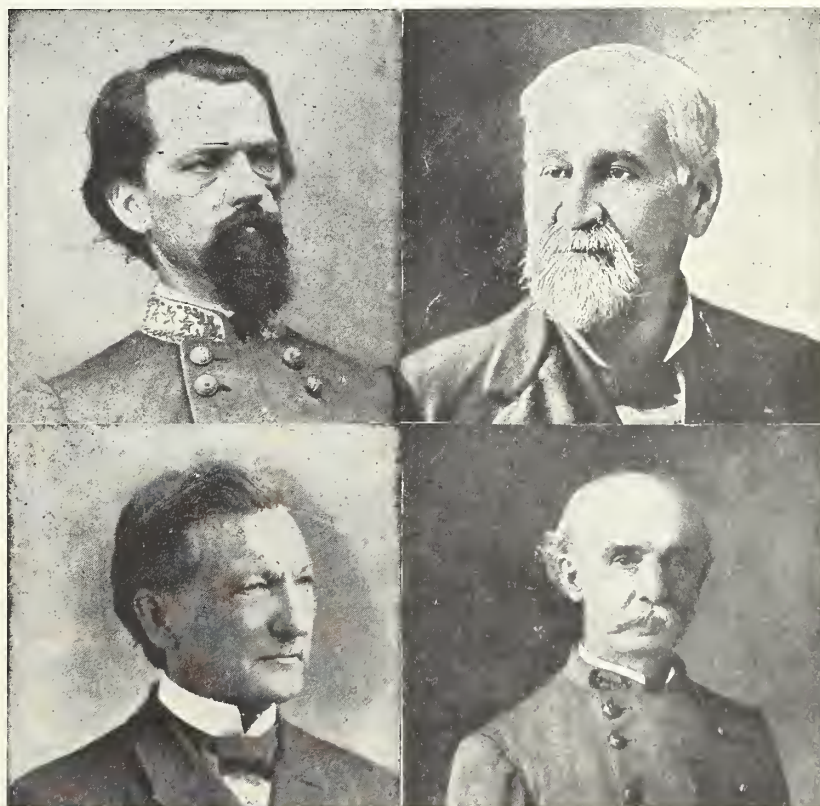
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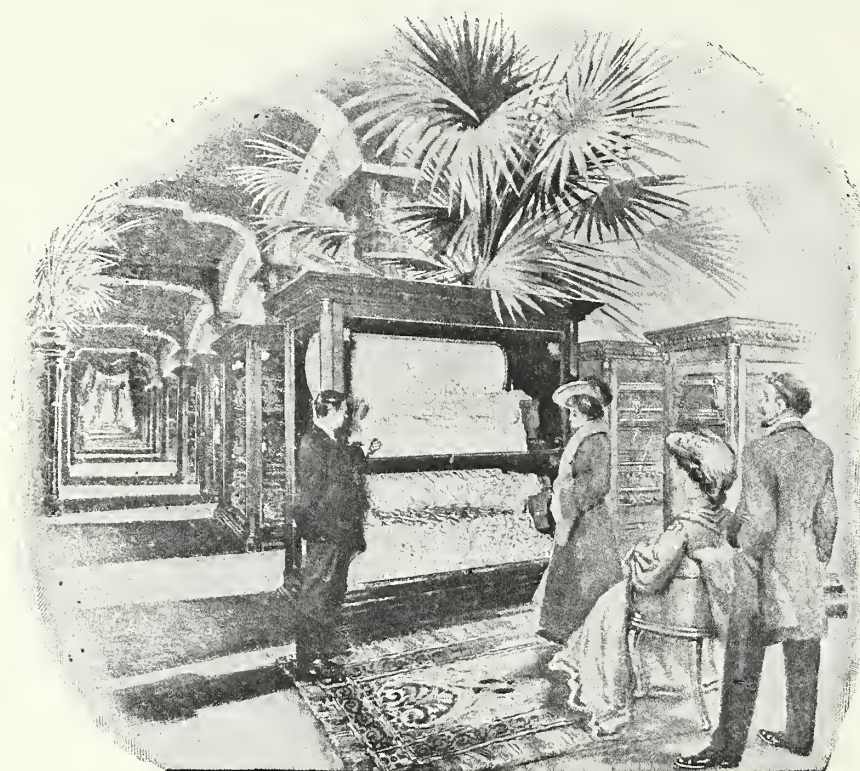
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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1912.

No. 5.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

OFFICIAL NOTES ABOUT THE REUNION.

The parade will take place on the afternoon of May 9. Sponsors and maids will be provided with carriages or automobiles by the Macon committee, and will follow the commanding officer of their respective commands. The sponsors, maids, matrons of honor and chaperons, and staff of the Commander in Chief will be on the reviewing stand with him. On the reviewing stand will also be Gov. Joseph M. Brown and staff and other distinguished guests. Commanding officers of Departments, Divisions, and Brigades and their staffs will not be mounted.

There will be no meeting on the afternoon of the first day. At the evening meeting the auditorium will doubtless be crowded to its fullest capacity, when the annual oration by Col. W. W. Screws will be delivered.

In addition thereto a most interesting function will take place—*i. e.*, a presentation to the comrades of the chief sponsor, maids of honor, chaperon and matron of honor, and those of every Department, Division, and Brigade of the U. C. V. Each sponsor will carry the banner of her command. Col. Samuel W. Williams, of Virginia, will make the formal address presenting them. The President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy by special invitation will be our chief matron of honor and will be then presented to the veterans.

SOCIAL FEATURE OFFICERS.

A detail under the command of Col. R. P. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn., is made to perfect and carry out all the arrangements. The detail comprises the following colonels: Henry C. Myers, Memphis, Tenn.; R. E. Bullington, Memphis, Tenn.; Thomas W. Givens, Tampa, Fla.; J. V. Harris, Key West, Fla.; E. L. Connally, Atlanta, Ga.; Robert Nesbit, Macon, Ga.; R. P. Spencer, Columbus, Ga.; C. A. Reed, Anderson, S. C.; J. T. Moore, Moores, S. C.; J. W. Young, Grenada, Miss.; W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss.; J. A. Harral, New Orleans, La.; J. B. Levert, New Orleans, La.; W. D. Pickett, Lexington, Ky.; Henry Moorman, Owensboro, Ky.; M. W. Jewett, Ivanhoe, Va.; Ed H. McDonald, Winchester, Va.; W. P. Manning, Galveston, Tex.; C. C. Slaughter, Dallas, Tex.; R. Preston Chew, Charleston, W. Va.; C. Frank Gallaher, Charleston, W. Va.; George W. Taylor, Demopolis, Ala.; C. C. Nettles, Mobile, Ala.; V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Charles G. Newman, Helena, Ark.; H. A. Newman, Huntsville, Mo.; C. Y. Ford, Odessa, Mo.; Branch B. Davis, Macon, Ga.; J. P. Norfleet, R. Henry Lake, Memphis, Tenn.; T. B. Felder, Atlanta.

CHANGES IN AND ADDITIONS TO STAFF.

A Special Order dated March 25, 1912, reads: "The Lieutenant General commanding announces the following changes and additions to his staff: Comrade Ashley Horne, Colonel and Aid on the staff, is promoted to Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Brigadier General. The following additional Aids-de-Camp, each with rank of Colonel, are made: F. H. Bozeman, Hawkinsville, Ga.; Frank E. Dey, Milton, Fla.; Henry H. Duncan, Tavares, Fla.; C. A. C. Waller, Greenwood, S. C.; Albert R. Nicholson, Edgefield, S. C.; J. P. Garick, Weston, S. C.; R. A. Sneed, Lawton, Okla.; A. P. Watson, Oklahoma City, Okla.; R. W. Jemison, R. J. Anderson, and Bridges Smith, Macon, Ga."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Memorial Confederation will be held in Macon, Ga., May 6-9, 1912. The headquarters of the President and the Recording Secretary will be in the Young Men's Christian Association building. The first meeting will be held in the Grand Opera House on Monday, May 6, at 4 P.M.

Daily meetings will be held in the auditorium of the First Presbyterian Church (near the Lanier House) from 9 A.M. to 12 M. and from 2 P.M. until 5 P.M. The usual memorial service under the joint auspices of the U. C. V. and the C. S. M. A. will be held in the U. C. V. auditorium on Wednesday, May 8, at 12 M. sharp.

Special attention is called to the following important facts: Officers will be elected at this Convention for the term of three years; this includes the State Vice Presidents. Representation shall be by delegates. Voting by proxy shall be confined to delegates, each delegate carrying the proxy of her association only. Each association shall pay in advance to the General Treasurer the sum of \$2. If this clause of the by-laws is not complied with, the association will not be entitled to representation.

The President has received from the Treasurer a most satisfactory report in regard to payment of dues, and she confidently expects that this will be the most successful Reunion ever held. The President is well pleased at the splendid arrangements that have been made by the Reunion committee and the auxiliary committee of ladies for the entertainment of the "Women of the Confederacy," and she expresses an earnest wish that there will be a large attendance on the part of the memorial women.

PROGRAM OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The Lieutenant General commanding announces, according to the invariable custom, that on the second day (May 8) of the Reunion exactly at high noon "memorial services" will be held for one hour. At that moment the Convention will suspend business for this sacred purpose without further notice and without regard to what is then taking place, and the flags will be draped in mourning as a mark of respect to the memory of all of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity. The number has been greatly augmented during the past year; among them are the names of some of the most distinguished and gifted sons of the South: Clement A. Evans, Brigadier General C. S. A., late Commander in Chief U. C. V.; George W. Gordon, Brigadier General C. S. A., late Commander in Chief; Francis T. Nicholls, Brigadier General C. S. A.; Cols. Thomas Claiborne, Daniel P. Bestor, Robert Middleton, and George H. Gause, all of the staff of the Commanding General.

The following is the order of exercises for this service:

Opening prayer by Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chaplain General.

Hymn, "How Firm a Foundation!" by quartet and Choir.

Memorial to Gen. Clement A. Evans, late Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., by Gen. J. L. McCollum.

Memorial to Gen. George W. Gordon, late Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., by Gen. L. B. McFarland.

Hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Memorial address on the part of the U. C. V. by Capt. N. E. Harris.

Hymn, "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder."

Memorial address on the part of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association by Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden, D.D.

Doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

Taps sounded.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL CAVE ON MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The custom of having a memorial hour every year at our Reunions is a very beautiful one, and has been a real blessing in many ways. It brings out the best there is in us, enlarging and ennobling our sympathies, inspiring us to emulate the virtues of our departed comrades, causing us to pause and drop a tear, and at the same time read the lesson of our own approaching end. As the years increase, the death rate grows larger. This year we have to mourn the loss of two of our Commanders in Chief and a large number of others, many of them comrades of distinction. While we should do and say all we can to cheer and comfort the bereaved and broken-hearted, hold up to just praise and emulation the virtues of our beloved and honored dead, we should not forget to encourage all to live earnest, devoted Christian lives, that they may be ready for the summons, no matter how or where or when it may come. The service should be made a spiritual benediction full of grace and good will. I trust all will appreciate more and more the blessings of such an occasion and enjoy together a season of loving fellowship.

COMMAND OF THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

The Commander of the Missouri Division of the United Confederate Veterans announces his staff—viz.:

Col. A. W. Moise, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, St. Louis.

Lieut. Col. W. E. Benton, A. A. G., Neosho.

Col. R. J. McGowan, Inspector General, Clinton.

Lieut. Col. James Kennedy, A. I. G., Kansas City.

Col. J. W. Halliburton, Judge Advocate General, Carthage.

Lieut. Col. Ben Eli Guthrie, A. J. A. G., Macon City.

Col. Robert McCulloch, Quartermaster General, St. Louis.

Lieut. Col. J. A. Taggart, A. Q. G., Moberly.

Col. B. F. Murdock, Commissary General, Platte City.

Lieut. Col. C. H. Howard, A. C. G., Waynesville.

Col. Frank Gaiennie, Chief of Artillery, St. Louis.

Lieut. Col. James R. Chowning, A. C. A., Madison.

Col. James A. Gordon, Chief of Ordnance, Marshall.

Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Cousins, A. C. O., Hannibal.

Col. W. W. Ellis, Surgeon General, Concord.

Lieut. Col. P. E. Howlett, A. S. G., Otterville.

Col. George P. Gross, Paymaster General, Kansas City.

Lieut. Col. George H. Ratliff, A. P. G., Moberly.

Col. W. T. Smiser, Chief of Signal Corps, Granville.

Lieut. Col. J. J. O'Connor, A. C. S. C., Springfield.

Col. Thomas M. Cobb, Chaplain General, Lexington.

Lieut. Col. E. McNair, A. C. G., Monroe City.

Col. E. Meysenburg, Chief Engineer, Grafton, Ill.

Lieut. Col. J. P. Bradley, A. C. E., Linneus.

Col. J. P. Woodsides, Chief of Information Bureau, Alton.

Lieut. Col. R. S. McKinney, A. C. I. B., Mexico

Aids-de-Camp: Maj. Theo. K. Gash, Palmyra; Thomas B. Dry, Excelsior Springs; T. B. George, Platte City; J. W. Brownell, West Plains; Joseph Finks, Jefferson City; Harry L. Simmons, St. Louis.

Honorary Aids-de-Camp: Alex. F. Rose, Warrenton, Va.; J. R. Brooking, Huntsville; T. F. Bradley, Kennett; Sam M. Kennard, St. Louis; J. R. Walton, Higginsville; Henry Digges, New Madrid.



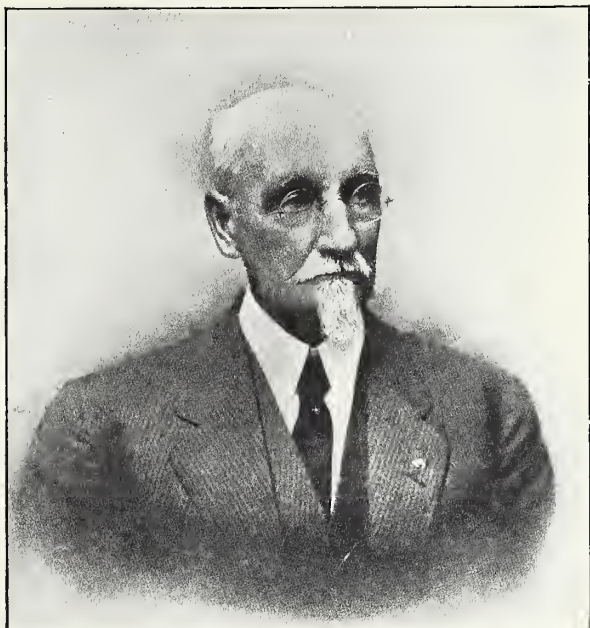
MISS EMORY TODHUNTER, SPONSOR FOR MISSOURI.

LADIES APPOINTED FOR MISSOURI DIVISION.

Sponsor, Miss Emory Todhunter, Lexington.

Chaperon, Mrs. Lavinia C. Rielly, St. Louis.

Maids of Honor: Miss Juliet Meriwether, Kansas City; Miss Haxel Evans, West Plains; Miss Kathleen D. Hynson, St. Louis; Miss Eva F. Teasdale, Sweet Springs; Miss Hattie M. Edmonds, Mexico.



MAJ. GEN. J. WILLIAM TOWSON,
Commander of the Missouri Division.

William H. Bean, President of the Farmers' National Bank, Howe, Tex., sends his contribution to this memorial and writes: "I read with pleasure and appreciation your article in the April *VETERAN* on Col. Richard Owen, the big-hearted man and brother who in the midst of a fratricidal war could look over and above all other feelings and recognize the brotherhood of man; and, forgetting all else, though fighting for what he believed the best, he acted in a manly Christian spirit. There may have been other incidents in history like this, but Colonel Owen should be placed in the front rank; and as one who was an eye-witness and participant in the benefits of his good work you are showing the same order of spirit in advocating a fitting memorial to the man and brother, Col. Richard Owen."

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V., OFFICERS.

At the State Reunion in Gulfport October 10-12, 1911, Maj. Pat Henry was elected Commander of the Mississippi Division for the ensuing year, and his staff officers are as follows:

John A. Webb, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Jackson.

Clay Sharkey, Assistant Adjutant General, Jackson.

Charles Humphries, Inspector General, Crystal Springs.

E. D. Cavett, Assistant Inspector General, Macon.

John D. McInnis, Quartermaster General, Meridian.

J. S. Hibbler, Assistant Quartermaster General, McLeod.

H. L. Taylor, Commissary General, Yazoo City.

J. W. Broughton, Assistant Commissary General, Lorman.

A. G. Norrell, Judge Advocate General, Florence.

Wiley Nash, Assistant Judge Advocate General, Starkville.

Dr. E. S. P. Poole, Surgeon General, Learned.

Dr. E. A. Rowan, Assistant Surgeon General, Wesson.

Rev. P. A. Haman, Chaplain General, Learned.

Rev. J. L. Finley, Assistant Chaplain General, Gulfport.

D. A. Campbell, Ensign, Canton.

Pink Cagle, Assistant Ensign, Louisville.

Aids-de-Camp: W. B. Barnard, Rolling Fork; Marion F. Baxter, Gulfport; Dr. W. C. Allen, Glen Allen; Owen Brown, Yazoo City; D. F. Cadenhead, Carthage; D. N. Hebron, Vicksburg; W. W. Gant, Brookhaven; Sam Coleman, Greenwood; J. W. Whitaker, Oakley; Frank King, Battlefield; J. B. Cable, Gulfport; F. A. Howell, Durant; A. B. Stubblefield, Brandon.

RAISING MONUMENT FUND.

In compliance with the order passed by the Association—viz., that the Major General appoint additional members of the committee named one year ago to solicit funds for the building of the monument to the Confederate women of the State—the additional names were added:

On the part of the Veterans: J. L. Chenault, Oxford; E. D. Cavett, Macon; W. H. Webb, Liberty; Tol Hibbler, West Point; W. C. Wright, Magnolia; R. E. Walne, Vicksburg.

On the part of the Daughters of the Confederacy: Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President U. D. C., West Point; Mrs. Maggie Kincaid Thompson, Yazoo City; Mrs. E. M. McGregor, Hattiesburg; Mrs. Sallie N. Collier, Vicksburg; Mrs. W. H. Hardy, Gulfport; Mrs. J. T. Saunders, Swan Lake; Mrs. John D. McInnis, Meridian; Mrs. Nellie Nugent Somerville, Greenville.

On the part of the Sons of Veterans: J. O. S. Saunders, Commander of Sons of Veterans, Jackson; A. L. Yates, Adjutant General of Sons of Veterans, Columbia; B. C. Bowen, Gulfport; George B. Neville, Meridian; Frank Montgomery, Tunica; Dudley Featherston, Holly Springs; Parish Taylor, Oakland.

THIRD BRIGADE, MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Comrades: In conformity with an established custom, I as Commander of the 3d Brigade, Mississippi Division, United Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, do name and appoint the following comrades as my official staff for the ensuing term, and bespeak from you the courtesy and respect of their several stations: Lieut. Col. Tol Hibbler, Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff, West Point; Maj. G. W. Price, Inspector General, Water Valley; Capt. W. T. Dawkins, A. I. G., Aberdeen; Maj. W. E. Pope, Quartermaster General, Columbus; Capt. A. T. Scruggs, A. Q. G., Iuka; Maj. T. S. Aderholt, Commissary General, Friars Point; Capt. J. L. Lyon, A. C. G., Okolona; Maj. W. D. Frazee, Judge Advocate General, Oxford; Capt. J. W. Pinson, A. J. A. G., Ackerman; Maj. J. M. Greene, Surgeon General, Aberdeen; Capt. L. Sim Pearce, A. S. G., Faulkner; Maj. J. W. Young, Chief of Ordnance, Grenada; W. D. Morgan, A. C. O., Winona; Maj. George W. Elkins, Chief of Artillery, Aberdeen; Capt. T. P. Hill, A. C. A., Senatobia; Maj. Lamar Fontaine, Chief of Engineers, Lyon; Capt. W. M. Burns, A. C. E., Corinth; Maj. R. S. Thomas, Chief Paymaster, Plantersville; Capt. J. W. Mitchell, A. P. M., Holly Springs; Maj. S. M. Thomas, Chaplain, Carrollton; Capt. J. T. Cunningham, A. C., Tupelo; W. F. Sparks, Brigade Forage Master, Nettleton; L. T. Carlisle, Brigade Ensign, West Point; J. W. Rogers, A. D. C., Fulton; Wallace Harvey, A. D. C., Iuka; John W. Brown, A. D. C., Coffeeville; J. H. Castles, A. D. C., Houlika.

E. L. SYKES, *Brigadier General.*

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: Near Washington is Arlington, the home of our grand Robert E. Lee. We go there in November and will then lay with impressive ceremonies the corner stone of the Arlington monument. This will attract attention far and wide, and every one will ask how much money we have on hand and how much must be raised and how soon. What will our answer be? We have only half the amount now. Shall we admit at Washington, of all places and under the shadow of Arlington, that we are not ready? In two months most of our Chapters adjourn for the summer; in six months more we meet at Washington, and so much remains to be done for Arlington and Shiloh funds to reach the required amounts that I must ask all of you to redouble your efforts for these funds. Let us go to our convention with almost the desired amounts in the treasury, and in recognition of your zeal and good work I believe the needed balance will be subscribed there.

Arlington monument is to represent the spirit of the South; Shiloh monument is a monument to the entire Confederate army and in recognition of the grand work of the Army of the West that has had so little recognition. We want to lay this corner stone next year, so help all you can to build up this fund. Do not think I want us to be mere monument builders, but the completion of these two monuments is urgent. The work for them must be done now.

In the midst of many things do not fail to do a great year's work for Confederate history. Let your State Historian have a magnificent report for the Historian General, not just to win a beautiful banner, but for the work's sake and because soon, only too soon, it will be too late to get invaluable experiences and reminiscences. Under this work comes securing papers, letters, rolls of honor, and relics for the Confederate Museum at Richmond. That is our treasure house, so let us fill it, and may every Division report at Washington the completion of the endowment of its room in the museum!

Our educational work is growing in strength and effectiveness. How many Southern girls and boys are getting the benefit of it! I hope every Division will earnestly try to obtain some free scholarships in its schools to add to the valuable ones the U. D. C. now has. Secure these and report them to the chairman of the Education Committee in time for the scholarships to be filled for the September term.

A mite from every Chapter for the relief fund will do a world of good toward helping a stranded veteran in a strange place or supplying the needs of a poor, feeble woman of the Confederacy. Turn not a deaf ear to this, for they have the strongest of claims upon our organization.

Daughters, it seems that I am asking you to do a great deal in the next six months; but there is so much for the U. D. C. to do, and I am not asking more than you can do. We have a large organization capable of doing big things and of which much is expected, and I have faith in your ability to do and want you to meet all expectations. Besides, I find it is the busy, working Chapter, as it is the busy woman, that does the most work, the best work, and the most good. May you show what Southern women can do!

AT HEAD OF THE CONFEDERATE CHOIRS.

Mrs. J. Griff Edwards organized the Confederate Choir which became first known as "Portsmouth Choir, No. 1," and this Choir made its first appearance in Trinity Episcopal

Church, Portsmouth, Va., on Gen. Robert E. Lee's one hundredth anniversary. There are now thirty-five Choirs throughout the South, from Seattle, Wash., to Gainesville, Tex., and from Fayetteville, Ark., to the Atlantic Coast. These Choirs have sung at all the Reunions from Richmond to Little Rock, and have tried to tell of their love for the dear old heroes of the sixties, through the immortal songs of Dixie Land. They also chant the requiem of the dead at the graveside of a departed veteran. Apart from trying to preserve the dear old songs of the South, the Choirs aid in every way all other Confederate organizations when called upon.

An exchange from Virginia states of Mrs. Edwards:

"These Choirs are to revive old war songs, and the patriotic lady, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, who organized the Confederate Choir No. 1 as auxiliary to Stonewall Camp, C. V., of Portsmouth, Va., will be blessed by the old veterans throughout the land. The best blood of Virginia flows in the veins of this sweet-voiced daughter of Dixie, and her unselfish patriotism is a bright heritage from distinguished ancestors, who are famous for great valor and noble self-sacrifice for their country. She is a direct descendant of Secretary Wil-



MRS. J. GRIFF EDWARDS.

liam Nelson, of the Colony of Virginia, the father of Gov. Thomas Nelson and Maj. John Nelson, of Yorktown fame.

"Her father, William Nelson Boswell, entered the Confederate service at eleven years of age as a drummer in his father's company, and his soldierly bearing on drill so attracted the attention of President Davis that he with his own hands presented the little drummer with a sword.

"The grandfather of Mrs. Edwards, Col. Thomas T. Boswell, personally in 1861 uniformed Company A, 56th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, and served as its captain until the last of the war, when he was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel of the 1st Virginia Reserves, stationed at Staunton River Bridge, in Charlotte County. He married Martha Nelson, of the family indicated above."

This notice will interest a multitude who have heard Mrs. Edwards sing "I'm Glad I Live in Dixie" as no one else ever has or ever can.

SALVE ET VALE!

BY H. M. HAMILL.

(On Sunday night, April 14, 1912, on her maiden voyage, the Titanic, greatest modern steamship, was wrecked, and with most of her passengers sank off Newfoundland.)

Stately and swift and strong,
With twice a thousand souls,
Aglow with beauty and life and song,
The great ship onward rolls.

No shadow was in the sky,
No sign came out of the sea
That the hour of doom was drawing nigh
To the ship and her company.

'Twas the hush of the Sabbath night,
With its holy memories,
When the homeland, with its love and light,
Tear-dims the dreamy eyes.

God pity the cry of womanhood
As unto fate she answereth,
And honor the gallant men who stood
Undaunted in face of death!

And bring us all, O God, in peace
To dwell at last in a land with thee,
Where sorrows and sin and death shall cease
And where there is "no more sea!"

UNION VETERAN FOR THE OWEN MEMORIAL.

Elwood S. Corser, of Minneapolis, Minn., asks the privilege of adding \$5 to the Richard Owen memorial. He likes the Southern people and gives this story in illustration: "In 1864 I lay for twenty-four hours, from early daylight of May 12, a wounded and disabled prisoner inside the Confederate works in the Bloody Angle, surrounded by the men in gray, whose valor was never doubted nor questioned and whose courtesy and chivalrous kindness I tested during those twenty-four hours of day and night. I studied as never before at short range the men both as to their bravery and magnanimous chivalry, and my opinions became so fixed that I have never ceased to give them expression in words and deeds as I have opportunity. I hope I may have a word of response from you giving me permission to send you the sum named early in May and to unite with yourself and your associates in this memorial to the splendid type of soldier shown in your sketch of Col. Richard Owen."

There is given herewith the additional subscriptions to the Richard Owen Memorial since the issue of the April VETERAN. The full list will be republished later. Contributors to this cause may be interested in knowing that there is no record of any similar undertaking in history.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE COL. RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

W. A. Thompson, Gurley, La.....	\$1 00	J. C. Alderson, Charleston, W. Va....	1 00	R. M. Colvin, Harrisonburg, Va.....	1 00
A. B. Shaifer, Port Gibson, Miss....	1 00	Hon. H. A. Herbert, Washington,		Maj. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn..	1 00
Mrs. H. P. Hearon, Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	D. C.....	5 00	Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Victoria, Tex..	1 00
H. P. Hearon, Bucatunna, Miss.....	1 00	J. D. Holliday, Indianapolis, Ind....	2 00	C. B. Wilson, Taylor, Tex.....	5 00
J. P. Davis, Bucatunna, Miss.....	1 00	Miss Jessica R. Smith, Henderson,		J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn.....	1 00
B. B. Davis, Bucatunna, Miss.....	1 00	N. C.....	1 00	C. C. Hemming, Colorado Springs,	
T. B. McCaskey, Bucatunna, Miss....	50	H. H. Newton, Bennettsville, S. C....	1 00	Colo.	1 00
J. C. Ellis, Bucatunna, Miss.....	50	R. H. Thompson, Culpeper, Va.....	1 00	W. A. Smith, Ansonville, N. C.....	1 00
William H. Bean, Howe, Tex	5 00	Col. A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, Mo..	5 00	S. W. Paulett, Farmville, Va.....	1 00
James Means, Columbus, Ohio.....	1 00	C. W. Gillilan, Spring Creek, W. Va.	1 00	J. F. Seagraves, Middletown, Ohio...	2 00

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Widespread becomes the approval of the VETERAN'S idea that the Confederates and their friends pay tribute to Col. Richard Owen for his unfailing courtesy and kindness to the 4,200 prisoners under his charge in Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., in the early spring of 1852, just fifty years ago.

Richard Owen was born near New Lanark, Scotland, January 6, 1810. He improved the opportunity for matriculation in some of the best schools in Scotland and in Germany. He came to America in 1827, and was appointed captain in the 16th United States Infantry for the Mexican War. In 1861 he commanded a brigade of Union troops in West Virginia. In 1863 he resigned and accepted a professorship in the Indiana University. Between the close of the Mexican War and the great war of 1851-65 he taught in the Western Kentucky Military Institute, and shared with Col. B. R. Johnson in its military training. For about three years he was connected with this institute just before the great war period. After his service in the Union army, during 1853 and into 1867, he was professor of natural philosophy and chemistry in the University of Indiana, and then until 1879 he was professor of natural science and chemistry in that institution.

His retirement from the army in 1863, when conditions differed from those under which early volunteers enlisted, is not inconsistent with his character. Yet his loyalty to the Union was ever unswerving. The history of the Indiana University from 1828 to 1890 says of Colonel Owen, "He always manifested a religious spirit;" also that "during his whole life he retained a spirit of liberality to all who conscientiously differed from him in religious or political views."

There is concluded herein his reply to the Indianapolis Journal's insinuation that he was not doing his full duty as commandant, and that he was granting prisoners too much liberty. The sentiment of the article is characteristic of the man.

Letter from Colonel Owen to the Indianapolis Journal, continued from that in the VETERAN for April:

"Theoretically, it is easy to deal out stern justice, but it requires a strong sense of a soldier's first duty, obedience, to refuse to the tears of a mother one glance at her erring son or to deny to the stifled sobs of a wife a 'God bless you' for the father of her children when these scenes occur under your own eyes. The inspection of letters, the large issue of stores, wood and straw, the detailing for hospitals and squads for the burial of the dead, the answer to an infinitude of written and verbal questions, the receipt and disbursement of money, the attention to health and cleanliness, the policing of premises, the adjustment of small grievances and difficulties—all make a great draft on the time and patience of those connected with the charge. Indeed, our officers and men, particularly the latter, are overworked. The men will receive pay for part of their time, but as regards myself and some other officers who were promoted, a recent letter from Major Larned informs me that there is no prospect of pay unless a bill passes the Senate or unless we are ordered on duty by a general of the United States army.

"It is exactly six months to-day since the Governor honored me by promotion from a lieutenant colonelcy in the 15th Indiana Volunteers, and I left Western Virginia on an order from General Reynolds, and have ever since been more actively engaged than during that campaign (although present in all the engagements of our brigade), besides incurring great expense, because recruiting is now so much more difficult than

it was formerly. I have never spent one night from camp since I was ordered here, nor entered a hotel or saloon since my arrival. After a heavy day's work, I sometimes at night retire to my camp cot without divesting myself of either coat or boots in order to be ready at the slightest noise for my responsible and onerous duties.

"All this is stated, not by way of complaint, but simply to show that I discharge my various duties to the best of my ability. That I committed an error in trusting some officers to take a few prisoners down on two different days to make purchases, with the promise that the privilege should be used for no other purpose, I now see was the case, because the promise was violated by permitting some of them to enter a saloon. As soon as the violation was known the order was promptly countermanded. But the fact that a rigid call each morning discloses only thirteen prisoners escaped from the camp proper (some of whom have since been recaptured and placed in jail) out of over 4,200 seems to me to speak favorably both for the vigilance of the sentinels and for the disposition of the guarded. Indeed, a large majority of the prisoners, at my suggestion, signed papers pledging their honor not to attempt to escape.

"As already stated, the above onerous duties have been performed without complaining; but we signified to Governor Morton our gratitude in advance should he relieve us from a position in which any want of success was certain to bring censure and the best management unlikely to gain us the slightest credit. As early as a year since I already offered my life to assist in sustaining the government in the struggle to maintain the supremacy of the law, and if no other means were left I would now gladly sacrifice the remnant of that life to restore to our distracted country such a peace as would bring with it the original strength and harmony of our glorious republic. That we must establish and prove the power and permanence of the general government is certain, but that the sooner we can reconcile differences by avoiding ultraism the greater the chance for our securing again soon a powerful and united nation seems equally certain."

EDITORIAL COMMENT BY THE JOURNAL.

In our notice of the unusual occurrences at Camp Morton and the causes that produced it we did not imply that the Governor had "failed to select a suitable person to take charge of the prisoners." In the general management of the military prison, involving as it does great labor, patience, and prudence, Colonel Owen has given entire satisfaction to the authorities and the public, and we have uniformly commended him as a patriotic, energetic, and painstaking officer. * * *

RULES FOR CAMP MORTON UNDER COLONEL OWEN.

1. The entire camp prisoners will be divided into thirty divisions, each under charge of a chief selected by the companies composing the division from among the first sergeants of companies. At the bugle call for first sergeants they will report themselves at headquarters.

4. The prisoners' returns will be handed in for approval at 10 A.M. each alternate day previous to the one on which the issue is made. The issues of tobacco and stationery will be made on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 P.M. by the chaplain, as well as the distribution of reading matter. Letters will be given out between 2 and 3 and mailed between 3 and 4 P.M.

5. Daily inspection will be made by the commandant or officer of the day to see that the policing so essential to health

has been thoroughly performed, and facilities will be afforded for sports and athletic exercise also conducive to health, as well as bathing by companies, if permission can be obtained by the proper authority.

6. The first sergeants of companies will look after the general wants of their companies and maintain the necessary or-



LOCATION IN THE INDIANA STATE CAPITOL.

der, discipline, and policing essential to health and comfort, and will make requisitions first on chiefs of divisions, and they afterwards at headquarters, for clothing, camp and garrison equipage absolutely necessary; also for tobacco wanted, and the like.

7. The inside chain of soldiers, except a small patrol with side arms, will be removed, and the quiet and good order of the camp as well as the policing for health and comfort, etc., will be entirely under the supervision of the sergeants of prisoners.

8. Vessels for the washing of clothes and ropes for clothes-lines will be furnished.

9. Prisoners will carefully avoid interrupting sentinels in the discharge of their duty, and especially will not curse them, use abusive language, or climb onto fences or trees, as the sentinels are ordered to fire if such an offense occurs after three positive and distinct orders to desist even in daytime. At night only one warning will be given to any one climbing on the fence tops.

10. A prisoners' fund will be created by the deduction as heretofore of small amounts from the rations of beef, bread, beans, etc., a schedule of which will be placed at the commissary department. This fund will be used for the purchase

of tobacco, stationery, stamps, and such other articles as the chiefs of divisions may report.

11. Every endeavor will be made by the commandant to give each and every prisoner as much liberty and comfort as is consistent with orders received and with an equal distribution of the means at disposal, provided such indulgence never leads to any abuse of the privilege.

The economy of management was entirely for the purpose of buying tobacco and other luxuries for the prisoners. The withholding of provisions mentioned was an economy not for the government, as the supply of provisions was in excess then of real needs, and our good friend saved it for the purposes above stated.

COL. RICHARD OWEN IN INDIANA.

The President of the Indiana University writes from Bloomington: "The University of Indiana is deeply interested in the proposed memorial to Col. Richard Owen. Colonel Owen was for many years a member of its faculty. His name and life are deeply associated with the history of this institution, and we desire to express our profound appreciation of this memorial to one of the finest men that ever lived."

It was like Comrade Edgar Asbury to write in sending a second subscription to the Richard Owen Memorial: "I do not feel that you should have all this expense, as subscribers are very backward, and you may not make up what you are spending."

From the Hon. Hilary A. Herbert comes this cordial response: "I was not at Camp Morton, but take pleasure in inclosing a contribution toward your Col. Richard Owen Memorial."

Colonel Owen died March 25, 1890, at New Harmony, from the effects of poison accidentally taken while engaged in his philosophical studies with youthful ardor.

TYPE OF HONORABLE WARFARE.

The following official order was issued in printed form exactly as it is reproduced by photo engraving. It seems fitting to print it along with the account of the kind of service to his cause Col. Richard Owen gave and a tribute to the first general killed in the Western Army—the Army of Tennessee:

GENERAL ORDER. NO. 34.

BRIGADE HEAD QUARTERS.

KENTUCKY LINE NEAR ALBANY, NOV. 25, 1861.

We march into Kentucky for the purpose of defending the people of a sister Southern state against an invading Northern army, and their federal adherents. Let us be careful to do no act of injury to those we come to protect. Let no citizen of Kentucky be molested in his person or property, whatever his political opinions may be supposed to be, unless found in arms against us, or giving aid and comfort to the enemy. No officer or soldier of this command will be permitted to take property belonging to any private citizen without authority from the General in command. Officers commanding regiments, battalions and companies, will see that this order is strictly enforced. A few bad men must not be permitted to bring reproach upon the whole command, or by lawless acts to convert the people of Kentucky from friends into enemies. Severe examples must be made of the few, if any, who disregard this order. Commanding officers will cause this order to be read to their several commands until all understand it.

By order of Brig. Gen'l F. K. ZOLICOFFER
POLLOCK B. LEE, A. A. Gen'l

SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

A letter from Henry P. Wright, 128 York Street, New Haven, Conn., who seeks the war record of Yale students who served in the Confederate army, deserves prompt attention. Any patrons of the *VETERAN* who can assist him in this work will confer a favor by doing so. He writes:

"I wrote you in January regarding several Yale men in the Confederate army who lost their lives in the Civil War, about whom we wished information for a soldiers' memorial at Yale University, which is to be erected in commemoration of Yale men who fell in the war in both Northern and Southern armies. I have consulted Gen. Marcus J. Wright, in charge of the Confederate records at Washington, and have completed the record of the greater part. There are still a few names about which we need information. We desire the number of regiment, State, and arm of service for the following:

"S. Wilkins Fisk. Came to college from Natchez, Miss.; had the rank of colonel; was killed at Murfreesboro in 1862. Wanting, regiment.

"James Hamilton. Came to college from Columbus, Ga.; was captain of the first company raised in Memphis, Tenn.; died in Columbus, Ky., 1862. Wanting, company and regiment.

"John Samuel Donelson. Came to college from Nashville, Tenn.; son of Andrew J. Donelson; captain Hickey Rifles; killed at Chickamauga September 9, 1863. Wanting, company and regiment.

"William Stephen Maples. Came to college from Selma, Ala.; lieutenant in an Alabama battery; died at Richmond, Va., in 1864. Wanting, company and regiment.

"Henry Luse Foulcs. Came to college from Kingston, Miss.; captain of cavalry; died of typhoid fever at Atlanta in 1864. Wanting, company and regiment.

"Claude Gibson, Terre Bonne Parish, La.; captain of a battery of light artillery; died at New Orleans March 22, 1863. Wanting, company and regiment.

"Albert Gregory Marble. Came to college from Bovinia, Miss.; was in a Mississippi regiment; died at Atlanta in February or March, 1865. Wanting, company and regiment."



MRS. OWEN WALKER, FRANKLIN, TENN.

Mrs. Walker wrote the review of "Real America in Romance" in this *VETERAN*. (See page 252.)

RICHARD SOMERS EDWARDS.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

[The author of the following sketch, Mr. Harry Stillwell Edwards, Postmaster at Macon, Ga., it will be recalled by many, is the author of "Sons and Fathers," a romance of the South in olden times, for which a prize of ten thousand dollars was paid to him. Although it was written in Georgia, "there are no 'crackers' in it" and very little of the negro dialect. Mr. Edwards was born in Macon April 23, 1855, the youngest son of James Carson Edwards, author and poet. He was educated in law schools, but his fondness for literature caused him to adopt that, and from the reporter's desk on the Macon Telegraph he became editor in chief. Humor and pathos were his most pleasing characteristics. Leading magazines in New York—the Century, Harper's, Atlantic Monthly, Cosmopolitan, St. Nicholas, and others—secured the gifts of his pen. A long list of well-remembered sketches revives delightful memories.

In 1881 Mr. Edwards secured his greatest prize in Marie Roxie Lane, daughter of Col. Andrew Jackson Lane, colonel of the 49th Georgia Regiment, A. P. Hill's old division, who was seriously wounded at Mechanicsville. They have four children—Jackson, Prentiss, Roxie, and Virginia.

Mr. Edwards "at the piano is a charming entertainer, and his friends never weary of 'Mammy's Lil' Boy,' for he sings it as no other can."—EDITOR *VETERAN*.]

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." (Deut. xxxii. 7.)

Among the ventures of England and Wales who sought refuge and fortune on American shores were Edward Hunt (1677), Josiah Edwards (1660), Jasper Griffing (1648), Nathan Landon (1664), Lieut. Nicholas Stillwell (1638), Lieut. John Kirkland (1665), and Lieut. William Pratt (1665). The family records of these show Robert Griffing (1685), John Stillwell (1681), Sarah Hunt (1675), Joseph Edwards (1700), Ichabod Hunt (1735), Nicholas Stillwell, III. (1702), Samuel Griffing (1710), Moses Griffing (1745), Sarah Stillwell (1753), James Edwards (1750), Ephraim Hunt (1746), Daniel Hunt (1775), Joseph Cates (1725), James Carson Edwards (1802).

They dwelt on or near the coast from Cape May, N. J., to Gorham, Maine, and the number of their descendants reaches into the thousands. They were soldiers, captains of ships, merchant ships, and privateers. They were legislators, preachers, and literateurs. They fought the Indians, the Frenchman, and the Englishman. They built churches and towns, felled forests, made laws, and carried the flag of their country into every sea. They left enduring monuments and are buried, some of them in far countries, some in the isles of the sea, and some in the sea itself. Most of them sleep in the cemeteries of the cities and towns they helped to build, and their records are on tomb and monument. Careful hands and loving hearts have put in print and volume their histories, and their descendants are to-day among the active forces of the American population.

Conspicuous in all these histories and records are three vital facts: These men and women were for the most part deeply religious, fair in their dealings with their fellow men, and brave in the defense of principle and the land of their adoption. Their histories are full of stirring events. Here were cousins in the battle smoke of Louisburg. Here a privateer's desperate conflict with a ship of the line. Here bloody hand-to-hand conflicts with the Indians. Here was one, a

naval ensign, hurling a lighted torch into a hundred barrels of powder at Tripoli that if captured would have been used against his comrades. Here was another in the infamous Jersey prison ship. Here a devoted wife riding a hundred miles in the depth of winter with a British officer to be exchanged for her imprisoned husband. The records abound with individual acts of heroism. And everywhere were women equally brave and devoted, rearing large families in the perils of a wild country, and pointing the way to heaven.

Do you ask what all this has to do with the subject of my sketch? I answer everything. Every man and woman named is a direct ancestor of Richard Somers Edwards. And a man is the sum of his ancestors, blessed with their conserved virtues or cursed with the limitations of their weakness.

Next to religion, pride of family is a man's best safeguard and highest stimulus to noble action. Richard Somers Edwards was the product of mighty forces, moral and spiritual, developed in the conflicts of centuries. As a boy he gloried in the lives from which he sprung. In my judgment, accustomed as I am to weigh cause against effect in plot and story, his death was the direct result of the sublime heroism of his namesake and kinsman, Richard Somers, of the United States navy, who at Tripoli in 1804 cast the torch into the precious powder when the fog lifted in that far-away harbor, leaving him, a boy of twenty, surrounded by hostile gunboats.



RICHARD SOMERS EDWARDS.

When Richard Somers Edwards faced death at Petersburg in 1865, he met the issue forced suddenly on his manhood and without hesitation laid down his life for comrade and country. And he was but nineteen. Nineteen! And behind him two years of the fiercest conflict recorded in the annals of the human race!

Richard was born at Macon, Ga., January 16, 1846, and educated up to 1861 in the noted school conducted by Benjamin M. Polhill in that city. He was always at school conspicuous for his lofty spirit and courage; and though apparently frail in body, his boyhood battles are still among the living traditions of that age. His mother was Elizabeth Griffing Hunt, who married her cousin, James Corson Edwards. She was one of three sisters, of almost marvelous mentality, highly

educated, and came to Georgia from New York a bride in 1840. His father, a Philadelphian, who came to Georgia in 1823, was known throughout the South by his poems and songs, a man of great literary attainment and a good musician. His instrument, as in the case of Sidney Lanier, was the flute. Through the sisters of his father and mother Richard was connected with many of the leading families of Georgia.

From the first gun at Sumter he begged to enter the army, but he was in appearance little more than a child and his father had just died. The mother could not bring herself to consent. "Wait," she would say, "until you are needed. There are plenty volunteering now." (I can hear the echo of the departing drums floating up from my infancy as I write.) The father's hat still hung in the hall with "M. M." in red letters across the front, the Minute Man's only badge, as in the previous century, and the boy strained at the bonds that held him. But in 1863 not so many were volunteering, and at last the South needed him. It was then the heroic mother, ready to defend her adopted land as had the mothers before her, with her own heart's blood placed his cap on his head and mutely kissed him good-by. He was sent to Edward A. Pollard, of Richmond, a friend of the family, and by him entered in the artillery at Drury's Bluff. I think his command was called Epp's Battalion. There Richard continued until late in 1864, when he was transferred to the Macon Light Artillery, formerly Napier's Battery, at his urgent request. Detachments from the heavy artillery at Drury's Bluff were sometime sent out as infantry on short expeditions, and in one of these Richard had crossed the home company and met his friends and kinsmen. It is likely this meeting was followed by homesickness. About the first of 1865 he came home on his only furlough wounded. I remember well his appearance. The left arm and shoulder and the side of his head were almost black. A shell had burst in front of him and a fragment struck his lifted arm and glanced against his head. While here he joined the Presbyterian Church. His letters home had throughout his campaigns borne profession of trust in God, and his spirit was at peace. He was at that time the best safeguard of any country, a fearless Christian soldier.

The tragedy of Richard's life and the fiercest of his mother's began at this point. All lines of communications into Virginia from Georgia were in the hands of the enemy. Richard was cut off from his command, and his leave of absence was about to expire. The family argued against his attempted return, and able lawyers of the city advised against it. Confederate officials construed the military code in his favor. He was one against a score. "I shall never give any one a chance to call me a deserter," he said, and he returned to Virginia. How he reached there I do not remember, and all his letters were burned with my residence some years ago; but get there he did, going afoot through part of North Carolina and by a wide detour around the enemy. He was in the fiercest fighting around Petersburg and in the middle line with his company when the end came on April 2, 1865, the morning on which the thin, starved line gave way to the massed assaults of the splendidly equipped forces of Grant.

A detailed account of Richard's fall was given to me by Hugh Lawson, of Houston County, Ga., who commanded the gun which enters so tragically into the narrative. The Confederate lines had been broken above and below the Macon company, whose forces had been so reduced at that time as to be almost incapable of handling their pieces, and their battery was rapidly being surrounded when the command was

given for the men to get out. All was confusion. Some of the company were making their way to the rear. A man at a certain gun had fallen as he laid hands on the lanyard to fire it. The gun had been drawn slightly back and was trained through an embrasure. As the men were scrambling away in the smoke and confusion the warning cry went up that this gun was loaded with canister. It was then practically in the hands of the enemy, and it was then that without command, so Lawson states, Richard turned back and reached the gun. Before any one could realize his intention, friend or foe, he caught and pulled the lanyard. Lawson says the execution was frightful, for the embrasure was full of men and the space beyond was black with them. The testimony of others, notably that of George W. Findlay, is practically the same as Lawson's and all seemed to agree that Richard's thought was not so much the slaughter of the enemy as to discharge a gun that in one minute more would have been turned on his company. Lawson saw him fall, but his figure was swallowed up in the masses around him and in the smoke of the gun blown backwards.

A letter from George W. Findlay, recently deceased, a gallant member of Richard's company and his boyhood playmate, recites that Richard was seen by the writer a few minutes later carrying his right arm in his left hand and that the wrist and hand were bloody; that Richard spoke to him cheerfully as he passed. Findlay had been with a detached gun in the extreme front to the left and caught in the wreck of a bombproof from which the gun was being served. A shell had crushed in the frail protection, and the works had been rushed by a negro regiment, who shot every member of the squad that could be seen. Findlay crowded through into a covered way leading to the rear, and was the only man of the survivors to escape capture. He had been treated at the field hospital, and was in the act of joining his company when the end came. He seems to have been the only member of the company who saw Richard after the firing of the last gun, and for a number of years it was thought that he might have been mistaken, being himself confused and suffering from his shock; but at last his statements were corroborated by the evidence given below.

Lawson's statement as to the firing of the gun was confirmed by other members of the company. All were of the opinion that Richard was killed at the gun. The testimony of these men and the letter of George Findlay all give evidence of the esteem in which Richard was held by this company, of which he was the youngest member. One and all testified that he was absolutely dependable at all times and absolutely fearless.

In the months that followed the surrender of Lee prominent friends of the family joined in the search for the missing boy in the faint hope that he had escaped death and was in some distant prison. Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, made earnest efforts, but all in vain. The first information as to his fate came through my own efforts in 1870, when I was fifteen and temporarily living in Washington City. I take pleasure in recording it here, an acknowledgment to U. S. Grant, the gentle, tender-hearted father, known to history only as U. S. Grant, the stern general of the Federal army. A friend of mine introduced me to him and told him Richard's story. President Grant, instantly interested, wrote a few lines and directed me where to carry them. I remember that the order directed that no effort be spared to find the record of Richard if the government had it. I carried it to the old Ford's Opera House, where Lincoln had met his death and which

was then the surgeon general's headquarters. I was met with gentle courtesy and the utmost consideration and told to come back on a certain day. When I returned, I was shown a small blank book, stained with mud, which had been picked up after the war in the streets of Petersburg, as an inscription thereon declared. It was marked "Washington Street Hospital, C. S. A.," and in it we found this entry: "R. Edwards, Blount's Battalion, artillery, Georgia, April 2-April 10. Amputation of right humerus." Petersburg was captured April 2. The book was used by both Confederates and Federals. It is probable that Richard was carried or went direct to the hospital to have his wound dressed on the morning of April 2, and while there fell into the enemy's hands when the hospital was abandoned by the Confederate Surgeon Claiborne at two o'clock the same day. The operation was performed by D. H. Bartine, surgeon of a Pennsylvania volunteer regiment, and President Grant ordered a search made for this officer with the hope that he might remember whether April 10 meant death or discharge. Bartine was traced to California, but his address was never found. The presence of Richard at this hospital and the wound in the right arm corroborates Mr. Findlay's statement.

This is the brief story of a brave boy's life and death. How many untold deeds of heroism of Southern boys lie hidden in the silences of our awful war! When I think of him now, he is still my big brother. I cannot lose him from my thought and memory as such. When I look on the little deguerrotype that portrays him as he was, I see a boy little more than a third of my present age, and I marvel at the task set to such lads by the cruel hand of destiny. In this picture observe the peaceful brow, the deep eyes of the mystic, the proud lines of the mouth, the slender shoulders and the lifted head. Just such boys are perhaps in the families of my readers; just such are in mine. Place them, friends, in the death struggle of a hand-to-hand battle, and you realize what our fathers and brothers did in the name of Southern manhood. Picture them, children, under the surgeon's knife and dying among strangers in crowded hospitals, to be laid in unknown graves, and you realize what the many waiting mothers of the South suffered in the starless years that followed. It is a mystery all, but so is the human race developed and so are nations born.

On the fly leaf of one of our family records in the handwriting of my mother are these lines, the last words of her hero son, written with the premonition that he would see her no more on earth. She lived forty years after she received them, but the mention of his name to the last dimmed her eyes with tears: "Remember, mother, I am only waiting for you on the other shore."

I have written this with no thought of exalting my brother over his comrades. He was a type, not an exception. The army abounded with just such boys; but enlisting as he did in Virginia, the records of his native State do not show his name; and dying as he did in the hands of enemies, strangers, and with thousands dead around him, his grave is unmarked. It is due to his patriotism and sacrifice that he should not pass from the memory of the people for whom he gave his life.

Patriotic people of Murfreesboro will dedicate a bronze tablet to Gen. N. B. Forrest in that city on July 13, the anniversary of his giving "relief" to Murfreesboro. The Daughters of the Confederacy are exercising diligent effort to make it a credit to all concerned. Any of Forrest's men or others who would like to contribute to it may send to Mrs. Newton F. Malloy, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

William G. Pritchard, of Charleston, S. C., Commander in Chief of the U. S. C. V., sends an appeal to the Sons of Veterans in which he states in substance:

"The United Sons of Confederate Veterans is an organization composed of sons of Confederate veterans whose fathers fought for right principles. They suffered hardships and every kind of privations known to mankind. In their unparalleled fidelity to their cause they have left us a heritage of which every true son should be proud and grateful. Our organization is of a historical and relief nature, and the time is now at hand when there should be a Camp of Sons of Veterans in every community in our Southland, especially where there are Camps of Veterans, both for the purposes indicated and the relief of the old veterans and to coöperate in all that they are engaged in. Our work is coequal with that of the Veterans themselves, and is of more vital importance, for there are needy veterans and widows to be looked after and cared for, and the truth of history to be handed down to posterity rests in our hands.

"This communication is to secure if possible the organization of a Camp of Sons in your community in connection with the Veteran Camp and your aid in this direction. If you can't have a Camp in your community, will you not coöperate with the Veterans and impress upon them your desire to be actively identified with them in carrying out the purposes indicated?

"If you desire any information in connection with the organization of a Camp, please communicate with our headquarters at Memphis, Tenn., Adjutant General N. B. Forrest in charge, or with me direct.

"Give this matter prompt consideration, and the result will be helpful to the worthy cause for which so much sacrifice has been made."



MISS LASSIE TANNER,
Captain on Staff of Oklahoma Commander.

ACTIVE SONS OF VETERANS IN KENTUCKY.

Capt. W. T. Ellis was host to the W. T. Ellis Camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans when he entertained them at a luncheon at one o'clock Saturday at the Rudd House. The affair was one of the most delightful that the Camp has ever held, and several unusually strong speeches were made. At the conclusion of the banquet Dr. M. G. Buckner and Mr.



MISS REBECCA DICKENSON,
Maid of Honor Kentucky Division.

Theodore Levy, who filled the place assigned to Rev. A. N. Couch, who was absent, and Mr. C. M. Ford, of Hartford, made appropriate talks. The closing talk was by Captain Ellis, who, according to many of his auditors, made the most beautiful and yet the strongest talk they had ever heard on the subject of the Southern Confederacy. Captain Ellis expressed his great pleasure at the manner in which the Sons of Veterans plan to keep forever fresh the glory and valor of those who fought in the great struggle between the States.—*Owensboro (Ky.) Messenger.*

Captain Ellis writes of them: "It was a fine array of splendid young men, and I am sure it would have been gratifying to you not only to note their enthusiasm but to have discovered, as you would have done, the ability and earnestness with which those who addressed the Camp spoke. The VETERAN grows better with each issue, and I have no doubt will be liberally sustained. The sons and daughters of Confederate veterans in the near future must necessarily become your principal patrons, and it is incumbent, I think, upon Confederate veterans to encourage them in every legitimate way to become subscribers."

The Sons of Veterans seem more and more inclined to associate with their seniors, and it is well.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

QUIT ABUSING FRIENDS.

Are all men insane? The person who makes the argument may find much to vindicate his view. The Southern people have maintained unity of sentiment so consistently since the horrors of Reconstruction that their mutual suffering compensates in a measure. The steadfastness of this sentiment has established its power through faithfulness of the Solid South to an eminent degree, and it should be the pride of every one who adheres to principle above self. But it seems that some nightmare has gotten the upper hand of reason. Several eminent Southerners have friends who are pressing their aspirations for the presidency. It is worthy and patriotic to advance their claims, but why not stop at that and let other aspirants alone? All cannot be nominated, and the one selected may fail of election. Whoever secures the nomination surely will have the support of Democratic papers, and it is in bad taste therefore to abuse a candidate who may be chosen by the Baltimore Convention. Surely every newspaper can say enough for its candidate without vicious abuse of the others.

The VETERAN is not in politics, but is ardent for its abused section and pleads with every Southern newspaper to stop defaming any of its many noble men whose friends crave peace.

PERSUADE SONS TO READ THE VETERAN.

A son who appreciates the VETERAN writes: "My father, a Confederate soldier, passed out of this life on December 20, 1911. He had until his death taken the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which was dearly loved by him. Some years back he told me he hoped that when he passed away some of his children would take the VETERAN, and I, the youngest son, want every copy of it. Please let me know when the subscription expires, and I will mail you a check to cover same for some time to come."

Comrades, if you believe in the VETERAN and have sons and daughters, will you not consider the importance of their proper education? Think of it as we may, the end is coming by and by and the record of our deeds if worthy should be preserved. If so, no veteran of the Confederate army can render a better service than in having young people learn "the story of the glory." Nothing is easier than to interest young men and young women in reading the thrilling stories by survivors of the great war.

The VETERAN will be sent to any addresses three months to as many as will read half its contents and then the dollar will be returned, or it will be sent free to as many people under fifty years on the condition that one-half of its pages will be carefully read. A letter differing from the one above shows a contrast in spirit:

ILLUSTRATING A SON'S LACK OF INTEREST.

"When your notice of subscription expiring came, father was very ill, and has since died. Please discontinue the subscription. Father was a great admirer of the VETERAN, and always looked forward to its arrival. * * * He was a member of ——— command, and served throughout the entire war."

INSOLENCE WITH CRITICISM.

Among the speakers at the Southern Commercial Congress in Nashville, April 8, 9, 10, D. C. Collier—who answers fondly to "Colonel" Collier—President of the Panama-California Exposition, made an entertaining address. His travels in every State of the Union and his "forty-nine trips from ocean to ocean" give him excellent opportunities to know the country. While in the main he is a tactful speaker, the reasons did not seem particularly fitting as he told why the Southern people would in such an important assembly be informed of his being reared in Colorado and his father and mother being college graduates. His Southern audience was not so exacting as to be offended by it—little as they are concerned—but his reference to a speech by Mr. Witherspoon, of Mississippi (a member of Congress), at a meeting in Meridian as a "diatribe," in which Mr. Witherspoon argued that the people of Mississippi did not seek miscellaneous Northerners was so impertinent that its repetition should reflect upon the officers of the Congress. If "Colonel" Collier desires to make friends of the Southern people, he would do well to show deference to a sentiment that can't be bought for reasons beyond his conception. His insolence is inexcusable before a Southern audience, especially under the peculiar circumstances.

Mr. J. C. Hardy, who occupies the honorable place formerly held by the faithful and beloved Gen. Stephen D. Lee, spoke upon the educational progress in Mississippi and said, as quoted by the press: "The educational system before the war in the South was a reproach upon the character and genius of our people." He then expatiated upon the aristocracy of the South in a severely condemnatory manner. His remarks recalled an occasion at the North when Union veterans were entertaining a Confederate with Confederate guests, and everything had gone beautifully at the banquet when a speaker for the Southern side said: "I went into that war believing I was right, but now I *know that you were right.*" The entertainers were more hurt than their guests, and it was the only unhappy incident of the evening.

The South greets the Southern Commercial Congress and its delegates from the North and the South too, who in the main have done their States and the country credit; but the situation is too serious for even Southerners to criticize the "Old South," as they call it, in any way discreditably.

Mr. Hardy boasted of five distinguished Senators, members of the Congress, as natives of Mississippi, but not one word of credit to the hundreds of thousands of humble Christians in Mississippi who inherited slaves and had done so much for them that all through the war crisis in their gratitude as servants and devotion as friends there never occurred an outrage or an insubordination by them. His comment was so inexcusable that it did much to mar the good said by others.

"WE ARE ALL AMERICANS."

Will the time ever come when our friends on "the other side" will cease to use the conciliatory (?) phrase, "We are all Americans?" For twenty years the expression has been made in response to kind words of greeting to the liberal Northerners, "We are all one now" or "We are all Americans." These men are sincere, and they mean it in kindness, but it instinctively recalls the singular fact that there were about as many foreigners in the Union army as there were men in the Confederate army. What a pity that in their desire to be friendly they don't use different expressions! How would it do for them to say to Southerners, "You were all Americans?"

MAID OF HONOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Blanche Nisbet has been appointed one of the maids of honor for the South at the Macon Reunion. She is a charming young woman of distinguished ancestry, being a granddaughter of Capt. John McIntosh Kell, who was an executive officer of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Captain Kell was distinguished in the United States navy before the war, being a graduate of the famous navy class of 1841. He was on the staff of Commander Matthew Perry in the first expedition to Japan in 1845.

He fought in the Mexican War, and commanded the naval guns of the artillery on the site of the present city of San Francisco. He resigned from the United States navy in 1861, and served as first lieutenant and executive officer of the Sumter and then in the same capacity with Admiral Semmes on the Alabama, from her christening off Fayal Island until she went down in the English Channel. Captain Kell, after swimming from the Alabama



MISS BLANCHE NISBET.

was, with Admiral Semmes, picked up by the English yacht Deerhound and carried to England. He was adjutant general of Georgia under appointment by Gen. John B. Gordon, when Governor. Captain Kell was married in Macon on October 15, 1856, to Miss Blanche Monroe, daughter of Nathan C. Monroe. It was a large military wedding.

Miss Nisbet is also a great-granddaughter of Judge Eugenius A. Nisbet, of Macon, who was a member of Congress from 1839 to 1843. He was one of the first three judges of the supreme court of Georgia from 1845 to 1855, and chairman of the committee of seventeen which reported the ordinance of secession of Georgia from the Union in January, 1861, and was the author of that ordinance.

Samuel P. Martin, Jr., of East Prairie, Mo., seeks his father's record as a Confederate soldier. The father, Samuel P. Martin, enlisted from Trigg County, Ky., and it is thought that he first served with the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. After that enlistment he helped to organize the 3d Kentucky Cavalry, of which he was first lieutenant, and was serving as major when wounded at Farmington, Tenn., October 7, 1863. The officers of his command were Capt. Given Campbell, Major Owen, and Colonel Woodward. This was part of Buford's Brigade, Lyon's Division, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps.

APPRECIATED COMPLIMENT TO A COMRADE.

Gov. Joseph M. Brown has designated an enterprising Georgian to serve his State at the semicentennial celebration of Gettysburg in 1913. Comrade West went into the Confederate army from LaGrange under Captain Cartwright, the father-in-law of Bishop Candler. In the battle of Perryville, Ky., Comrade West's regiment, the 41st Georgia, suffered terribly, and for conspicuous gallantry in that battle young West was commissioned captain, though still under eighteen. He was cared for after the battle by one of Kentucky's fairest daughters, Miss Lizzie Everhart, who is now the wife of Dr. Amos Fox, of Atlanta. Upon recovering from his wounds

he rejoined his command just before the battle of Baker's Creek and the siege of Vicksburg. Then he was in the campaigns from Chickamauga to Atlanta and back into Tennessee with Hood, and was wounded again at Franklin.

From General Stevenson's report of the Tennessee campaigns the following is quoted: "Captain West, of my staff, was wounded in the left hand and in the head in the assault on the enemy's intrenchments at Franklin, but continued with the army to Nashville."

General West has been very active and helpful in building up the commercial and industrial interests of Atlanta and the South. He was Commissioner from Georgia to the World's Fair in Chicago, Commissioner to the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville, and represented Georgia at the St. Louis Exposition. He was appointed by Governor Atkinson to represent Georgia at the exposition in the City of Mexico. He was chairman of two committees of the Cotton States International Exposition held in Atlanta. He was one of the escort attending President Davis from Montgomery to Atlanta on a memorable trip, and is proud of an autograph letter from Mr. Davis thanking him for his services.

Together with the late Col. W. A. Hemphill, he represented Georgia at the reunion of the blue and gray at Evansville, Ind., and delivered an address in reply to President McKinley's speech of welcome. At the inauguration of President McKinley he was selected by the committee to make the speech of presentation of the thousand-dollar jeweled sword given to Gen. Horace Porter, the grand marshal.



GEN. A. J. WEST.

At the big Peace Jubilee in Atlanta General West was grand marshal. Gens. P. M. B. Young and West organized the Georgia Division, U. C. V. General Young became the first Commander, and he made West his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. General West served for twelve consecutive years as Commander of the North Georgia Brigade, U. C. V. At the Savannah Reunion he was unanimously elected Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V.

SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
MARCH 7, TO APRIL 7, 1912.

Alabama: Pettus Roden Chapter, Birmingham, \$10; Tusculumbia Chapter, \$5; R. E. Roden Chapter, Tuscaloosa, \$3; Dixie Chapter, Montgomery, \$7.48; Union Springs Chapter, \$5; Alexander City Chapter (post cards), \$1; post cards sold by Mrs. Webster, 20 cents.

California: Wade Hampton Chapter, Los Angeles, \$10; John B. Gordon Chapter, San Jose, \$2.50.

Georgia: Agnes Lee Chapter (post cards), \$2.

Kentucky: Mrs. J. M. Arnold (personal), Covington, \$10; John H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville, \$2.50; Lady Polk Chapter, Columbus (post cards), \$1; Paducah Chapter (post cards), \$5; Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter (post cards), \$1.95; Lucien McDowell Chapter, Flemingsburg (post cards), 90 cents; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville (post cards), \$5; Dr. Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville (post cards), \$1; Virginia Hanson Chapter, Winchester (post cards), \$2.50; Mrs. F. S. Allen, Sharpsburg (post cards), 25 cents; J. Q. Chenoworth Chapter, Harrodsburg (post cards), \$1; Ben Hardin Helm Chapter, Elizabethtown (post cards), \$1.05; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton (post cards), \$5; Earlington Chapter, Earlington (post cards), \$1.50; Reginald Thompson Chapter, La Grange (post cards), 50 cents; Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz (post cards), \$1; Mary Walker Price Chapter, Lancaster (post cards), 50 cents; John H. Morgan Chapter, Nicholasville (post cards), 85 cents; Creps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown (post cards), \$1.25; Mayfield Chapter (post cards), \$5; Joshua Gore Chapter, Bloomfield (post cards), 65 cents; Lexington Chapter, Lexington (post cards), \$1; Edmonia Roberts Chapter, Lebanon (post cards), \$2; Richard Hawes Chapter, Paris (post cards), \$2; A. E. Rees Chapter, Madisonville (post cards), \$3.

Tennessee: Zollicoffer Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, \$5; Giles County Chapter, Pulaski, \$15; post cards sold in Chattanooga, \$10; H. P. Hilliard (through Mrs. Nevell), Chattanooga, \$5; Col. J. R. Neal Chapter, Spring City, \$5; Lee pictures sold by A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$2.50; from sale of "Dixie Book of Days and Heroes in Grey," \$1.

Virginia: Mr. O. S. Morton (personal), Richmond, \$1.

Total collections since March 7, \$147.08.

In hands of Treasurer at last report, \$13,303.24.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$13,450.32.

A Correction.—A contribution of \$10 credited to the Hattie B. Holland Chapter, Jackson, Tenn., in last report should have been entered as a personal gift from Mrs. Walter L. Brown, of Jackson, Tenn.

NINETY YEARS OLD AND NEEDS A PENSION.

Mrs. M. R. Christian, 875 Dauphine Way, Mobile, Ala., writes in behalf of J. W. Rosson, now in his ninetieth year, in destitute circumstances. Mrs. Christian is First Vice President of the Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, U. D. C., and says that the old man claims to have been given a cross of honor by a Nashville Chapter, but that he was robbed of his credentials and his cross. He reports that he served in Biddle's Regiment, Company D, Captain Kirk, in Forrest's Cavalry. Any one who knows him and his service will please write Mrs. Christian.

M. L. Hicks, 234 Commerce Street, Atlanta, Ga., who served in Baker's Battery of Light Artillery, would like to hear from

any of his surviving comrades. He was mustered into service in January, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., Baker's Battery was later consolidated with Sengstak's Battery, principally from Mobile, Ala., and finally was consolidated with the 10th Missouri, from St. Louis, commanded by Capt. O. W. Barrett.

TYPICAL OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Comrade John V. McKinney, sitting on the lawn of his residence, McCallie Avenue, Chattanooga, Tenn., is caught by a "snap shot," while near by stands "Ham," Mr. McKinney's cook, housekeeper, and "major domo." Ham is a typical dandy of the ante-bellum period. He was a slave in the Kelso family, of which the lovely Dana Kelso became Mrs. McKinney, and except for a short time has remained with the family throughout his freedom. Ham is devoted to his "people" and takes great interest in them. He is thoroughly trustworthy, and for the past five years has been Mr. McKinney's housekeeper and purchasing agent. Ham does not know his exact age, but his birthdays are frequent.

Mr. McKinney is the proud father of seven stalwart sons, several of whom have gone out into the world to seek their fortune. When five or six of these sons get home for a reunion, Ham has a birthday and gets up a big dinner for the boys and pays all expenses of the occasion from his own pocket. He has repeatedly had two birthdays in one year.



MR. JOHN M'KINNEY AND FAITHFUL "HAM."

Mr. John V. McKinney was reared at Fayetteville, Tenn., where he enlisted in the Confederate service on April 1, 1861, in Peter Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment (the Orphan boys). Serving throughout the war in the Army of Northern Virginia, he never missed a roll call until wounded at Seven Pines in May, 1862. He returned to his command in July following, and was in all the fights and campaigns of Stonewall Jackson's corps till Gettysburg. He surrendered with a small remnant of the regiment at the rock fence on Cemetery Heights on the third day of the great battle. He was kept in prison at Fort Delaware until March 2, 1865, when he was paroled for exchange; but he was never exchanged and did not take the oath of allegiance. That was not necessary, for he has performed his full duty as a citizen.

Gen. Stith Bolling, commanding the Virginia Division, U. C. V., according to the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, invites E. M. Williams, of Springfield, to attend the Reunion at Macon. Mr. Williams is one of those who have been active in hospitality of the A. P. Hill Camp at Petersburg, and while there was guest of Comrade Bolling.



FLORIDA MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

A published sketch of a monument in process of construction contains the following description: "The monument will be placed on a mound 40x40 feet. The granite base will be 28x28 feet in dimensions, and at each corner three pillars will be placed to support the dome. On a pedestal at the base and surrounded by the pillars there will be a figure in bronze of a woman teaching children the true story of the Civil War. On the dome another figure of a woman, thirteen feet one inch in height, will represent a Confederate woman clasping a half-furled battle flag. Granite steps will make the approaches from the four sides of the monument. The pillars of the memorial will be sixteen inches in diameter, and the interior of the dome is to be of polished marble, with a great electric globe in the center. The figure just beneath will be on a pedestal four by four by about six feet. 'Florida's tribute to the women of the Confederacy' will be the inscription."

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON MONUMENT AT DALTON.

FROM EDITOR OF THE DALTON CITIZEN.

The late lamented Col. Tomlinson Fort, of Chattanooga, was the prime mover in the plans to erect at Dalton, Ga., a monument to the memory of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He considered Dalton as the logical point for the monument because General Johnston reorganized his command here prior to his masterful retreat to Atlanta. To show his great interest in the movement, Colonel Fort deposited in the Chattanooga Savings Bank \$100 to be given for this purpose.

The Bryan M. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., of Dalton, under the leadership of Mrs. F. W. Elrod, then President of the Chapter, undertook the raising of the fund for the monument. Various Camps of Confederate Veterans contributed to the fund, and this, with the amount received from private individuals, finally reached \$2,500. The State of Georgia then did an unprecedented thing in making through the State legislature an appropriation of \$2,500 for the monument.

With the \$5,000 secured the monument will be erected. It will be located in the center of Crawford Street, near the intersection with Hamilton Street, in the center of the city. Immediately south of the location chosen for the monument is the Federal building, and the monument will face to the eastward, being directly in front of the union passenger station. The monument will be in a small park, which will be beautified along plans to be made by the Daughters of the Confederacy. The base will be of granite and will be eight feet in height. This will be surmounted by the bronze statue of General Johnston, the figure to be the same height as the base, making the monument complete sixteen feet high. Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, is designing the monument, the granite work to be done by the Southern Granite and Marble Company, of Dalton.

INFORMATION SOUGHT BY A "UNITED STATES DAUGHTER OF 1812 IN THE STATE OF MISSOURI."—Mrs. Allen Porter, 3601 Central Street, Kansas City, Mo., seeks information of early settlers in Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky—viz.: Stanley Reasons, who married Mary, daughter of Harris Avent, of Sumner County, Tenn.; William Stanley Avent, of Hawkins County, Tenn., who married Elizabeth Creed, of Alexandria, Va.; Vachel Clark, who married Miss Adams; Henry Clark, who married Patience Dillingham; and Joseph Russell, who married Miss Williams, of Barren County, Ky.

THEY ONLY WANT THE TRUTH KNOWN.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have undertaken to raise a fund to establish scholarships in the State universities and other schools of the South. The object is laudable, and it is to be hoped that sectional feeling will not be appealed to. The appeal published by the society is admirably free from anything of this kind, and its keynote is: "We wish to afford worthy and ambitious youths of limited means the educational advantages of which they would otherwise be deprived."—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, March 9, 1912.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL, CHATTANOOGA.—At a meeting of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., on March 17 it was decided to erect a Confederate memorial hall for Chattanooga. It is stated that a fund of several thousand dollars is already in hand for the hall. Maj. W. P. McClatchey was made Chairman of the Building Committee. The Sons and Daughters will unite in the movement.

"MCINTOSH'S BATTERY AT SHARPSBURG."

BY COL. D. G. MCINTOSH (ITS COMMANDER), TOWSON, MD.

My attention has been called to an article in the December *VETERAN* under the above caption by David E. Johnston, from which it appears that he and Dr. J. L. Napier differ as to whether the battery was or was not captured. Mr. Johnston refers to what writers like General Longstreet and General Capers have stated in a general way in their histories, and also to certain official reports in support of his contention. Inasmuch as these reports, both Confederate and Federal, are conflicting, I refer to them for the purpose of showing how inaccurate they are.

Gen. A. P. Hill says in his report: "With a yell of defiance Archer charged them and retook McIntosh's Battery." Col. Lindsay Walker, Hill's chief of artillery, in his report says: "The enemy continued to advance in defiance of his [McIntosh's] rapid and effective fire until within sixty yards of his guns, when Captain McIntosh was forced to withdraw his men, horses, and limbers. By this time General Archer's brigade had formed in line of battle to the rear of the battery, and before the enemy reached the guns charged and drove them back in confusion." On referring to General Archer's report in the same volume, it will be seen that he does not mention the battery at all. In the report of Gen. Robert Toombs, page 891, he claims all the credit for the recapture.

On the Federal side General Burnside in his report says: "General Rodman succeeded in carrying the main heights on the left of the town, one of his regiments (the 9th New York) capturing one of the most formidable of the enemy's batteries; but at this juncture the enemy was largely reinforced by A. P. Hill's Light Division, which had just arrived from Harper's Ferry." A little farther on he says: "Colonel Harland's brigade was driven back, leaving the battery which they had captured." On referring to Harland's report, he makes no mention of having captured the battery, although he speaks of having "lost over fifty per cent of the regiment." The 9th New York Regiment, to which General Burnside refers, belonged to the brigade of Gen. H. S. Fairchild, and his report makes no mention of the capture of a battery by the 9th New York or by any of his command, though the casualties in the 9th were two hundred and thirty-five men, indicating heavy loss. General Burnside is the only Federal officer who mentions or claims there was a capture.

Amid these conflicting statements the historian would find it difficult to say who captured the battery or whether it was captured at all.

Let me state briefly the facts as nearly as I can recall them. My first position when arriving on the field was at the Blackford House, where several shots were fired. From there we went in a gallop across the field, and after one or two turns in the road, to the second point indicated with three guns, one having broken down on the road, and without the caissons, which had been outdistanced in the rapid march from the river. About three-quarters of a mile to the left of the spot where we unlimbered was the village of Sharpsburg in plain view, but there was visible no line of battle on our side covering any portion of the intervening space. On our right was a corn field and in front the rolling ground to the Antietam. We had scarcely gotten in position before a large body of troops could be seen moving obliquely across our front to the left, along a ravine which partially obscured them from view. The number of flags displayed indicated at least a brigade. We opened fire at once with the three guns, firing

spherical case and canister. The enemy seemed to be making for a small body of troops occupying a thicket to our left front, which up to that time had not attracted my observation; but as the enemy advanced in that direction, they approached nearer to the battery and were more exposed to view. The enemy's batteries opened on us from a distance, but these we did not respond to, confining our efforts to impeding and breaking up the enemy's advance in the direction they were taking, which would have carried them between us and the village of Sharpsburg. This, I believe, we were largely instrumental in effecting. The advance was checked; and when the battery was finally charged, our canister was about exhausted, and I believed it better to let the guns go and save the men. I always spoke of it as a capture of the battery, and I always gave Toombs's Brigade the credit for the recapture. That brigade came up in irregular fashion through the corn field to our right, and their presence was not known until after I had ordered the men to fall back in the sunken road just in the rear of us and to bring off the horses that were left and the limbers. Archer's Brigade came up subsequently. The enemy never got beyond the guns, and no attempt was made to remove them from the field.

But the statement of Mr. Johnston that the flag was captured is a mistake. The color bearer was killed, but the flag was borne off the field by one of the men. It remained with the battery until the end of the war, having been presented to the battery in 1862 by my sister, Miss McIntosh, of Society Hill, S. C., and is now deposited with other Confederate flags among the relics and archives in the Statehouse at Columbia.



COL. D. G. MCINTOSH AND BROTHER.

The above picture was taken in the early part of the war before Confederate gray was adopted. A sketch of Colonel McIntosh was requested, since his deeds appear in fourteen volumes of the "War Records," but in reply he states: "As to the sketch I think you can do without that."

SCOUTING ABOUT MEMPHIS.

BY HENRY HORD, HERMITAGE, TENN.

We were camped at Grenada, Miss., just after a raid in Middle Tennessee. General Forrest was anxious to go again as soon as our horses rested. Buford's Division, of which I was a member, were the only troops in North Mississippi, and we had to keep a sharp watch on Memphis, Tenn., as it was from there that all the Yankee raids started. If we left that part of the country exposed, they were liable to come out and pillage the country. One of my comrades, Nat Scott, said to me: "They are going to send a detail of fifty men on scout down toward Memphis. Let's go on it." We were always ready to volunteer just for the fun of going, but this time I did not feel like going. I had just returned from a trip to Gainesville, Ala., with three hundred head of government mules for our command. The other man with me, Pete Pool, had the toothache the morning we started to drive the mules



MISS MARY WILLINGHAM,
Sponsor for Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

through, and was unable to do anything expect put the bell on his horse and ride in front. I had to drive the herd, graze, and stand night wath, besides rustle for grub for us both, which was pretty scarce. If it had not been for the fruit and roasting ears we "captured," I think we would have starved. So I declined Nat's cordial invitation, very much to his disappointment.

While we were still arguing about it, John Brooks, our orderly sergeant, came up and said to me: "Go to the commissary and draw five days' rations. We want you to go on a scout toward Memphis to-morrow at daylight." I replied that I was just back from Gainesville, and had been on constant duty for two weeks. "That doesn't make any difference. You volunteered for that, and it doesn't excuse you from your regular duty; besides, this is a picked detail of both men and

horses, and you have a fresh horse," said Brooks. Nat grinned and quoted: "Man proposes and Sergeant Brooks disposes." Turning to Brooks, I said: "I volunteer for the trip." I told Nat I believed it was a put-up job, and added: "I'll get you shot this trip, or I'll know the reason why."

Nat was a North Alabama boy reared near Florence, I think. He ran away from home and joined our regiment as we were on the way to the Shiloh battle, and had been with us ever since. He had grown to be a fine-looking young fellow; he was a good soldier and full of fun and always ready for mischief. He and I were chums. He was fond of talking to the girls, and he had such nice, gentlemanly manners that he always pleased them.

The next morning at daylight our fifty men started for Memphis, and we had some of the most reckless men in the brigade. We left one man every fifteen or twenty miles on our way down to act as express to keep in communication with General Forrest at Grenada. When we got pretty close to Memphis, the officer in command informed us that we were to stay there and live off the country till ordered back. We were to watch Memphis and find out if we could when they were preparing to go on a raid "down South." The country had been fought over so much that it was almost a desert. Nearly everybody had moved away. Only people close to Memphis were raising little truck patches for the Memphis markets. It was evident that if we all stayed together we would starve, both men and horses. So the captain decided to let us go off in pairs and scout around, report once every twenty-fours to him, and he would report to General Forrest at Grenada by pony express.

Of course Nat and I went off together. We would meet the others now and then, but we never stayed long with them. We were determined to have a good time and find out more than the others. Our first day we kept on the State line road till we got to Germantown. We rode into the village about noon. The place was almost deserted. The first man we got a glimpse of was an old German sweeping out a mill. We rode up to the mill, and when the man looked up and saw our gray uniforms I thought he would have a fit. As soon as he could get his speech he said: "Mein God, which side you was on?" "Confederate," said Nat. "Don't you know a gray uniform when you see it?" The old Dutchman pointed through the door on the other side of the mill and said: "Jest look." We looked, and about one hundred yards from the mill were fifty cavalry horses standing in the road. The men were dismounted, sitting and lying along the fence resting. The old man told us they came out from Memphis every day and rested a while and then went back. We crossed the road and got in a bunch of weeds high enough to conceal a man on horseback, from where we could see every move the Yanks made. In about half an hour they mounted and rode off in a walk, going toward Memphis.

We waited till they had gotten about six hundred yards off, when we rode out of our hiding place prepared to follow them; but when we got around the mill, we were very much surprised to see a cavalry horse standing in front of a cottage about fifty yards from the main road. The rider was not in sight. Quick as a flash Nat leaned over toward me and whispered: "He's in the house talking to the girls. Let's take him in." "All right. You take the front and I'll go to the back. Don't shoot if you can help it," said I. I rode around to the back of the house. The Yank was on the back porch talking to a lady. When he got a glimpse of my horse, he darted back through the hall and ran right onto Nat before he realized

it. Nat halted him in just an ordinary tone and told him if he made any outcry he was a dead man. I joined him as quickly as I could. We disarmed him and made him mount his own horse. Nat took the lead rein and we started south.

The Yankee scouting party was in plain view all the time, not more than six hundred yards off, but had their backs to us. We rode slowly at first, for fear our horses would make so much noise the Yanks would look around. Some of them did look back in a very few moments and saw three men riding south. They about faced and came back on the jump to see what it meant. We pulled out for all we were worth. We soon found that the Yanks were gaining on us and would soon catch us if something was not done. So I told Nat to go on as fast as he could with the Yank and turn off the road at the first woods he reached on the right-hand side. I intended to hold my horse back, kick up as much dust as possible, and fire on the Yanks till I got them past where Nat left the road, then to turn my horse loose and get into the woods and meet Nat.

The plan did not work out exactly as I wanted. Nat did his part all right, but my horse was excitable; and when Nat commenced to leave the road, my horse began to buck for all he was worth, and more. He had never tried anything like that before, and it took me by surprise. He came near to piling me in the road. The Yanks ran right up on me, yelling and shooting to kill. That old fool horse bucked like a cow pony, and I had almost given up all hope and was thinking of abandoning him and taking to the woods myself when a ball plowed a furrow along his side. A flesh wound did not hurt him much; so he gave a snort and a bound that almost unseated me and rushed down the road as if forty devils were after him, and we were soon out of all danger. I then turned to the right through the woods and back toward Memphis. I met Nat and the Yank riding along waiting for me. Nat had questioned the Yank and gotten all the information he had about the troops in Memphis. We then took his uniform off and paroled him. We had no right to parole him, and I don't suppose his officers respected it; but it was that or guard him, and we could not think of being bothered with a prisoner at that time.

We started back toward Memphis on another road, but had no more adventures that day. Toward night we began to look for a place where we could get food for ourselves and horses (three, now). The Yankees had fooled the people about there so much by playing Confederate soldiers next to get a good, square meal and then coming back the next day in their blue uniforms and robbing the "d— old secesh" that we found it extremely difficult to get a place. The houses were very close together. Finally I got so out of patience by continual refusals that I said to Nat: "I'm going to stay at the next house if they have any feed for our horses, whether they say so or not. I'm tired of this foolishness. We've got greenbacks and can pay."

The next place happened to be a very large house. I hallooeed, and out walked a very nice lady of middle age, and about a dozen girls ranging from fourteen to twenty years. I was considerably set back, for I was always shy about girls. I would rather charge a six-gun battery than go into a parlor where there were a lot of girls. I looked at Nat, hoping he would do the talking, as he knew so much better how to talk to ladies; but he would not say a word. I had to make the request myself, and I told the matron we were Confederate soldiers out on a scout and bound to have something to eat for ourselves and horses and had money with which to pay

for it. No, she could not possibly accommodate us. I turned to go off and I happened to see Nat grinning. When I explained that I expected the next would be a man, his grin decided me to turn again to the lady and say: "I see you have some feed for our horses. I guess you can scare up enough grub for two men." And I opened the gate and rode in. Nat wanted to rub it in on me, so he pretended to be indignant, saying: "The lady did not have a man about the place." I replied that we were Confederate soldiers and gentlemen and would not eat the young ladies, and kept on to the stable. Nat followed, laughing like he thought it a fine joke. The ladies did not think it any joke, to judge from their looks.

After we fed our horses, we went to the house. The lady showed us into the parlor, and then all the girls filed in to look at us, and they were the maddest lot of girls I ever saw. I had a Memphis paper I had gotten from an old man just out from Memphis. I had not had time to read it as yet. I sat down near the lamp and unfolded my paper. Nat drew his chair up in front of the girls. I don't think I had been reading more than thirty minutes when I heard a merry chorus of laughter. I lowered the paper and looked toward the girls



MISS LOUISE DUDLEY,
Maid of Honor for Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

I was amazed to see them smiling, and appearing to be enjoying themselves hugely. As soon as Nat noticed me looking he jumped up, came over, jerked the paper away, and said: "Come over and get acquainted with these girls." He introduced me to every one by name and told me where she lived. He had convinced them we were Confederates. We got a fine supper. Nat could sing all the old war-time songs, and delighted them.

It was almost twelve o'clock before I could get Nat off to the stable to bed. The girls wanted us to sleep in the house, but I would not agree to it. When we got to the stable, we found that the girls had taken down a mattress, sheets, and pillows, something we had not seen for many a long day. Nat told me it was a private boarding school for girls, and there was not a man about the place.

We took leave of the girls when we left the parlor, telling them we would go about daylight. Some of them happened to ask where we would stay the next night. We could not

tell them. One of them spoke up and said: "My home is six miles or so from here. Go there; my father will be glad to have you. I have an older sister at home, and I know she will be glad to see a Confederate soldier again." She gave us a note to her, and we had no more trouble getting accommodation after that. One girl would pass us on to another as long as we were down there, and all tried to see how much they could feed us. We never stayed twice at the same house. We generally got to the place after dark and left before day. We were afraid of bringing the Yankees down on our friends.



MISS ALLEEN SMITH,
Maid of Honor Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

I sent the papers to our captain, and he forwarded them to General Forrest at Grenada. I made a bargain with an old truck farmer who went to market every day to bring me out the Memphis papers. We settled on a private post office—a large stone in the road. Scouting parties would come out from Memphis every day, and Nat and I would get on their trail and watch them so closely that if one stopped to get a drink or light his pipe we would nab him and get away with him. They got so careful and suspicious that we could not get much from them.

We had one Yankee uniform, and Nat talked an old citizen into lending him his Sunday suit; so we concluded to go into Memphis in disguise. We slipped in as close as we could, carefully avoiding the picket stands. We hid our horses in a thicket, taking only one revolver concealed. Then we made our way on foot into town. We had not a particle of trouble.

We were very much astonished to see everything in Memphis looking gay and prosperous. New styles had come in since we had seen any well-dressed people. Neither of us had ever seen a paper collar, and we thought they were the nicest things going. We bought a box, and were very much surprised to find we could not wear them on the shirts we had on, so we had to buy two white shirts, then cravats. We went to a barber shop and got a hair cut, shine, and bath. Neither of us had any use for a razor then. We hardly knew each other after we had been fixed up.

We had never been in Memphis before, but some of our company had, and were always bragging about what fine fare they had at the Gayoso Hotel. We concluded to go there for dinner. While I was writing our names on the hotel register a fine-looking young Yankee officer walked up to the counter. I made way for him to sign, and I glanced over his shoulder as he wrote. He wrote: "Major — [I've forgotten his name], of General Washburn's staff." I thought to myself: "You are the very man we want." When he straightened up, I brought my heels together and saluted him as if he was General Grant. He returned my salute very courteously. Then I spoke to him, introducing myself as a member of the 9th Illinois Cavalry and Nat as my cousin from Illinois on a visit to me. Then I added: "My cousin is down here to see the boys in the army, and I have a day off to show him around; but I have been pretty close in camp since we got back from Mississippi and don't know where the various brigades are camped. Will you please tell which streets to go out to reach them?" I gave Nat a sly kick to make him listen, for he was much better at remembering such directions than I was. Nat went on talking to the bookkeeper, but hearing every word. The major gave directions for finding each brigade and battery. After he got through, I felt so grateful that I invited him over to the bar to "take something." Nat had been leaning over the counter while I was talking with the major. He started to go with us. As soon as the major got a look at Nat's splendid young manhood he remarked: "You ought to get your cousin to enlist. He would make a fine soldier." Before I could think of anything to say Nat started in to do some lying for himself. Said he:

"Nothing would suit me better, Major, only my mother is a widow and I her only dependence. We have a small farm in Illinois. However, if I could enlist for a short term, I might manage it, as I have all my crops laid by."

The Major said: "We are not enlisting short-term men now; it's for the war."

That was one of the things we were anxious to learn, for when the Yankees organized a raid from Memphis they were in the habit of enlisting men for sixty or ninety days. The average Yankee soldier that did the fighting was too self-respecting a man to pillage and commit other outrages. The Major soon excused himself and went in to dinner. Nat and I hunted a quiet corner and made a memorandum of the directions he had given us. Then we walked into the dining room as if we were regular boarders. I don't suppose the Gayoso ever had two guests that enjoyed its hospitality more thoroughly. We ate all we could. After we got through I put the menu card in my pocket. Nat wanted to know what I was doing that for, and I told him it was to prove that we dined at the Gayoso.

We next hired a hack, with negro driver, to carry us to the different camps. We would make him wait while we walked through and talked with the soldiers. Nowhere could we see or hear of anything like getting ready for a raid.

After we had satisfied ourselves that the Yankees were not thinking of moving soon, we drove back to town and dismissed our hack.

We soon saw an old farmer whom I knew by sight, though he did not recognize me in blue clothes. I said to Nat: "That old fellow lives down near that school where we stayed recently. Those girls treated us so nice. Let us go and see if he won't take a package to them from us."

Nat approved the idea, so we found the old man. Nat bought some new music and books, and I a box of candy. We wrote that we would be there that night. By that time we had found out all we wanted to know. We made our way out to where we had left our horses. After feeding them, we took the road to that boarding school. When we got in sight of the house, we saw it was lighted up as if for a gala evening. Nat held the horses while I went to investigate. I soon found that the girls had dressed especially for us. We had a jolly good time. The girls kept old Nat waltzing till near 12 o'clock, when I dragged him off to the stable.

The next day we went into our captain's headquarters and gave in our report. He forwarded it to General Forrest at Grenada. In a few days we got orders to rejoin the command. When we reached there, we found everything ready to move.



MISS MARIE BREVARD,

Assistant Adjutant General Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

We crossed the Tennessee River at Colbert Shoals. Then came the raid in which we captured Pulaski, Athens, Thompson Station, and several other places. We were in Tennessee fifteen days, fighting or riding all the time. We destroyed hundreds of miles of railroad, bridges, etc. The Yankees had time to collect a considerable force to go after us. We were burdened with prisoners, mules, and horses, with Yankees in front of us and behind us. Old Forrest cleared the road in front, and Buford stood them off at our rear. Sometimes we had to fight all day and then ride all night, but we crossed in spite of gunboats or Yankees and never lost a prisoner. My friend Nat was captured on the way back and was taken to Memphis for exchange.

I met Nat in Paducah after the war, and he told me that he was down in Louisiana when the surrender came. They took

his horse, and he tramped back as far as Memphis. Footsore and weary, he reached Memphis almost destitute of clothes and without a cent. He saw in a newspaper that Gen. Abe Buford was at the Gayoso waiting for a Ohio river boat, and he lost no time in calling on General Buford. He had been courier for General Buford a long time. The General took him to a store and bought him a nice suit of clothes and then brought him up the Ohio to Paducah, and also gave him \$25.

Nat's father and mother lived near Florence, Ala. He left Paducah on the first Tennessee River boat. I heard that he returned to Paducah, saying that his parents had moved off during the war and he could find no trace of them. I hope, if he is alive, he has had a more prosperous life than I have.

IMPORTANT RECORDS SOUGHT IN MISSOURI.

Missouri is collecting the names of Missourians who served in the Missouri State Guard and Confederate army for historic record in the office of the Adjutant General of Missouri. The long delay in getting at this work makes it somewhat tedious. The aid of Confederates and Missouri State Guard soldiers is requested in supplying rosters and records or copies thereof of companies, regiments, or brigades, or any other information. Individual records of soldiers are also sought, giving names in full, of company, captain, regiment or brigade, time of enlistment, nativity, and residence when enlisting, and such other history as is of interest.

The last legislature of Missouri made an appropriation sufficient to begin this work. Adjutant General F. M. Rumbold, at the suggestion of Confederate veterans, appointed ex-Secretary of State, M. K. McGrath, private in Kelly's Company, Parson's Division, M. S. G. and a C. S. A., to supervise the work.

It is estimated that there were about forty thousand Missourians in these two organizations. This is about as many as there were of Missourians in the Union Army, which list is about completed and in the Adjutant General's office.

Every Confederate and man who was a member of the State Guard in the sixties should coöperate in this.

AN OLD WIDOW IN NEED.—Mrs. Ellen Stevenson, of Vernon, Tex., widow of Y. W. Stevenson, seeks a pension. She writes that he was reared in Middle Tennessee and lived in Arkansas. His first wife died in 1882, and he married later the applicant. They moved to Vernon, Tex., where he died in 1897. She states that he served in the Confederate army, but she doesn't give the command. The letter states that she is eighty-three years old, and has been blind for eight years.

W. E. Veasey writes from Social Circle, Ga., seeking information for Mrs. F. L. Taylor, whose husband served in Company C, 25th Georgia Regiment. W. W. Dews, if living, could respond, but his address is not known.

In renewing his subscription Albert Kern, Esq., of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "The magazine has maintained its interest and value, and I not only delight in it because of its historical value but from occasional reference to the men I have known and to the very many friends I have in the Southland."

INFORMATION OF LIEUT. J. A. SAGELY DESIRED.

W. R. Sagely, of the Texas Confederate Home, Austin, inquires for his brother, J. A. Sagely, who was a lieutenant in Company G, 4th Tennessee Regiment, Confederate army. He went from Bradyville, Cannon County, Tenn. The last that W. R. Sagely heard from him he was in Alabama in 1865.

REUNIONS BLUE AND GRAY.

BY FREDERICK B. MOORE, FORMERLY OF PULASKI CITY, VA.

A contrast was noted on the occasion of an encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans at Fresno, Cal., April 12, 1911.

Bright banners wave in pageant brave,
The crowds in triumph cheer,
And bugles ring and children sing
In notes of victory clear,
As past them go with footsteps slow,
With locks all thin and hoar,
With shoulders bent and spirits spent,
The boys of '64.

The failing sand, the reaper's hand
Their serried ranks have thinned
As never lead their forces bled
In days when cannon dinned.
A few more years and all the cheers
Will float in cadence new
Above the sod to which their God
Has called the boys in blue.

In another land the people stand
With heads in reverence bare,
With tear-dimmed eyes and deep-drawn sighs
And many a whispered prayer,
As cheering loud with accents proud,
'Neath flags that wave no more,
With heads held high, there totter by
The boys of '64.

No army here—their ranks so sere
Have braved the fires of hell;
They dared to fight where death did smite;
Their lines were thinned with shell.
They struck for home; they need no tome
To tell their deeds to-day,
For God above in righteous love
Has called his boys in gray.

NEFF-RICE CAMP, NEW MARKET, VA.

BY J. L. SCHAEFFER, ADJUTANT, QUICKSBURG, VA.

In April, 1898, we organized a Camp of Confederate Veterans known as "Neff-Rice Camp" with fifteen members, the headquarters being at New Market, Va. We have had enrolled one hundred and six members all told. Since the organization, however, thirty-one of our comrades have "crossed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees." We still have fifty active members on roll. Some have moved to other States and others have been dropped from the roll. Regular meetings of the Camp are held in New Market on the last Saturday of March, June, September, and December. We also hold a meeting on May 15 (Memorial Day), at which time our officers are elected or reelected. On the last Saturday of December, in connection with our regular meeting we have our annual oyster supper, to which every Confederate veteran is cordially invited.

In August our annual reunions and picnics are held two miles west of New Market in a beautiful grove on the Southern Railroad, with a camp fire the night before the reunion, when we entertain all the old boys free. These camp fires and reunions are always largely attended by veterans. From 6,000 to 8,000 people attend the reunions annually.

5**

TEXANS WANT THE COTTON TAXES RETURNED.

The Sull Ross Camp, U. C. V., of Denton, Tex., adopts a memorial in regard to the cotton tax, in which they say of the sixty million dollars collected from cotton planters and which the courts have decided was illegal: "Since after all these years it is impossible to return it to those from whom it was collected, and as most of this tax was paid by Southern soldiers who raised the cotton under most trying conditions, and this we believe should be given back to the old soldiers, they petition Congress through their Representatives to return this money to the States from which it was exacted, for distribution among the surviving veterans and the widows of such." They call attention to the part the South has paid to the pension fund for Union soldiers for forty years.

The following are members of the committee appointed by the Camp: R. B. Anderson, G. P. Davis, and J. S. McMath.

UNION VETERAN WRITES ON THE COTTON TAX.

BY COL. A. C. G. SLOCUM, HEMLOCK, OREGON.

I have had a very pleasant year in the perusal of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. * * * I am an old Union veteran and Past Commander of Gen. H. W. Lawton Post, No. 29, Department of Idaho. I am nearly seventy-eight years of age, and served over three years in the War of the States as a member of the 14th Army Corps, Gen. George H. Thomas.

I am a member in good standing in the G. A. R. Post, and purpose to call the Post's attention to the subject of the cotton tax withheld from the cotton raisers after the South returned home or to the land laid waste as a consequence of war. I claim that the people of the land of Dixie returned as loyal citizens of a new republic, so to speak, to build up and to expand. It is no wonder that the "Stars and Bars" is dear to every noble heart that beat beneath the gray. The cotton tax could not be given as a pension, but refunded as other debts due to orphans and widows in need.

I am at home in Gettysburg, Pa. My only son was born on the battle field, and always lived there with the exception of five years. I lived at the Wentz House, near the Sherfy House, year before last. It is a beautiful and great battle field, and I hope in the providence of God to meet a great many of the sons of the Sunny South there in 1913.

ADVICE TO APPLICANTS FOR PENSIONS.

The VETERAN has much care in answering applicants for pensions. While they are rarely ever patrons, the sentiment seems to prevail with many that it is a kind of bureau sustained by organizations with money backing North and South. The facts are that it is entirely the labor and expense of one man; but the need of this help is seen, and it is imperative.

As a guide to the applicants for a pension the following should not be forgotten:

All depends upon the soldier's discharge and proof of it.

He may have enlisted just before the close of the war; but if he was faithful to the end, he is all right in the States giving pensions. If he enlisted early in the war and dropped out before the end, he cannot procure a pension under the rules of Southern States granting pensions. The two witnesses usually required are asked to certify as to this fact.

Whether the man was a good or inferior soldier is not considered. If he was faithful to the end and can prove that satisfactorily and makes application as a resident of the State from which he served, he is quite apt to secure a pension in conformity with the law in that State.

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FATALITIES IN ONE COMPANY AT PERRYVILLE, KY.—W. H. Loftin, who served in Company D, 24th Tennessee Regiment, writes of disasters to his company in which he states: "Our company had been reduced by details and sickness until at the battle of Perryville, Ky., on the 8th of October, 1862, we went into the fight with two lieutenants and seventeen men. Our captain had been left at Bardstown. When the battle was over, we had only four men left on the line, and two of them slightly wounded. The rest were killed or wounded. I was one of four left on the field, slightly wounded."

J. I. Buckner, 519 Majestic Building, Denver, Colo., seeks information whereby he may establish his eligibility for membership in the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He writes that his grandfather, Joel Buckner, was a member of a company which went from Middle Georgia, and was killed during the war, he understands, at the second battle of Manassas. He will be grateful for information as to the number of the company and regiment so that he can join the Sterling Price Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in Denver.

GENERAL FORREST'S MARRIAGE.

From a faded old clipping is taken the following notice of General Forrest's marriage, which took place at Hernando, Miss., on September 25, 1845:

"Married.—On Thursday evening, the 25th inst., by the Rev. S. M. Cowan, Mr. N. B. Forrest to Miss Mary Ann Montgomery, all of this county."

"The above came to hand accompanied by a good, sweet morsel of cake and a bottle of the best wine. May the happy couple live long to enjoy the felicity of this world! is our sentiment, and we heartily thank them for remembering us in the midst of their hymeneal joy."

After the marriage he resided in Hernando for some time.



HOUSE IN WHICH THEY WERE MARRIED.

EXPERIENCE OF A MISSOURI WOMAN.

MRS. LOU M'COY (NOW MRS. GENTRY), IN DENVER NEWS.

In the middle of a night in the year 1864 I was awakened by the sound of voices near the door of my home, and immediately aroused my little brother, ten years old, who was my only protector. Before we got into our clothes a loud call in a gruff voice ordered the door opened. Then a man began to bang on the door with his gun and said: "Open the door or I will break it down."

I replied: "Just as soon as I can dress I will let you in."

When we were dressed, I opened the door, and in walked five big soldiers in Federal blue.

"We heard that your husband was seen in this neighborhood to-day, and we want him," they said.

"He is not here," I replied.

"Then he is concealed somewhere, and you must tell where."

"I don't know," I said, "and would not tell you if I did."

"Well," said the spokesman, "we hang men to make them tell what we want to know, and we hanged one woman."

The hair seemed to rise on my head at the thought of such a scene before my little children and little brother, and, realizing that my safety depended on fearlessness, I said: "You all look brave enough to hang a woman!"

I looked the man squarely in the face as I said it, and I believe that the boldness of my reply was all that saved me. Without further threats they left the house and rode away. This experience made me decide not to risk staying alone another night. While packing up next morning to move to my mother's, who lived in the same neighborhood, I was surprised by an officer appearing at my door with a force of armed men, and he said: "Consider yourself under arrest!" And without permitting me to change my dress he forced me to go with him. I sent my children, including my infant, eighteen months old, and brother Matt to my mother before going. I also asked what I was charged with, and the lieutenant read: "You are charged with having furnished food, shelter, and clothing to Rebel soldiers. If true, you will be held a prisoner until you take the oath of allegiance."

He escorted me to Liberty Landing arsenal, where we boarded a steamboat for St. Joseph. When we arrived there, I was taken before Colonel Hardy, who read the charges and asked if true. I said, "True." Then he produced the iron-clad oath, which forbade me even to exchange letters with husband, brother, etc., or to give food, shelter, or clothing to any Confederate soldier. I said: "If you mark out two of the items, I will take it."

"Not one," he said; and I replied: "I will not take it."

"Orderly, escort her to Captain Dunn and tell him to take care of her until further orders."

Captain Dunn received me kindly and gave me a nice room. Next morning a newspaper contained the following item: "A she adder, a Rebel damsel, arrested and brought before Colonel Hardy! She acknowledged that she had furnished food, shelter, and clothing to Rebels and would do so as long as able. She stoutly refused to take the oath of allegiance unless part of it was marked out. She is now held as a prisoner of war."

Being gloomy and sad, I asked Captain Dunn's little girl to walk with me to the cemetery. She ran to her mother for permission, when Mrs. Dunn said: "I am sorry to inform you that you are only allowed the limits of the yard. If you should go, they would hold Captain Dunn responsible."

I laughed and said: "I will write to Colonel Hardy and shame him for such treatment." I did so, and he sent for me

to come to his office and said: "I will let you have the limits of the city on parole of honor."

Accepting it, I went to Reuben Kay's, where I met many Confederate ladies, and put in my time as best I could. After that I went out every day among the Southerners, and didn't eat another meal at Captain Dunn's except breakfast.

Four days later Colonel Hardy sent for me and said if I decided to take the oath I would be sent South and put through the lines. I again refused. For three more days I visited my new Southern friends. In the afternoon of the third day a message came for me to report at the colonel's office. When I went, he offered me a mild, light oath and I took it. He then sent me to Major Bassett's office to get release papers. Handing me the release papers, Major Bassett said: "You did not have to take any oath, for you are exchanged for one of our provost marshals who has been captured by Quantrell, as he had said he would release the provost only when Mrs. McCoy was released. Perhaps Colonel Hardy thought best for you to take a slight oath anyway."

Major Bassett and Colonel Hardy also had me sign a paper showing that I was released, which they were to send to Quantrell and ransom the provost from death.

Before I left St. Joe I had a thrilling experience. I suppose it is a mystery to this day how Captain Burkholder escaped from prison. It was Mrs. Howard, of St. Joe, and I who set him free. After I was paroled I went with Mrs. Howard to the hospital to visit the sick. Captain Burkholder was there. He was a prisoner, held as a spy and condemned to death. He had been captured within the lines at Missouri City dressed in citizen's clothes. I knew him; he was a friend of the Hardwicks and Ella Hardwick's lover. He had risked his life in the enemy's lines in order to see his sweetheart.

Captain Burkholder told us of his perilous situation. We said we would aid him to escape if we could. He said the prison keeper had agreed to give him a cap and coat if they would serve him, and then he said: "If you two can come here just before dark, I can manage it. I'll put on my cap and coat to disguise myself and go out with you, giving the countersign, which I know, to the guards. If you can have a conveyance ready outside, I will surely get away."

We carried out the plan successfully. Mrs. Howard found a true man who stationed himself in a carriage just back of the hospital. Captain Burkholder walked out with us, giving the countersign, entered the carriage, and was quickly on his way to Rock House Prairie, where I had a friend who would aid him further by buying a ticket for him at the station and sending him on to Canada, out of reach of the hangman's halter, and he got safely away without our being suspected.

About three months after I was paroled I was arrested again. A squad of soldiers came to my house and read to me an order from General Rosecrans, dated Washington, D. C., I think, which stated that every officer's family was to be put through the lines. The paper also charged that I had come on in advance of General Price on his raid. My husband, Captain McCoy, had done that, but they charged me with it. Captain McCoy had come in advance of General Price, had caught some of Captain Garth's men, and had sworn them out of service till exchanged. Garth's boys had gone out grape-hunting with some of the girls of Liberty, but ere they could find any grapes they found themselves surrounded by McCoy's men of Price's army and captured and "paroled." They were of the militia pressed into the service against their will, and were glad to be released to respect this oath.

We had but little time to get ready to be put through the lines. We left Liberty, Mo., about the 15th of February, and were taken to the railroad station by a lieutenant and five privates, who accompanied us to Pine Bluff, Ark. There were thirteen families of us in all, some of them from Jackson County. When we arrived at Pine Bluff, Ark., a new escort received and receipted for us as if we had been so many cattle. While we were waiting two families succeeded in having the order to send them through the lines revoked. At this others of us undertook to have the order revoked in our favor. I asked a sergeant to tell General Clayton that some of us would like to speak to him. With a sneer he replied: "Do you know what you would have to do in order to speak to General Clayton? You would have to send in a gilt-edged card on a golden plate."

"Why wouldn't it do to send a white sheet of paper turned down at the right-hand corner and on it written, 'Urbanity of Tom, Dick, or Harry?' You can tell General Clayton that my husband is one of Joe Shelby's staff officers."

The sergeant went out. In a short time General Clayton appeared at the door and said: "Where is the little Rebel captain who wished to speak to me?"

Mrs. Hendrix, from Jackson County, pointed to me, and I rose up and explained that we wanted to get the order revoked and not go through the lines. He was very polite and said our case had gone too far for the order to be revoked.

At last we started and traveled in open wagons. Our escort were on horseback, and one carried a long white flag. We were ferried across a bayou during a mist of rain just enough to make the flag cling to the pole. There was a good deal of joking about Mr. Rosecrans's white rag. The lieutenant said to the flag bearer: "Keep that flag unfurled; we may be fired upon, as we are in the land of graybacks."

In a little while we saw armed men ahead of us. One of our escort looked through a field glass and said: "Yes, they are graybacks." The Confederate commander halted his men and advanced alone to meet us. Seeing this, our lieutenant, ordering the escort to remain with us, rode forward. The two commanders on nearing each other lifted their hats and exchanged words, then advanced and shook hands, turned, and came toward us, beckoning the Confederate squad to come on. When the man in gray came to where we were, he dismounted and shook hands with all of us, saying he was always glad to meet people from Missouri. The Ford girls knew him as soon as they saw him. It was Bob Thompson, of Clay County, whose father owned the old Thompson house in Liberty. As the squad of Confederates approached us we waved our handkerchiefs. Then we all, gray and blue, were taken to Dr. Ferguson's house, where the officers exchanged writings. Our officers were Boes Roberts and Col. Gil Thompson.

That night the prisoners were given shelter in Dr. Ferguson's house, while gray and blue remained by camp fires till morning. The Yankee escort went back, and we went on to Monticello, where we remained until the surrender.

At St. Louis I needed some medicine, and one of our escort kindly offered to get it for me. I informed him that I had no small change; nothing less than a \$10 bill. "Well, madam," said he, "you can trust me. I'll get the medicine for you and bring you back the change." I never saw the man again.

At the time of these occurrences I was Mrs. Lou McCoy, of Clay County, Mo., my husband being Captain Mose McCoy, of Shelby's command. He died soon after the war. Quantrell aided me because he had helped his men in time of need.

AN EASTER GREETING.

"Somewhere in a quiet graveyard near or far for most if not all of us our dead are sleeping. As the heart goes out toward their lonely graves, there comes an unutterable longing for those we have 'loved and lost.' I do not know what I would do or whither I would turn if I had not some poor faith in the resurrection of Jesus Christ and his assurance that my loved ones and myself shall meet again. I am haunted by the face of a dear little baby that smiled so sweetly on me the day before she went away. I can feel the persistent touch of a little brother just twelve, who died like a soldier, giving me his blessing as he passed. I have longed so often for a word of cheer from an old Scotch preacher-father who used to help me to live as a Christian and to do service for my Master. Certainly of all men I should be most miserable if these vanished hands are no more to touch mine and these dear voices, so long silent, are to speak to me no more. Nor will any other resurrection answer my heart hunger than that which came to Christ and which he has pledged to me. I have loved him more than life for many years because he took me to his heart and forgave my sins; but as I grow toward the end of life, I lean upon him the more, because he is the one Conqueror of death who shall give me back my dead."

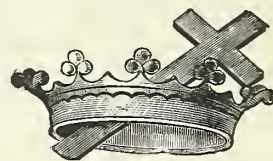
The signature to the above is "Howard M. Hamill, Nashville Commandery, No. 1, K. T." He is also a veteran Confederate, and prides himself specially on having been a courier for Gen. R. E. Lee. He is perhaps the best-known man in Sunday school work throughout the country, and he is Chaplain General of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

CHESTERFIELD (VA.) CHAPTER, U. D. C.

This Chapter held a most enjoyable and encouraging meeting at the home of the President at their regular March meeting, when the following officers were elected: Mrs. J. M. Gregory, President; Mrs. P. V. Cogbill, Mrs. J. Sidney Baker, and Mrs. W. T. Allen, Vice Presidents; Miss Bohmer Rudd, Recording Secretary; Miss Imogene Gregory, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Ada T. Drew, Treasurer; Miss May Bronaugh, Historian; Miss M. A. Norfleet, reporter from the Chapter to the Keystone, and Mrs. C. H. Dorset, reporter for the VETERAN, from the Chapter.

The Chapter recently held a tea at the home of Mrs. George Paul, where the decorations were beautiful, being of the Confederate colors and flowers. The nice sum of twenty-five dollars was realized from this tea.

The sale of seals was reported to be twenty-three dollars. This money was ordered sent to Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Chairman of the Virginia Division for the Arlington Monument Fund. Our Chapter reports a new Chapter formed in Ashland, Va., through the efforts of Mrs. W. T. Allen, Chairman of the Fifth District and an efficient worker of our Chapter. This new Chapter was organized with much enthusiasm with a membership of fifty members, with Mrs. Cardwell as their President and Mrs. Smithey as Vice President. The name of "Hanover Troop Chapter" was given to this new organization.



HOWARD M. HAMILL.

PIONEER FAMILY OF NASHVILLE.

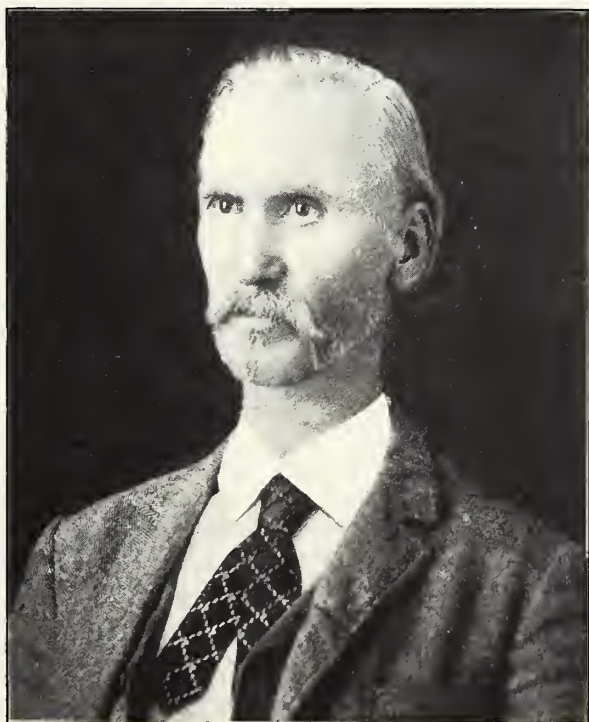
Capt. William Hobson came to Nashville in 1807 from Warrenton, Va. He was a gallant soldier and patriot, holding a distinguished position on the staff of General Washington during the Revolutionary War. He married Jeanette McLaurine, daughter of Bishop McLaurine, of Virginia, and he and his bride came to Nashville when it was a mere village. He bought a large tract of land in East Nashville, extending from the Gallatin Pike to the Cumberland River. He died in 1816, and his remains are now in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

At his death the property, being entailed, went to his son Nicholas, whom many of the older people of Nashville will remember as "Uncle Nick Hobson." Hobson's Chapel, a well-known Methodist Church, is on land donated by him. Besides, much of the money used in the erection of that church was given by him as a memorial to his mother. He engaged for a time in the banking business, and was President of the Bank of Nashville. He married Miss Ann Smith, sister of Col. Granville P. Smith, of Nashville.

Although too old to enlist, the senior Hobson's home was ever a welcome place for Confederate soldiers, and he was ever ready to extend to them a helping hand. He left three children—Mrs. Sue English, Mrs. Mary Cahill, and an only son, George S. Hobson.

George S. Hobson was born in Nashville October 30, 1833. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Martha Chapel Malone, of Athens, Ala. He was an indulgent husband and father and a Christian gentleman.

At the outbreak of the war he took his wife and little daughter to Alabama, so that they might be with her people. He then enlisted under Col. James C. Malone, but was soon transferred to the 7th Alabama Cavalry, Roddy's Brigade, where he served faithfully to the end of the war. He returned to his home in Nashville after that, and found it almost entirely demolished. The joy of being with his loved ones again



GEORGE S. HOBSON.

gave him courage, and he resumed the task of beginning life anew. He died on April 25, 1896, and was buried at Mount Olivet by the side of the beloved wife of his youth.

[From sketch by his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Herblin.]

OFFICERS FOURTH ALABAMA BRIGADE.

Brig. Gen. B. F. Weathers, commanding the Fourth Alabama Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V., names his staff: Col. T. J. Garretson, Adj. Gen. and Chief, Birmingham. Maj. T. B. Alford, Assistant Adjutant General, Birmingham. Maj. T. S. Plowman, Inspector General, Talladega. Maj. T. A. Hamilton, Judge Advocate, Birmingham. Maj. H. L. Stevenson, Paymaster General, Jacksonville. Maj. Edward H. Sholl, Surgeon General, Birmingham. Maj. H. M. Rosser, Assistant Surgeon General, Birmingham. Maj. Joseph R. Hood, Chaplain, Wedowee. Maj. R. H. Hagood, Quartermaster, Birmingham. Maj. J. W. Stewart, Assistant Quartermaster, Wedowee. Maj. T. W. Huffman, Chief of Artillery, Bessemer. Maj. N. H. Sewell, Chief of Engineers, Gadsden. Maj. D. R. Bize, Assistant Chief to Engineer, Birmingham. Maj. W. R. Pruett, Chief of Ordnance, Ashland. Maj. J. T. S. Wade, Chief of Cavalry, Birmingham. Maj. Robt. Willoughby, Assistant Chief of Cavalry, Newell. Maj. J. F. Foster, Commissary General, Birmingham. Maj. A. M. South, Ensign, Birmingham. Maj. T. J. Daniel, Assistant Color Bearer, Lamar. Maj. J. L. Darbey, Historian and Treasurer, Birmingham.

AIDS-DE-CAMP.

Maj. A. J. Driver, Roanoke; Capts. George Gorff, Pratt City; J. R. Acuff, Ensley; N. E. Baker and J. W. Stallings, Lafayette; Jesse Fausett, J. W. Belcher, M. R. Taylor, Thomas Weathers, S. S. Waller, and M. P. Pittman, Roanoke; G. O. Hill, Napoleon; F. M. Handley, Wadley; R. O. Camp, Wilton; John H. Wilson, Oxford; J. H. Hughes, Gadsden; J. H. Snodgrass, Anniston; M. M. Williams, W. E. Douglass, W. H. Reynolds, and E. A. Wright, Birmingham.

SPONSOR AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

Miss Ida Belle Carson, Sponsor, Jacksonville. Mrs. Charles Sharp, Matron, Birmingham. Misses Nellie Merritt, Birmingham; Mary Will Chowning, Roanoke; Lena Sessions, Maylene; Cora Jones, East Lake. The Roanoke Band is to furnish Brigade music at Macon.

WOULDN'T COMMAND NEGROES IN SERVICE.

BY W. T. ROGERS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

On August 16, 1862, in the battle of Deep River Run, Va., Company F of the 85th Pennsylvania assaulted and drove the Confederates from their intrenchments, and Ed Leonard, of said company, had fired at the retreating color bearer, who was unknown to him. When his gun was empty, he ordered the ensign to halt, which he refused to do. He threw his gun at him, thinking he would knock him down with it; but he was just far enough away for the gun to turn once, and the bayonet went through the body of the color bearer, killing him. Leonard picked up the flagstaff, tore the flag from it, and concealed it about his person, intending to send it home; but it was discovered and he was required to turn it in to headquarters. For this act of bravery Leonard was commissioned a captain. When he was assigned to his command, he found it was a negro company; he returned the commission and went back to his company as a private.

WHAT "OLD HICKORY" DID FOR THE SOUTH.

Maj. Henry Heiss was a native of Pennsylvania. Through the influence of President James K. Polk the father of Henry Heiss established an administration paper in Washington City. Later he moved to Nashville, Tenn. Henry Heiss adopted the profession of his father, journalism. When the war began he became a private Confederate soldier. Erelong he was appointed to the staff of Gen. W. Y. C. Hume, and preserved his parole with sacred pride. He died some thirty years ago, but is yet survived by his devoted wife, who was Mary Lusk. In a sketch of him fifteen years ago the *VETERAN* stated that "a conspicuous characteristic was his zeal for poor and unfortunate men from whom he could never hope for a return of favors." The memory of no other man continues in sweeter fragrance than of that refined gentleman.

Major Heiss was not controversial, but certain criticisms of Andrew Jackson by the then famous correspondent "Gath" induced Comrade Heiss to write the following vivid tribute to the most forceful man in American history:

ANDREW JACKSON.

"In analyzing the character of General Jackson Gath has very plainly shown that he is heavily under the influence of the class of men who met their political downfall at the hands of Old Hickory. He attributes the success of Jackson to the assistance he received from Livingston, when in reality Livingston formed only one of the many factors utilized by Jackson to effect the overthrow of the Federalists, who recognized John Quincy Adams as their leader, although they were no longer known as such, but had assumed a name less objectionable in the politics of the day. In the many contests of the Whigs and Democrats of that period Jackson appeared as the representative of the people. He was of them, one of them. So far from ruling by muscular power it was then more than now a contest of the people with the old aristocratic leaders. At that time no political importance was attached to the South. They held a sort of balance of power, it is true, between the Democratic party of that day and the remains of Federalism. The strength of the Union still rested in the North, and it was a cruel blow struck at this power when Jackson by the magnetism of his name was able to transfer the political importance of the country from the New England States to the South. They have never forgotten the grudge they owed him, and now when his eagle eye is dimmed by death and his compeers are in political disgrace they meanly cast stones at the dead lion. In reckoning the character of the greatest of Tennesseans, Gath falls into the error of comparing him with the present.

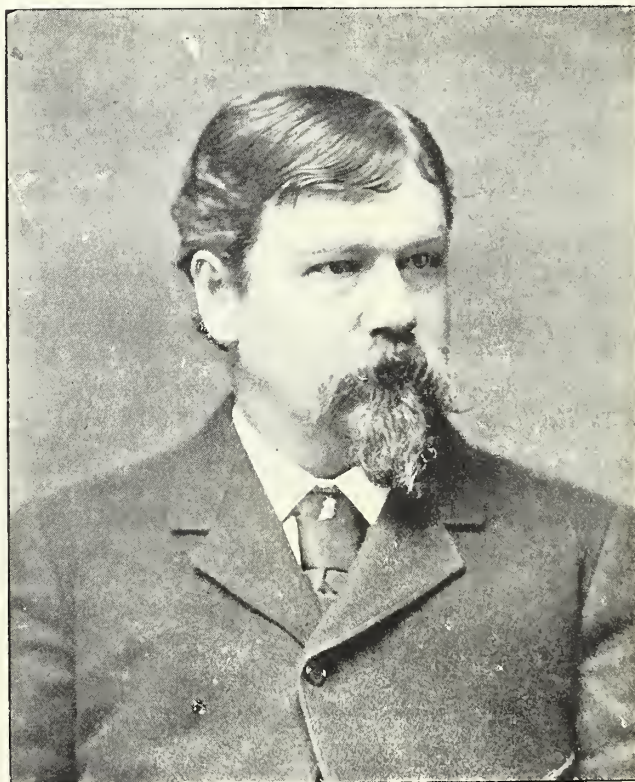
"At the time he flourished here he only fell into the ways of the people of that day, which was perfectly natural and unavoidable. They fought chickens in those days and ran races, just as in the days of Clay and Webster they drank wine and played poker. Yet no one pretends to say that Clay and Webster knew nothing save drinking wine and playing poker. Jackson was a born leader of men, and never failed to bring into subjection every one with whom he came into contact. No one will pretend to say that Benton or Calhoun was weak-minded or easily led; yet when Jackson left the frontiers of Tennessee and took his position in Washington, he as easily attached those great men to his cause as he had the wild frontiersmen of his native State. In later years he attracted the greatest men of the age to him. Polk, the brilliant orator of Tennessee, and Van Buren, the astute politician of New York, were during all their lives his bosom friends.

Balie Peyton, one of the greatest leaders of Whigism in Tennessee, told the writer of this: that when Old Hickory spoke every one listened, and when he looked at a man his very gaze seemed to penetrate his inmost thoughts.

"Beginning life in a wild country, he simply outdid every one else, let it be in a horse race, cock fight, or a country dance. He rose equal to every emergency. When he went to Washington as the choice of the nation as President, the old politicians thought they would manage him as they pleased, but he soon undeceived them. His inflexibility of will, his determination of purpose made him the master of all with whom he came into contact. Had he lived in a day of intellectual greatness, he would have been just as supreme as he was in the days of muscular supremacy.

"Like the Grecian heroes, who did not disdain to wear the laurel crown of a victor in the Olympic games, he simply surpassed all compeers of the day. Any man who thinks Jackson was not a great man for any age does not correctly read his character. The man who could bend such men as Calhoun, Benton, Livingston, Van Buren, Houston, and all other great men of the day to his purposes would be a great man in any day, among any class of men.

"Never was there a man in the history of our Union who attained greatness under more difficulties; yet he surmounted them all, and during his entire life, even after the palsied effect of old age that lays other men on the shelf, he maintained his influence. Nothing but death itself was able to conquer him. His chivalric devotion to woman was something extraordinary. He could forgive all other insults save those cast upon his Rachel. She was to this Jacob the one star that shone with effulgence all through his life. A man of surpassing grace and refinement, he accorded to woman



MAJ. HENRY HEISS.

her proper place in his heart and life. Whether in the ball-room or on the race track or in the halls of Congress, he was the sun around whom all lesser lights revolved.

"Presidents visited the Hermitage to do him honor, and no one, however exalted his position, considered it any derogation to his dignity to visit this greatest hero of modern republicanism. His voice was ever raised in defense of the people, and the people loved him. He changed all the political machinery of the government. His word sent a thrill of terror to the nullifiers of South Carolina as completely as his battalions hurled the British to destruction at New Orleans. No, the fame and name of General Jackson (Old Hickory) rests upon too enduring a basis to be cast down by the pen of an iconoclastic correspondent. It rests safely in the hearts of not only Tennesseans but of all true, patriotic Americans."

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS.

Mrs. Augusta Evans-Inge, Honorary President of the Corinth (Miss.) Chapter, makes a plea for the preservation of the old State Capitol, in which she stated to the Mississippi Legislature:

"Go back with me to March 10, 1884, when President Jefferson Davis visited the legislature then in session in Jackson. Lieutenant Governor Shands, of the Senate, and Col. W. M. Inge, Speaker of the House, having been informed that Mr. Davis desired to visit the legislature then in session once more in life, sent a joint committee from both Houses to Beauvoir to accompany the grand old hero to Jackson. They arrived at Jackson early in the morning. As the guest of Governor Lowrey, he remained at the Mansion until one o'clock, and was then escorted to the House by the committee and received by both Houses in joint session. Never was such applause of welcome given a man, a human being, in the State. He was supported to the Speaker's desk amid deafening shouts of applause—the old 'Rebel yell,' hats thrown up, ladies waving handkerchiefs; veteran soldiers weeping at the feeble condition, the fearful inroads time, sickness, and persecution had wrought upon that manly frame.

"Mrs. Dunbar Rowland, Historian, says: 'At the reception to the aged President, when he appeared in the Representative Hall, surrounded by a company of distinguished men, a tremendous shout went up from every throat, gentle women with flushed faces and eyes bedimmed with tears vying with men in the welcoming applause. The history of the world furnishes no greater expression of admiration for a defeated leader than that which was then accorded this aged patriot.'

"President Davis having been assisted to the Speaker's desk, he was presented by Senator Luce and Representative Hudson. When Lieutenant Governor Shands made this closing sentence, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Mississippi's most distinguished son, the Hon. Jefferson Davis,' the pent-up feeling could scarcely be suppressed.

"President Davis arose, leaning on the Speaker's desk. His words at first were scarcely audible, but in a few minutes they were so clear and distinct that they filled every niche and corner of that dear old hall. He said: 'I have been reproached for not asking pardon, but pardon comes after repentance, and I have never repented. If it were to do over again, I would do exactly as I did before. I have been deprived of that privilege which is denied to no other man. I am a waif upon the political sea; secluded in my lonely home, I still have the interest of my home State at heart, and as long as this heart shall beat will continue to hold her interest sacred

above all else. I am too feeble to attempt to make a speech. I am indeed grateful for this recognition of the representative people of the State and of my right to be a Mississippian.'

"As he held up his emaciated hands, and looking upward besought of the Great Father a benediction upon our common, our united country and upon Mississippi, the floodgates of tears were opened, and there was no effort at suppression.

"At the close of his speech Lieutenant Governor Shands and Speaker Inge presented to the President individually the members of both Houses, the ladies, and others. He left Jackson the next day, accompanied by the same committee, for his 'lonely home' at Beauvoir. This was the last speech he ever made, and the love and loyalty of that great heart for Mississippi as expressed that day was shown by the reverence manifested for their defeated leader.

"We are not hero worshipers, yet we revere the spirit of a man that can make a sacrifice of his all in life for his country's cause, his country's honor, which he believed to be right and which has never been controverted.

"With this pathetic plea and the strong arguments that have been made and sent to your body by some of the more gifted women of our State, in your wise deliberations will you grant their request? The old Statehouse is fast crumbling to decay, and if not preserved and restored will soon succumb to the inevitable. Again and again we come humbly praying that the old Statehouse may not be demolished, but given to her people now and as a heritage for her sons and daughters that may come after."

PATIENCE FOR HEYBURN PATRIOTS.

"FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

[From the Phoenix (Ariz.) Gazette February 2, 1912.]

"That the body of Jefferson Davis, famous leader of the Confederate States, is preserved in a metallic casket filled with alcohol and is hauled about over the South the present day is known among only a few people in this section. In this manner the Confederate leader looks as natural as the day he died, and at all important Southern Reunions his body is taken by his daughter, Miss Winnie Davis. At these Reunions the casket is opened and the face of the old-time leader may be seen by his thousands of old-time friends and acquaintances."

The above statement was made to-day by Col. W. C. Grant, of Texas, who is in the city introducing the Grant maize header to local ranchers. Colonel Grant is one of the few living officers of that rank, either Confederate or Union, who survives the Civil War. He served with the Georgia Rangers, and was one of the youngest officers in the Southern army; in fact, his regiment was composed of young boys and "good, loyal boys, too," said the Colonel.

The Colonel tells interesting happenings of the war days. "We were camped at Salisbury, N. C., when Lee surrendered," said Mr. Grant. "Two days later we disbanded. I'll never forget those scenes. Though defeated, our boys sang 'Dixie' until the tears rolled down their cheeks. Throughout the South it is a big day now when Davis's body comes to town," continued the Colonel. "Great crowds follow the casket. His body has been in Atlanta three times since his death shortly after the war. At present the body is in Richmond."

Colonel Grant served for one term in the State legislature of Georgia. He now resides in Texas, and said to-day that if it wasn't for his age he might consider a change to the West, as he has already been favorably impressed with this section after a visit of a couple of days.

The head lines are not from the Gazette. Its display is "Confederate War Veteran in Phoenix." It seems to be serious in reporting an interview of "one of the few colonels" left. Senator Heyburn is farther away from the South than is the Arizona Gazette. Of course "Col. W. C. Grant"—a name that does not appear in the "War Records"—was not serious. The clipping comes from Dr. G. W. Stephenson, Superintendent of the Territorial Asylum for the Insane. Dr. Stephenson is a son of a Confederate veteran.

SECESSION IN TEXAS—THE DELEGATION.

HON. JOHN MOORE TO THE PAT CLEBURNE CAMP, U. C. V.

Captain and Comrades: The subject of my talk to-night will be the "Secession of Texas." Six States had already seceded, but Texas delayed because Governor Houston opposed secession. Finally the people from all parts of the State called for an election of delegates to a convention which assembled in Austin on the 23d of January. The legislature was then in session and recognized the delegates and gave them the use of the Capitol, and on the 1st of February, 1861, they passed the ordinance, which was submitted to a vote of the people on the 23d of February and ratified by a vote of 39,415 "for" and 13,841 "against." I have here before me a copy of the ordinance with the signatures of the members. It was printed on satin and presented by my father, who was a member of the convention from the district of Burnet, Llano, and San Saba Counties to his eldest daughter, Mrs. J. C. Frazier.

DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION.

O. N. Roberts was president of the convention. He was Supreme Court judge before and after the war, and Governor of Texas for four years. He commanded an infantry regiment in Walker's Division, C. S. A.

Edwin Waller was vice president, a Texas veteran, and a Confederate officer.

James N. Anderson was a prominent lawyer of Waco, of the firm of Coke, Herring & Anderson, and was also a Confederate soldier.

T. Scott Anderson was also a lawyer and lieutenant colonel of the 6th Texas Infantry.

Amri Bradshaw was a merchant at La Grange, County Treasurer for many years, and a leading citizen of Fayette County.

A. S. Broadus was district judge in Burleson County.

Richard Coke was twice elected Governor and thrice United States Senator; but best of all, he was a good Confederate soldier, first as a private, later captain of an infantry company.

John Henry Brown was a well-known Texas pioneer and Indian fighter, an author, and a Confederate officer.

Thomas J. Devine was one of the most worthy and popular residents of San Antonio. He was on the bench a long time.

George Flournoy was Attorney-General of Texas, colonel of the 16th Texas Infantry, and a brother of W. M. Flournoy, of Waco.

John S. Ford ("Old Rip") was a well-known ranger and a Confederate soldier.

Spencer Ford was district judge at Bryan and a prominent citizen of Brazos County.

R. S. Gould was for years a member of the Supreme Court.

Thomas P. Hughes was a lawyer at Georgetown, district judge, and served as a private in Parson's Brigade, C. S. A.

D. M. Prendergast was a district judge, a captain in the army, and father of Judge Prendergast, of this city.

John Ireland was judge, soldier, and Governor four years.

James Maxey was a district judge and for a time citizen of Waco.

Thomas Moore was my father and a citizen of Waco for thirty-one years. He died in 1898.

Allison Nelson was a brigadier general. He has two daughters in McLennan County, Mrs. J. B. Earle and Mrs. John H. Harrison. He died in 1862.

J. L. L. McCall was an early settler in Waco and a prominent member of the bar; the father of Mrs. Edward Rotan.

J. N. Norris was a partner of McCall's and colonel of a Confederate regiment.

John H. Reagan, the "noblest Roman of them all," for fifty years honored Texas and Texas honored him.

J. B. Robertson was a Texas veteran and commander of Hood's Brigade. General Felix Robertson is his son.

H. R. Runnels defeated General Houston for Governor in 1857, and was defeated by him in 1859.

William P. Rogers was colonel of the 2d Texas Infantry and killed in the battle of Corinth in 1862.

William R. Scurry, brigadier general, was killed in the battle of Jenkins Ferry in 1864.

B. F. Terry was the commander of the celebrated regiment of "Texas Rangers," and was killed in Kentucky in 1861.

J. W. Throckmorton was one of the few who voted against secession, but afterwards served with Ross in the C. S. A. He was elected Governor in 1866 and removed in 1867.

Joseph P. Weir was captain of a company in the 12th Texas Cavalry. He was killed at Yellow Bayou, La., in 1864.

John A. Wharton was of a prominent family of Texas pioneers. He rose to the rank of major general, and was killed by General Baylor at Houston in 1865.

This body of men would compare favorably with any other assembly of its size for intelligence, patriotism, and social standing. They were surely disinterested and represented every section of this broad State, going in the dead of winter over muddy roads (there were no railroads then) at their own expense.

In 1836 the people of Texas overthrew the despotism of Mexico, and the Southern people exercised the same inalienable rights in 1861.

Comrades of J. W. Higdon are requested to write to W. H. Wright, West Blocton, Ala. He wants two witnesses that know of his services to make an affidavit of that fact to enable him to get a pension. He enlisted in the Tennessee Army at Alexander, Tenn., in 1862, in Company A, Ellison's Battalion. He was later attached while in Georgia to the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, and was discharged by Gen. Hardy at Oxford, Ala. His captain was John Ellison and his lieutenants were James Nesmith and James Eaton. The date of his discharge, the reasons therefor, and his inability to re-enter the service will be facts necessary to establish.

TWO INTERESTING NEWSPAPERS.—The VETERAN received recently two newspapers published on the same day, May 2, 1865, the Daily Clarion, of Meridian, Miss., and the Daily Argus and Crisis, of Gainesville, Ala. These papers are the same size, 9x12 inches, two pages each, and about the same quality of rag paper. Both papers, with other data printed and written, were in a two-cent envelope. The price of the Daily Clarion was twenty dollars a month. That was a chaotic period. A noticeable feature was the advocacy of the organization of citizens to defend themselves against marauding bands of outlaws.

ENGLISH CLERGYMAN ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

REV S. PARKES CADMAN IN METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[The author of this study of General Jackson was born in England in 1864. He came to this country in 1890. He has been preaching in Methodist and Congregational Churches since his early years, and he is a lecturer of extensive reputation. Upon his only visit to Nashville he tarried at the VETERAN office, showing deep interest in Confederate history.]

Lucretius, the noblest of the Roman poets, in a fine figure speaks of the detachment of view necessary for those who would calmly estimate the struggles of the past. He paints the marshaling of the warrior hosts upon the plains, the gleam of their burnished arms, the fiery wheeling of the horse, and the charges that shake the earth. But on the far-off heights there is a tranquil spot from which all the scouring legions seem as if they stood still, and all the glancing flash and confusion of battle blend, as it were, in one sheet of steady flame. One can scarcely hope that such an "aloofness" may attend him when he deals with the heroisms and the sacrifices of that fratricidal strife which was waged over a continental expanse of frontier during the years between 1861 to 1865.

Yet it is indispensable for any adequate survey, and those who are not connected by birth or interest with either side should at least display an unimpassioned sentiment and hold the balance with an even hand. The sterling qualities of American manhood then manifested appeal to every generous instinct common to friend and foe. And while the lurid scenes of war recede, the unbiased judgment which must accompany historical inquiry is being more and more evinced by writers connected with the stirring events of that momentous epoch. There is an undoubted trend in modern thought toward justice for men once completely misrepresented, and for their motives once equally misunderstood.

Reasonable ideas continue to advance, notwithstanding the inflamed condition of sentiment, which, as the most conservative instinct of human nature, so long remained proof against the healing balm of time. The bitterest aftermath of the Civil War was the period of "Reconstruction" falsely so called. The people of the Southern States were in many respects the richest and most influential politically of the nation. For the ideas peculiar to themselves they risked everything they had in life, and saw their wealth swept from them, their territory, fair as Eden, desolated, their children laid by thousands in the grave, and a scarcity of bread where opulence and plenty had prevailed. They sacrificed their political power, and by a cruel irony their slaves were exalted to become their masters. Yet this did not breed in them remorse; they neither mourned nor repined at their condition, but bore up bravely under the deprivation of everything that man holds dear. May we not hope that eventually every alien sentiment will be absorbed in the leavening of national consciousness, accelerated by the growing conviction that to-day there is no North and no South? We are one corporate body, animated by a common spirit, and moving toward a destiny we did not create and cannot destroy. Complete oblivion of wrongs that burned so deeply is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but scarcely possible in a brief space of time; and perhaps it is hindered when we attempt to hasten it. Yet the chivalry and generosity of the Southern people have never failed to respond when a noble and sufficient object was presented to them. * * *

In the meantime the steady growth of admiration for the strength and gentleness of Robert E. Lee and for the Crom-

wellian cast of Stonewall Jackson's character is an indication that such men eventually receive their due reward. The Chief Justice of the United States was once a soldier of the Confederacy, and his appointment everywhere met with enthusiastic approval. The literature that presents Southern ideals and points of view is now eagerly read by the scholars and authors of Europe and America. And best of all, the God who ever lives and reigns is devising many means whereby our place is made more lasting and more honorable; more free from futile recrimination and the perversities of hate, prejudice, and provincialism.

The story of Lee's life has enthralled a wide circle of readers throughout the world. * * * It followed him into his retirement; a dignified and modest withdrawal from the public gaze enhanced the fame he had won in battle. When death came, there was an outpouring set to every note of reverence and of awe which few memories are permitted to receive. Since then those who had resisted him even unto blood were among the first to see gathered in his symmetrical personality and transfigured by his unselfish career the noblest elements and aspirations which our mortal state can possess or desire. * * *

Both Lee and Jackson prayed as they fought, and in victory or defeat their reliance on God was unshaken. A sort of proud humility encompassed their spirits; they never for a moment doubted that the issue in which they had ventured all they had was in the hand of God, and that they were the unworthy but willing instruments of his o'erarching will.

Environment and association modify human nature so profoundly that many sink beneath their pressure and are content to remain mute and inglorious. Not so Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the great lieutenant of his idolized chieftain, the strong right arm of that masterly strategy which so seldom failed in its designs. Born in the first quarter of the last century amid the hills of Virginia, he seemed fated for a life of obscurity and comparative uselessness. But the impressive individuality, inflexibility of purpose, impatience of injustice, an abandonment to conscience which characterized his ancestors in the Old World marked their children in the New. Jackson was descended from the hardy borderers of North Britain and the colonists of the "Pale of Ulster." He belonged to a breed of warlike men which has furnished England's empire with some of its famous generals, many of whom were equally conspicuous for their devoutness and their martial prowess.

A letter still preserved states that the ancestors of Andrew Jackson and of "Stonewall" had formerly lived in the same parish in Londonderry. And though the Jacksons of Virginia did not belong to the class of planters who lived in elegance and ease on the banks of the James, they carried from the seaboard to the mountains the bravery, intelligence, thrift, and energy which were their racial assets.

I contravene a popular belief when I claim that in the South, and as much in Virginia as in Massachusetts, a genuine Puritanism has always held sway. It has been asserted that the Old Dominion State, the mother of so many noble and famous sons, owes her reputation to the predominant blood of the Cavalier. But the proofs of this assertion are somewhat scanty, and many of the names that adorn her annals can be traced to a more prosaic, but not less distinguished, origin. Besides, the terms "Cavalier" and "Puritan" have been laid open to serious misunderstandings. Social and political animus is rife in their careless application, and they have been employed sharply to sever men who were brothers at the

base, and who, in spite of outward differences, dwelt in one kingdom of the spirit.

There is little perceptible difference in essentials between the son of "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, whose fathers left England in protest against the Stuart tyranny, and John Milton, whose voice was raised to impeach that tyranny. The poet's earlier years are full of the pathetic, winsome grace which he inherited from the best Elizabethan examples. * * * They belonged to an aristocracy of intellect and spirit which never cringed before the wrath of kings or wavered in the presence of the mob. Their genius, their fervent faith, their austere morality applied to men of Jackson's sort. He had nothing that savored of sympathy with the wild and ruffling blades who rode and drank and dined with Prince Rupert. He hated with a consuming hatred the loose and reckless living which frequently destroyed the retainers of King Charles. It requires no stretch of imagination to conceive the silent scorn with which both Lee and Jackson would have viewed such excesses. The letters of the former to his wife are tender tributes to his domestic bliss. The camps of Jackson were sanctuaries of true piety and scenes of the demonstration of the Spirit of God. Hundreds of careless youths entered his regiments to find and profess their saving and cleansing faith in Jesus Christ. The sound of battle no sooner died away than from beyond the watch fires of his bivouac arose the sound of singing and of prayer. A poem, which must be familiar to many readers, expresses so poignantly this man's religious influence that I cannot forbear quoting a stanza from it:

"Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue-Light's going to pray:
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention! it's this way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
'Lay bare thine arms—stretch forth thy rod,
Amen!' That's Stonewall's way."

* * * Stonewall Jackson was in the line of this succession. His genealogy, his temperament, his habits place him by the side of another warrior whose bones were cast out of the Abbey at Westminster, but who, in the famous words of Pericles to the Athenians, "has the whole world for his tomb."

As the foothills of the Andes begin far distant from the summits they sustain, so did a firm, deeply laid, and widespread basis of national character and faith thrust upward into prominence such astonishing human examples as Jackson. He did not stand isolated, singular, and unique; he was rather the incarnation of a resistless temper which was spread abroad among his countrymen, and which became a majestic might in the day of trouble.

At the age of sixteen his independency and vigor were already manifested. He traversed the hills and valleys that verge on the Ohio River till he had secured health of body. When he was designated to West Point, he met inquiries concerning his education with the reply: "I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect." His wife's sister induced him to speak of those days at the United States Academy, where he toiled incessantly, and ventured the question as to whether he was guilty of any deliberate infringement of the rules. "Yes," he said, "I recall one overt act; but it was the only one in which I consciously did what I knew to be wrong. I stepped behind a tree to conceal myself from an officer,

because I was beyond bounds without permit." The same passion for scrupulous veracity made him willing to walk miles in the rain and darkness that he might correct an erroneous impression he had inadvertently given to one of his students.

His nature seems to have been moralized from the first; the despotisms of conscience were upon him right early. Although he did not recollect his father, who died while Stonewall was a mere child, the lack was more than compensated by the memory of his beautiful and blessed mother, who left him an orphan boy when he was only ten years of age. Her instructions, her prayers, and her dying injunctions were the germs of his new life in God. Fearing nothing, and reverencing Heaven supremely, he yet bowed to the remembrance of her lightest word. Her hand was upon him in the years of youth and maturity. The rude sports of a frontier community, in which he fully shared, never placed him beyond the reach of the departed saint whose unseen presence thus attended him. His natural combativeness was held in check, and his integrity and honor were unsullied by the grosser sins. A gentle pressure turned him away from scenes of vileness and pollution, and he heard again, like some repeating strain of Beethoven, the music of a voice now hushed in death. As a cadet, as a young and intrepid officer, as a leader of the forlorn hope at Contreras and Churubusco, as a rising soldier whose admiring comrades of Magruder's Battery passed his name from lip to lip and called him "the bravest of the brave," he carried with him, in camp, on the march, and at the front, the sacred image of that mother. He had his hours of temptation: perils and pitfalls beset his path, pride and passion had to be met and overcome. The lust for military glory and the desire he undoubtedly felt to vindicate his ancestral claim to its possession were chastened and restrained by her who, from the regions beyond, continued to govern the child of her affection. His courteous consideration for all women and children was to be expected in a Southern gentleman, and it is needless to say that toward them he bore himself with a chivalry which had no superior.

At Lexington those who knew him slightly voted him eccentric, but those whom he admitted to his fellowship discovered not only the granite but the flowers of his nature. Peculiarities which were noticeable, and which affected his intercourse as a professor with the students, were found, on closer acquaintance, to be the outcome of a soul held in obedience to the Higher Power. Few could withhold their respect even while they criticized his stiff and unbending deportment and unusual habits. * * *

His perseverance in the duties of his membership, his determination at the expense of his own feeling to join in public prayer, his refusal to enliven conversation by sacrificing fastidiously truthful utterance, his prompt and embarrassing disavowal of what he was supposed to know and did not know, and the rigid discipline he enforced upon himself and others, were the preparation of a great character approaching unconsciously an emergency of the first magnitude.

There was another and a larger side to that character hidden from the view of the superficial, scarcely understood by many while he lived, but known to the favored few and appreciated by them. Emerson reminds us that the life of any man is far more than his public career, which is nearly always alloyed with necessary diplomacies that frequently serve as a mask to hide the real man. Life is made up of a thousand touches, a multitude of lights and shadows, most of which are

concealed behind the presentment of the surface qualities. Fortunately we have some rare glimpses of the true Jackson. He loved to drive his wife to the farm he owned and cultivated or walk with her at eventide in the garden in which he took such pride. The health of his negro servants and their general welfare were constantly in his mind. His pastor and a coterie of chosen friends shared an unrestrained fellowship with him. Their conversation roamed over many themes, and was punctuated with flashes of quiet humor, references to books, and incidents of travel. That large outline and picturesque latitude which are the relish of table talk here and here only found free play. Among the sights of Europe that most impressed him, he was deeply attached to the English cathedrals. He loved to recall the angel choir of Lincoln, the "five sisters" of York, the octagonal tower of Ely, and the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of Winchester. A British officer, who visited his headquarters during McClellan's first campaign around Richmond, was surprised by his intimate knowledge of these monuments of the ages of faith. The Englishman expected a discourse on tactics and an estimate of opposing forces; but instead he received a lesson in the religious architecture of his native land. The stern, weather-beaten, and unpretentious captain, whose praises were ringing in every war office of Europe, was more interested for the nonce in the west front of Salisbury than in the movements of the Army of the Potomac. In his assiduous studies of general literature and the textbooks for the curriculum of the Lexington Academy, he was compelled to use every hour of daylight. The weakness of his eyes forbade any reading after dark; at nightfall he would turn aside and sit in silent meditation, arranging before his mental vision the tasks of the morrow. This done, he would join with alacrity in the domestic pleasures which relieved his labors.

It was no stroke of luck that made him a major of artillery at twenty-three. The zeal with which he fulfilled every duty assigned him was impatient of the slightest neglect, in others or in himself. He exacted from his pupils that which he freely gave, a steady and persistent drill in things great or small. This rugged training, though odious to the sympathetic delicacy of our day, produced the men of Jackson's stamp. He could be seen daily on the streets of the sequestered town of Lexington, a tall military figure, dressed in a faded gray uniform, walking with a stilted motion, whose every step seemed to be a distinct act of volition. His preoccupied gaze was fixed on things unseen, his general expression was indicative of an abstraction from the immediate surroundings. He delivered his lectures in a serious and didactic manner—the style, a model of military conciseness and brevity, shorn of minor graces and light allusions, and compact with the essence of his message. Volatile and heady youths did not like this dressing of the mental dish, and some even sneered at the taciturn professor. Many of these afterwards followed his banners in battle, and speedily reversed their hasty opinions.

As he ripened for the last tremendous drama of his life, a constant thirst to know and do the Highest Will shows us now that he was not only a great soldier, but, before that, a great man. The guidance of his Creator and the approval of his conscience were his supreme ambitions. The praise of the few whom he revered must have been encouraging to him. On the occasion of his fatal wound, Lee wrote: "Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead." The London

Times, though somewhat hypercritical concerning American generalship in general, conceded "that in him was the mixture of daring and judgment which is the mark of heaven-born commanders, and this he had beyond any man of his time."

The prescient ones, including many of his pupils, were quite aware of the sterling qualities beneath his unpretentious and unpromising exterior. They knew that he would keep "the tryst" wherever it was appointed, and that he would walk straightly and dauntlessly in any way which Heaven and his sense of right directed. His official acts knew neither fear nor favor, and the doctrines of his creed were practically applied in his efforts to make all things work together for the good of all. Thus he lived as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, shaping his course with sole reference to a supreme guidance, and scorning the conventionalities in which lesser spirits are confined and confined. Whether this attitude pleased or displeased others was of no moment to him; what did forever matter was the pertinent query: "Am I conforming my life to the supreme purpose which must prevail?" Here is the candle of the Lord with which he searched every crevice of his being, and those who ascribe his success to other causes neither understand the secret of his greatness nor the principles that regulated his life. When a course was once chosen, he could suffer neither deviation nor delay. The motions of his mind were spontaneous and direct—an indication of the simple and sincere aims that possessed him. He swung as truly and as instantly around these moralities as the needle to the pole, holding that no general rule should be violated for any particular benefit, and that a man could always accomplish what he willed to do. * * *

It is curious to note that in the midst of the roar of cannon a sudden change came over him. His form grew even more erect, the grasp upon his saber tightened, the quiet blue eyes flashed with incipient fire, the large nostrils dilated, the sinews stiffened, and the calm, grave face of the student glowed with the proud flush of the eager and inspirited warrior. The fortitude, the daring, the matchless boldness, restrained at every point by a wonderful mental equipoise and a consummate knowledge of the situation involved, were his in greatest degree. He rode up to take leave of his 1st Brigade when he was appointed to command elsewhere, and addressed them in the following words which swept the ranks with tides of emotion: "In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the 1st Brigade! In the Army of the Potomac you were the 1st Brigade! In the 2d Corps of the army you are the 1st Brigade! You are the 1st Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the 1st Brigade in this our Second War of Independence. Farewell!" With a wave of his hand Jackson galloped off the field, followed by the cheers of the soldiers. After Kernstown, he wrote a letter to Mrs. Jackson which ought to have been sent to the Long Parliament on a fast day: "Our God was my shield. * * * Yesterday was a lovely Sabbath day, * * * beautiful, serene, holy. All it wanted was the church bells and God's service in the sanctuary to make it complete. After God, our God, blesses us with peace, I hope to visit this country with you and enjoy it."

At Winchester he issued the following order: "Soldiers of the Army of the Valley of the Northwest: I congratulate you on your recent victory at McDowell. I request you to unite with me this morning in thanksgiving to Almighty God for thus having crowned your arms with success, and in praying that he will continue to lead you on from victory

to victory until our independence shall be established, and make us that people whose God is the Lord. The chaplains will hold divine service at 10 A.M. this day in their respective regiments."

When his troops bivouacked on the green banks of the Shenandoah near Brown's Gap, a similar service for the hard-contested and gloriously won field of Port Republic was held in an adjoining forest, with serene skies above and inclosed by mountains on whose declivities the cries of fierce resistance had scarcely died away. The Lord's Supper was administered, and kneeling among his troops, with the humility of a child, was this Thunderbolt of War, who had so recently crushed a proud and powerful army.

Incidents of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. When he was attached to Lee's army, the luster he had shed on the Confederacy, the piety and purity of his character, and the strength of his iron will accompanied him. In the movements around Richmond, as in the battles of Manassas and Antietam and Fredricksburg, which ended the campaign of 1862, he bore the conspicuous part now expected of him. On the field of Chancellorsville he obtained at once his "crowning mercy" and his release from the burdens and trials of earth. The story of his sudden and awful approach through the forests, and how he fell upon Howard's 11th Corps like a bursting tornado, will be read as long as men cherish the last full measure of patriotic devotion exhibited in deathless deeds. Wounded through mistake by his own troops, he was borne to the rear to die. His wife and little daughter were sent for, and remained with him to the end. An army and a nation wrestled in prayer for his recovery. A cry of anguish escaped the lips of the noble Lee when he was told that the end was near. He knew more than any other man what prospects might die with Jackson.

When the glorious hero was informed that he would be with his Saviour before the sun went down, he answered: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I had always desired to die on Sunday." Then delirium came, and with it the thoughts of conflict and the rapid issue of orders. But these passed, a smile of ineffable sweetness spread over his pallid countenance, and in quiet tones of relief he said: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Thus, in the fortieth year of his age, died Stonewall Jackson. The cadets who had once shown little enthusiasm for him as an instructor; the men he had led to battle in the valley and on the heights around Richmond; the representative citizens who had scarcely looked upon him before death—all these assembled at the tomb to pay their last respects to him whose career from first to last was unmarred by any deflection from moral or military rectitude.

As a man, in the presence of his Maker, he was bowed down, contrite, humble, with supplication for the forgiveness the best must needs receive, because he most acutely felt his unworthiness and sin; compassionate toward weakness, an uncompromising opponent of injustice and tyranny, with strange flashes of a wrath that flamed forth against those he deemed invaders and oppressors.

As a citizen and an unshrinking patriot, he held his native province and her institutions first as the object of his service, and in her behalf demanded from all the fealty he himself so freely rendered.

As a soldier he was untamable in war as he was modest in peace, full of the enterprises of a larger strategy which used unfamiliar tactics to accomplish that which the enemy least expected and at a place and time that he chose for their

discomfiture and his own advantage. As a disciplinarian he was merciless in exacting all human endurance could supply; engaging every faculty to the full, and making his men as aggressive as himself. But when the fray was over, he was studiously attentive to their spiritual and physical necessities.

He was boundless in resources, unhesitating in concentrated and independent planning, prompt to strike, almost inerrant in calculation, with a caution and a foresight guarding the boldness engendered by his belief that he was God's instrument to accomplish certain ends.

Beyond his profession, he was sound and just in mind, but not largely original or brilliant; within it, a combination of Cromwell's religious fervor and Napoleon's terrific onfall; so capable that what he would have done had he lived must remain a matter for unending speculation.

Such a life needs no moralizing. It conveys its own lesson; and whether for or against his political opinions, all who will may learn much from this brave Puritan captain's story. His alliance with eternal realities; his foretaste of the powers of the world to come; his deep and genuine piety; his adherence to the Bible, the Church, and the Lord's day; his keeping of his own conscience before God and men, are the outstanding traits of a spiritual prince who was greater than anything he did, one whose deeds took rise in his being. When his statue was unveiled at Lexington, his veterans filed past the figure towering above with thoughts too deep for tears. As the last line drew near, amid the silence suddenly a veteran turned and, looking backward, cried in tones that shook the hearts of them that heard it: "Good-by, Stonewall! Good-by! We did what we could for you." Of a truth they did, and of their doings the generations have since heard. That we shall all cherish his memory as a warrior there can be no doubt. May we, my brothers of the South and of all English-speaking peoples, cherish even more the compact of his faith with God and his allegiance to the right as he understood it!

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY IN CALIFORNIA.

WORK IN JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY MARY CRITTENDEN ROBINSON, HISTORIAN.

The Chapter held its usual ten business meetings during the year; also the two commemorative meetings, January 19 and June 3, the latter always with fitting exercises, songs, readings, and an address, closing with a social period and refreshments. Last year on June 3 instead of an address a history of the Chapter from its inception written by the President was read by Judge George H. Cabaniss. On January 19 Mr. R. E. Queen gave to us in well chosen words and thoughts a memorial of our great general whose birth we were commemorating.

For veterans we expended \$590 during the year. We have given *per capita* ten cents to the Charity State Fund, *per capita* ten cents to care of the library at Beauvoir and *per capita* ten cents to the Solid South, or record room, of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va. We gave \$50 for the Arlington monument and smaller sums for other monuments. We gave two crosses of honor. Surely we U. D. C. know by such work that our organization is not in vain.

TRIBUTES PAID TO THREE VETERANS—THEIR BURIAL.

During the year we have lost by death three veterans, three gentlemen to whom it was our privilege to minister—namely, Mr. James A. Douglass, Mr. Addison Roane, and Capt. Lee M. Tucker.

The first, Mr. Douglass, had as cultivated and erudite a mind as our State has contained, any who knew him considering an evening with him a great privilege. For many years he supported himself by tutoring and preparing youths for West Point, Annapolis, and the colleges. When illness came upon him, we placed him in Lane Hospital, where he died. Our Chapter met the expenses incident to his illness and death. Many mourn his loss.

Mr. Addison Roane we found twenty months ago in the almshouse, driven there by a fatal malady. He showed in his person, bearing, and manner a record of his gentle birth. We supplied his special needs and held him in constant care through the physician and nurses, the former a family friend of our President. We laid him away as one of our own in the Episcopal plot of beautiful Cypress Lawn Cemetery, Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham, our Chaplain and son of a veteran, officiating. When we placed the laurel wreath with Confederate colors at the head and violets and other flowers on the grave, Rev. Mr. Gresham said: "This is a lesson to me."

Last April we again laid away a veteran, Capt. Lee M. Tucker, over whom we had been watching during his decline from cancer of the throat. Our Chaplain being absent, Rev. Austin B. Chinn, a Virginian, officiated. Again we arranged all as for one of our friends—music, flowers, and honorable burial. We placed his remains in the same grave with his brother veteran, Mr. Roane, leaves and birds singing his requiem. As we left the bright sunlight led us to remember the Light he dwells in now.



MRS. SIDNEY VAN WYCK,
President of the Chapter

An English lady, associate member, attending her first meeting, heard the report of ill veterans. At its close she hesitatingly offered to our President a grave in her family plot. It was gladly accepted, and she soon gave the deed under the signature of Bishop Nichols, it being in the Episcopal Plot. These veterans were both of this Church; one had for years been a diocesan officer in Alabama. Had our Chapter accomplished naught else during the year, we would

feel repaid for Chapter effort in just these acts. Besides, there were many visits from the ladies of the Charity Committee; money, clothing, dainty viands, wine, etc., supplied by them and, above all, their presence and tender sympathy.

[The thing most lacking in the foregoing, since the VETERAN is giving a picture of the President, Mrs. Van Wyck, is failure to give some account of her personal service with the Chapter. Her gentle manner, coupled with executive ability in the entertainment of the General U. D. C. in San Francisco, is fondly remembered by many delegates.

EXTRACTS FROM A BOWIE, TEX., LETTER.

In a letter from Bowie, Tex., Comrade J. A. Cummins, for twelve years Commander of the U. C. V. Camp there, states:

"Col. Thomas M. Scott, who died recently, was as modest as a lady and as gentle as a little girl. He was a hero of many battles, and was loved by every one whose fortune it was to know him. His short obituary in the March VETERAN is worth much to me. The Bowie Pelham Camp, No. 572, is

still having its regular semimonthly meetings, which are ever full of interest. As we grow older our comradeship grows closer. Quantrell's and Shelby's men want to hold their annual reunion with us here in Bowie, and we certainly will give them a hearty welcome. Our big-hearted Mayor, C. H. Boedecker, says bring them by all means. And last, but not least, one of my truest friends and old comrades, J. H. Wade, of Quitman, Ga., is dead. I would not have known it had it not been for the account in the VETERAN. Jim was as brave a soldier and as fine a gunner as ever stood at the breech of a cannon. The last time Mrs. Cummins and I met this dear boy was on the boat from Washington, going down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe and the Jamestown Exposition. We found him about 10 o'clock that night on the hurricane deck of the old steamer. The rest you can imagine: the balance of the night was spent by Jim and me talking over the many battles from those in Missouri to the close of the war.

ERROR IN REGARD TO "ONE-ARM" BERRY.

BY M. B. MORTON, MANAGING EDITOR NASHVILLE BANNER.

In the March VETERAN, in an article commenting on Dr. T. F. Berry's prison experiences, I mentioned that he was a brother of Capt. Samuel Berry, a noted Kentucky Confederate soldier, known as "One-Arm" Berry. I also stated that Captain Berry was executed by the Federals in Louisville.

Since then I have received a letter from my old friend, Dr. Thomas F. Berry, correcting this statement. Captain Berry was given a death sentence, but this sentence was commuted by President Johnson to ten years solitary confinement in the Albany, N. Y., penitentiary. He was kept in prison seven years (until his death) during which period he never saw the light of day.

Dr. Berry has written a book giving an account of his own war experiences in this country, Mexico, and Northern Africa. He also tells the story of his brother, Capt. Samuel Berry, Sue Munday, Frank and Jesse James, Quantrell, and other noted Confederate soldiers.

MISSOURI AND THE CONFEDERACY.

A vigilant effort will be made to record the part Missouri took in behalf of the Confederacy. Adj. Gen. F. M. Rumbold has appointed former Secretary of State M. K. McGrath, who was a private in Parson's Missouri Confederate forces, to aid him in compiling, collating, and completing the records and rosters of the Confederate army of Missouri. The records and rosters are made from such information as is obtainable mainly in the War Department at Washington, together with such other means of information as can be derived from those possessing it. The last legislature appropriated \$5,000 to be expended by the Adjutant General.

Comrade McGrath says there were from 40,000 to 50,000 Missourians in the Confederate army, of many of whom no record can be obtained. The war in Missouri did not begin until after the surrender of Camp Jackson on May 10, 1861. He states also that there were more Missourians in the Confederate army than in the Union army. This refers to citizens and residents of Missouri at the time of the breaking out of the war, or early in 1861.

When these records and rosters are completed by the Adjutant General, information, now only partly obtainable through the War Department, will be found in the Adjutant General's office at Jefferson City.

"WITH FIRE AND SWORD."

BY W. E. DOYLE, MEXIA, TEX.

Maj. S. H. M. Myers, of the 5th Iowa, has written a book entitled "With Fire and Sword." He was with Sherman until the battle of Missionary Ridge, when he was captured and sent to Macon. This title is very appropriate for a writer who was with Sherman. Having been kept at Macon, Charleston, and Columbia, the Major enjoyed considerable prison experience. He complains of heat, cold, hunger, and inhuman treatment. At Macon with tobacco he bought a Confederate uniform of a guard who was "dying for the weed." At Columbia a negro entered the prison daily to sell loaf bread, says the Major.

He spent the winter of 1864-65 at Columbia and had no shelter but such as could be made of "sticks and logs." If the prisoners had "sticks and logs" of which to make shelter, they evidently had wood for fire. He escaped from Columbia, he says, while out in the woods for fuel. Think of such liberty at that period. He says Lieutenant Fritchie was with him, and on the day following their escape "we heard bloodhounds and knew that by hard running, turns and counterturns, and frequent crossing and recrossing of little streams we threw the dogs off our track," etc. Speaking of the people there, he says: "The negroes had a more intelligent notion of affairs than did the people of the Carolinas." * * *

Now let us review the Major's story briefly. Tobacco was issued to the soldiers by the Confederate government. At least this was the case in the Army of Northern Virginia, and I assume it was so elsewhere. Why was he "dying for the weed?" If he was not a traitor, would he have allowed a prisoner to have his uniform? At Columbia the Major evidently had some kind of shelter and fires.

I spent the winter of 1864-65 at Point Lookout, a much colder place than Columbia. By two of us sleeping together we had one blanket under and one over us. I slept on the ground during the winter, as did all the other prisoners so far as I know. With only about one-fourth enough of rations we were hungry all the time and cold all winter. Quite a number of prisoners froze to death, and frost-bitten feet were so common that we all learned how to use iodine—the only thing of which we had enough—and we kept our feet well painted. We had tents, but no fire during the whole winter. The prisoners at Point Lookout were so weak from hunger that none of them could have outrun and eluded a crippled cur, much less trained bloodhounds.

"With Fire and Sword" published to the world, we are saved the lugubrious lamentation of Job: "O that mine enemy had written a book."

The Major's opinion of the people of the Carolinas reminds me of Sergeant Kelly. After the formation of the 11th Division at Point Lookout, Sergeant Kelly, of Connecticut, heard the roll calls for that division, and seemingly he delighted to taunt us by telling us he would rather his sister would marry a negro than a Rebel. Confederates were denuded of everything except what few clothes they had on, and of course we had nothing to buy tobacco or bread with, much less to bribe negro guards. I was in Point Lookout Prison from about October 5, 1864, to about March 20, 1865, and was not sick at all; but the average daily death rate, I was informed, was fifteen per day. I was told that many prisoners had been shot by the guards prior to my arrival.

Altogether the prisoners were treated badly enough on both sides, so far as feeding and protecting them from the cold

was concerned. But the Federal government was able to feed the prisoners, while the Confederacy could not feed theirs suitably nor better than their own soldiers.

I thought that Major Brady, the commandant, was naturally a kind man, but starved us because his government forced him to do it. During all the time I was in prison the



SCENE IN A BUSINESS STREET, MACON, GA.

offer was open to us to be released if he would take the oath of allegiance to the United States; but none accepted the offer so far as I know, and they preferred to remain and suffer hunger and cold rather than betray the cause of the South. O how true, how earnest when it is remembered how they suffered! Was any country ever blessed with a more devoted soldiery? All honor to the thousands who suffered and died in prison rather than accept that standing offer to desert their cause! What an answer to the Confederate soldiers forced (?) into the war!

A negro prisoner named Dial who was a servant in an Alabama regiment preferred to suffer with and for those he loved rather than be released on the terms offered, and he was there when I left. That the Southern people are unceasingly kind to those old slaves who were true during the dark days of the Civil War verifies all that the South claimed of their relation.

I was tented with three of Hayes's Louisiana Tigers, Dupre, Gusman, and ———, of New Orleans, and I would be glad to hear from any of them if yet living. I belonged to the 7th South Carolina Cavalry.

LOOKING BACKWARD FIFTY YEARS.

[Extracts from a recent Montgomery Advertiser.]

A highly prized old heirloom reached the offices of Tax Assessor Morgan S. Gilmer and Excise Commissioner G. W. Hails, at the courthouse recently. It was an old Montgomery Advertiser of January 31, 1863. The paper is the property of Mrs. L. V. Ledbetter, of the Decatur Street High School, whose mother, Mrs. V. H. Vickers, had preserved it.

Even the advertisements are full of interest, as they recall the existing trade conditions of the times. For instance, one advertisement reads, "Blockade Matches at \$10 per gross," and another "a substitute for castor oil."

A roster of all the deserters from Alabama commands, embracing seventy-three names, is printed, and only one of them was from South Alabama.

A bill of money which had been lost found its way into the Advertiser office to seek its rightful owner. On the reverse side the following poem was written:

"Clear the way, here comes the master
Of every other known shin plaster.
If I don't pass, I know I oughter,
Because I'm signed by John Gill Shorter.
And everywhere throughout his range
I'm good as gold in making change.
Those who owe debts now can pay 'em
By getting change from Duncan Graham."

TRIBUTE TO CONFEDERACY.

The following beautiful tribute to the Confederacy is from the London Index, and is one of the most beautiful compliments ever paid the South by a foreign paper:

"The Southern press, like that of England, is representative. It does not seek to make, but to feed and direct public opinion. Still, it is not a mere delegate, but exercises a controlling influence over that which gives it power and vitality. When a member of it ceases to be representative, its influence is gone; while so long as it is representative, its influence is nearly dictatorial. In this country we have abused their constitutional functions and have endeavored to impose their especial views upon their readers. In France and in Germany the journalist has been regarded as a maker of opinions rather than a mere exponent of them. In the United States a newspaper, which is a mere news sheet, becomes the mouthpiece of individual demagogues or theorists, or of the views of the chiefs of a party or faction. We naturally think the English and the Southern system the best, but we do not therefore infer that it would be well to apply it to France and Germany. The war has stopped a large number of local newspapers in the South which, from the specimens we have seen, bear a close resemblance to our local papers. The war has also, by making paper and labor scarce, obliged the papers to decrease in size, but their main features are the same as formerly. There are one or two leaders which are digests of events and



CHERRY STREET, "WHITE WAY," MACON, GA.

opinions, but which are generally more condensed than those which appear in London papers. Besides the leaders, there are numerous "editorials" which announce important events, or are comments on events, in which much is said in a few words. . . .

"We may, in conclusion, observe that in the South the press

is not only free, but its freedom is abundantly used. Every act of the government and Congress is canvassed without the slightest hesitation. Such liberty would have been impossible in a revolution, where the free expression of adverse opinion is death. The Confederate States did not revolt, but in secession exercised a constitutional right.

"The Southerners regard the present struggle as a foreign war, not as a civil one; hence, agreeing that the enemy shall be opposed to the last man and the last dollar, they feel that there is no reason for sacrificing their political liberty.

"In opposing secession by war, the North played a revolutionary part, and the result has been the loss of Northern liberty, as exemplified in the press being gagged, the constitution being trampled under foot, the law despised, and the States' prisons filled with political suspects. We could not desire better evidence of the healthy political and social condition of the Confederate press on affairs that do not concern the defense of Southern independence and Southern territory against the efforts of the North to crush the one and possess itself of the other."

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

BY SUSAN ARNOLD M'CAUSLAND.

It was war time in the land, and Missouri was feeling the thrill and stir of the situation in every heart within her bounds. In Lexington there was a rampant military purpose from the start. This expressed itself in the organization of companies and the introduction to our inexperienced eyes of the dashing evolutions of the army drill. In these first companies were men of such antagonistic convictions that a few months later saw them arrayed against each other when the war was on in earnest. Capt. George Wilson, an ex-officer of the United States army, and Major Arnold, of the Virginia Military Institute, conducted the drills, and so well did they that the result counted greatly after the real conflict was on.

It was May, and the land was in all the blossom and fragrance of that month when General Lyon aroused the State beyond repression by firing upon the citizens of St. Louis in the streets. Worthy of Russia? Yes. In Lexington the most intense excitement followed from this act, and the feeling that war was welcome at any cost seized upon us all. The Confederate flag was displayed from the residences of so many Southern sympathizers that we looked like a town of seceders, and felt so.

A month of this and in June Governor Jackson named Lexington the place of military rendezvous for the Southerners; and now began the gathering of those clans which later were formed into a division of the bravest and most chivalrous army the world has known or can ever know. Shortly after the middle of the month, came General Price at the head of a few hundred State troops, and with him Governor Jackson, bringing with them all the insignia of the State needed to place Missouri in the ranks of the Confederacy.

Then began the organization of companies and regiments and the buckling on of such accouterments of war as a hitherto peaceful people could gather together from their store of bird and squirrel guns, turkey rifles, and such side arms as belong to times of peace. "Old Sacramento"—a brass twelve-pounder owned by Lexington as a reminder of Lafayette County's prowess in the Mexican War—was the heaviest piece of ordnance among the small number of guns grouped on the college grounds. This was afterwards one of the guns in Capt. Hi Bledsoe's battery, and went to the end of the dead-

liest war in history a tireless voicer of the rights of an invaded South. And on the Masonic College campus gathered our men—our dauntless, fearless, handsome, adorable men! One cannot walk the streets of Lexington to-day and not be able to touch by the putting out of a hand some one of those then high-hearted heroes, now heroes of whitening locks and ancient scars.

The last of June all these marched away, leaving us with no other reminder of our new position than the stars and bars yet floating across the bluest of summer skies. These remained ours only until one Stifel—a Dutch cigar maker of St. Louis, whose regiment it was that had been chosen to do the firing upon men, women, and children in the streets there in a time of peace—came close upon the departure south of General Price, and took possession of the place as a United States military post.

When the transport bringing this regiment showed her smokestacks and colors abreast of Gratz Bluff, all Confederate bunting quickly retired from sight with the exception of one small, homemade flag which had, since the secession of the State of Virginia, been proudly flouting the world from the elevated situation of the Dr. E. G. Arnold home, on the corner of Third Street and Broadway. Broadway was the thoroughfare from the river into town; and when Stifel's debarked troops came abreast of the Confederate colors, there was a halt, a loud command shouted out, and soon the young woman responsible for the flag found at her gates the whole regiment of tinsel, braid, scarlet sashes, rough, brutal assault of language, guns, bayonets, oaths, all done in Dutch. But some way one recognizes cuss words and the spirit of them under the most consonanted language even. A long-barreled revolver in the hands of Stifel himself pointed threateningly at me greatly assisted me in getting at the understanding that I was here confronting a grade of something called man by courtesy that I was learning for the first time the earth could produce.

"You cannot have this flag," I said, taking it from the pole into my hands. (Much riding back and forth before the gate and a flourishing of his pistol by the Dutchman.) "No. It is mine. You shall not have it." (Oaths and bluster from Stifel and his barrel-bodied, beer-soaked men.) "You cannot have it. You shall not," from the woman at the gate.

Nevertheless, Stifel rode away with the flag in possession. The rest is short. The husband of the woman at the gate was not at home when the troops entered, but as he watched, seeing them halted in front of the house, he rushed on the scene with his bird gun in hand. His intention was to lay low the entire regiment with this. Before he could fire I pressed down the barrel of the gun as he sighted. This took both hands to do. The flag fell to the ground and was picked up by some of the Dutch. The little thing was later sent to St. Louis as a trophy of war, and an account of its hazardous and brilliant capture appeared in an army report.

Stifel, as had been done by the Southerners, established his headquarters at Masonic College. He was soon joined there by Lieutenant Colonel White at the head of a regiment. By the 25th of August there had been added to these five companies of militia and two battalions of the 1st Illinois Cavalry, under Colonel Marshall. And now the military occupation of the place was complete, and martial law ruled in the arrest and imprisonment of citizens, the diversion of private property to army uses, and the wreaking of private vengeance often under the guise of military necessity.

After the coming of Colonel Marshall, there was inaugurated the destruction of the magnificent grove of primeval forest trees on the college campus and circle of surrounding bluffs. The earthworks which later fortified the place were begun, and a look of getting ready for something was over every one. The town was continually spotted with blue uniforms, there was much double-quick movement all about, and the ceaseless sound of fife and drum fairly saturated the air with the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

This pageant of preparation meant something, and early in September was to be heard—one knew not from whence, so indefinite was the whisper—that General Price was on his way back to Lexington, and that we would soon see the crimson side of war. Of this our foes had better information, for now came Mulligan at the head of the "Irish Brigade," shortly to be followed by Major VanHorn and Colonel Peabody with their commands.

Much hurried work was now done upon the intrenchments. On the east, from which side only could a possible charge of cavalry be made, a perfect checkerboard of pits was dug, and on the south was placed a death-dealing powder mine, ready for explosion of a charge made from that quarter.

By this time it was easy for us to gain information of the movements of the rapidly approaching Southerners. The advance of our army was already encamped at the fair grounds, and the thin line of Federal pickets was not difficult to evade.

While General Price waited at the fair grounds for the coming of his ammunition wagons, Mulligan pressed forward with all possible haste the completion of his defenses, and during this time of waiting eager men outside, some of whom had families in town, made daily dashes into the streets, exchanging shots with the enemy and galloping out again. In one of these daring and useless exploits I saw a friend go down under a cluster of bayonets, unhorsed, and wounded many times. This was the gallant Withrow, who later died of his wounds in Gratiot Street prison, St. Louis. During these days of waiting opportunity was given and proclamation made for all noncombatants who wished to seek a place of safety to do so. Crowds of frightened women and children took refuge in welcoming country houses, and at night, while the battle raged in town, slept upon pallets spread over the floors of their entertainers.

The 17th of September might have been a day to reckon from because of its exceeding perfection of charm in mellow softness and sunshine, and this was the date of the supreme



STREET SCENE IN MACON, GA.

event, the opening of the battle in earnest. By ten o'clock in the morning the Confederate standards were seen approaching from the south side of town, and the welcome, exhilarating sound of "Dixie" came ringing clear through the gold of the day. I was on the upper portico of the Third Street home watching, and was so radiantly glad of events that a galloping Federal picket on the run my way resented it to the extent of reining in his horse to fire upon me. It was a close range, and I would have been killed, I think, had not my sister, Mrs. Martin, thrown her weight upon me, leveling me upon the floor. A deep nick in the brick still remains to mark the place where the bullet struck the wall.

As events moved on an uncontrollable impatience to see took possession of us, and a group of three—Mrs. Dr. Fox, Mrs. Martin, and myself—ran up to the corner of Main Street and Broadway. What we saw when there was a wonderfully orderly army, without uniform of any kind, and armed, as in June, with the old guns and fowling pieces of times of peace.



ANOTHER SCENE ON A WIDE STREET IN MACON.

In the investment of the Federal position General Rains's division went into place on the east of the college, having Bledsoe's Battery with him. General Parson's line was drawn along the length of Main Street, and was met at its extreme western end by General Slack's division, which column moving into position was what we three saw on reaching the corner of Main Street. General Harris's command was stretched along the river in touch with General Parsons on one side and with General Rains on the other. This completed the cordon. General Harris was accompanied throughout by Kneisley's Battery. Bledsoe's Battery was placed on the east of the fort. I have never known the position of Captain Clark's two guns nor that of Captain Kelley's three during the battle, but Guibor's Battery moved from place to place as most needed.

And now the investment was complete, and the gage of battle given in a demand upon Mulligan for surrender.

"If you want us, come and take us," was the reply.

And now Guibor's Battery was sent rushing down to the intersection of Third and Pine Street, and at once pandemonium broke loose.

"We will fight presently. Hadn't you better get away somewhere?" a thoughtful soldier had earlier said to us in passing. And we did obey far enough to leave our position, but I was still in the street in front of the family residence and just three squares from Guibor's Battery when the first ter-

rific crash of cannon and thunder of guns rolled over the town. Fast and furious bombs and balls hurtled and screeched into the citadel and from there into town. On this first afternoon the bombardment was so heavy the thunder of the guns was heard at Carrollton, thirty miles away, and General Sturgis, who was marching to Mulligan's relief on the north side of the river, turned back from the far-reaching roar and came not at all, though he was seen through glasses from the college observatory and most anxiously longed for.

When now shot and shell began to plow through houses, and bombs from the citadel were exploding all around, many people who had stayed in their homes from a courage born of ignorance took refuge in their cellars, where they ate, slept, wept, laughed, and hoped while the fight went on outside. It must have been that the first volleys from the intrenchments did deadly work, for not long after the opening roar of the guns men crimsoned by war's red touch began to be borne to places of shelter. Private houses were opened to receive them, and in some instances limbs were amputated on dining tables, on parlor floors, and in one case an arm was removed while the owner lay stretched on the top of a piano.

This first day the firing stopped at nightfall, and those of us who could sleep took the uneasy slumber of uncertainty and distress. Next morning our house gave an early breakfast to many men under arms, tired and hungry, going past. The guns had taken up their hiss and roar again at daylight. At noon an old friend, Gen. Lockland McLean, took time from going about the field to run in and ask for a dinner. A little later Lon Slayback came in to see if we daring ones were safe, and I think went back to the fight satisfied that we could stand fire without flinching.

Since the occupation of the college site for defenses the residence of Colonel Anderson, which was inclosed by the western redoubt, had been in use as a Federal hospital. The advantages of the situation afforded by the shelter of the house, together with the misuse of the position being made by the enemy, determined the Southerners upon its capture. This could only be done by a running charge without the use of arms, the place being a hospital. Daring as the venture was, it was undertaken by Lafayette, Ray, and Carroll men, under General Harris. This was done about noon on the second day of the battle, and the successful Southerners atoned to the captured sick of the enemy by every care and gentleness.

I had but to go into the street from my own door to be able to command a view of College Place and surroundings, and a single square farther on gave me opportunities of coup d'oeil over the south side of the battle field a general might have used to advantage. I was there for what could be seen when Mulligan's Irish retook the hospital about three o'clock of the same day of its capture. I was looking in that direction when the double line of assaulting, firing (for the Federals used their arms upon their own hospital, notwithstanding our side had not) men from the citadel sprang into sight on the top of the embankments, swarming, pouring over in a yelling charge. And how fast they fell and lay in a long blue line along the hill! We were told afterwards by some of those inside at the time that this sortie was only achieved by the agency of whisky. The Dutch had said, "It iss not goot to go oud," and upon an all-round reluctance to take the hazard the Irish of Mulligan were made brave enough by a liberal ration of the fiery stimulant. Let this be believed because of what followed. The recapture of the building was so quickly done that some of the Confederates fell into the hands of the

enemy. All these were ruthlessly massacred at once. But one prisoner escaped their crimson fury. This was Captain Mansur, of Carrollton, who saved his life by creeping under the blanket of a sick Federal who lay upon the floor.

A final recapture of the house was made by the Southerners an hour or two later. The truth in regard to the fate of comrades so lately left there was not known until the again victorious besiegers poured into the building to find, not living men, but crucified bodies in all stages of savage mutilation. One of these was the body of Fayette Quarles, a man so young that he was but yesterday a boy. The palms of his hands had been ground away by bayonets, and a still greater unfortunate had eyes torn out by these points of steel. Whether these savage atrocities were perpetrated before or after the killing of the victims will remain forever unknown except to their perpetrators.

The night which closed this sad day was a lurid one. Hot shell from the citadel had set on fire some frame houses in town, and huge columns of smoke and flame luridly purpled the sky and turned the world into a place of strange horrors.

I can recall no heavy cannonading on Friday, the third day of the fight. Instead, there was a ceaseless sharp cracking of rifles to be heard throughout the day. The possessors of those squirrel guns, with a light addition of rifles, were doing galling work with them. Hidden behind every tree, stump, bank of earth, even up in the branches of the trees, the owners of small arms did deadliest work. This was kept up all day, and must have been more galling to the besieged than the cannonading had been; for when all was over and an account from inside gained, we heard that many hasty and shallow burials were made after night fell on this day. In strolling about the inside of the defenses a few weeks later I saw evidences of this in a human foot pathetically protruding from a shallow mound which had evidently been heaped over a body laid upon the surface of the ground.

During the twilight of this day a part of General Harris's division inaugurated the beginning of the end by rolling the baled hemp from Colonel Anderson's warehouse up the bluff to serve next day as a movable breastworks. They slept behind their movable defenses that night, and next morning all the hemp from the McGrew and Sedgwick warehouses was added to them, and the end began. On this morning Bledsoe's Battery tried to tear up the earth. It thundered away so fiercely and continuously that great holes were ripped in the walls of the college, and the already shattered boarding house seemed likely to fall in a heap on its foundations.

The hemp bales continued to crawl up the bluff on the river side of the works, and the guns inside seemed to be centered in that direction at last. Soon a short line of hemp bales flushed with the outer intrenchments. Men sprang from behind into the face of the enemy, overran the defenses on that side, and planted a Confederate flag under the eyes of the citadel. Over they poured in numbers, to see the white flag of surrender run up on the Federal staff.

Fought and won was the battle, but the aftermath was sad. There were dead and wounded to be left behind when our army marched away again. Some of these sleep a last sleep in our cemetery; some were afterwards removed by relatives in other places. And with the going of our army we fell soon again under the power of the Federal military, and they were as Turks or Russians, or the two combined. But this does not belong to the account of the battle.

SEVEN PINES.

WILLIAM V. IZLAR, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

Beneath a long mound by trees hid away,
O'erhung by low, drooping vines,
Brave heroes in gray lie sleeping to-day
On the battlefield of Seven Pines.

No stone marks the spot in the swaying pines;
No comrade now their names can tell;
But buried close up to the enemy's lines,
All accoutered, just as they fell.

No low, mournful dirge was chanted o'er,
In silence they laid them to rest;
But borne on the breeze was the battle's roar,
The sun sinking low in the west.

Now hushed is the drummer boy's rattle,
The fife and the trumpet are still;
No sound save the lowing of cattle
Or note of a lone whippoorwill.

But when that last trumpet is sounded,
The herald of earth's final day,
They will rise with arms buckled round them,
These matchless warriors in gray.

[In sending the foregoing the author writes: "On a recent visit to the battle field of Seven Pines I was shown by the guide a long, low mound, under which he informed me quite a number of Confederate soldiers were buried. This circumstance and the scenes inspired the verses herein inclosed.]

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

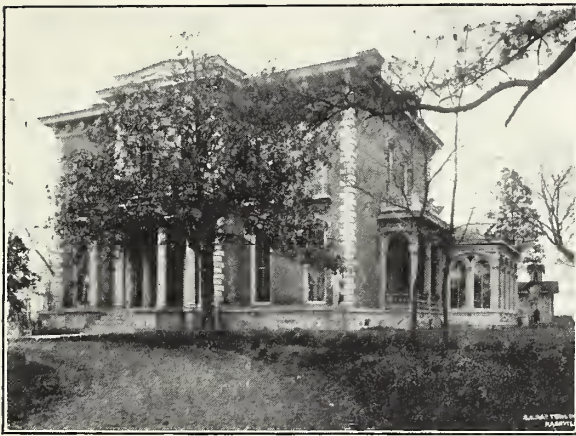
BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, PRESIDENT, WEST POINT, MISS.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., will be held in the historic city of Natchez, beginning the first Tuesday in May, 1912. This promises to be one of the most interesting and notable meetings in the history of the Division. The conflict in dates (May 7-9) with the Reunion is deeply regretted, as it will prevent many of the Mississippi Daughters from meeting with our honored veterans. This date being specified in the constitution of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., it could not be changed.

All reports at the Natchez Convention will prove that the Mississippi Division bears the hallmark of progress. "The New Member Contest," inaugurated by the President for the sole purpose of increasing the strength and influence of the Division, has aroused the greatest enthusiasm. It was a venture at first, but its success has been greater than we could have ever dared hope for, but is only characteristic of the progressive spirit that abounds in our ranks. This new-born spirit of enthusiasm which is so manifest promises great things for the future of the Division.

Many monuments have been erected during the past year and many new Chapters organized, and the Mississippi Division is throbbing with life and interest in the glorious work and noble purposes of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

There are no marks of any kind at the graves of Richard Waterhouse (19th Texas) or H. P. Mabry at Jefferson, Tex. These two officers are remembered as brigadier generals, and yet there has been a question as to whether they received commissions as such. General Mabry was for a long time a brigade commander.



THE W. W. BERRY RESIDENCE.

On battle line of Nashville—occupied by the Confederates. This is one of the most advanced positions occupied during the battle.

GOVERNMENT PENSIONS TO CONFEDERATES.

ADDRESS BY JUDGE WALTER CLARK AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

[Chief Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, was in Charlotte on March 9 as the guest of Mecklenburg Camp, U. C. V., whom he addressed at the new hall. Many Daughters of the Confederacy were present. Judge Clark's speech was heard with great interest. Commander W. Mc. Smith, of the Camp, presented Mr. E. R. Preston, of the local bar, who in turn introduced Judge Clark. Mr. Preston referred to Judge Clark as North Carolina's best-known citizen. Mr. Preston considered it remarkable that, occupying a position which closes his mouth to discussion of many public questions, "the simple greatness of the man" had brought him wide recognition by the sheer force of his intellect. He mentioned Judge Clark as the originator of the phrase: "First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox." For twelve long years without a penny of recompense, even for the stamps on the five thousand letters he sent out, he had compiled the records of the North Carolina troops to such perfection as to abash the other States of the South. Judge Clark's speech was entirely non-political, although he is a candidate for the United States Senate. It was an address for the occasion strictly. He told in brief the story of North Carolina, and he favored Federal pensions for Confederates. The following from the Charlotte Observer may seem slightly extravagant in figures, but the VETERAN's principles are vividly set forth and careful consideration is recommended.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

If the nation looks to Philadelphia as the cradle of independence and of liberty, we, in North Carolina at least, shall always look to Charlotte in Mecklenburg County as the earlier birthplace of independence. Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name it.

It has been nearly fifty-one years since North Carolina, resuming her sovereignty, took her stand with her sister Southern States beneath a new flag. More than four decades and a half have passed since, wreathed around with laurel and with cypress, that banner passed into the eternal silence, where live forever the deathless dead.

North Carolina sent forth more than 125,000 stalwart sons to make her declaration good. More than one-third (43,000) came not back again. Dead by the fire of battle, dead by wounds, dead by disease, from exposure and hardship, 43,000 of our bravest and best are sleeping their last sleep at Gettys-

burg, at Vicksburg, at Chickamauga, at Charleston, in the swamps of the Chickahominy, around Petersburg, in the valley of Virginia, and wherever in that ring of fire that encircled the Confederacy we faced the fearful odds that slowly but steadily drove us inward. In the four decades and a half which have since passed the leaden hail of the years has driven great gaps in the ranks of the survivors. Another third—and perhaps half of the remaining third—have joined their comrades in the great bivouac of the dauntless host of the 125,000 North Carolinians who carried on their bayonet points the fortune of the Confederacy as well as the fame and honor of North Carolina. Of these, less than 20,000 are still with us.

COMPARISON WITH OTHER COUNTRIES.

In 1872 France and Germany went to war. Their population was about equal to thirty-eight millions each. Each had an army of 400,000 men already equipped for war. The army of France was inspired by remembering the glories of Napoleon, and that of Germany by the victories of Frederick the Great. In six months the German army had captured Paris and 1,000,000 French troops, and France had surrendered to the enemy two great provinces and agreed to pay a war indemnity of one thousand millions of dollars.

In 1861, when our war began, the South had no government. It had to create one. It had not a soldier and not a dollar. It had to raise an army, organize, equip, and feed it. It had to make a treasury and fill it. It had no arsenals, no powder, and but few guns. These things had to be made. The enemy had twenty-four million people to our six million, and many of these colored. They had an army and navy organized. They had an overflowing treasury and ready access to the outside world, from which they drew recruits to their ranks and supplies of every kind. When they lost a soldier, killed or wounded, they could fill his place with three more. When we lost a man, there was no other to take his place. They put 3,000,000 soldier in the field, while we managed first and last to put into line 600,000.

It took the Germans six months to overcome the French, a brave and martial race and their equal in numbers. It took the North four years to travel the one hundred and seventeen miles between Washington and Richmond against a people and an army one-fourth their own in numbers, yet again and again they were on the point of failure. Had Albert Sidney Johnston's life been spared one hour longer at Shiloh, Grant and Sherman, with the army under their command, would have been prisoners. Had Stonewall Jackson not been struck by a bullet from one of our own men at Chancellorsville, Hooker's army would have been cut off from United States ford and made prisoners. Either event would have ended the war like a clap of thunder. The valor of our soldiers and the genius of our generals were equal to success. They did not command it only because an infinitely greater power than that which the enemy controlled willed it otherwise. As Napier said of Napoleon: "Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of an infinite power, was wanting to us, and without her aid the designs of men are as bubbles on a troubled ocean."

You can measure the magnitude of our struggle in another way. In the great war of the Revolution, in which we won our independence from Great Britain, the patriots during the entire seven years left only 1,735 men dead on the field of battle, and we would have been beaten but for the help of France. In the War of 1812, our second war with Great Britain, we had only 1,235 killed outright, though that war saved us to the country beyond the Mississippi; and in the war

with Mexico, which united to us Texas, California, and the great territory lying between them, one-third of the Union, we lost only 1,047 men killed. In our war North Carolina alone had 5,016 men killed in battle, and including the deaths from wounds, 14,000. Add to those the deaths from disease, this State lost more than 42,000 men.

In the long centuries that are to come legend and song in this fair Southland will keep bright the story of the Confederate soldier. His memory will sparkle in the fountain, and the mountain peaks will recall remembrance of his marches.

Posterity will recall too the simple faith and courage with which when the end came you turned your faces homeward, and there, picking up the web of life where the sword had cut it, you began again where you had left off four years before. Your powerful aid dissipated the evil influences that came over your native land. You raised up the broken and discarded statues of law and order and replaced them with honor upon their pedestals. You cleared your fields of the brambles that had grown up and your government of the bad men who had climbed to power. At your bidding prosperity again started the hum of its wheels, and honor and integrity became again the attendants of your public service.

You did all this and more that will stand to your everlasting honor. In the strenuous struggle of 1861-65 you were faithful to the highest ideals of the soldier, and in the years following you were equal to the highest duties of a citizen. Patriotism is not with you an acquirement to be laid aside at will. It is a part of your very existence. The stress of years and the storm of battle have reduced your numbers and enfeebled your steps. The heads of the survivors have whitened with the snows that never melt; but your patriotism has not diminished with your numbers or your strength, and the State has no sons more jealous of her honor or more obedient to her laws.

THE UNITED STATES SHOULD PENSION CONFEDERATES.

Since the war this country has paid in pensions and to Soldiers' Homes for Federal soldiers altogether \$4,500,000,000. Of this, \$1,500,000,000 has been paid by the people of the South, and of this over \$115,000,000 has been paid by the people of this State. As nearly all this goes North, it has aided vastly to keep us poor in our poverty. The South has paid a far heavier war indemnity than France paid to Germany. The United States pension list has been padded extravagantly to keep up an excuse for a high tariff.

The soldiers who fought for the Northern States have been rewarded. Those of the Southern States have received only what we in our poverty could do for them. The North has shown neither generosity nor magnanimity—not even moderation in this.

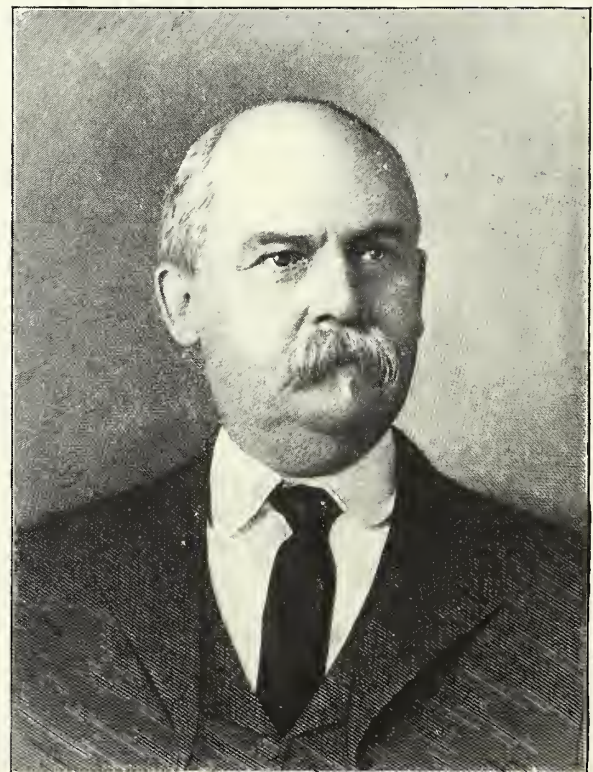
Speaking here in Charlotte in August, 1909, to the State Veterans' Association, I stated the fact not only that the South had been kept poor by this enormous and unjust war contribution, the heaviest in all history, but that there being no way to repeal it the only just way, the only possible way to relieve our people of the South and of North Carolina from the imposition, was to place the Confederate veterans and the widows of our deceased comrades upon the United States pension roll. There is no reason why this should not have been done long since. Certainly there is none why it should not be done now after more than half a century. When the war broke out, a majority of the States took the Northern side, and the soldiers in the Union army fought on that side

because Massachusetts and New York and Ohio and the other States on that side so ordered it.

The soldiers from Virginia, from North Carolina, and the other Southern States fought on this side for the same reason. For nearly half a century the States have been reunited and have been paying money into a common treasury. There is no reason why the money paid toward a pension fund from North Carolina should not come back to this State for the benefit of North Carolina soldiers and their widows and for the benefit of merchants and farmers who furnish them with supplies. There is no reason why the merchants and farmers in the Northern States should on pension day receive in payment from Union veterans and their widows not only the money raised for pensions throughout the wealthy Northern States but should also receive the money paid into that fund by the impoverished South.

There are politicians who are always quick to throw us bouquets and lavish high-sounding words upon us but who do nothing else for us. They are quick to say that the Southern soldier is too proud to receive a Yankee pension. We should make them understand that North Carolina pays \$4,000,000 a year into the treasury for pensions and the South some \$40,000,000 annually, and that we are asking in simple justice that our own money should come back to us for the benefit of our veterans and their widows and our people at large. North Carolina pays annually to her veterans and their widows \$400,000, and at the same time we are paying \$4,000,000 as our State's share for pensions for the Union veterans and their widows; so that where we pay \$1 to the men who fought for us we are paying \$10 to the men who fought against us.

I am in earnest when I say that we should have more manhood and less humility. It would be more in accordance with



CHIEF JUSTICE CLARK, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

the character of our people. If we should insist on justice in this matter, all the Confederate veterans should now be on the pension roll on equal terms with the soldiers from the Northern States. Why not? A Confederate soldier is now Chief Justice of the United States. The Southern colonels and generals have been made Federal judges, Congressmen, Senators, and appointed to various other offices.

The mass of the Confederate soldiers now living were boys under twenty. Why should they alone be banned, while their colonels and generals have been drawing high Federal pay, and the people of the South have been paying their full share to the pensions awarded men from other States who went into the war for the same reason that our boys went—*i. e.*, because their States called for them.

My review of the record of the soldiers of Mecklenburg County has been necessarily brief and imperfect. May I not suggest that before it is too late some son or daughter of your county should write the story of the soldiers from Mecklenburg in the great war, where they went, and what they did? Such writer could take the official reports and from the lips of these veterans take down the living details which will clothe the dry narrative with life, color, and complexion, and breathe into it the breath of life. When that work is done, it will reflect eternal honor on the county and the people who furnished such soldiers and on the loving hand that thus recorded great deeds nobly done.



MISS GRACE LUMPKIN,

Who Made an Effective Plea at Little Rock for Reunion at Macon, Ga.

"THE ANTE BELLUM WOMAN."

AN ACROSTIC BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI
DIVISION, U. D. C., WEST POINT, MISS.

T-hough many moons have waned and many years have passed,
H-ow oft in tender musings we behold as in a glass
E-ver a lovely picture of an old plantation home!

A-mong the lilacs and the lilies our thoughts delight to roam.
N-o wonder as we ponder o'er the scenes of other days
T-he woman of the South appears, inspiring all our lays.
E-ach home in Dixieland was guided by a gentle hand;
B-righter far her crown than any princess in the land.
E-ach jewel in her diadem sparkled with genuine worth,
L-ove, wisdom, honor, strength, and honest pride of birth.
L-o! her husband praised, her children called her "blest;"
U-nder her roof tree strangers found welcome with the rest.
M-any servants did her bidding; they found her always kind.

W-oman of the South, thou art gentleness and strength combined.

O-nward with mighty strides the world moves on apace.
M-any movements startle us; we pause and see a smiling face—
A woman, pure in thought and deed; her life was e'er serene;
N-o laurel wreath is needed; her good name remains supreme.

STREET SIGNS TO TEACH HISTORY.

Paris intends to make the streets of the beautiful city of France "teach history to Paris children." The municipal council is expected to pass a bill requiring that the historical significance and dates of events shall be added to street name signs. The streets are already placarded plainly with white letters on a blue background not only at every street intersection but on every angle of every building on every corner.

Practically every important street in the city is named in honor of some famous man or victory. Future signs, therefore, will read: "Rue Rivoli, French Victory in 1797;" "Avenue Victor Hugo, French Poet and Novelist, 1802-1885;" "Rue Lincoln, Famous President of the United States, 1809-1865."

"The picturesque and varied streets of Paris furnish a good education," said Paul Escadies, a deputy, who is the promoter of the idea. "The street names are mementos of our history—literary, scientific, artistic, political, and military. The committee on Parisian inscriptions have placed marble tablets on the houses where illustrious men and women have been born and where they have lived and died."

Mrs. Medora Merchant Little writes from Oak Cliff, Dallas County, Tex., while sending the above data to the *VETERAN*: "What a perpetual monument to our great men, and particularly our beloved Confederates, it would be if every capital would follow Paris, France, and rename its streets and make them historical! The names of those who served their country should live forever. I would be proud if the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* would champion this method of teaching future generations the history of Dixieland. This would keep alive in the memory of future generations the gallant deeds of our beloved dead more lasting than the cold marble monuments that the hand of time can crumble."

[The foregoing recalls the name of a street in Nashville substituted for a name in disrepute. It is "Joc Johnson," evidently intended for the beloved Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, but the "t" in the name has ever been omitted. This mention of error in name is the first seen in print, by the writer at least. Let "the city beautiful" authorities correct this shocking error.]

THE LAST ROLL

MRS. J. D. ROBERDEAU.

Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau died at her home, in Austin, Tex., April 10, 1911. She was Miss Willie S. McCormick, the oldest daughter of W. B. and Ann Virginia (Millan) McCormick. She was born in Fairfax County, Va., April 3, 1845, and her family moved to Colorado County, Tex., just before the war. In November, 1865, she was married to J. D. Roberdeau, captain of Company B, 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade.

From childhood she was a devout member of the Methodist Church, and for many years an earnest worker in the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 105, U. D. C., of Austin. She served her Chapter well; she was Vice President two terms and then President of the Chapter. She was State Treasurer of the Confederate Woman's Home Fund and State Chairman of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association since its inception.

Mrs. Joseph B. Dibrell paid the following beautiful tribute to her memory: "The Daughters of the Confederacy to-day mourn the loss of one of their loyal and earnest workers in the death of our beloved Mrs. J. D. Roberdeau, of Austin, Tex., State Chairman of the Arlington Monument Committee. Mrs. Roberdeau had served the Daughters of the Confederacy since its earliest organization as President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Austin and upon most important committees in State and general work of the Texas Division, U. D. C. Always at the helm, ready for duty with a true devotion to the cause she loved so well, her honesty and integrity, her careful dispatch of business, and, in fact, every page of her beautiful life will serve as an example for others. She was foremost in the Albert Sidney Johnston Monument Committee work, and from the inception of the Confederate Woman's Home gave her time, labor, and funds to this noble cause. There was never a battle too strong for her to forge to the front for the right. She never swerved from a purpose just and deserving, even though public favors might have been weighed in the balance on the other side. Loving to friends, devoted to her cause, strong and true in every line, she was magnanimous enough to have been just to a foe, if such might have ever crossed her pathway. Again I say, let us take her life as an example to the Texas Division, U. D. C., and all womankind may well afford to hold such characters up as beacon lights in this mortal life of ours. As Chairman of the Arlington Monument Committee, none feel her loss more than I, since we have worked together from the beginning of the organization of the Arlington Association, and with you, dear, kind friends, I beg to stand in grief and sorrow over your serious loss. With memories ever dear, she will live with me until the end."

CAPT. A. J. PRYOR.

The death of Capt. A. J. Pryor at East Prairie, Mo., on March 11, 1912, removed one of the oldest settlers in Mississippi County. He was born in Graves County, Ky., in 1833, and used to go to Southeast Missouri on hunting trips,

and some forty years ago he settled there permanently. He served in the Confederate army as captain of a company of the 3d Kentucky Infantry. He was shot through a lung in the battle of Brice's Crossroads, and it was thought that this old wound accelerated the disease, pneumonia, which was so quickly fatal. He was never married, but had made his home with Lon Bumpas at East Prairie for several years. The body was buried at Mayfield, Ky., by the Graves County Camp of Confederate Veterans.

BENJAMIN Q. WARD.

Pioneer, citizen, and veteran of two wars, Benjamin Q. Ward died in San Antonio, Tex., on February 26, 1912. He was born in Palmyra, Mo., in 1827, went to Texas in 1851, and located on Caranchua Bay. This place continued to be his home, and near by, at a spot overlooking the bay, his body rests. At the age of seventeen he enlisted for the Mexican War, serving under Gen. Sterling Price, after which he went to California in 1849 to search for gold. When the War of the States broke out, he went to the front as an officer in Company D, Waller's Battalion, Green's Brigade.

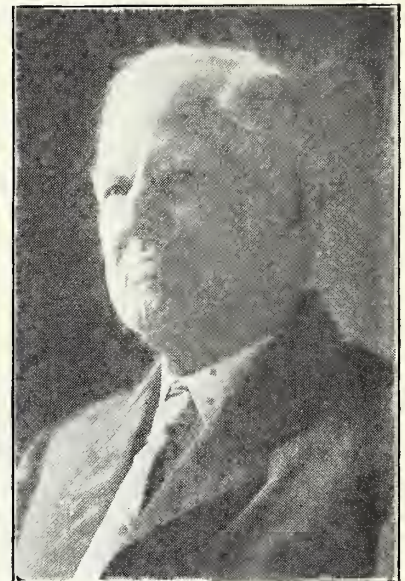
The funeral of this good man was unique, his expressed desire being followed by his family. The casket was of Confederate gray. After an address by Hon. L. T. Wells, "Dixie" was played on the piano.

A Confederate flag was carried by a foster son, leading the cortège. The Daughters of the Confederacy and members of William R. Scurry Camp, of Victoria, met the train bearing the remains and placed on the casket their offerings. In closing his remarks at the grave Judge Wells said: "In all his undertakings, in war, in camp, in the mines, at home or abroad, he measured up to the standard of a real man."

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE JUDGE LATHAM.

At a meeting of the water commissioners in Memphis an excellent portrait of Judge T. J. Latham was accepted by the commissioners with formal expressions of thanks and appreciation. The commissioners acknowledged their obligation for the enterprising spirit in which he ventured upon and developed what is the largest waterworks system in the world dependent for its supply upon deep wells. At the inception of the project a new and untried field was entered upon, and the work was brought to a successful termination largely through the generalship of Judge Latham as the chief executive officer of the company, and is regarded as a monument to his memory.

The Secretary, Sanford Morrison, sends the thanks and appreciation of the city commissioners.



B. Q. WARD.

CHARLES D. EASTLAND.

Charles DeBrille Eastland died at Lake Como, Fla., February 5, 1912. He went from Louisville, Miss., in November previous. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia. He had many friends and was very popular with children. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was seventy-seven years old. He is survived by a brother, Wm. Eastland, of Oklahoma, and adopted sister at Lake Como.

CORPORAL BENJAMIN L. DYER.

Benjamin L. Dyer was born October 6, 1835; and died July 1, 1911, at his home, in Opelika, Ala. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth R. Richards, daughter of Judge Evan G. Richards, with two daughters and three sons, survives him.

Comrade Dyer was a member of Company A (Captain



CORPORAL B. L. DYER.

Farmer), 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade. He enlisted July 19, 1861, for the war. He was wounded in battle near Sharpsburg, Md., and at Gaines's Mill, September 16, 1862, from which he lost his right leg and was honorably discharged from military service of the Confederate States at Loudon, Tenn., in November following.

RICHARD B. ALLEY.

The death of Richard B. Alley occurred on March 6, 1912. Though Mr. Alley had been failing in health for a year, his decline was more rapid than his friends had anticipated, the end coming quietly after an illness of ten days.

As a Confederate soldier Mr. Alley was distinguished for bravery. The Montgomery (Va.) Messenger quotes the following incident from an article in the VETERAN which referred to his courage, etc.: "In December, 1864, General Forrest engaged the Federals near Murfreesboro, when the onslaught of the enemy was so fierce that the Confederate lines began to waver. General Forrest, seeing the danger, seized the colors wherever he could reach them, and carrying them himself tried with them to check the retreat of his men. Riding up to the 54th Virginia Regiment, he said to the color bearer, Richard Alley, 'Hand me your flag.' Though barefooted, thinly clad, and

shivering in the December wind, Alley, scarcely more than a lad, holding tightly his flag, replied: 'General Forrest, I can take care of my flag; just show me where to put it.' Pointing to some hills crowned with Federal batteries, the General said: 'Put it there.' The flag was planted where ordered, and, reinforced by the regiments, the hill was taken. General Forrest never forgot the color bearer of the 54th Virginia Regiment as 'that little fellow that totes his own flag.'"

Comrade Alley had been a resident of Montgomery County for over thirty years. During a part of this period he taught school at different places, but in recent years had lived on his farm near Rogers, Va. He is survived by his wife and nine children. A member of the Presbyterian Church for many years, he died in faith of the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ.

The funeral was conducted at Union Valley Church by Rev. E. E. Lane, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Christianburg, Va., and was largely attended. The burial service at the grave was conducted by the Masonic order.

DR. DAVID TILTON FENLEY.

Dr. David Fenley was born in Fleming County, Ky., September 10, 1834; and died August 5, 1911, at the home of his son, Otis Fenley, in Presidio County, Tex. He was twice married: first, to Miss Mary Jane Jones, of Kentucky, and again to Miss Emeline Wells, of Tennessee. He is survived by his widow and five sons and one married daughter. Four children died in infancy. Dr. Fenley studied medicine and practiced his profession.

He enlisted in the Confederate service early in 1861 under General Price in Missouri as surgeon, and served until captured in 1864. He was sixteen months in prison at Alton, Ill. At an early age he joined the Christian Church, of which he was a consistent member until death. He was a Master Mason, a devoted husband and father, a good citizen and man. His predominant trait was his love for his fellow man. He was a member of Valverde Camp, Roswell, N. Mex.

JUDGE W. W. MARCUM.

Judge William W. Marcum, a member of Camp Garnett, No. 902, United Confederate Veterans, at Huntington, W. Va., died on January 15, 1912, at his home, in Ceredo, W. Va. He was born in Wayne County, Va. (now West Virginia), on December 12, 1844, and at the age of seventeen he enlisted in Company K, 8th Virginia Cavalry, Jenkins's Brigade. His captain was Joseph M. Ferguson and his colonel was James M. Corns.

From the date of his enlistment in the fall of 1861 to the close of the war he served continuously in the same command, and made a distinguished record as a soldier. Whether in camp or on the battle field, his conduct always commanded the respect and admiration of his comrades.

After the close of the war, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in the State of Kentucky, where he filled official positions of responsibility and importance. Later he removed from Kentucky to Wayne County, W. Va., and pursued the practice of his profession, and was subsequently elected judge, which position he filled with distinction until the close of the term. He then returned to the practice of law, in which he was eminently successful, and in which he was actively engaged until his death. He was a member of the West Virginia Legislature at the time of his death as a Representative from Wayne County.

For forty years he was an active member of the M. E. Church, South, and died with the Christian's hope.

[By J. N. Potts and Wayne P. Ferguson, committee.]

MAJ. GEORGE O. ELMS.

George Osborn Elms was born at Rock Island, Canada, November 12, 1833. At the age of six years the family moved to Lyman, N. H.

In 1852 George Elms came South, working as a civil engineer and surveyor on railroad work, which was at that time in its infancy. He was employed as civil engineer on the first railroad built in Alabama. During the next few years he was employed on railroad construction work in that State, in Mississippi, and in other States.

Mr. Elms settled in Louisiana preceding the War of the States. He enlisted at Opelousas, St. Landry Parish, April 6, 1862, having walked from Lake Charles to Opelousas. He was a private in Company A, 28th Louisiana Infantry, under Col. Allen Thomas. [The company was also called the 27th.] He was made a sergeant on April 9, 1862, and an adjutant of the regiment on May 3, 1862.

Lieutenant Elms was captured July 4, 1863, in the fall of Vicksburg. He was exchanged at Enterprise, Miss., in November, 1863, and was again captured September 17, 1864, on the Mississippi River. He was taken to Fort Warren, Boston, and there held as a prisoner of war until exchanged at Richmond, Va., March 22, 1865, when he immediately qualified as first lieutenant of the corps of engineers, P. A. C. A., having been appointed November 3, 1864, and served until April 27, 1865, the end of the war. He was a staunch defender of the Confederacy, and never tired of going over the history of the conflict.

Mr. Elms was wedded to Miss Mary E. Barker at Washington, St. Landry Parish, February 24, 1870. Mrs. Elms died in 1898. The surviving children of this union are: Mrs. J. W. Rohrer, Lake Charles; Charles S. Elms, New Orleans; George E. Elms, Shreveport; Mrs. N. D. Bulloch, Harry N., Misses Sallie and Estelle Elms, of Lake Charles.

Major Elms was prominent as a Mason, and had been identified with the order since 1854. He had successively held many high offices in the order. The funeral was largely attended and by old citizens who had known the deceased in his earliest connection with this community and who had fought with him in the Confederate service.

EZEKIEL M. EZEKIEL.

Comrade E. M. Ezekiel died in Springfield, Mass., March 27, 1912. He was a brother of Sir Moses Ezekiel, famous as a sculptor, and was for a long while the only Confederate veteran residing in the capital of Massachusetts. The Springfield Republican, which has showed gratifying consideration for Confederate veterans for a long while, said of him:

"The death of Mr. Ezekiel will be deeply regretted by an uncommonly wide circle of friends. He had had an honorable career, had given good service in public and political causes when called upon to do so, and had amiable personal qualities. As a youth he was a member of the famous Richmond Blues, one of the crack Virginia companies, and, like his noted brother, Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, gave good service to the Confederacy. But Mr. Ezekiel was patriotic beyond any sectional narrowness; and when he came North, he was eager for the progress of the nation. He could always be found standing for the best in Democracy. In the time of Gov. William E. Russell's leadership of his party Mr. Ezekiel was one of those active in forming the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massachusetts, and later a club in this city on the same lines was largely his creation, and since that time he had been active in the councils of the party,

always being allied with unselfish and strong men in it. He had occasionally served as delegate to party conventions, and he was at one time the chairman of the Democratic City Committee.

"One who knew him well said he was always governed by unselfish motives and a wholesome enthusiasm for the welfare of his party at large. He never had any personal axes to grind in politics. In the fall of 1903 Mr. Ezekiel received the nomination of the Democrats for Secretary of State on the ticket headed by Col. William A. Gaston and Richard Olney II., the nominees for Governor and Lieutenant Governor respectively. This honor paid him at the State Convention was not followed up by victory at the polls, for the full Democratic ticket was beaten by the Republicans. * * *

"Mr. Ezekiel was born in Richmond, Va., in July, 1842, the son of Jacob and Catherine Ezekiel. The family was one of the first and most prominent Jewish families in the South, and members of it were among the best-known men in Baltimore and Philadelphia. He was one of fourteen children, twelve of whom are still living. At the breaking out of the Civil War Mr. Ezekiel enlisted in the Confederate service, and remained in it until the fall of Richmond. His younger brother, Moses, was at the beginning of the war in the Virginia Military Institute.

"In 1884 Mr. Ezekiel was married in Hartford, Conn., to Miss Caroline M. Dimock, of Chester."

THOMAS WILLIAM COBB.

Thomas W. Cobb was born June 12, 1844; and died December 11, 1911, at his home, in Union, Ala.

In the summer of 1862 he joined Company C, 43d Alabama, Gracie's Brigade, and served in the Army of Tennessee until disabled by a long spell of typhoid fever, which prostrated him for more than a year. He afterwards joined Forrest's Cavalry, with which he served till the close of the war. He was a member of Camp Sanders, U. C. V., at Union, and almost invariably attended the reunions.

When the war was over, Comrade Cobb returned home, and after several years of close application to his books he taught school. Later he engaged in agricultural pursuits, whereby he successfully demonstrated the dignity of farm life, and from which he gathered a competency. He took a deep interest in State and county matters, serving nearly twenty years as County Commissioner. He was a member of the Church and was deeply interested in Christian service. His wife, who was Miss Dora Steele, and one daughter survive.

JOHN FOSTER HODNETT.

John F. Hodnett died at his home, near Mount Vernon, Tex., on January 7, 1912. He was born April 9, 1843, in Perry County, Ala., and went to Franklin County, Tex., in 1892. He served during the war as third lieutenant in Company F, 35th Mississippi Infantry. He was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Lake Bayou, Lookout Mountain, Dalton, Resaca, Peachtree Creek, Abbeville, Laflora, Grenada, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the siege of Vicksburg. He was wounded at Corinth and again severely wounded at Vicksburg. He was one of those who ate mule meat and other "delectable" foods of the kind during the siege of Vicksburg. He had five brothers in the Confederate service, one of whom was killed at Missionary Ridge.

Comrade Hodnett was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, No. 300, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon. He was a true man in all the relations of life.

ANDREW HAILEY.

Andrew H. Hailey was born in North Carolina January 13, 1840; and died at Geiger, Ala., March 27, 1912. He moved to Kemper County, Miss., early in life, and when the war began he joined the Jeff Davis Legion, Mississippi Cavalry. The legion went to Virginia and served under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He remained with this command to the close of the war, going through nearly every battle, and was wounded twice. He returned to his home in the summer of 1865.

Comrade Hailey moved to Sumter County, Ala., forty years ago. He was a member of the M. E. Church, South, from early boyhood, and died in the faith of our fathers.



CAPT. JOHN O. TREANOR.

On March 6, 1911, John Ormsby Treanor, after months of severe suffering, patiently and bravely borne, entered into his eternal rest. He was born May 16, 1839, in the town of Killala, County Mayo, Ireland. In 1855 with his mother and a younger brother, he came to Nashville, Tenn., to join his older brother, Thomas, who had come several years before. He was first employed as a clerk in a bookstore and next in the grocery store of Treanor & Joint until the beginning of the Civil War.

He enlisted in Company B, Rock City Guards, 1st Tennessee Infantry, with which he served until August, 1862, when he was transferred to Turner's Battery of Artillery. He was with General Forrest in the commissary department until near the end of the war, when he was retired from active service on account of ill health, soon after being promoted to captain.

At the close of the war he returned to Nashville, and was bookkeeper for a large wholesale grocery firm until 1873. He then entered the business of fire insurance, in which he continued until his death.

Captain Treanor was married March 14, 1872 to Miss Georgia H. Bell, who, with three children (John B., Joseph O., and Anna Bell), survives him. He was a member of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, and for over twenty years served on the

vestry. He was a member of John C. Brown Bivouac from its organization until his death. Through a close personal friendship for over forty years I can say that I never knew a truer, more faithful friend. He was genial, generous, and upright. There was no pretense in his nature. He was a man to count on in every way. As a soldier he was brave in the face of danger, never shirking duty, and was ever ready to help a comrade. He was ever cheerful and devoted to the Confederate cause. He was worthy of his kinship with the gallant general who fell at Waterloo. As a citizen he accepted defeat without bitter complaint, and, obeying the laws, he strove manfully for the upbuilding of the commonwealth. He was scrupulously honest and strict in his business principles. In social life he was considerate of others, companionable, full of kindly humor, and quick to respond to the call of good fellowship. In his family he was a devoted husband and father. As a Christian he was a sincere believer in Jesus Christ as his Saviour and loyal to his Church. When the summons came, he was ready to answer, and he met death without fear.

[From sketch by Rev. James H. McNeilly, D.D., Nashville.]

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Elder J. D. Floyd at the funeral of William F. Russell in Wartrace, Tenn., on January 23, 1912, said:

"Inasmuch as his own pastor is here and another resident pastor, it may seem strange that I have been called to this duty, but from what I have to say you will understand.

"This world will be lonesome to me without William Russell. I knew him all my life, for we were boys together. Our fathers lived on the same stream a mile apart. As barefoot boys we waded up and down the stream and with our pin hooks searched the fishing holes. Sometimes on Sundays we traversed the woods together, climbed the persimmon and black haw trees, and hulled chestnuts together. We sat on the same backless bench in school and learned to spell, of course, from the old blue-back spelling book. As young men we were often together.

"The Civil War came on and the young manhood of the country engaged in it. During the last three years we served together in the same company, he as a private and I as first lieutenant, and in those three years of close relationship there was never an unkindly feeling between us. For half of that time we messed together, eating of the same rations and dipping our bread into the same skillet of gravy. We slept under the same blanket; and when the snow and ice were on the ground, we would lie close together. Time after time we stood or lay side by side or advanced in battle and heard the hateful song of the Minie ball on its mission of death.

"William Russell was a brave man. I could see him as we entered the battle; and though his features were pallid and his frame agitated, he went on and on steadfastly to the end.

"The other night as the new day was beginning his name was called, and he answered, 'Here!' He stepped across the line and took his place in the ranks on the other side. To his sons he has left a goodly heritage in the record of an honorable life."

MRS. SALLIE SIZEMORE.

Mrs. Sallie A. Sizemore, widow of Dr. R. H. Sizemore, died April 1, 1912, at Dickson, Tenn., aged nearly eighty years. (Dr. Sizemore died while they lived at Erin, Tenn.) She leaves two sons, a brother, and a sister. Her brother, Mr. James M. Nesbitt, lives in Erin. She was a great-niece of Samuel McAdoo, one of the founders of the Cumberland Pres-

byterian Church, and she was a model Christian and a loyal Cumberland Presbyterian until her death.

Mrs. Sizemore spent over two years in the war with her husband. He was a surgeon, and "she was a ministering angel in the hospital." During one battle, while the hospital was being moved, she walked through the battle field, carrying a mirror, just as calmly as if she were going to church, while bullets and shells were flying through the air all around her. Dr. Sizemore afterwards referred to the incident with pride. She would stay up nearly all night after a battle, holding the candle and helping her husband bandage the wounds and minister to the dying.

During the yellow fever epidemic in Erin, where the family lived a quarter of a century, Dr. Sizemore advised that she take the boys to the country, but she declined to go, saying: "No. You will stay and I will stay with you." She did so and visited the sick with him. She was a thoughtful and devoted wife, an indulgent mother, and was cheerful to the end.

REV. DR. JAMES B. AVIRETT.

Rev. James Battle Avirett, D.D., died at the Western Maryland Hospital, where he had gone for medical treatment. Dr. Avirett until almost up to the time of his death apparently enjoyed fairly good health. On his last day in this life he chatted with a friend in the sun parlor, and had just repaired to his room and lain down upon his couch when he died.

Dr. Avirett was the fifth son of John Alfred Avirett, a French Huguenot, and Susan (Thomas) Avery. He was one of nine children, and was born March 12, 1835. His birth took place near New Berne, N. C. He graduated at Chapel Hill University with the late Senator Vance. He practiced law at Mobile and Selma, Ala., and Raleigh, N. C., until 1858, when he took up his studies for the ministry. In 1861 he was ordained by Bishop Meade at Staunton, Va., and became chaplain of the 7th Virginia Cavalry at Winchester under Ashby, and was the first chaplain to receive a commission as such in the Confederate army. In 1862 Dr. Avirett married Mary, daughter of Philip Williams.

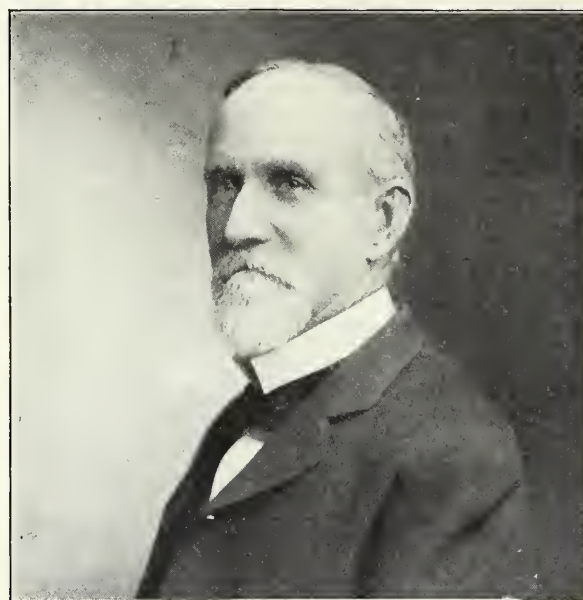
At the close of the war he established at Winchester the Dunbar Female Institute, which became widely known in that section. Later he returned to the ministry, and went to Maryland in 1870 as a missionary under Bishop William Pinkney. From there he took charge of Silver Spring and Rockville, in Montgomery County, Md., remaining the rector in charge sixteen years, during which time he added three chapels to the parish. He next took charge at Upper Marlboro, Prince George County, and from there moved to Waterville, N. Y. Next he was at Oswego, N. Y., and in 1904 went from there to Kittrell, near Raleigh, N. C.

Because of failing health he located among old friends at Buena Vista, near Lexington, Va. In the fall of 1908 his wife died. After that he made his home with his son, Col. John W. Avirett, at Rose Hill.

Aside from his ministerial attainments, Dr. Avirett was a versatile writer, and contributed many valuable articles to magazines and Church papers. He was also the author of the following books: "Ashby and His Confreres," "The Old Plantation," "The South before the War," and "The Real Jackson." These books attest the scholarly attainments of their author.

A Southerner of the true type, Dr. Avirett was loyal to the cause for which he fought. It was permitted this old soldier of the Confederacy to live to see a reunited country and to lay the olive branch of peace upon the graves of some who wore

the blue as well as some who wore the gray. After making his home in Cumberland, Dr. Avirett assisted in the services of Emmanuel Episcopal Church.



DR. J. J. WILLIAMSON.

Dr. John J. Williamson was born February 1, 1838, in Stokes County, N. C.; and died at San Angelo, Tex., January 24, 1912. He was buried at Cleburne, Tex. He was a member of the Missouri State Guard and second lieutenant of the third company organized in that State. He was in the battles of Boonville and Lexington, and was sick at Lexington with a long spell of typhoid fever. After the State Guard disbanded, he joined the regular Confederate States army at Holly Springs, Miss., in Company A, 3d Battalion, Missouri Cavalry. In the engagement at Baker's Creek he was severely wounded in the jaw. He was in the Georgia Campaign of 1864. After the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he was appointed assistant surgeon, which position he held until the close of the war. He saw much active service, and always exhibited manly courage and the spirit of the true soldier.

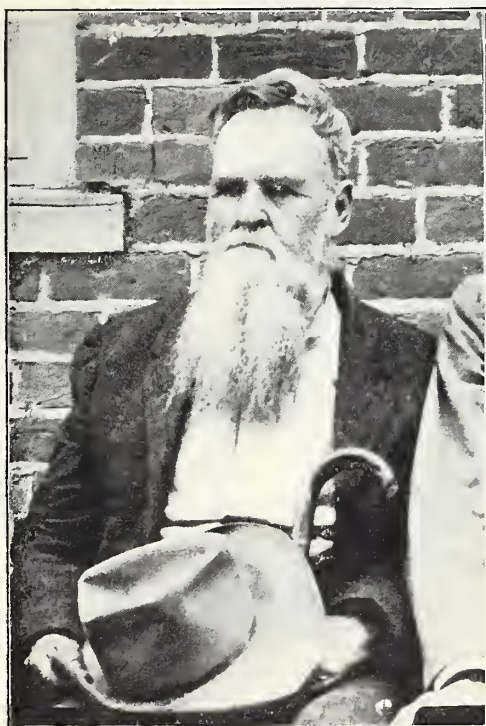
Dr. Williamson was married at West Point, Miss., July 26, 1866, to Miss Celestia L. McMillan. He went to Texas in 1869, locating in Hill County, where he engaged in farming and the practice of medicine. In 1882 he moved from there to Cleburne, Tex., where he continuously resided and practiced his profession until 1908, when he retired from active practice and located on his ranch in Upton County, Tex.

Once more a pioneer citizen of the virgin prairies, his last years were happily spent in building up a home in which he exhibited an enthusiasm remarkable in one of his age. He loved his orchard and garden and field and the great outdoors life, even taking note of the little wild flower smiling up at him from the grassy path. His past years had been full of responsibility. For nearly forty years he practiced medicine, and was self-sacrificing and conscientious. To the call of the poor and the rich he gave the same fidelity. He was a good husband and father, and as a citizen he was worthy of the best appreciation of any community. His genial nature, with an undercurrent of kindly humor, made him a delightful companion. He was the personification of energy,

and seemed never to know the limitations of physical endurance. He believed that if a thing was worth doing at all it was worth doing well. He was fearless and aggressive in the fight for the success of moral issues, though he was modest and retiring. He exemplified every day of his long and useful career the highest type of honor. He despised deception and trifling in any of the relationships of life. Sincerity was the keynote of his character. He was a Mason, a Methodist, and truly a Christian gentleman, leaving to a large family of children a good example of a life correctly lived.

LIEUT. ROBERT BEAN.

Lieut. Robert Bean answered the last roll call on July 30, 1911, in Gainesville, Tex., at the age of seventy-three years.



LIEUT. ROBERT BEAN.

He was born in East Tennessee near Bean's Station. His father emigrated to Cooke County, Tex., which was on the extreme frontier, and erected a trading post where now stands the city of Gainesville. Young Robert was then ten years old, helping his father in the store, their principal trade being with the wild Indians. He grew up in those primitive wilds, and the outbreak of the Civil War found him in the prime of young manhood, loyal to his State and zealous in the cause of his native South.

Early in the spring of 1861 he enlisted in the first company that was organized in his county, which, with several other companies, was sent to the Chickasaw Nation to protect the citizens from the depredations of the Indians. In the summer of 1861 these companies, tired of the monotony of scout work, returned to Texas and organized the 11th Regiment, which was soon placed under the command of Gen. Ben McCulloch. After the engagement at Elk Horn, this regiment was transferred to VanDorn's command in Mississippi, but was soon ordered to Chattanooga, where the expedition under Gen. Kirby Smith was organized for the Kentucky Campaign

in the late summer of 1862. After the battle of Richmond, Ky., the regiment went to Perryville and formed a junction with General Bragg, recrossed the Cumberland Mountains and went into camp near Murfreesboro, and participated in the battle of Stone's River a little later on. Up to this battle the regiment had served in the infantry; but after the Murfreesboro fight, it was remounted and assigned to General Wharton's brigade, composed of the 8th, 11th Texas, 4th Tennessee, and 3d Arkansas Regiments of Cavalry. [The VETERAN is not clear as to whether this regiment was the original 11th Cavalry.—EDITOR.] In falling back into Georgia there were a number of small engagements, and then came Chickamauga. After that battle, General Wheeler crossed the Tennessee River in the rear of General Rosecrans, destroyed his trains, and returned. Then came Peachtree Creek and the many small engagements to the surrender.

Lieutenant Bean went home, went to work, and accumulated considerable means. He removed from Cooke to the adjoining county of Montague, which he represented in the legislature; but some years ago he returned to his old county and located near Gainesville, where he spent his declining years. To know this comrade was to love him; he was charitable and hospitable. He was married three times, and lost his last wife but a short time before his death. He was for a number of years President of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry Association and Commander of the J. E. Johnston Camp.

SOLOMON M. SCRUGGS.

Solomon M. Scruggs, who died at his home, in South Jacksonville, Fla., May 23, 1911, was a noble soldier. He was born in Jefferson County, Fla., in 1840, and grew to manhood on the farm. His parents were from the old Palmetto State. After gaining such education as the "old field school" offered, he was sent to Union University, Tennessee, and in 1860 he entered a medical college in St. Louis, Mo.

When war was declared, in 1861, he turned away from the schoolroom and, making his way home through the lines, enlisted in the Jefferson Rifles for the war. This command became Company H, 3d Florida Infantry, and formed a part of Finley's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Ex-Senator Pasco, who served in the same company, says that "Sol" was a good soldier, a brave man, always at his post, kind to his comrades, and a true and sincere friend.

Comrade Scruggs served through the war, and was at the fatal angle at Nashville December 16, 1864, when, as a member of the brigade said, "the concentrated fire of several batteries shot the bottom log out of the breastworks."

After the war, he married, farmed, railroaded, and cultivated an orange grove. His wife died, leaving two boys, and after several years he was married again to Mrs. Oak, of Jacksonville. He was a faithful Christian and honored with responsible positions in his Church. He was trusted by his fellow citizens, and was the first Mayor of South Jacksonville.

GEORGE B. BUNCH.

George Burton Bunch died at his home, in Nashville, Tenn., March 26, 1912, in the eighty-third year of his age after a lingering illness of several months. The funeral services were conducted from his residence by Rev. S. M. Cherry, and his remains were laid to rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

George Bunch was a gallant Confederate soldier during the four years' war. At the beginning of the war, in 1861, he enlisted in Company I, 1st Tennessee Infantry, and at the close of the war, in 1865, he surrendered and was paroled at Selma,

Ala. After that time he made a valuable citizen. He was a Christian gentleman. He was a native of Maury County, and a member of Blanton's Chapel, M. E. Church, South, for many years.

He leaves to mourn his loss his wife (Mrs. Mary J. Bunch), two sons (George W. and Douglas F.), and three daughters (Laura, Corinne, and Mamie Bunch). During his long illness he was most tenderly cared for by his family.

[From sketch by his comrade, J. P. Oliver.]

JOHN MCQUEEN MILLER.

John M. Miller was born at Bennettsville, S. C., August 28, 1842; and died at his home, in Lynchburg, S. C., December 27, 1911. He enlisted for Confederate service as a private in Company G (commanded by Capt. J. W. Harrington), Cash's 8th South Carolina Regiment. At the reorganization of this company he was made orderly sergeant, in which position he served until he was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga while leading his company in the absence of the captain and the other commissioned officers, who were disabled.

Comrade Miller was in the first battle of Manassas, Seven Days' fighting around Richmond, Williamsburg, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga. He was slightly wounded twice at Gettysburg, but totally disabled at Chickamauga by a wound which caused him the loss of his right leg. His brother, Henry H. Miller, lost a leg at Knoxville, and there was another brother, Philip, younger than these, who served faithfully during the last few months of the war.

In 1867 Comrade Miller was married to Miss E. Jane Liles, also of Bennettsville, and of their family three sons and two daughters survive; one daughter died some years ago.

Comrade Miller held a number of positions of honor and trust, having been treasurer for his county, Marlborough, and at Lynchburg, his home, he served as railroad agent and then magistrate for years. Judge Miller was a stand-by of the town and community. He was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Lynchburg High School. He was deacon in his Church and for twenty-five years superintendent of the Sunday school, and was literally "the pillar of his Church."

DR. T. RICHARDSON MILAM.

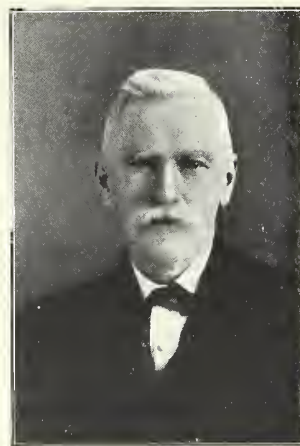
Dr. T. R. Milam died in Columbia, S. C., on December 5, 1911. He was born either in Middle Tennessee or North Alabama about 1824. His parents moved to Weakley County, Tenn., about 1840. His mother was left a widow with ten or more children. After caring for the family until his majority, Richardson Milam worked hard to obtain the means for a medical education, and after graduation he practiced his profession in Henry County for a while, and then removed to Feliciana, Ky. In 1862 he enlisted in Faulkner's 12th Kentucky Cavalry, where he was commissioned as lieutenant and served also as battalion surgeon. Five of his brothers also served in the Confederate army—four of them in Company C, 5th Tennessee Infantry. One brother was killed at Missionary Ridge; the only survivor now is L. L. Milam, of Union City, Tenn., who captured a Federal regimental flag at Shiloh.

Dr. Milam removed to Florida in 1870 and planted a fine orange grove near Leesburg. This was destroyed by the great freeze of 1895, and he had since spent the greater part of the time with his daughter at Jacksonville. He was twice married and was the father of six sons and two daughters, who reside in various States of the South. His wife survives him.

Dr. Milam was a consistent Christian. He had been a Mason for at least sixty years, and was a lifelong prohibitionist. He was strong in his friendships.

CAPT. W. D. KILLOUGH.

In the Last Roll we chronicle the death of W. D. Killough, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was a man without guile, mild and gentle, upright in bearing, and straight in his dealings, an old soldier with unstained record, a devout Christian gentleman, devoted to the tenets of the Presbyterian Church. After "war's deadly blast was blown and gentle peace returned," he was blessed with a wife congenial to him—Miss Alice L. Cunningham—who was a lovely Christian character. They



CAPTAIN KILLOUGH.

were truly mated, contented, and happy. She had borne him two sons, and the little family on their farm, near Murfreesboro, took life more pleasantly than the millionaire or man of fame.

Captain Killough was taken ill with pneumonia in December, and was removed to the hospital. The wife nursed him until she became ill too and died. Her death occurred three days before his, and he knew not when she left him and the world. Only a few days, and both were buried together in our Evergreen Cemetery. There is

something lovely in the thought of their contented life and so pathetic in the scenes connected with their death.

He was a member of the 45th Tennessee Regiment. He was severely wounded at Murfreesboro and discharged from the Confederate service. What a comfort to those who knew him to attest to the fact that he was true to his people, his family, his religion, and both of them true to their God!

The spirit of the loved wife winged its flight and bent its plume before the veiled shrine just in time to greet the spirit of her earthly companion at the celestial gates beyond.

[The foregoing sketch is by Capt. B. L. Ridley, and it is not exaggerated. Mrs. Killough's father and the father of the Editor of the VETERAN were brothers, and she was ever as a dainty, fragrant, beautiful flower, the difference being that she was immortal, and every act of her life tended to convince her associates of the soothing fact.]

MRS. E. R. NELSON.

Mrs. Amanda Nelson, wife of Capt. E. R. Nelson, died at her home, in Mount Vernon, Tex., on March 11, 1912, after a long-continued affliction. She was Miss Amanda Clemens, born and reared in Tennessee, where she was married a little while before the war began. Captain Nelson enlisted as a Confederate soldier, and served throughout the war with honor and distinction. About forty years ago they removed to Texas and settled near Mount Pleasant, where they reared a large family—five boys and two girls—all of whom are living except one boy. The aged husband, now more than seventy years of age, also survives. Hers was a beautiful life of Christianity, of wifehood and motherhood, and of noble self-sacrifice.

CYRUS OTWAY WELLER.

At Austin, Tex., on November 1, 1911, Dr. C. O. Weller died at the age of seventy years. A native of Tennessee, he went to Texas in 1855, and on August 17, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, 5th Texas Mounted Volunteers, Green's Brigade, and under that enlistment served continuously to the end.

He participated in the severe and disastrous expedition to New Mexico, in the engagement at Galveston, Tex., and in all the campaigns in Southern and Western Louisiana. His record as a soldier was without fault. On the march, in camp, and in battle he bore himself uncomplainingly, courageously, and with unflinching fidelity to the Confederate cause; and when the end came, he returned to civil life in the full confidence and esteem of those with whom he had served.



C. O. WELLER.

As with the great majority of Southern soldiers who survived the war, his future was dependent upon his own unaided efforts. Relying upon himself, he began preparation for the future with the determination that had characterized him as a soldier, and he equipped himself for the responsible duties of a physician, graduating from Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia in 1869. He was married to Florence Burford in 1869. They moved to Austin, Tex., in 1884. His wife lived but five days after his death. Five children and five grandchildren survive them. The husband and wife were consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It can be truly affirmed of him that his entire career from early manhood was without spot or blemish, and was in keeping with that of a true soldier, an honorable physician, and a sincere Christian. To his descendants and friends he has left a flawless and spotless reputation, conspicuous for kindness, honesty, gentleness in conduct, and fidelity to duty.

[From sketch by Joseph D. Sayers, of Austin, Tex.]

WILLIAM B. TOMPKINS.

William B. Tompkins, one of Virginia's noble sons who followed Lee and Jackson through the bloody strife of the sixties, died at his home, near Cassanova, Va., on November 11, 1911,

in the seventy-second year of his age. He passed through a lingering illness, which he bore with the same patience and fortitude that carried him through the four years of war. His military life was identified with that of the 49th Virginia Regiment from Manassas to Appomattox. He was a loyal member of the Church, and ever ready to aid others and relieve distress.

HENRY W. EVANS.

Henry Evans was working near Sylva, Smith County, Miss., when the War of the States began, and joined the first company raised in that county, the "Defenders," by Capt. W. H. Hardy, now of Pass Christian, Miss. The company, about eighty strong, was ordered to rendezvous at Corinth, Miss., late in May, 1861. It arrived at Corinth on June 2, and was made Company H, 16th Mississippi Regiment, with Carnot Posey as colonel. The regiment remained at Corinth, drilling daily, till after the first battle of Manassas, when it was ordered to Virginia and became part of Crittenden's Brigade, then at Centerville. General Crittenden was transferred to a command in East Tennessee, and General Trimble became commander of the brigade.

The 16th Mississippi participated in every campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia and in most of the great battles. It was in Ewell's Division, under Stonewall Jackson, in the Shenandoah Valley Campaign, the most wonderful campaign of the whole war, in which General Jackson defeated three armies, each of which was stronger in men and munitions of war than his own, commanded by Generals Banks, Fremont, and Shields. He defeated General Banks in the battles of Luray and Winchester and drove his demoralized army across the Potomac River.

In all the battles of Jackson's noted campaign H. W. Evans participated. He was also in the battles of Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Gettysburg, and in the campaign on the lower Potomac, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, and Appomattox. When the second battle of Manassas was over and his command, tired and hungry, lay down to sleep on the battle field at eleven o'clock at night, he went back by permission to the field hospital to learn the fate of Lieut. T. J. Hardy, his brother-in-law, who was shot down in the first charge and borne by the litter bearers from the field, with instructions to return early next morning. In returning just after daylight in the mist of the morning he came suddenly upon a squad of Yankee soldiers in a thicket, who appeared to be lost and bewildered. He crept up near them and, presenting his gun, boldly demanded their surrender, stating that he would kill the first man who attempted to raise his gun; that his regiment was near by, and they were inside our lines and could not possibly escape. They laid down their arms, and he marched them (seventeen in number) half a mile and turned them over to the colonel of his regiment, who sent them back under guard to where the large number of prisoners taken were being guarded. He was specially mentioned in the report of the colonel and commended for his bravery. He never desired promotion, but accepted the non-commissioned office of second sergeant. He preferred the position of private, and his conduct had much to do with making his company one of the best in that famous army of brave patriots.

As a citizen he was honest, industrious, and patriotic. He had nearly completed his seventy-fifth year and never had a lawsuit, nor had he ever testified in court for or against any one. Death came to him at his home, near Macon, Miss., on January 24, 1912.

DEATHS IN STONEWALL VETERAN CAMP, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

The following deaths occurred during the past year in the Stonewall Camp at Portsmouth, Va. All the deceased were residents of Portsmouth except as indicated:

NEWBY.—On April 18, 1911, Samuel J. Newby, at the age of sixty-nine years. He entered the service in 1861 as a member of Grimes's Battery, and participated in the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

COOKE.—On August 7, 1911, William G. Cooke, aged sixty-five years. He entered the service in 1863, and was detailed for service in the Treasury Department.

PARKER.—On October 26, 1911, Dr. Richard H. Parker, at the age of seventy-two years. He entered the service in 1861 as a lieutenant in Company B, 2d North Carolina Battalion; was promoted to assistant surgeon and assigned to Rhodes's Division Hospital; surrendered at Appomattox in 1865.

JACK.—On December 18, 1911, E. A. Jack, at the age of seventy-one years. He entered the service in April, 1861, as a private in Company K, 9th Virginia Infantry, was transferred to the Confederate States navy as assistant engineer on the Virginia (Merrimac), and participated in the naval battle with the United States Monitor in Hampton Roads, Va. He afterwards served as assistant engineer on the North Carolina at Wilmington, N. C., and later was sent to the Palmetto State at Charleston, S. C. Afterwards he was ordered to the James River squadron as acting chief engineer of the Richmond. When Richmond was evacuated, the naval brigade assumed infantry duties, and in the battle at Sailors Creek, April 6, 1865, Comrade Jack was captured and sent to Old Capitol Prison, then to Johnson's Island, and was paroled in June, 1865.

BLAND.—On December 18, 1911, George W. Bland, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the service April 21, 1861, as a private in Company D, 9th Virginia Infantry, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and participated in the great battles of General Lee's army from Seven Pines to Sailors Creek, April 6, 1865. He was captured in the latter battle and released from Point Lookout Prison June 9, 1865.

DEWBERRY.—On February 2, 1912, William T. Dewberry, at the age of seventy years. He entered the service in March, 1862, as a private in Company E, 61st Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the great battles of that army. He was captured at Hatcher's Run and paroled from Point Lookout Prison at the close of the war.

WALCOTT.—On February 7, 1912, Stephen F. Walcott, at the age of seventy-six years. He entered the service at Plymouth, N. C., in May, 1861, as a private in the 17th North Carolina Infantry. After the fall of Hatteras, he was exchanged, rejoined his command, and was transferred to the Confederate States navy and served on the Tallahassee and in the naval brigade under Admiral Semmes. He was wounded twice.

STEWART.—On February 10, 1912, Col. William Henry Stewart, at the age of seventy-three years. He entered the service April 20, 1861, as a lieutenant in Wise's Light Dragoons, and on account of insufficient strength to muster in the Confederate States service the company was disbanded. He then organized an infantry company called the Jackson Greys, afterwards Company A, 61st Regiment. He was engaged in the rifle gun battery on Sewell's Point in the naval battle March 8, 1862, also at bombardment of Sewell's Point, May 9, 1862, and afterwards actively participated in the following

battles: Fredericksburg, McCarty's Farm, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Wilcox Farm, Petersburg, Reams's Station, Crater, Hatcher's Run, Hicks's Ford, Burgess Mill, Farmville, Cumberland Church, and Appomattox. He was promoted to captain of Company A, 61st Regiment, major, and also lieutenant colonel of the 61st. Colonel Stewart was one of the best-known citizens of Portsmouth, having served as a member of the Virginia Legislature and prosecuting attorney of the city. He had a large circle of friends, and was held in high esteem by the community and loved by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. Colonel Stewart was Past Commander of the Grand Camp, U. C. V., of Virginia, and Past Commander of Stonewall Camp of Portsmouth. [More of Colonel Stewart later.—ED.]

BROTHERS.—On February 17, 1912, Joseph N. Brothers, at the age of seventy-two years. He entered the service in Elizabeth City, N. C., in April, 1861, as a private in Company F, 17th North Carolina Infantry, and was transferred to Company C, 56th North Carolina Regiment, and served to the end of the war.

ETHERIDGE.—At his home, in Port Norfolk, Va., February 24, 1912, Dr. Henry Shaw Etheridge, at the age of seventy-two years. He entered the service in June, 1861, as a sergeant in Company A, 61st Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade. He was made hospital steward of the brigade, and served as such to the end of the war, surrendering at Appomattox.

TYNAN.—On March 19, 1912, C. B. Tynan, at the age of seventy-one years. He entered the service in 1861 in Capt. George Hughes's company from Columbia, Fluvanna County, Va., and served to the end of the war.

GRIFFIN.—On March 29, 1912, Kenneth Raynor Griffin, at the age of seventy years. He entered the service in Southampton County, Va., in July, 1861, as a sergeant in Maj. Francis Smith's artillery. He was promoted to lieutenant and assigned to duty in the Richmond (Va.) defenses, and later with Crutchfield's Artillery Brigade, A. N. V., in which he served to the end of the war. He was one of the best-known lawyers of Portsmouth. He had served as a member of the Virginia Legislature, and had a large circle of friends. He was Past Commander of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V.

DUKE.—At his home, in the Western Branch, Norfolk County, Va., April 1, 1912, Hardy Duke, at the age of eighty years. He entered the service in March, 1862, as a private in Company C, 13th Virginia Cavalry, and was in Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's division, and participated in the battles of Stuart's Cavalry. Mr. Duke was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and was loved by all who knew him.

HENRY L. RUSSELL.

Henry L. Russell died at Seabreeze, Fla., on February 20, 1912, in his sixty-ninth year. He was born in Savannah, Ga., in 1842, and enlisted upon the first call from his State, becoming a member of Company B, Phillips's Georgia Legion. His regiment was in all the principal engagements under Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia, and the remnant of it surrendered at Appomattox.

With nothing but honor left, Henry Russell made his way back to Georgia and began the civil duties of life. His loyal wife, who was Miss Katie Curtis, died some years ago. Two sons, three sisters, and a brother, Maj. J. Newton Russell, survive him. The interment was in the family lot at Marietta, Ga. An old Confederate flag, contributed by Maj. E. F. Britton, was this soldier's winding sheet.

WILLIAM MARION SEAY.

"Taps" has sounded again. The courier Death has come from the Great Commander with the summons for Comrade William M. Seay, orderly sergeant Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry, to report to him, and in obedience he has gone from our Camp and from his place here among men to the "land o' the leal." He will indeed be greatly missed in our Camp, where for seven years he served as Adjutant, and upon his declining longer to occupy that post he was made a Lieutenant Commander, which office he worthily filled till his death.



WILLIAM MARION SEAY.

Marion Seay was a college lad, attending Lynchburg College, when the war of 1861-65 threatened; and although he had planned a life with aims and aspirations far different from the warrior's, and was in no sense ardent for war's carnage, yet when the crisis came and the college cadets became the Lynchburg Rifles he gave himself without reserve to the defense of his mother State, and, throwing aside all ambition and purpose, became a soldier of the Confederacy.

After the war through patient perseverance he was zealous in winning for our beloved State a place, a temple upon the former site of which the sons of such sires may well feel proud. And now William Marion Seay, having lived such a life, has gone to its reward. The picket's off duty forever.

[Data from sketch by W. S. Gregory (Chairman), J. W. Wray, and Tazewell M. McCorkle, committee., sent by Thomas C. Miller, Adjutant Garland-Rhodes Camp.]

DR. THOMAS P. SHIELDS.

Thomas Pride Shields, M.D., died from acute asthma at his home, in Union County, Ohio, April 4, 1912, and following the funeral service at the residence he was buried in the family lot in the cemetery at Marysville April 6. On the Sunday preceding his death, surrounded by his wife and several of

his children, Archdeacon Abbott, of the Episcopal Church, administered to him the holy communion. The Archdeacon conducted the funeral services.

Dr. Shields was born in Cumberland County, Va., in 1826, and in 1867 with his family moved to Union County, Ohio, and located near the village of Watkins, eight miles from Marysville, the county seat, where he lived until his death.

As a loyal Virginian he went with his native State in the War of the States, first as captain of the 18th Virginia Regiment, and then as surgeon in Confederate hospital service.

Going to Ohio before the rancor engendered by the great civil strife had subsided, by his manly frankness, his uniformly courteous behavior, and Christian conduct he soon won the esteem and the affection of all his neighbors. He became known extensively in the State as a public-spirited and high-minded citizen. Among those who attended the funeral was Col. William H. Knauss, of the G. A. R., of Columbus, who in a brief address paid Dr. Shields a beautiful tribute as a man, a soldier, and a citizen. H. A. T. Arthur, an attorney of Marysville, who had worked with him on various benevolent county and State boards, and Archdeacon Abbott, who had been his personal friend for a dozen or more years, also made brief addresses in which they spoke of his exalted character. His funeral was the occasion of a large gathering of sympathetic neighbors who admired and loved him. He is survived by his wife, several children, and grandchildren. His children are all married save one, Miss Elizabeth, who with singular devotion ministered to him in his last illness.

MRS. ANNIE E. OXLEY.

The E. V. White Chapter, U. D. C., of Dickerson, Md., has sustained a great loss in the passing away on March 4, 1912, of our beloved Historian, Mrs. Annie E. Oxley. She was the daughter of Maj. John Morris Wampler, a native of Baltimore, Md., and of Catherine Nugent Cummings, of Tennessee. Mr. Wampler drilled a number of the men of the 8th Virginia Regiment and helped to organize Company H of that regiment at Leesburg, Va., and was chosen captain. After the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard appointed him in on his staff, where he remained until after the battle of Corinth, when he was placed on General Bragg's staff in the engineer department. In 1863 he was again with Beauregard as staff officer with the rank of major, and was sent as chief engineer to Fort Wagner at Charleston Harbor. [The "War Records" report that he was killed on Morris Island August 17, 1863.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

Mrs. Oxley in every relationship, as daughter, wife, sister, and friend, adorned each as a true Christian with a life that spoke to us all. She was a consistent member of St. Peter's Church, Poolesville, Md., and when able was found in her place of worship. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Charles Oxley, her mother, two sisters and a brother, and five children, to whom we extend the love and sympathy of our Chapter. God in his wisdom has seen fit to call her up higher, and we bow in submission to his will.

In the death of Mrs. Oxley our Chapter of U. D. C. has lost a warm supporter of the cause ever dear to her heart.

It was requested that copies of the proceedings be sent to the VETERAN, to the Montgomery County Sentinel, and to the bereaved family.

MEDORA JONES, Secretary.

EVERETT.—C. C. Everett, of Palestine, Tex., writes of the death of his brother, J. D. Everett, who served with Company

L, 14th Tennessee Infantry, A. N. V. He was born at Clarksville, Tenn., and enlisted from there. He died on the 25th of February at the age of seventy years.

ALBERT THEODORE GOODLOE.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, First Lieutenant Company D, 35th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A., answered the last roll call February 22, 1912, at his lovely home, near Nashville, Tenn., where he had resided for several years with two of his surviving children, "Dos" and Alberta. Lieutenant Goodloe enlisted in the Confederate service in April, 1862, at La Grange, Ala., as a private. He was soon advanced to lieutenant, and filled every

position to which he was called faithfully. He was never heard to murmur, but ever had a pleasant word for his companions. When in battle he was constantly in front encouraging his men by his example to do their whole duty. Although never wounded, he had many narrow escapes. His Bible was his daily companion. He was a great believer in prayer, never failing to invoke divine blessings upon himself and men. He was one of the organizers of the first Christian association of Buford's



A. T. GOODLOE.

Brigade; and whether on the march or in camp, he always had as many around him as practicable to engage in religious service. All denominations joined this Christian association and worked for the Master. They had many enjoyable meetings, due to his faithfulness and zeal.

The writer and he were blanket companions from Corinth, Miss., to Greensboro, N. C. Of his many hard-fought battles were Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, Jackson, Corinth, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Kennesaw, Peachtree Creek, Decatur, Ala., Franklin, and Nashville, Tenn, and then to Bentonville, N. C. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. I am the last survivor of our "mess," and as such pay this tribute to a great, good soul.

[Sketch by W. G. Whitefield, 35th Alabama Regiment.]

MRS. ANNA E. MCFALL.

We, the Mayfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, deeply deplore the removal by death of our beloved, gifted sister and comrade, Mrs. Anna E. McFall, who was transferred from our company on earth to that company above which no man can number. Her loss will be felt in every department of our order. To it she gave untiring devotion, and her beautiful personality lent a charm to our gatherings.

Having passed through the most thrilling and exciting events of the Civil War, in close touch with historical incidents from personal knowledge as well as wide research, she was eminently fitted for the office she held as Historian of the Chapter. Her last work is left unfinished—a book she was compiling of unwritten history, gathered from all sources in the South, many interesting facts and incidents, pathetic, heroic, humorous, and romantic, concerning our women who shed no luster on the printed pages, but deserved a mention for rallying round the hearthstones, keeping the fires ablaze for their returning warriors.

Her rare executive ability and fine sense of right and justice gave her mind a legal and analytical turn that caused all to

refer to and depend upon her practical judgment on questions that called for consideration and decision.

Though a true heroine and a woman of strong convictions, yet she was retiring and timid in disposition. There is no position she could not have graced in the undertakings that the women of the South have inaugurated to perpetuate the memory and honor the heroes who fell in battle; but the simple life in the home claimed her, and it was glorified and enriched by music, literature, and poetry. Most of her literary efforts are under the *nom de plume* "Rose Heath." Her touching poem (in the Messenger) written the last night of the old year 1911 stirs the heart with its solemn questioning.

Our hearts are heavy and sad as we sit around the fireside or walk by the wayside, recalling some tone, gesture, or familiar word from her. Her last poetic lines were:

"Yes, the year is waning, beloved,

And soon shall have passed from sight.

Have you done what you could, beloved?

'Tis gone! A sweet good night."

Mrs. McFall was born in Ballard County, Ky., on October 19, 1839; and died Saturday, March 2, 1912. She was Anna Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin F. and Ophelia Cochran, and was married in 1860 to Franklin Mayes, who died in Mayfield in 1864, and on May 15, 1874, she became the wife of Dr. A. C. McFall, of Mayfield, who died in March, 1904.



MRS. ANNA E. M'FALL.

There were born to Mrs. McFall two daughters by her first marriage, one of whom survives her, Mrs. Sutherland, of Paducah, Ky., and one daughter by her second marriage, Mrs. Daisy Winfrey, who also survives her.

Mrs. McFall was a talented instructor in the art of music, and taught from her early womanhood until the time of her death. She also contributed to various publications and wrote three books—viz., "Poems of Facts and Fiction," "Too Much for the Colonel," "New American Music Primer."

She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, an unusually strong character; and although active as a teacher of music, she never missed a meeting of the U. D. C. Chapter and took a great interest in it.

Mrs. McFall had many thrilling experiences during the war. She was an authority upon many historical occurrences, and was Historian of our Chapter from its organization.

Committee: Mrs. H. S. Hale, Mrs. D. M. Patterson, and Mrs. E. E. Brelsford.

MRS. L. Z. DUKE.

Mrs. L. Z. Duke died at her residence, 4180 Broadway, New York City, on Wednesday, April 10, 1912. This announcement means much more than ordinary sorrow and interest, especially to Confederates, for in her death they lose one of their sincerest friends. For years Mrs. Duke had given unstintedly of her time and thought and lavishly of her means for every cause that tended to their comfort and to keep in remembrance their heroism and valor.

Notable among her many benefactions was her gift and maintenance fund for the L. Z. Duke Hall at the Soldiers' Home, Pewee Valley, Ky., and her generous contribution to the monument recently erected to the memory of Gen. Felix Zollicoffer and the heroic soldiers who were killed in the battle of Fishing Creek, or Mill Springs, Ky. She was a native of Kentucky, of distinguished ancestry, a near kinswoman of the gallant Confederate Gen. J. B. Hood.

She was an enthusiastic supporter of the VETERAN and a sincere personal friend of its owner. A woman of rare qualities of sweetness of character and gentleness of disposition, she will be greatly missed by a host of friends who loved her.



MRS. L. Z. DUKE.

She was an active member of the New York Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, the Dixie Club, and other associations of similar purposes, representatives of which attended her funeral services held in the church of which she was a consistent and devoted member. Her remains were

sent in accordance with her desire to Pewee Valley to be interred near the old soldiers to whom she was so devoted.

No name under the caption of the "Last Roll" is more worthy of its place than that of Mrs. L. Z. Duke.

[The foregoing comes from a friend who loved her.]

JOHN W. MORRIS.

Sergt. John Wesley Morris entered the Confederate army September 18, 1861, at Camp Burnett, Clinton, Ky., a private in Company H, 7th Kentucky Infantry, serving in the Kentucky brigade of Breckinridge's Division for a season. He fought at Shiloh and in the subsequent siege around Corinth, and was in the retreat to Tupelo. He was also engaged at



J. W. MORRIS.

Baton Rouge, Davis's Mill, Bolivar, and Corinth, being desperately wounded in the latter fight October 4, 1862. In June following he was discharged on account of total and permanent disability.

Sergeant Morris was mentioned in the report of his colonel for distinguished gallantry at Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862. He was loved and respected by the men of the company, who always found in him a true and courageous comrade. He was a devout member of the Primitive Baptist Church, charitable, and always helpful to those in distress. He had by dint of economy, industry, and business acumen accumulated to a measure that enabled him to help with a willing hand and cheerful heart deserving comrades who were unfortunate in their unequal struggle against fate.

He was born in Graves County, Ky., December 2, 1839; and died April 17, 1908, at Mayfield, in the same county, where his entire life was spent. For a number of years he engaged in buying and selling tobacco. Of him it can be truthfully said that a righteous man has gone to his just reward.

WILLIAM WADE.

After refusing to enter the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Nashville, Tenn., at the age of seventy-two, and refusing the good offices of the Daughters of the Confederacy, William Wade died February 1, 1912, in Minneapolis, Minn., after two days' illness.

William Wade was in the 4th Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., and was wounded at Shiloh. At the close of the war he returned to Nashville and later went to Minneapolis, where he engaged as a bookkeeper in a railway office for a number of years, but upon reaching the age of seventy was dismissed. Mrs. Frederick Van Ness, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, obtained a permit for him to enter the Confederate Soldiers' Home, which he declined, as stated. After some delay, he obtained employment as a bookkeeper.

In a letter to the VETERAN Mrs. Van Ness states that "he was very plucky;" that he would take care of himself as long as he could. He did accept from the Daughters in Minneapolis comfortable winter clothing, and did faithful work at book-keeping, and stood at his desk until within two days of his death. The Daughters took charge of the funeral.

MEMBERS OF NEW YORK CAMP

Capt. John F. Black, 23d Louisiana Infantry, C. S. A., died February 14, 1912.

Comrade Beverly W. Wrenn, special service C. S. A., died February 6, 1912.

"MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR OF 1861-65."

Such is the title of a book by Col. Ai Edgar Asbury, of Higginsville, Mo. The book is now out of print.

Twenty years ago, in 1892, Edgar Asbury, of Higginsville, Mo., did the suitable thing to write for his children—his wife had long since become familiar with most of the incidents—his war experiences and a brief sketch of his life. It comprises nearly fifty pages of fine print and is elegantly bound.

In 1861 he was a resident of Houston, Texas County, Mo., and was an original secessionist. He cast his first presidential vote for John C. Breckinridge, but "Lincoln was elected." In May, 1861, he was a delegate to the Secession Convention called by Gov. C. F. Jackson after the unhappy disaster at Camp Jackson, near St. Louis. It was decided at that convention to organize the Missouri State Guard.

The ardent young Asbury was sent by Governor Jackson with a commission as brigadier to Judge James H. McBride, who was in Texas County, to command the 5th Brigade. He was also placed in charge of three wagon loads of powder by Governor Jackson to be taken over a hundred miles south. Teams were hired and the perilous journey was made successfully through a strong Union section with this powder in kegs, over rough roads, imperiled by the danger of explosion, so they dared not lock the wheels in going down rough slopes. Some of his men deserted him in their fear, but he delivered the powder safely to General McBride. The General promptly commissioned young Asbury lieutenant colonel on his staff, and sent him on another dangerous journey to Springfield. His only acquaintance and friend in that city was a Union man, Maj. M. Oliver. He met this friend, who warned him that he was being "spotted." He told Oliver a story of leaving home to avoid "the secessionists," and was *en route* to the old home of both him and Oliver. He accepted Mr. Oliver's invitation to dinner, but for his own "good health" he left town promptly and returned safely to his command.

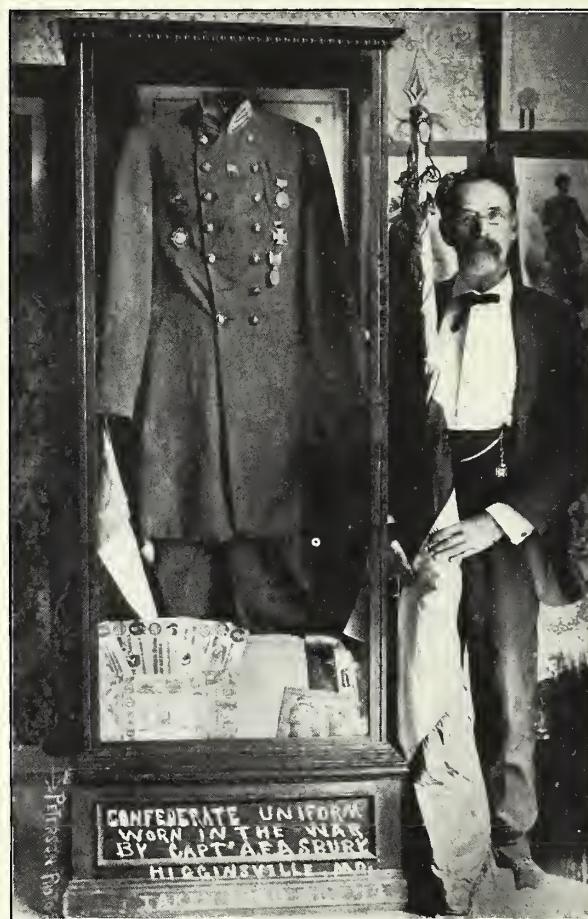
Colonel Asbury as aid-de-camp was in the battle of Wilson Creek. He served on for some time in Missouri and Arkansas. He had an escapade with Col. Colton Greene, in which the Colonel sent him a challenge to a duel, but his reply was that they could test courage before the common enemy. This course was adopted upon the advice of many friends. Colonel Asbury left the army at Van Buren, went to Memphis, and then to Corinth, but soon returned to Missouri and served again on staff duty in the regular Confederate service.

The narrative tells of many thrilling experiences. Colonel Asbury was sent into Northern Missouri on recruiting service, and was captured by the Federals and sent to Springfield. He was placed in Gratiot Prison, St. Louis, and later was sent through Point Lookout, Maryland, for exchange, but exchanges were just then discontinued. (His brother had the suit of clothes made which appears in the picture herewith, which represents him as he appeared early after the war.) At Point Lookout Beast Butler had twenty-seven men kept in one room about 12x30 feet, with one small window, for about three weeks.

Being put on a boat for Fort Delaware, those twenty-seven men corresponded with about seventy-five Confederate officers, and determined upon the capture of the boat, the Maple Leaf, which was successfully accomplished. It is a coincidence that the commander of the Star of the West when it was captured was placed in charge of this Maple Leaf. A compromise was effected whereby the sick Confederates would

be cared for, and Colonel Asbury was one of them. He wrote of this capture for the St. Louis Republican in 1886, and has copied the interesting paper in the book.

The Federal officers to whom the Maple Leaf was returned did not keep their promise, and these sick, including the Star of the West commander, were put in irons and the others were subjected to very severe treatment. Colonel Asbury was taken from there to Johnson Island and kept there from July, 1863, to February, 1864. He was sent back to Point Lookout, and was again under Butler, "the beast." He was paroled, according to a letter sent his mother March 13, 1864, and returned to Richmond, where he and associate prisoners were welcomed back by President Davis, who shook hands with each of them. He was ordered to Demopolis, Ala., to await exchange, which occurred on May 14, and he was ordered back to the Trans-Mississippi Department by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.



After returning to the West, Colonel Asbury had many thrilling and perilous experiences in Arkansas and Missouri, when finally he and Maj. W. D. Beard, who was Chief Justice of Tennessee at the time of his sudden death in Nashville a year or so ago, were assigned to important service by Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and Colonel Asbury's last important act was to raise some fifty volunteers to escort their beloved general on his attempt to reach Mexico. But upon arrival at Hempstead, Tex., after a conference, the trip was abandoned.

Colonel Asbury's parole is dated at Galveston June 20, 1865. On July 5 he took the oath of allegiance. On that same day he arrived at St. Louis, and on the 9th he reached Dover, Mo., with \$20 in gold and a blue linen suit in addition to his

uniform. There he met and married Ellen Knox Gaw. He had seen her but once before. He was poetic in sentiment. She sang for him "No One to Love," and he wrote:

"O thou fairest of the throng,
Gentle as the cooing dove,
Is this the burden of the song—
That thou hast no one to love?"

Colonel Asbury saved his uniform and has added on and on to the \$20. His son, named for him, is now his successor



GROUP OF MISSOURI CONFEDERATES, INCLUDING GEN. F. M. COCKRILL AND COL. EDGAR ASBURY.

as President of the American Bank at Higginsville, Mo. The parents migrate with the temperature, spending the winters in Florida and the mid-season at Higginsville, where the wife and mother seems to bear such relation to her flowers that at her smile they spring into life and exquisite beauty.

A MONUMENT TO MISSOURI CONFEDERATES.

The Sterling Price Chapter, U. D. C., of St. Joseph, Mo., has inaugurated a movement to raise funds for a handsome memorial to the Confederate dead of Missouri, to cost not less than \$5,000. Mrs. Elliott Spalding, who is serving the second year as President of the Chapter, is thoroughly interested in this undertaking, and has appointed a committee to decide upon ways and means to raise funds and secure a suitable site. It is hoped that cordial indorsement and financial assistance will come not only from everywhere in Missouri, but from other States as well, for this Chapter has in the twenty years of its existence contributed liberally and widely to the erection of monuments in various States commemorating Southern heroism. A sinking fund has been started by the Annie E. Patee Children's Chapter also to supplement and combine with the funds of the mother Chapter, Sterling Price.

The committee appointed comprises the following: John Doniphan (Chairman), Mrs. Annie E. Patee, Mrs. T. P. Maupin, Miss Lou Tutt, Mrs. John Richardson, Mrs. M. O. Hansberger, Mrs. John Landis, Sr., Mrs. Thomas Furlong, Miss Emily Davis, Miss Laura Lawlor, Mrs. J. P. Thomas, and Mrs. Myra Stallard.

MEMBERS ELEVENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.

Any survivors of Company G, 11th Texas Cavalry, Parsons's Brigade, who remember G. W. Moudy will kindly write to him at Altus, Okla., as he is very old and needs the little pension to which he is entitled.

"EMERGENCY COMMISSION" OF LITTLE ROCK.

BY MRS. GEORGE VAUGHAN, PRESIDENT J. M. KELLER
CHAPTER, U. D. C., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

In the March *VETERAN* under the head of "Emergency Commission Important" an erroneous impression is left as to the facts surrounding the death of Charles W. Cox. It is hardly fair to say Mr. Cox was "barred from the Confederate Home upon a technicality," when in truth he never applied at its portals or to a single member of the Board; hence he could not have been "refused admission and turned out in the cold."

Mr. C. P. Newton, of England, Ark., had telephoned the Secretary of the Board for application blanks. These had been forwarded to Mr. Cox, and were found in his pocket after his death. They had been made out, but had never been returned to the Board. It is not known whether he was on his way to Little Rock to present the application or to see a daughter in another part of the State, as a letter also found in his pocket might indicate.

He was taken sick and died in a lodging house in Argenta without ever having reached the capital city. Had he ever applied at the Home or to the Board, he most certainly would not have been turned away. It is, and always has been, the custom of the Board to take applicants in at the Home and care for them until their papers have been passed upon. At the present time there are two thus being cared for.

This correction is made in justice to all concerned. The Confederate associations of Little Rock form an "Emergency Commission," and do most cordially respond to all calls when the conditions are made known to them.

TENNESSEE SOLDIERS' HOME LIBRARY.

The Librarian of the Confederate Home of Tennessee sends thanks to those who responded so liberally to his appeal for books, and mentions especially Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, U. D. C., A. J. Harris Chapter, Harriet Overton Chapter, Nashville; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt; Musadora McCorry Chapter, Jackson; Mrs. Jane Brame, Mrs. T. M. Steger, Mrs. Annie Session, Mrs. P. H. Marlow, Miss Mary Fuller Love, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Bernstein, Mrs. G. H. Cheely, Mrs. P. B. Jones, Mrs. Lillie Norace, Nashville; Mrs. W. B. Capers, Columbia; Mrs. Eugene Crutcher; and many others in Arkansas, Texas, and Ohio. An especially prized set of books, "The Real America in Romance," was sent by Mr. W. J. Miller, of Burlington, Iowa.

The *VETERAN* has within two years contributed more than seventy volumes to the library.

In sending five dollars on his subscription to the *VETERAN* Capt. W. T. Ellis, of Owensboro, Ky., wrote: "The Sons of Veterans here have a live and growing Camp, and I hope that each member will become a regular subscriber to the *VETERAN*."

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

[Extracts from poem, author not known.—EDITOR.]

Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh.
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right and wrong;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S TRIBUTE TO HER WOMEN.

HOW THE LARGE SUM WAS PROCURED.

Introducing the orator of the day, Joseph Barnwell, at the unveiling of the monument of the women of the Confederacy, Gen. C. Irvine Walker gave a brief outline of the movement for the erection of the memorial. He touched on South Carolina's duty to the heroines of the sixties and pointed out to the younger generation the need of reverence and honor due to the women. General Walker said concerning it:

"At the reunion of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., held at Greenville in 1897 the first active step was taken in this State toward honoring our immortal heroines. At that convention the Chaplain General of the Division, the Rev. S. P. H. Elwell, urged most eloquently the movement, which was taken up by the veterans and their sons, and he was selected as its leader. He devoted his best energies to the work, but alas! his life was not long spared and the work perceptibly waned.

"The movement, subsequently agitated by the Veterans and the Sons throughout the South, influenced or at least kept alive in this State the determination to honor our women.

"At the suggestion of and by the patriotic influence of that gifted son of a good Confederate father and mother and true son of South Carolina, Maj. J. G. Richards, Jr., the legislature of 1909 made an appropriation of \$7,500. This was 'to provide for a monument to the heroism, fidelity, and fortitude of the women of South Carolina during the War between the Confederate States and the United States,' to be available when 'an equal sum be raised by voluntary contributions from the male inhabitants of South Carolina.'

"The State of this city (Columbia) immediately took up the matter and with greatest persistence urged it with all its force and eloquence and effectiveness. The entire press of the State joined hands. The male inhabitants, men and boys, were aroused. County competed with county in liberality, and after a short and sharp campaign the amount necessary was far exceeded, and South Carolina was ready to do honor to her women of the Confederacy. The total amount of all subscriptions, including interest, was over \$21,000.

"It would be impossible to name in this great popular movement those whose efforts made this magnificent success; but I must refer, in addition to what I have said to the special honor and praise due Maj. J. G. Richards, Jr., and Capt. William E. Gonzales, who inspired, encouraged, and directed to final success the raising of the amount to make available the appropriation. All honor to these noble sons of Carolina.

"The commission selected as the artist F. W. Ruckstuhl, whose design gave entire satisfaction, embodying the sentiment which should be expressed. They feel that he has done his work well and believe that the people of South Carolina, who entrusted us with its direction, will likewise most fully and heartily approve.

"Before you stands the proof that South Carolina in her hours of woe and distress had grand daughters. Just on the opposite side of the Statehouse, raising its head to high heaven, is the evidence that she also had valiant sons, who willingly 'died for their country.' Between these two memorials towers the Statehouse, the seat of South Carolina's sovereignty, the home of her greatness. It is an impressive picture, telling why South Carolina has so brilliant a past. It pictures that in life and in death her sons and her daughters, amidst all danger and all trouble, have gathered around her, ready to do and to die that she may live."

SOUTH CAROLINA HONORS HER WOMEN.

INSCRIPTION ON THE NEW MONUMENT.

TO THE
SOUTH CAROLINA WOMEN
OF THE
CONFEDERACY
1861-65.

REARED BY THE MEN OF THE STATE
1909-11.

IN THIS MONUMENT
GENERATIONS UNBORN SHALL HEAR THE VOICE
OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE
TESTIFYING TO THE SUBLIME DEVOTION
OF THE WOMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA
IN THEIR COUNTRY'S NEED.
THEIR UNCONQUERED SPIRIT
STRENGTHENED THE THIN LINES OF GRAY.
THEIR TENDER CARE WAS SOLACE TO THE STRICKEN.
REVERENCE FOR GOD
AND UNFALTERING FAITH IN A RIGHTEOUS CAUSE
INSPIRED HEROISM THAT SURVIVED
THE IMMOLATION OF SONS
AND COURAGE THAT BORE THE AGONY OF SUSPENSE
AND THE SHOCK OF DISASTER.
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CONFEDERACY MAY BE FORGOTTEN
BUT THE FRUITS OF THE NOBLE SERVICE
OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SOUTH
ARE OUR PERPETUAL HERITAGE.

WHEN REVERSES FOLLOWED VICTORIES
WHEN WANT DISPLACED PLENTY
WHEN MOURNING FOR THE FLOWER OF SOUTHERN MANHOOD
DARKENED COUNTLESS HOMES
WHEN GOVERNMENT TOTTERED AND CHAOS THREATENED
THE WOMEN WERE STEADFAST AND UNAFRAID.

THEY WERE
UNCHANGED IN THEIR DEVOTION
UNSHAKEN IN THEIR PATRIOTISM
UNWEARIED IN MINISTRATIONS
UNCOMPLAINING IN SACRIFICES.
SPLENDID IN FORTITUDE
THEY STROVE WHILE THEY WEPT.
IN THE REBUILDING AFTER THE DESOLATION
THEIR VIRTUES STOOD
AS THE SUPREME CITADEL
WITH STRONG TOWERS OF FAITH AND HOPE
AROUND WHICH CIVILIZATION RALLIED
AND TRIUMPHED.

AT CLOUDED DAWN OF PEACE
THEY FACED THE FUTURE
UNDISMAYED BY PROBLEMS
AND FEARLESS OF TRIALS
IN LOVING EFFORT TO HEAL
THEIR COUNTRY'S WOUNDS
AND WITH CONVICTION
THAT FROM THE ASHES OF RUIN
WOULD COME THE RESURRECTION
OF TRUTH

WITH GLORIOUS VINDICATION.

[The inscription was written by William E. Gonzales.]



SOUTH CAROLINA WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

"ABOLITION CRUSADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES."

This book is divided into four periods of American history. It is from the Scribners press. The author, our valiant and able friend, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, writes in regard to it:

"I am anxious to have the Veterans in convention indorse (as the Daughters did last fall at Richmond) the book for use in schools for collateral reading in the study of history. It might, however, be available as a textbook, as it treats of the one movement which dominated American history during the first three of the four periods treated of—viz.: Sectional agitation that brought about secession; the four years of war, which is designated as a War between the States, or rather the Confederate States, fighting for independence, and the United States with its army and navy opposing them; reconstruction under the Lincoln-Johnson plan and Congressional; and then the final restoration of self-government in the South after the sectional movement started by the abolitionists had spent its force.

PROPER OR BEST WAY TO STUDY HISTORY.

"In my opinion, the best way to study history is typically, especially if the periods to be studied are dominated by one single movement, as was the case here. My idea was to give in a connected story the underlying reasons which, on the one side, brought about secession, and on the other brought about the war of coercion. If I have succeeded in making

clear all this, then the book will give a fuller idea of the great events of the past than would volumes of history that undertook to treat of collateral questions that really did not affect the great issue on which the destinies of our people turned.

"I have treated of the war and of reconstruction only briefly; this for the reason that the whole world has come to understand very clearly both the war and the horrors of reconstruction. They are, therefore, in the book merely incidents, consequences which resulted from the monstrous crusade against the rights of the South from 1831 to 1861. It is that period of which I am trying to write the true story, because that is the period as to which Northern historians have most successfully obfuscated the present generation, both North and South. I have sought to show that instead of being a 'slave-holders' rebellion,' secession was a movement not by slave-holders but by the Southern people for the preservation of the Constitution of the fathers, and that while slavery was a cause of the quarrel it was really nothing more than an incident."

One of the very best friends of the VETERAN in sending ten dollars for the monument to Col. Richard Owen states that he had overlooked the notices in regard to him. This mention is to show the importance of reading the VETERAN carefully. As soon as this friend saw what was desired and why he sent ten dollars.

DIXIE LAND.

The skies are blue in Dixie,
And starry too.
There's a calm by day and a peace by night—
And a brighter gleam in the morn's fair light—
In the happy land of Dixie

True hearts and warm in Dixie,
You'll find them there.
Strong, loyal hearts that know not fear,
And genial smiles to bring good cheer—
In the sunny land of Dixie.

There's welcome warm in Dixie;
'Tis in the air.
We feel it in the clasp of hand,
In the love that throbs throughout the land—
At the open doors of Dixie.

The maid is queen in Dixie,
And fair to see,
With smile so rare none can compare;
The toast of every song and prayer—
The charming lass of Dixie.

Great, noble souls in Dixie,
We see them here.
The sons of princely fathers left,
By battle's gory hand bereft—
The hero sons of Dixie.

O man and maid of Dixie!
We love you here.
Long may your hearts and hopes be true
To dear old Dixie—dear true blue!
Your sunny land of Dixie.

[This poem was written by Miss Anna Deasy Nugent, a "Yankee girl" in the office of Col. J. M. Arnold, Cincinnati.]

STATEHOOD TWICE FOR ARIZONA.

IT WAS MADE EACH TIME ON FEBRUARY 14.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at a regular monthly meeting brought to light the significant fact that Statehood was given to Arizona by "Uncle Sam" fifty years to the day since it was made one of the Confederate States. At the meeting in question an interesting paper of the times fifty years ago was read.

Arizona's Statehood day, February 14, 1912, recalls the fact that on February 14, 1862, President Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation admitting Arizona as a Confederate Territory, and on the same day one year later, 1863, it became a territory of the United States.

The proclamation on the subject is as follows:

"Whereas an act of Congress of the Confederate States of America, entitled an act to organize the Territory of Arizona, was approved by me on the 18th day of January, 1862; and whereas it is therein declared that the provisions of the act are suspended until the President of the Confederate States shall issue his proclamation, declaring the act to be in full force and operation and shall proceed to appoint the officers therein provided to be appointed in and for said territory; now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, issue this, my proclamation, declaring said act to organize the Territory of Arizona to be in full force and operation and that I have proceeded to appoint the officers therein provided for said territory.

"Given under my hand and seal of the Confederate States of America at Richmond this the 14th day of Feb. A.D., 1862.

[Seal] By the President, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By R. T. M. HUNTER, *Secretary of State.*"

TRAVEL THROUGH SOUTHERN BATTLE FIELDS.

The Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway Company and its leased line, the Western and Atlantic—owned by the State of Georgia—has published a splendid booklet with more than fifty engravings and maps of battle fields on its lines and contiguous to them. It names fifty-eight places in Tennessee and thirty places in Georgia where battles or hard skirmishes were fought, with the dates. The elegant booklet states that volumes would be required to give details of the battles on its lines. The battle views are thrilling from the stirring scenes about Lookout Mountain to the cemeteries, which show the esteem in which martyrs are held. There is with the booklet a well-executed map of the country and the various States traversed by this model railway system. This and the guide or any of a half dozen fine publications, including a summer resort folder, will be sent free on application to W. L. Danley, Nashville, who has been continuously in service as the General Passenger Agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis system longer than any such official in the United States, if not in the world.

Some readers of the *VETERAN* will be interested to know that Captain (known generally as Major) Danley was a comrade tried and true in the sixties, whose associates say that he would not eat stolen food in times of emergency. He was very ill during February with pneumonia, but is blessed with splendid recovery. As an afterthought the *VETERAN* decides to use a recent picture of him in this connection. This "old reliable" and "best-managed railway system of the country," with its systematic promotions, has been creditably represented by this man for more than forty years as G. P. A.

THE DIXIE FLYER.

This most famous line of travel in the South was established by the N., C. & St. L. system, and its trains from



MAJ. W. L. DANLEY.

Chicago to Jacksonville have become popular over a vast extent of country. The Dixie Flyer new dining cars on its line and on the Memphis Division of the system have careful attention by the management. A feature of interest to Confederates beyond cavil is that it has done more for the old veterans in transportation than any other company. The very generous treatment accorded these old men begun by J. W. Thomas, president of the company many years ago, has been continued by J. W. Thomas, Jr., who succeeded his father as president of the company. This courtesy of the management deserves official recognition and the expression of thanks by the association.

"THE STRANGE FAMILY."

A RELIGIOUS STORY BY REV. J. R. GOODPASTURE, M.A.,
EDITOR AND AUTHOR OF "THE HOPE OF HIS CALLING."

This new story by Mr. Goodpasture merits the attention of the reading public. Its contents would never be guessed from a reading of the title, though when read it is found quite appropriate. This delightful little love story is entertaining and interesting to the end. But it is much more than a mere love story. Mr. Goodpasture is a student, a thoughtful and original writer, and he has interwoven with this love story a discussion and convincing defense of the most vital things in the Christian religion. It must be read to be appreciated. It should be in every public and school library. While it attracts and entertains, it is instructive for good. Two hundred and eighty pages, cloth; postpaid, \$1.25. Goodpasture Book Co., Agents, 418 Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS NEAR GETTYSBURG.

C. N. Sellers, of Company L, 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry, living at Beulah, Colo., inquires about three Confederate infantry soldiers who were captured about twenty miles west of Gettysburg near a stable or small barn on the turnpike a few hundred yards back from a large brick house. He writes:

"We had another prisoner whom we had captured half a mile or so from there. As I remember, he was from Missouri—a stubborn fellow. When he saw that he had no chance to escape, he stuck his gun under some growing hemp, and we were puzzled to find it. From that farm place we marched our prisoners north until we met a squad of New York cavalry, to whom we delivered them. One of the men handed me a pocket knife with the remark that he would be relieved of it before entering a prison, and as we had been very kind to them he preferred that I should have it. Now if either of those soldiers chances to read this, I will be glad to hear from him. I feel particularly grateful to one of the three who at a distance of about twenty feet had his gun leveled at me, but seemed to hesitate, I suppose owing to the fact that I and one of his comrades were so close together that it was unsafe to fire. If I hear from that fellow, I will send him some token of my appreciation of consideration at that critical moment.

"A few years ago I met an aged Confederate soldier who had served through the war in Wheeler's Cavalry. There had been a slight fall of snow, and he was on the street in Pueblo, Colo. His feet were partly exposed to the cold, so I invited him into a shoe store and bought him a pair of shoes. I feel sure that some of you would do the same for one of us."



CHATTANOOGA WANTS THE NEXT REUNION.

On the last page may be seen the courteous invitation by Chattanooga for the Reunion of U. C. V. in 1913. The Board of Trade is anxious to have the full-grown body return to its birthplace, and they call attention to the central position of Chattanooga in the great Southland, to its historic interest. It is unnecessary to remind veterans who were in the great battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge of the special interest a visit would be to them.

The authorities of Chattanooga will doubtless give such assurance as may be desired as to diligence in preventing imposition by grafters.

REUNION BADGES.

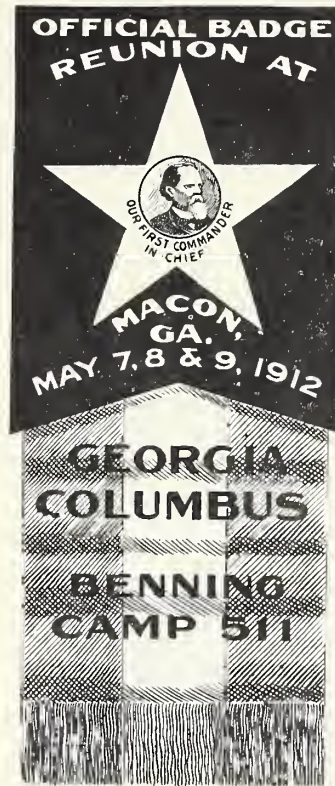
[Gen. W. E. Mickle, of New Orleans, La., has prepared uniform badges for veterans. This notice is too late for the Macon Reunion, but should serve for the future.]

The need for an official Confederate Reunion badge that will locate the wearer by Division, Camp, and place of residence has been keenly felt by every veteran who has attended

Reunions of the United Confederate Veterans Association.

Heretofore it has been the practice of the Division and of each Camp to have badges printed for the use of the members. This entailed a double expense, multiplied badges, and created no end of confusion, in addition to the annoyance to the veterans, the Adjutants of Camps and of Divisions. There was no uniformity in size, shape, or color, and in many instances the location of the Camp was omitted. * * *

The badge consists of a celluloid flag of blue, with a white star in the center ("The Bonnie Blue Flag, which Bears a Single Star"), on which is the head of Gen. John B. Gordon, first Commander in Chief of the U. C. V. The ribbon pendant is made in



Confederate colors—red, white, and red—and on it are printed the name of the Division, the place where the Camp is located, and the name and number of the Camp.

It is neat and comprehensive. It tells the story at a glance, and makes a most desirable souvenir of the Reunion. The badges can be arranged to suit the staff of Commanders.

These badges will be supplied as follows: For less than five, thirty cents each; six to fifty, twenty-five cents each; in lots of fifty-one and up to one hundred, twenty-two cents each; in lots of one hundred and upwards, twelve and one-half cents each. At these prices the badges are "within reach" of every Camp and veteran, and each comrade should have one.

Do not confuse this badge with the delegate's button. Delegates' buttons are given to delegates only for admission to places reserved for delegates.

AN INTERESTING WAR BOOK.

"Personal Reminiscences of the War, 1861-1865," by Capt W. H. Morgan, of Floyd, Va. A true history of soldier life in Lee's army from the 1st of May, 1861, to the 21st of April, 1865, told in plain language without frills or exaggerations. Due credit is given to the men who carried the guns.

Life in camp, on the march, on picket, in skirmish, in battle, and in prison is told just as it was. Old soldiers enjoy the book; their sons and daughters read it with interest. Price by mail, \$1.15.

THE NEW YORK TIMES—A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

The Easter number of the New York Times consisted of 200,000 copies, and consumed 382,000 pounds of paper, at a cost of \$10,000 for paper alone. In an account of it the Times states: "If this paper were laid out in a strip the width of one of the pages of the New York Times (seventeen inches), it would make a line 9,148 miles long. If the papers were laid out flat as delivered by the newsdealers and placed one on top of the other, they would make a pile 12,500 feet high, or 180 times as high as the Metropolitan Tower in New York. To manufacture this paper meant the cutting down of spruce timber covering seventy-two acres of virgin forest land."

The magnitude of this single issue of the New York Times is bewildering. Of the ordinary freight cars it would require nearly one hundred to transport the edition. The Editor of the *VETERAN* takes much interest in the success of this paper, which prints "all the news that's fit to print."



MR. ADOLPH S. OCHS.

This notice recalls an interview in 1905 when the owner, Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, became still more conspicuous in the purchase of two Philadelphia papers when he already owned the Chattanooga Times and the New York Times. Mr. Ochs wrote Mr. C.: "I want to thank you for your very kind reference to me. It makes me happy to know that the man with whom I had my first serious business engagement can say that he always found me upright and honorable."

Contrasts are vivid in connection with this great Easter Sunday issue of the New York Times. Its outlay of ten thousand dollars "for the paper alone" is double what the distinguished publisher could pay for the purchase of his

first newspaper—the Chattanooga Times. Mr. Ochs is a native Tennessean, born in Knoxville. He had faith in himself. More indomitable energy with better judgment can hardly be credited to any other man. As a newsboy in Chattanooga he exhibited traits of business acumen that established that respect for and confidence in him that have enabled him to lead any newspaper publisher in any day or generation.



THE NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING.

"THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE" REVIEWED.

BY MRS. OWEN WALKER, HISTORIAN TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

As I had occasion the past summer, at the request of the publisher, William H. Wise, of Chicago, to review Volume XII. of "The Real America in Romance," a history in thirteen volumes, edited by the distinguished poet, Edwin Markham; and as I have lately read in the revised edition the work as a whole, may I, through the *VETERAN*, record my impressions for the benefit of the U. D. C. and any others who may be interested?

Mr. Markham has written a history of compelling interest. His method of presenting history by the aid of romance brings into bold relief the dramatic and picturesque features in which American history abounds. It also imparts to his narrative the vividness, vitality, and charm so painfully lacking in the ordinary history. The average student who finds history a dry and tedious subject will be so fascinated with these books that he will lay them down with reluctance. The periods of the discovery, exploration, and colonization of the New World, usually so insufferably dull, are here clothed with the alluring hues of mystery, romance, and adventure which really belonged to them.

The reader will also gain some knowledge of the sources of American history; some idea of the character of the old and rival civilizations which struggled for ascendancy upon American soil. He will see clearly that to the victory of the Anglo-Saxon race he owes his citizenship in a republic founded upon ideals of freedom and self-government.

His account of the early achievements of the American navy is unusually full and graphic. Nowhere, perhaps, can we find a more thrilling story of Texas's heroic struggle for independence, or a finer portrayal of the heroes of the Alamo and of San Jacinto. In these and other respects Mr. Markham's work is worthy of high praise.

But upon those subjects most vitally touching the birth and development of the nation and upon the sectional issues which have played such a large part in our history and the bloody conflict in which they culminated, we find that, in his opinions and general attitude of thought, the writer belongs to the Northern school of American historians. Still he shows a kindly, fraternal spirit toward the South, from his point of view, and makes us feel that he has the desire to be impartial.

As discussion stimulates research and tends to bring out the truth, I venture to offer some criticisms of Mr. Markham's work in points relating to Southern history.

First, I notice that he makes the story of the American Revolution too much of a New England story (see Vol. IX.). He traces the spirit of revolution in New England from its source in the Navigation Acts to its flood-tide at Concord and Lexington, a period of fourteen years, relating the more striking incidents not only in detail, but with the accessories of fiction to heighten the effect. The equally stirring and dramatic course of events in the Southern colonies during this period he covers in three brief sentences. By this means the patriot leaders of New England are made to occupy, not the center only, but practically the whole of the historic stage. Of Southern patriots he mentions only Philip Gadsden and Patrick Henry, and relates in detail not a single incident illustrating the popular feeling at the South during this period.

Of the events which led to the battle of Alamance and of the battle, he makes no mention. Nor does he give us any inkling of the fact that Virginia led the colonies in opposition to the Stamp Act through the adoption by the House of

Burgesses of Henry's famous Five Resolutions. As to the effect of this act in rousing the spirit of resistance throughout the colonies, we have impartial testimony from high sources, Edmund Burke himself proclaiming it in the British Parliament.

Mr. Markham states that Samuel Adams organized committees of correspondence which were "the first dawn-break of union." He neglects to state that Adams's committees were confined to Massachusetts, and that Virginia, at the instance of Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, and Dabney Carr, acting in concert, created and set in motion a system of committees of intercolonial correspondence which resulted, first, in the Continental Congress, and later in union. Bancroft sums the matter up thus: "Virginia laid the foundation of our union. Massachusetts organized a province. Virginia promoted a Confederacy."

After 1775 the author is more balanced in his narrative and brings out much better the achievements of the South during the years of actual conflict, yet he does not fully reveal how largely the South fought her own battles at her own expense, at the same time contributing her full share of troops to the regular Continental armies.

His account of the hazardous expedition of George Rogers Clark, which wrested the great Northwest territory from the British, and of which Virginia afterwards made a princely gift to the nation; of the brilliant achievements of the Southern partisan leaders and their bands in Georgia and the Carolinas; of the battles and victories by which the bold frontiersmen held the Southwestern border intact against the constant pressure of savage hordes, crowning their services by the decisive battle of King's Mountain and saving the patriot cause in its darkest hour—is satisfactory, except that he does not bring out with sufficient clearness the fact that all these were services rendered by the South alone, at her own expense, and in addition to supplying her full quota of troops to the Continental armies. On the latter point Curry says: "According to General Knox's report, the North sent to the army 100 men for every 227 of military age, as shown by the census of 1790, and the South 100 out of every 209." It is worth noting that South Carolina furnished more troops in proportion to her military strength than any other State.

Note the contrast in rewards for service. In 1848 the North had nearly twice as many Revolutionary pensioners as the South. New York alone had two-thirds as many as were in the whole South, though she furnished not one-seventh as many soldiers. What a noble spirit of manly independence animated these heroes of the South who were content to fight the battles of freedom for freedom's sake alone! This is the kind of manhood that makes a nation truly great.

It is apparent from these facts that New England cannot justly be accorded the lion's share of the credit in the War of Independence.

The key note of the author's position and feeling in regard to the War of the Sixties is found in his eloquent apostrophe to the Army of Northern Virginia near the close of Volume XII.: "Judgment is a matter of the mind; courage is of the soul. Your judgment was false; your courage true; and souls are the immortal things after all." Accordingly, we find that he pays frequent and glowing tribute to the heroism, devotion, and endurance of the Confederate soldier, and to the military genius and skill of the great Confederate leaders, especially Lee and Jackson, while he condemns the cause for which they fought. On this subject, indeed, he is much at sea. His

vision of deeper issues is much obscured by the slavery question. Not yet has the great truth dawned upon him that the South seceded and fought, not primarily to preserve slavery for the African, but to preserve principles and rights which she regarded as essential to the freedom of the Anglo-Saxon.

It is too early to say that her "judgment was false" in this respect. That depends upon the final outcome of centralized government in the United States. Her cause is not yet a "lost cause." Like her imperishable faith and courage, it has become the glorious birthright of her children, the clarion call of past and future which summons them to duty and to destiny. But it must now be achieved within the Union, not outside of it.

Mr. Markham makes no attempt to present an adequate picture of slavery conditions as they actually existed in the Old South. His strong touch is on the darkest side. He speaks of "the terrible traffic and the more terrible slave life 'down the river.'" He says: "No revival preacher's portrayal of hell contained more of menace than that simple, rather euphonious phrase 'down the river.'" He gives the South no credit for lifting the African savage to a higher plane of civilization; no credit for the fact that her slaves were the best cared for and happiest class of laborers in the world.

In speaking of the "Impending Crisis" (an antebellum book by Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina), Mr. Markham says: "In this book Mr. Helper spoke some plain truths. Among them was the fact that slavery was the thing that was clogging the progress of the South, was lowering the whole tone of its civilization, and would if left to itself work ultimate ruin."

The author does not here in plain terms institute a comparison between the civilizations of the North and the South; but the natural and just inference from his language is that Southern civilization where slavery existed was inferior to that of the North where it did not exist; that it was indeed on the road to "ultimate ruin." If it be true that the North held higher political and moral ideals, how did it happen that while the Northern leaders were abolishing chattel slavery in the South by the sword and by unconstitutional proclamations and legislation, at the very same time they were building by class legislation that deadly system of monopoly by the few and "industrial slavery" for the masses, which the best men of our day are now declaring to be far more iniquitous and oppressive than any conditions that ever existed through slavery in the South? How does it happen that we have from the same source, and still growing like Jack's bean stalk, a gigantic system of pension graft, alike corrupting and degrading to promoters and beneficiaries? What about the high "moral tone" of Sherman in Georgia and Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley? And from what lofty virtues and enlightened statesmanship did the blessings of "reconstruction" flow?

Mr. Markham's paragraph on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" lays the effect which the book had on Southern sentiment "at the door" of the proslavery politicians of the South. He admits that it made a "tremendous sensation" at the North. It had the same effect abroad. In view of the fact that it held up the South to the scorn and condemnation of the whole civilized world, was not the sense of injury and outrage created in every Southern mind, proslavery or not, perfectly natural and inevitable? Stern justice demands that the responsibility be laid where it belongs—"at the door" of the book itself.

Mr. Markham makes much of the nullification measures of South Carolina in 1828. But he does not tell us that Massachusetts was the pioneer State in passing nullification resolutions (1809), and that she passed such resolutions several times in her history, and as late as 1845. Nor does he mention the Nullification Acts of fourteen Northern States from 1850 to 1860 (Personal Liberty Bills).

He treats the subject of secession more fairly in that he does not omit mention of the secession agitations at the North, and he gives a full and explicit account of the Hartford Convention. Yet he certainly does not give an adequate idea of the real strength and frequent agitation of disunion principles in New England from the foundation of the government to 1814.

He admits that the right of a State to secede was "held as a part of the doctrine of freedom," that it was "insisted upon by the North and South alike." But he thinks "it was regarded more as a theory than as a matter of vital fact." The fallacy of this reasoning is apparent. What sort of a "right" is it which is one in "theory" only? The same principle could just as easily be applied to any part of "the doctrine of freedom" and be made to justify any infraction of it.

Mr. Markham takes the position that the South did not act "without precedent and authority in withdrawing from the Union," but maintains that while secession was really illegal and unconstitutional it had never been proved to be so. The points at issue were settled by war, hence his logical position is that powder and shot "proved" secession to be "illegal and unconstitutional."

Not only so, but he goes a step farther into absurdity and says "that it [secession] was ethically wrong may be held to be demonstrated by the judgment of the Civil War." Is it possible that a point in ethics—the right or wrong of a question—can indeed be "demonstrated" at the cannon's mouth? It is strange that by such lame logic as this even liberal-minded Northern historians seek to convince themselves and others that the South really violated the laws of God and man—here termed ethics and the Constitution—in seceding from the Union.

Among the evidences of party spirit in this volume is the sneering language employed to discredit the commissioners sent by the Confederate government to treat with the Washington authorities regarding forts, arsenals, etc. The object is to remove the onus of "broken faith" in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter from the Washington government. More offensive is the story of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," an old slander of Northern politicians, to the effect that a secret conspiracy against the United States government existed prior to the secession of the Southern States, and that it embraced "about five thousand of the wealthiest and most influential men of the South and of Cuba," with "great names in the councils . . . none higher in the land."

Among inaccuracies is the statement that the South flung the gage" (declared war) by firing on Fort Sumter. Lincoln did this when he announced that he had dispatched an armed fleet to provision the fort "by force if necessary." Another is that Hood's army was "totally annihilated" at Nashville; while the battle of Franklin is not even mentioned nor the name of Tennessee's great cavalry leader, N. B. Forrest.

I repeat that, while this work has many merits and is on the whole probably the fairest yet issued from the Northern press, the volume on the war between the North and the South needs thorough revision before it will be acceptable to Southern

readers. The spirit manifested by its publishers is such as to lead us to hope that this will be done.

Let it be understood that we do not ask for history with a Southern bias. We do not desire sectional glorification, but historic justice only. As sectionalism has in the past been the curse of our country, so it is now the bane of our history, which has thus far been written too much by one section to the great detriment of the other. True history means much to the future of our country. Enduring greatness cannot be built upon false foundations. True fraternal regard and a broad, unselfish patriotism cannot be nurtured upon one-sided and unjust history; and believing that it is well to discuss differences with sincerity and kindly spirit and with truth as the sole aim, I submit this review.

[In accepting the foregoing able review of this great work, it is not to condemn it as a whole. In fact, the South, it seems, has never yet had justice by any Northern historian, and this work is so rich in quality and style, so fascinating and so useful as a general history that the purpose of using the criticism is simply to put on guard readers of the work that they may make due allowance for the unavoidable bias of any Northern author relative to the great sectional controversy. The VETERAN will not indorse unqualifiedly any history that is at all partisan against the South. It will be seen that the publishers are liberal patrons of the VETERAN, and it is pleasing to add that they manifest earnest desire to have the work impartial and fair in every sense. Mr. William H. Wise, the proprietor, is part Southerner. While a brother of his mother served in each army, she was a native of Virginia, and grew up amid surroundings that must have fostered in her earnest sympathies for the South, and the VETERAN is confident of his earnest wish to have the "Real America" true to its title and absolutely impartial. It is anxiously anticipated that his assurance of every practicable revision will be made to that end.—EDITOR.]

"THE MEN IN GRAY," BY R. C. CAVE.

"The Men in Gray," cloth-bound, 143 pages, contains:

1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created a sensation at the time and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. A Virginia paper said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury." * * *

2. "A Defense of the South," a paper which refutes the misrepresentations of the social conditions existing in the South before the war and briefly, sharply, and convincingly states the real issue in the controversy between the sections which culminated in secession and war.

3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

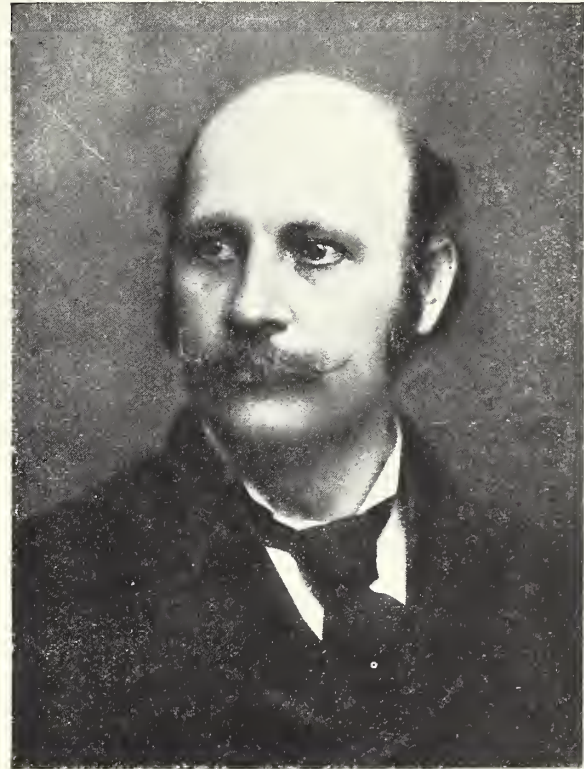
Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.' In its way and along its lines it is the best publication since the war." It deserves and should have an extended circulation."

It is commended by the Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.; the Tennessean-American, Nashville, Tenn.; Atlanta Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.; and other papers. It is indeed a remarkable book and an eye opener in telling the truth.

Every Confederate soldier who wishes his children to understand clearly what he fought for and truly honor him for fighting on the Southern side should place this little volume in their hands. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Commanders of Camps will please write for particulars.

Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



POPULAR SENATOR ROBERT TAYLOR.

Senator Robert L. Taylor, who died recently in Washington, was perhaps the most popular man personally in the entire country. His death was a shock, for he hardly knew sickness; and although sixty-two years of age, he was notable for his humor and was "one of the boys" in the popular sense. "Bob" Taylor and "Our Bob" were endearing terms, and they added immensely to his popularity in country districts.

"ECHOES FROM DIXIE."

This splendid collection of old Southern war songs is published by the United Choirs of America and contains sixty-one songs with words and music. It has met with great success throughout the country, and the last edition gives that famous cavalry song of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, "Gine the Cavalry," this being the only book in which it is published. This collection was unanimously indorsed by the U. D. C. Convention held in Richmond, Va., in October, 1911. It was compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth, Va.

"HISTORIC SOUTHERN MONUMENTS."—You can get Volume I. of "Historic Southern Monuments" from Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, 3631 W. 30th Avenue, Denver, Colo. Postpaid. \$5.30, post office money order.

PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST IN MACON

BY CAROLINE PATTERSON.

Perhaps the house of most historic interest in Macon is that which was once owned by Col. John Basil Lamar, situated opposite Christ Church on Walnut Street and now the residence of the Guttenberger family. At one time Colonel Lamar owned the entire square, now closely built up with residences. He was an honorary member of the Macon Volunteers and a member of Gen. Howell Cobb's staff. Although over age and off on furlough when he heard of the danger imperiling Cobb's Legion, he joined it, and in the battle of Crampton's Gap, Md., he and Col. Jefferson Lamar, the husband of his niece, Mary Ann Lamar, now Mrs. R. M. Patterson, were both mortally wounded. Colonel Lamar is buried at Rose Hill Cemetery, and his monument is an exact copy of the one in Athens erected to the memory of his brother-in-law, Gen. Howell Cobb.

Colonel Lamar was a member of the secession convention in Milledgeville and one of the signers of the secession ordinance. The pen used by him to sign that celebrated document is one of the cherished treasures of his family.

When the Macon Volunteers left for Virginia, each one was presented with a uniform by Col. John B. Lamar, and in the name of another niece, Mary Ann Lamar Cobb (now Mrs. A. S. Erwin, of Athens), who conceived the cross of honor, he presented them with their flag. The presentation speech was made by his nephew, Maj. Lamar Cobb, who, together with his brother, Capt. J. A. Cobb, served in the Macon Volunteers.

The cannon fired on the reception of the news of Georgia's secession was in front of his house and broke several panes of glass. After the death of Colonel Lamar, the house was inherited by his sister, Mrs. Howell Cobb, and many distinguished Confederates were entertained there during and after the war. The gallant Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard spent several days there; and when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was removed from command, he accepted an invitation by General Cobb to be his guest. When President Davis came to Macon to make a speech, endeavoring to reanimate the hopes of the people, he and his aids, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee and Major Lubbock, enjoyed the hospitality of this home.

Here Gen. Richard Taylor, the son of President Zachary Taylor and brother of the first wife of President Davis, sojourned for a time. Mrs. Davis once remarked: "Mr. Davis has two hobbies—West Point graduates and his first wife's relations." This showed his regard for the family of Zachary Taylor. It was here that General Taylor indicated to General Cobb on the map a point where they could yet make a stand against Sherman "if only they had the men;" but "the battle fields of the Confederacy had already robbed the cradle and the grave." After the war General Taylor wrote a fascinating history entitled "Destruction and Reconstruction."

A frequent visitor at this house was General Cobb's brother, Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, whose secession speeches were compared by Alexander H. Stephens to the sermons of Peter the Hermit on the Crusades. General Cobb was one of the most distinguished jurists of Georgia, and lost his life in the battle of Fredericksburg gallantly fighting for his country.

Gen. Henry R. Jackson, poet, diplomatist, and soldier, was entertained here during the period that he aroused the South by his fiery secession speeches. Oliver H. Prince, a wit and author of "Woodpile Papers" and son of O. H. Prince, the author of "Prince's Digest," spent much time here.

Among the other distinguished guests entertained in this

house, some by Col. John B. Lamar and others by Gen. and Mrs. Howell Cobb, were: Gen. Henry L. Benning, a gallant Confederate; Maj. John B. Cobb, General Cobb's brother, a gallant, loyal Confederate and a devout Christian, many years a citizen of Macon. He is buried at Riverside, very near the fortifications built to defend Macon from the Northern troops, a point selected by Major Cobb through his devotion to the Confederate cause. Other guests of this famous home were: Judge James Jackson, a member of Stonewall Jackson's staff and for many years Chief Justice of Georgia; Judge Samuel Hall, the distinguished judge and lawyer, father of the Hon. Joe Hill Hall; Gov. John Milton, of Florida; Col. Charles Lamar, who was killed in the battle of Columbus; Cols. John Hill Lamar, Thompson Lamar, Leonidas Lamar, and Jefferson Lamar, a distinguished lawyer, the youngest brother of Judge L. Q. C. Lamar. All of these gave their lives for the cause of "constitutional liberty." It was said "the name of Lamar was written in letters of blood on all the battle fields of the Confederacy." Twenty-four commissioned officers and many privates of that name were killed.

From this house General Cobb went to repel "Stoneman's Raid." Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, present at the time, writes of this in his book, "Johnston's Narrative:" "Immediately after my removal from command I went to Macon, Ga., to reside, and soon after doing so had the pleasure of witnessing a gallant defense of the place by Major General Cobb. It was attacked by a division of United States cavalry, with the object probably of destroying the valuable workshops which had been established there by the chief of ordnance, General Gorgas. The place had neither intrenchment nor garrison.



MRS. WALTER D. LAMAR, PRESIDENT GEORGIA DIVISION, U. D. C.,
AND A GROUP OF HER FRIENDS.

Fortunately, however, two regiments of militia promised me while commanding the army by Governor Brown were passing on their way to Atlanta. Their officers were serving in the army as privates, so they had none. With them and as many of the mechanics of the workshops and volunteers of the town as he could find arms for, in all fifteen or eighteen hundred, General Cobb met the Federal forces on the high ground east of the Ocmulgee, and repelled them after a contest of several hours by his own courage and judicious disposition and the excellent conduct of his troops, who heard hostile shot then for the first time."

When President Davis was taken prisoner and reconstruction was at high tide, General and Mrs. Cobb entertained Mrs. Davis and her baby daughter, Winnie, in this same house, with tenderest care as long as they remained.

It was in Macon that General Cobb surrendered to General Wilson after he fought the battle of Columbus, one of the last fought east of the Mississippi. Thus "General Cobb in having been the President of the Provisional Congress, which inaugurated the government and its President, may be said to have sat by the cradle of the Confederacy and to have followed it to its grave." After this General Croxton took possession of this house; but on the return of General Wilson from a trip north he ordered him to vacate it and sent for General Cobb to come from Athens, then turned the house over to him.

To this house came Mrs. Elizabeth Church Robb, the daughter of Dr. Church, of the Georgia University. She had married a wealthy Northern man, and was one of the angels of the Northern prisons, carrying everything in the way of food, clothing, etc., that could add to the comfort of prisoners and aiding many to escape. She and her daughter, the first wife of Judge Pope Barrow, of Savannah, wore calico during the war to save their general allowances for Southern prisoners. Mrs. Robb bore the offer to General Cobb of a partnership with one of New York's leading lawyers, but he replied: "I could not desert my people." After this he practiced law in partnership with Judge James Jackson in Macon.

On the opposite side of the street from this house is the site of an old academy which was used for a hospital during the war.

The Macon papers of those times tell of "gunboat societies" formed by the ladies to raise funds to build gunboats and supplies for the army. Among the gifts were blankets donated by the young ladies of Wesleyan.

Another noted home is that of Mrs. Tomlinson Fort, the mother of the late Col. Tomlinson Fort, of Chattanooga, Miss Kate Fort, and Mrs. Milton, whose son, George F. Milton, owns the Knoxville Sentinel and the Chattanooga News; also the grandmother of Col. E. D. Huguenin, Mrs. Marsh Johnston, and Mrs. John Ellis. This was a conspicuous gathering place for patriotic women and children, where even the latter helped tear bandages and stuff cartridges. This house, for years known as the Huguenin residence, is now owned by Judge Alexander Proudfoot. It is on Jefferson Street.

President Davis after his capture was carried to the Lanier House. In reconstruction days the part of Mulberry street from the Lanier House across to the stores opposite was decorated by a line of United States flags, and Northern soldiers were stationed there to compel all of the citizens, even the ladies, to walk under them. One lady of prominent family was forced to walk under and went home to die a few days after, the humiliation hastening her death.

The most extensive breastworks on this side of the river were at Forest Hill, the summer home of James H. R. Washington; these extended across the railroad cut to land owned by Governor McDonald. These were thrown up, as part of Sherman's army were expected to come on this side of the river. This place was sold by Mr. Washington after the war to the city, and it was then given to the Catholics, who erected the St. Stanislaus College, but is now called Pio Nino for Pope Pius IX., who during the war was one of the few potentates of Europe who sided with the Confederacy. In the City Hall my mother heard speeches by Alexander Stephens, the Cobbs, and she also heard Father Ryan read from his poems.

In later years President Davis stopped in Macon in passing through and made a speech from the balcony at the Central

Depot, and in the presence of the people kissed Mrs. Howell Cobb, much to that dignified lady's surprise. Still later he visited Macon during a State fair and visited Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Johnston in Mrs. Johnston's present home. My mother took us there to call on him, as she had known him well in Washington, D. C. He kissed me, and, taking my little sister on his knee, said: "God bless you; you children are the hope of the Confederacy, to keep up its memory." Mrs. Howell Cobb was not able to come to Macon, and Mrs. Hayes and Miss Winnie Davis made a special visit to Athens to see her, never losing an opportunity to show their gratitude.

The Sidney Lanier home on High Street, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Walker, was the birthplace of the celebrated poet, who was also a soldier and has been honored by the women in naming their Chapter the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C.

Another house of interest is the old Washington homestead on the corner of College Street and Washington Avenue. Mr. Washington while Mayor of Macon before the war gave a large banquet in this house to Gen. Howell Cobb, Alexander Stephens, and Gen. Robert Toombs, to which the great actor, Joe Jefferson, was invited. To this home of their kinsmen came Gen. Rance Wright, one of the bravest and most heroic of the Confederate generals, and his son, now Comptroller General William Wright, to be nursed back to health after being seriously wounded in battle. Judge Eugenius Nisbet went there to inquire of his son, and while conversing with General Wright the people gathered and clamored to have General Wright give news of the battle. Mr. Washington told them the Wrights were not able to come out; but they refused to be quieted, and General Wright on crutches made an eloquent speech from the veranda, while his son listened on his couch, which had been brought out. Ben Hill was also a frequent guest here.

No visitor to Macon will fail to be told that Wesleyan is the oldest chartered female college in the world, and it will be pointed to with great pride.

Some years ago, when Joe Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle" at the opera house, he appeared before the curtain and made a short speech in which he referred to his visit to Macon just before the war, when one of his sons, he said, had the honor to be born in our city, and he spoke of the kindness shown him by the Mayor, James H. R. Washington. Then he said: "In my travels over the world it has been my pleasure to listen to many orators, but never have I had the privilege to hear more eloquent men than Howell Cobb, Alexander Stephens, and Robert Toombs, in your city."

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Anderson on Vineville Avenue, built over seventy-five years ago by Mrs. Anderson's grandfather, was the home of her uncle, Col. Thomas Hardeman, the father of Judge John Hardeman. Our Camp of Veterans is, as we all know, named for the brave soldier, Col. R. A. Smith, and the Sons of Veterans for Col. Thomas Hardeman.

MERGING SONS AND DAUGHTERS IN TEXAS.

W. C. Sawyer, of Thurber, Tex., writes: "In response to the editorial in the February VETERAN as to what may be expected of our young men, I will tell you we are using ours. Some four or five years ago I introduced a resolution in Camp Erath, No. 1530, U. C. V., that we admit wives, sons, and daughters as members of the Camp. The wives and daughters to be admitted free of dues and the sons to enjoy all the

privileges as Veterans, the right to speak, vote, pay dues, hold office alternately with Veterans except Commanders. We now have a Veteran Commander; First Lieutenant, Son; Second Lieutenant, Veteran; Adjutant, Son; and it works very well."



MRS. ELEANOR DAMON PACE, SPONSOR FOR TEXAS.

Mrs. Eleanor Damon Pace, of Corsicana, Tex., sponsor for the State of Texas at the Macon Reunion, is a granddaughter of William P. Rogers, colonel of the 2d Texas Infantry, who was killed on the ramparts of Fort Robinett in the battle of Corinth in October, 1862, and was buried with military honors by order of General Rosecrans, who said: "He was the bravest man I have ever seen."

The father of Mrs. Pace, H. C. Damon, of Corsicana, Tex., served in Virginia under Johnston and Lee, and also served under John H. Morgan. His escapes from Rock Island Prison and Camp Morton were published in the VETERAN May, 1907.



MEET FOR FIRST TIME IN FIFTY-TWO YEARS.

The above group shows the Bowie brothers, who met at Sentinel, Okla., just after the Reunion at Little Rock.

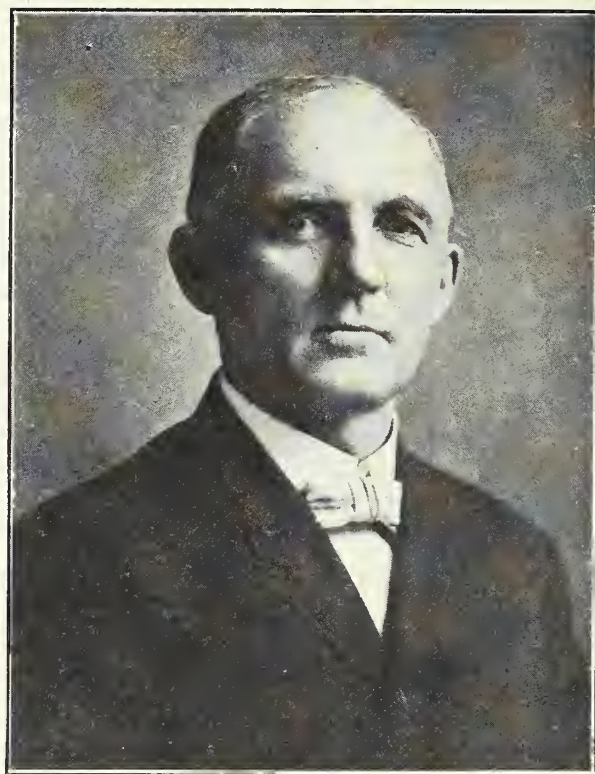
To the left (standing), Robert T. Bowie, age seventy-five. To the right (standing), John W. Bowie, age seventy-eight.

To the left (sitting), William H. Bowie, age sixty-seven. To the right (sitting), C. Lee Bowie, age seventy-three. Center (sitting), Johnson I. Bowie, age eighty.

Originally there were in this family six boys and two girls. Theodore C. Bowie was a member of Phillips's Legion, Georgia Infantry, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; Robert T. Bowie was a member of the 13th Georgia Infantry, and was severely wounded at Sharpsburg; William H. and C. Lee Bowie belonged to Cobb's Legion, Georgia Cavalry; Johnson I. Bowie married before the war, moved to Texas, and was never in the army.

After the Reunion at Little Rock Robert T. and C. Lee Bowie, of Atlanta, Ga., and John W. Bowie, of Dalton, Ga., visited their brother, Johnson I. Bowie, at Sentinel, Okla., where they were joined by William H. Bowie, of Claude, Tex. This was the first meeting of John W. and Lee C. Bowie with their brother, Johnson I. Bowie, in fifty-two years.

They are closely related to James Bowie, of Alamo fame.



SENATOR NEWELL SANDERS.

As successor to Senator Taylor Governor Hooper, of Tennessee, appointed Mr. Newell Sanders, of Chattanooga, to fill the vacancy. Mr. Sanders, though of North Carolina ancestry, was reared in Indiana. He moved to Chattanooga about thirty-five years ago. Calling at the office of the Times to become a subscriber, and, seeing the sign, "Don't swear," he said to the owner, who was in the office: "I want to shake your hand and be your friend." And since that time his personal relations with the founder of the VETERAN have ever been cordial.

Friends of Col. J. Coleman Alderson and other contributors of articles intended for this issue will bear with the VETERAN for another month. They may see that this month's number of eighty pages is very much crowded, too much so even to give a table of contents.



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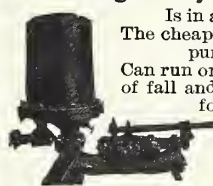
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CHAUNCEY C. FOSTER, - - Nashville, Tenn.

The widow of C. T. Roan, who served all through the war in Forrest's command, will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades who can give information of his service that will enable her to get a pension. His captain's name was Morphus or Molphus. She also asks about "Aunt Tabbie Dixon's" sons. Address Mrs. C. T. Roan, Livingston, Ala.

The widow of W. A. Kliesendorf, who served with a Kentucky regiment in the Confederate army, would like to ascertain the company and regiment and the name of the captain under whom he served to enable her to secure a pension. Such information should be addressed to her at Buechel, Jefferson County, Ky.

J. A. Smith, of Holland, Ga., would like to hear from any member of Company C, 6th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers.

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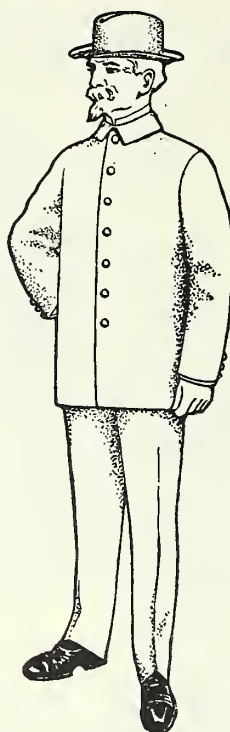
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Wilson Hall Jolly, of Jacksonville, Ala., wishes to establish his war record, and will appreciate hearing from any comrades who remember him as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted at Winchester, Tenn., in Company H, Captain Black, of Pete Turney's regiment, and was recognized as the "brag wrestler."

Mrs. Lizzie Cannon Hull, of Sparta, Tenn., is trying to secure the war record of her father, John T. Cannon, who was a lieutenant under Forrest, she thinks, and was honorably discharged on account of bad health. She inquires for a Mr. Wallace Evans, who could give all the information needed, and it is hoped he will see this notice and respond.

H. L. Pangle, of Russellville, Tenn., wishes to get in communication with any survivors of Company A, 4th Tennessee Regiment, who can assist him in proving his record. He was paroled at Danville, Va., on the 12th or 13th of April, 1865. He went from there to Washington, D. C., where his papers were examined, and he was given transportation to Knoxville, Tenn. He is now seventy-seven years old and wants to secure a pension.

The aged widow of William W. Hipsher, who was a member of Company F (Captain Fulkerson), 1st Tennessee Cavalry, wishes to hear from some of his comrades who can help her to prove his service, and thus secure a pension, of which she is in need. This company was made up in Grainger and Claiborne Counties. William Hipsher was taken prisoner near Staunton, Va., on June 5, 1864, and sent to Camp Morton, where he died. Address Mrs. Sallie J. Hipsher, Morton's Gap, Ky., care of John H. Shaw, Box 201.

If any comrades of John M. Green, of Company M (Captain Gammon), 1st Tennessee Cavalry (Colonel Carter), Vaughan's Brigade, should see this, kindly write to C. J. Nugent, of New Castle, Ky., who is interested in securing a pension for Comrade Green, and will appreciate any information that can be given of his service as a Confederate soldier. Comrade Green was wounded and afterwards did irregular service, sometimes as a scout, and was away from his company with a Captain Blackburn (perhaps of Company L) when he surrendered.

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Selma, Ala.

Mrs. John S. Young, 512 Fannin Street, Shreveport, La., asks that inquiry be made for the war record of Wilton A. Dare Bailey, who was on duty in New Orleans in some capacity during the war.

W. M. Clyne, of Paducah, Ky., Route No. 2, would be pleased to hear from any survivors of his old company, B (Capt. Alec White), Wheat's Battalion (known as Wheat's "Tigers"), of New Orleans, La.

Any comrade who remembers Philip Williams, Company I, 20th Regiment, afterwards serving in McWhirter's Battery, will please communicate with W. T. Russell, Bellevue, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 1. His widow needs a pension.

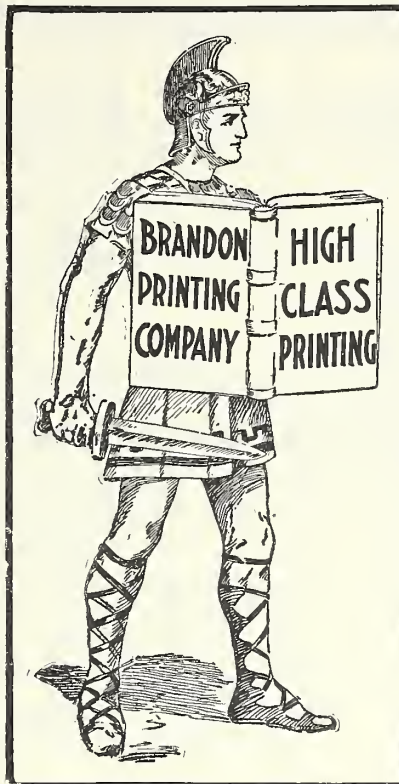
Mrs. W. C. Sherrod, of Wichita Falls, Tex., wishes to aid the widow of Harry Brown, who served with the Rock City Guards from Nashville, Tenn., to secure a pension, and asks that surviving comrades will write her as to his service as a Confederate soldier.

Mrs. R. M. Smith, of Orangeburg, S. C. (4 Broughton Street), will appreciate hearing from any comrades of her husband, R. M. Smith; as to his company and regiment that she may be in position to apply for a pension. Address her in care of Henry G. Betsill.

John Tart, of Mason, Tex., who is seventy-seven years old, needs a pension, and asks that comrades who can testify as to his service for the Confederacy will write to him. He enlisted in Company K, 16th Louisiana Regiment, and was serving under Captain Lindsey when the war closed.

F. L. Taylor, of Social Circle, Ga., in behalf of the widow of W. E. Veazy, asks that any survivors of Company C, 25th Georgia Regiment, will kindly write him as to the record of Comrade Veazy, and thus help the widow to secure a pension. He asks especially of W. W. Dews, who once lived in Calhoun County, Ga.

H. R. Linderman, of Whitefield, Ky., who was a lieutenant of Company H, 5th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade, Polk's Division, Hardee's Corps, Bragg's Army, would like to hear from any of his comrades who enlisted with him from Benton County, Tenn. He mentions John Walker especially.



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The man who drinks to excess is to be pitied and *helped*—not abused.

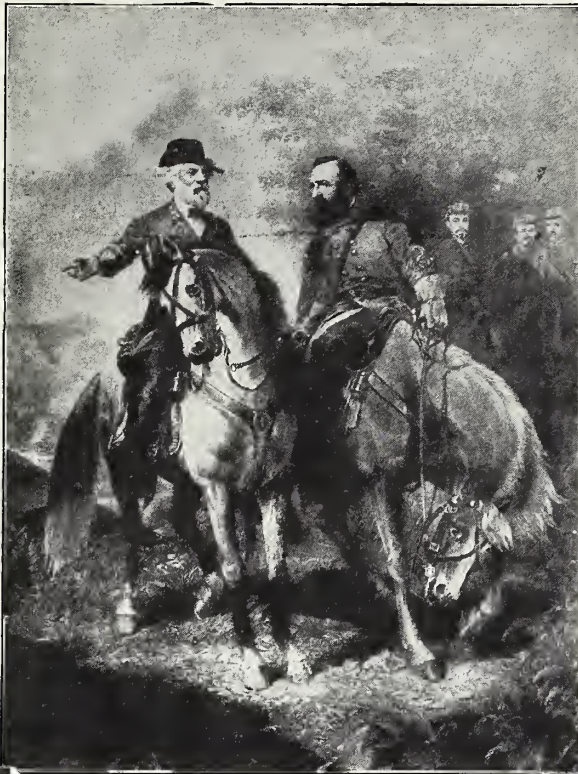
Abuse will not cure a man of typhoid fever, or smallpox, or brain fever. Neither will it cure him of the liquor habit, which is a disease of the nerve cells requiring special treatment.

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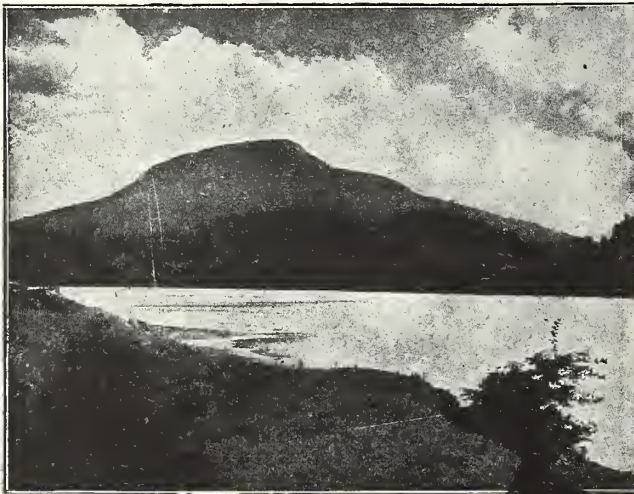
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 Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce



Lookout Mountain and Tennessee River



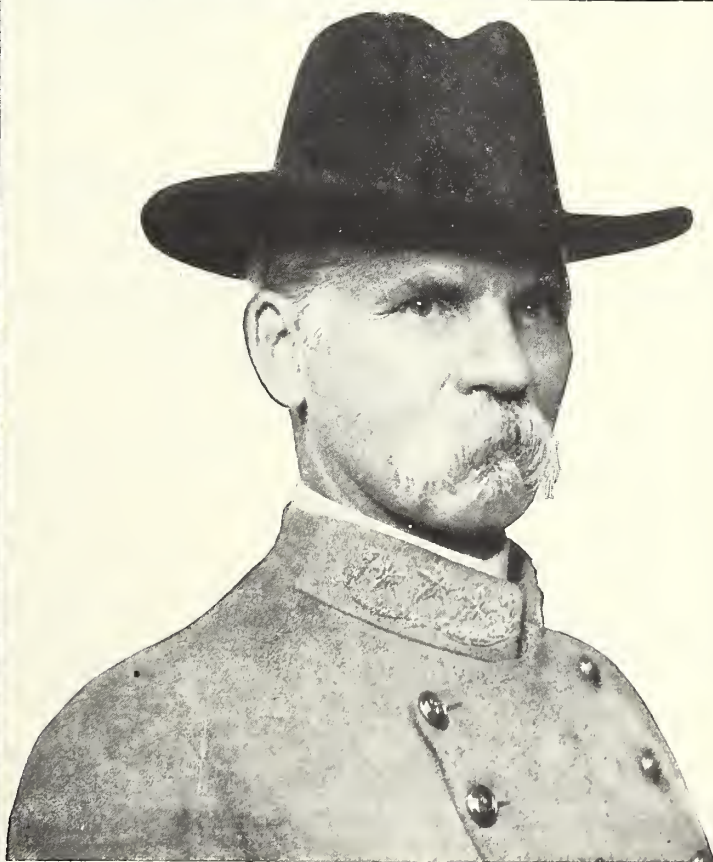
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Confederate Veteran.

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JUNE, 1912

SIXTH NUMBER



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Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1912.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

WORK OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

When in 1889 a few far-seeing and patriotic Confederate soldiers gathered at New Orleans to formulate plans for bringing into one organization all the survivors of the great war, they had but a dim conception of the potentialities of the work they were undertaking. Societies scattered here and there throughout the South were an echo of this desire of the men who wore the gray to become assimilated into one strong and vigorous body which, while preserving every patriotic impulse, should yet crystallize a deep and undying sentiment of love and devotion to the glorious memories of the past and assign to the men who followed the stars and bars their proper place in the military and civil history of the world.

There were then surviving less than half of the great host who had won immortality for the Confederate name. The others had gone to join the silent majority. There yet remained some two hundred thousand on the mortal side to stand for all that was dearest to brave and gallant men and to see that whatever had been done by the armies of the South should not only be known but appreciated, and that neither in printed nor spoken words should the principles or the sacrifices of the men of the South be misrepresented or depreciated.

Full of the memories of the great struggle, the Association took a military mold. Commander in Chief, Departments, Divisions, Brigades, Regiments, Camps naturally dominated in the constitution they constructed to carry out the plan that had taken possession of their minds and hearts.

If the men of the Confederacy were to-day called upon to formulate another plan, they might eliminate some of the military features of the organization; but no one, however wise, could say that any other plan would have produced such splendid results or even with less detail evolved greater success.

The United Confederate Veteran Association continues as the most sentimental, unselfish, patriotic, and powerful organization of its kind in the world. Within its sacred folds neither graft nor scheming can find a lodgment; and while it has "paper generals" and a vast array of similar official titles, yet in spite of all of this it has accomplished more for the South than any similar organization has ever done for any other nation, and there are no more patriotic people than

representatives of the Confederate States. Living under the flag they fought, they are to-day as patriotic as the men who carried that flag; yet they bear in their hearts a fidelity and loyalty to the memory and achievements of the past as ardent as they were sincere in facing death and enduring the greatest privations possible.

The patriotic spirit of the South is the outgrowth of the work and plans of the United Confederate Veteran Association. The twenty-two Reunions that have been held, the vast number of State and Brigade meetings have created not only the deepest and intensest love for the South and all its traditions and the achievements of its sons, but in its every part have kept at highest pitch the ardor of Confederate spirit and caused the sacrifices of the armies of the South to be told and recorded with such accuracy and such detail that no man or woman of the South can fail to find a life-long inspiration in the grandeur and courage of those who fought for the independence of their native land. Millions of people who attend the Reunions of the Confederate survivors in looking upon these gray-clad men have fixed in their minds the highest and noblest ideals, and they have new conceptions of chivalry and courage and a truer appreciation of the manhood and womanhood that characterize the Southland.

There are no more beautiful and exalted examples of the greatness of man than can be found in a recital of the deeds of the Confederate soldiers; and as these millions looked upon living heroes like Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston, John B. Gordon, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph Wheeler, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Stephen D. Lee, Clement A. Evans, George W. Gordon, and a multitude of their associates and followers, they understood what it was that made the Confederate soldiers on an average the highest type of volunteers that ever aligned under any flag.

Eighteen Divisions, more than half a hundred Brigades, eighteen hundred Camps, combining the best and noblest of the Southland, not only of those who loved but those who knew most of the memories and achievements of the great past, tell the story of Southern devotion and love.

Here and there criticisms have cropped out of the sponsors and matrons of honor and of the music, balls, and other entertainments which mark these great Reunions. Confederate Reunions are never real business meetings, but they are great social events from which the spirit of loyalty to the memories of the South permeates every part of the territory of the Confederate States, from the tide water of Virginia to

the far western boundaries of the great State of Texas. Not only those who attended the Reunions but those who heard accounts of these wonderful gatherings were touched with magnificent memories of the scenes of the South, and thus there grew up this marvelous organization with its vast numbers of Camps in all parts of the land who were recording as best they could the stories which made Southern manhood and womanhood so attractive and charming to the world.

People who saw these leaders in their palmiest days were infused with new love for the cause of the South and new admiration for its heroes and its defenders. These thousands of Confederate soldiers represent the best thought, best manhood of the South. They necessarily exercised a tremendous influence in the social, educational, political, and commercial life of the fast-developing Southland; and they have become able to dictate to those who write and prepare books as to what should and what should not be published in books to be used in public schools concerning the motives of those who engaged in the mightiest struggle of mankind. A determined stride forward has been made, and partisan publishers may take notice that these exactions will continue.

Behind all this spirit of patriotism and enthusiastic admiration of the achievements of the armies of the South the hearts of the people were moved to memorialize fittingly the great deeds of the soldiery, and out of it grew a desire to erect fitting monuments to the heroes who wore the gray; and as a result of the work of this organization, purely sentimental, with no bond except patriotism and loyalty to the heroes of the South, they have caused more monuments to be erected to the soldiers of the Confederate army than have ever been erected in any age of the world to any cause, civil, political, or religious. Nor will this work cease. Monuments are multiplying in every part of the South; they will continue to multiply, and for ages to come these memorials in bronze and stone and marble will continue to tell the glorious story of courage and sacrifice.

No similar organization has ever brought about such tremendous results or done such patriotic work. Southern soldiers will turn and look with intensest pride and immeasurable satisfaction at what the men and women of the South have accomplished when guided by love for the past and its noble lessons and strengthened by a knowledge of superbest offering for truth which was so glorious that time cannot dim or detract from their splendor and grandeur.

In ten years the Confederate soldier will almost be a story of the past. Death with its ruthless darts day by day assaults the ever-decreasing ranks of the great army that once stood for Southern independence. In the brief period left for work each hour demands our most sagacious effort. One-tenth of living comrades must die each year. A thousand monuments must yet be erected. To this noble work the living soldiery must lend the chiefest inspiration. Their influence and presence will give greatest impetus to this holy purpose, and in the United Confederate Veteran Association, with aid from the Sons and the perpetual zeal and enthusiasm of the Daughters of the Confederacy, this splendid purpose will surely be accomplished.

[A sketch of General Young's interesting and extraordinary career has been held over reluctantly for the July issue. It was prepared for the June number, but requires more space than was planned for it. Another paper unavoidably held over concerns the dissatisfaction of some comrades in Texas. Much Reunion matter, in fact, must wait over.—EDITOR.]

DIDN'T SING "DIXIE" WHEN HOME WAS BURNING.

BY ELIZABETH STOCKTON PENDLETON, SAVANNAH, GA.

In the *VETERAN* of April there appeared an interesting account of the burning of Col. Alexander R. Boteler's house, near Shepherdstown, W. Va., in July, 1864. The article is headed "Sang 'Dixie' as Her Home Burned."

I submit several corrections which will in no way detract from the dramatic interest of the story, but will add to its value as authentic history. Colonel Boteler's daughter, Helen, now Mrs. Dudley D. Pendleton, did not sing "Dixie" as her home was burning. Fascinating and thrilling as the tune of "Dixie" is to all Southern hearts, there is little in the words or music that could appeal to a young girl of deep feeling at such a tragic moment. No warning was received at Fountain Rock of the intended destruction of the house. Miss Boteler and her widowed sister were alone with one negro woman and three little children when Captain Martindale presented the order to burn the place.

After recovering from the first shock of the announcement, the two sisters went to work to save what they could in the short time allowed them. Several soldiers gave them kindly assistance in this pitiful task. It was impossible for sympathetic neighbors to come to their aid in time, and no "crowd of awed spectators" was present. In less than thirty minutes the soldiers' work was done, and soon afterwards they were on their way to Bedford, the next home on their list.

No patriotic bravado or melodramatic sentimentality marked Helen Boteler's action that day. Up to the last moment she was absorbed in the practical business of saving a little store of necessities and a few cherished treasures; and when finally every one was forced to leave the burning building, in a sudden, uncontrollable impulse of passionate grief she rushed back into the parlor and, touching the keys of her beloved piano for a last farewell to her home, the young girl sang these stanzas of Charlotte Elliott's beautiful hymn:

"My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"
If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
Thy will be done!"

Surely the truth about this touching incident of that far-away time is more moving than any fiction. It illustrates the essential spirit of numberless Southern women of that wonderful generation—not fierce defiance and not mere resignation, but a spirit of brave endeavor till all that love and labor could do had been done and through even the bitterest experience a simple, steadfast trust in One who judges neither victory nor defeat "by the outer issue."

"So let us still pursue the path of honor as of yore,
Although the flag we fought for will wave for us no more;
With consciousness of duty performed in all we've done,
We'll wait the final summons that soon shall call us home."

Lieut. Wiley M. Clayton served in Forrest's Cavalry and died in Nashville November 5, 1911. His widow seeks a pension, but she does not know of his service or his command, and only remembers that he was a lieutenant. She will appreciate hearing from any surviving comrades. Address Mrs. W. M. Clayton, 723 Market Street, Nashville, Tenn.

MRS. THOMAS S. BOCOCK.

FIRST HONORARY PRESIDENT RICHMOND CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, the daughter of Charles James Faulkner and his wife, Mary W. Boyd, was born at Boydville, the home of her grandfather, Gen. E. Boyd, situated in what is now West Virginia. This elegant home, built under the direction of her grandmother, an Englishwoman by birth, is now owned by Senator Faulkner, brother of Mrs. Bocock, who has spared neither time nor expense in keeping this home as it was originally, one of the handsomest homes in that part of Virginia. Her grandfather, Maj. James Faulkner, was awarded a handsome sword for his gallant conduct in the battle of Craney Island in the War of 1812. Her father, the Hon. Charles S. Faulkner, was in Congress for six years.



MRS. THOMAS S. BOCOCK.

He was made Minister to France by President James Buchanan, and was filling this position when the War of the States was declared. When his native State (Virginia) seceded from the Union, Major Faulkner went to New York. He was imprisoned in one of the forts, but was released in a few weeks through influential friends. In a short time he was appointed on the staff of Gen. T. J. Jackson. The "War Records" report much of the important work for the Confederacy. Four of his daughters are Presidents of U. D. C. Chapters, including Mrs. McSherry, formerly President General U. D. C.

Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, her husband, was the only Speaker of the Confederate Congress. His home in Appomattox was only two miles from the Federal encampment, and was de-

stroyed by the troops. Mrs. Bocock is one of the few women of the period just previous to the war that produced so many elegant and cultured women. Through all her young life she was in the diplomatic circles in Washington and again with a like class in the capital of the Confederacy. She is a typical Southern gentlewoman. Devoted to the cause espoused by her father and husband, she has filled many prominent positions in the Daughters of the Confederacy. For three years as Director for the Arlington Monument of Virginia her work has been indefatigable. She is determined that Virginia shall lead in contributions this year, and daily her messages go out to Virginia Daughters reminding them of this sacred work so dear to her heart. Mrs. Bocock not only does her work for the Confederacy, but gives her time, her talents, and influence to religious, social, and patriotic work in Virginia.

Beloved by all who know her, this tribute is paid by the President of the Virginia Chapter.

SEEKS A SAMARITAN COMRADE.—A. D. George, of Gatesville, Tex., writes: "I was wounded on July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga., and was sent to Forsyth, sixty miles below Atlanta, to the hospital, where I lay for three months. I was then sent to Macon, Ga., and when put on the train I had on only a pair of trousers, shoes, and an old hat, my clothes having rotted through being soaked in blood. On the trip I sat with a Tennessean, also going to the hospital. Noticing my condition, when we got to Macon he went out and got me some clothing from the good people of the city. This Tennessean belonged to Cheatham's Division but I've forgotten his name. I belonged to Company K, 19th Alabama Infantry."

"WE ARE KIN OF THE ENGLISHMAN."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Written on board the Olympic after the Titanic disaster.)

Born in the flesh and bred in the bone,
Some of us harbor still
A New World pride, and we flaunt or hide
The spirit of Bunker Hill.
We claim our place as a separate race
Or a self-created clan,
Till there comes a day when we like to say:
"We are kin of the Englishman."

For under the front that seems so cold
And the voice that is wont to storm
We are certain to find a big, broad mind
And a heart that is soft and warm.
And they carry their woes in a lordly way,
As only the great souls can,
And it makes us glad when in truth we say:
"We are kin of the Englishman."

He slams his door in the face of the world
If he thinks the world too bold;
He will even curse; but he opens his purse
To the poor and the sick and the old.
He is slow in giving to women the vote,
And slow to pick up her fan;
But he gives her room in an hour of doom
And dies—like an Englishman.

[Inclosed with the above comes a letter of May 5 from London by the author stating: "We are here for two months. Return June 15 (D. V.)." A postscript states: "My English publishers sold 44,891 volumes of my poems last year."]

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark., wants a copy of the *VETERAN* for February, 1893, to complete a file, and is willing to pay a good price for the number. Write him in advance of sending. Colonel Cook lacks but this single copy of having two complete sets of the *VETERAN* for nineteen years, one of which he will place in an important library.

James Henderson McGinnis, who served in Company I, 8th Tennessee Cavalry, died in Logan County, Ky., September 6, 1908. His widow seeks a pension under the new pension law of Kentucky, and it is necessary for some comrades to testify as to his service. The family think he was paroled at Washington, Ga. Any surviving comrade who can furnish the necessary testimony may do her a great favor. Her address is Mrs. Mary B. McGinnis, Russellville, Ky., Route 1.

HONOR ROLL FOR COL. RICHARD OWEN.

Contributors to the Richard Owen Memorial in Indianapolis are of a distinct class. Inquiry has been made of a number of persons well up in history and of good memory as to whether there is in all the annals of time a similar movement to this, but none reported. Good will come of it, for even mention of the subject carries with it a feeling of fraternity that will mellow the heart and be an inspiration to all who practice the golden rule and exalt the brotherhood of man. It will be the most fitting thing ever suggested as evidence of restored fraternity of the sections—the noblest aftermath of the American tragedy.

The "unreconstructed" can well afford to coöperate in this tribute, for in showing honor to the kindest of all prison commandants they rebuke in a way those whose names will never be recorded in such way. Besides, coöperators in doing honor to the memory of so conscientious a patriot are of the class who went to war for restoration of the Union only and who have ever borne the most exalted regard for Confederates and for the Southern people. Even Colonel Owen, loyal as any man in the Union, seemed to see—before Sherman illustrated what war is—what was coming, and in 1863 he resigned and returned to college life in the University of Indiana. Conditions in the North were, however, very different from what they were in the South, where every man who was loyal to the Confederacy had to remain in the field; the need of his services was imperative.

Since the last issue of the *VETERAN* Miss Belle Kinney, who has the order to make the bronze bust of Colonel Owen, has been to the Capitol of Indiana and examined the selected location, making measurements, etc., for the work. She is well pleased with the outline; and although very busy with the woman's monument work and that of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton (by the State of Georgia and personal contributors), she will begin the Richard Owen work as promptly as practicable and is to have it ready for dedication on January 6, 1913, the hundred and third anniversary of his birth. As Colonel Owen was in command of the prison at Camp Morton fifty years ago now, it may be noted that he was then sixty-three years of age. His son, Horace P. Owen, a banker at New Harmony, Ind., where the Owen family made much valuable history, was assistant adjutant general in the siege of Jackson, Miss., and is of record as having "gallantly carried messages under a galling fire." In this siege Col. Richard Owen commanded a brigade.

From W. J. Behan, of New Orleans, La., comes a most appreciative offering: "I was a cadet at the Western Military Institute in the fifties under Colonel Owen, then superin-

tendent, with Gen. Bushrod Johnson president and Hon. James G. Blaine in the faculty. They have all gone to the great beyond, and so have many hundreds of the cadets of the old W. M. I., following those honored men of the blue and the gray. Herein find five dollars toward the memorial to honor the memory of Col. Richard Owen as commander of the Confederate prison at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., in the winter and spring of 1862."

A contribution comes from Mr. J. W. Clapp, of Memphis, Tenn., who writes that it is sent with the profound hope that success may crown the efforts in this laudable undertaking "For as a child," he says, "I recall the privations and sufferings of the Confederate soldiers then in Northern prisons, much of which was of course due to the exigency of the times, but much more to either wanton neglect or brutal vindictiveness; and hence I submit that our Southland should regard it a privilege to erect a suitable memorial to Col. Richard Owen for such Christlike conduct."

Another appreciated letter comes from Gen. John B. Stone, of Kansas City, Mo., who makes an additional and a larger contribution than before and writes: "Every living Confederate soldier ought to contribute to this fund, as Colonel Owen was the single exception who ever extended kindness and humane treatment to Confederate prisoners while they were confined in Federal prisons during our Civil War."

From Lieut. Elwood S. Corser, of Minneapolis, Minn.: "I am very happy to be enabled by your kind permission to enroll my own name among those who fully appreciate the heroism and magnanimity which you and thousands of others are evidencing and which is such an honorable and natural conclusion of the brave men both of the North and the South who met in battle and who on those bloody fields have planted the tree which shall have its beautiful growth in our united nation. * * * Such work as you are doing will surely have its adequate reward in the successful healing of the hurts of the War between the States."



MISS CORA MALLORY, FLORIDA, GRANDDAUGHTER OF S. R. MALLORY, Sponsor for the South at Macon Reunion.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

A Friend	\$ 5 00	Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balti-		Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.	\$ 1 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.	1 00	more	\$10 00	Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.	1 00	Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
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Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.	1 00	Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.	2 00	Tenn.	5 00
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Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky.	1 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S.	
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Mem-		Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	C.	1 00
phis, Tenn.	25 00	Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville,		Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna,		Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Mo.	6 00	Miss.	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.	1 00	Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs,		Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.	5 00	Colo.	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.	5 00	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington,		Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.	1 00	D. C.	5 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, Ohio.	2 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.	1 00	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.	1 00	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.	2 00	Shafer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00
Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria,		Hinson, Dr. W. E., Charleston, S. C.	2 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00
Tenn.	1 00	Holiday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	10 00	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Brusle, C. A., Plaquemine, La.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	25 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Hender-	
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando,		son, N. C.	1 00
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W.		Fla.	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50
Va.	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.	1 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth,	
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.	1 00	Va.	1 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelousas,		Lee, C. H., Jr., Palmouth, Ky.	1 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00
La.	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.	2 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.	1 00	Lester, John H., Deming, N. Mex.	1 00	Stones, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.	5 00	Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.	1 00	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.	1 00	McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.	10 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis,		Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Corser, Lieut. E. S., Minneapolis,		S. C.	1 00	Thompson, R. H., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Minn.	5 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati,		Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthiana, Ky.	50	Ohio	10 00	Tilghman Sidell, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.	1 00	Means, James, Columbus, Ohio.	1 00	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green,	
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.	2 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	1 00	Ky.	5 00
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V.,		Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	2 50	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.	5 00	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.	1 00	Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky.	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleve-	
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	land, Tenn.	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville,		Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Tenn.	1 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.	2 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie,		Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville,		Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Tenn.	1 00	Fla.	1 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Total to June 1, \$308.00.	



MEMBERS OF THE OKTIBBEHA CAMP, NO. 1311, CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Reading from left to right: First Row—H. T. Sanders, T. N. Shearer, Capt. W. R. Lanier, D. W. Outlaw, Capt. J. D. Burgin, Gen. Wiley N. Nash, and J. G. Bell. Second Row—F. E. Hearon, F. C. Gregg, Capt. L. D. McDowell, Dr. W. H. Magruder, J. C. Rand, W. J. Rousseau, and Mr. Patrick. Third Row—Esq. W. H. Reynolds, W. W. Van, J. T. Jones, and S. B. Critz. Their ages range from 65 to 83, H. K. Rousseau being the oldest and a veteran of the Mexican War as well as of the Civil War. This picture was taken on Easter Sunday at the Methodist church, where these veterans had gone in a body upon request of Rev. Dr. S. A. Steel, President of the Methodist Conference College, of Jackson, Tenn., who addressed his sermon specially to them. Members of this camp agreed among themselves to meet every Easter Sunday and attend preaching in a body. They recommend this custom to other camps, and hope to make the custom universal.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SOUTHERNERS SHOULD SEE TO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Of course every man who served in the war should read the *VETERAN*. If unable to pay, some one should pay for him.

Every Confederate mother should have it. Some man would pay for all such who can't afford to subscribe.

Every Daughter of the Confederacy should read it regularly. Its careful perusal will furnish inspiration to strengthen them in their sacred work.

Every son and grandson of Confederates should patronize it and read it regularly, remembering that the days of those who honor father and mother "may be long in the land."

Every reader who believes in it should become a solicitor. Each will realize the truth that only good can come of extending its circulation. It is the duty of every faithful Southerner to extend its influence, for its indorsement by scores of thousands for nearly twenty years justifies the assumption of merit, and the rapid falling out of the men in gray should be a reminder that immediate action is necessary by all who would circulate their "story of the glory," of the sacrifices of which there can be no exaggeration.

Correct the wholly unjustified impression that there is a strong corporation back of the *VETERAN*, because it is entirely the work of one man who has had his full share of privations and whose multiplicity of gratuitous duties is a tax that ought not to be borne without the cooperation of friends in the cause. Many serve as agents gratuitously, but others work for commissions, which are allowed cordially. Those who are zealous in its behalf could do the greater service by sending direct, and in doing so could nearly always secure another subscription or more if they would offer to send without expense to some friend who ought to take it.

Many good friends would regret if they realized how great a tax in labor and money they fail to save the office by seeing the date by their names and acting without waiting for a notice. These "reminders" cost hundreds of dollars each time they are sent. If you are in arrears, you can tell by the date after name in address. If the figures are "June '11," for instance, you owe a year. The date avoids any necessity of writing for statement unless some error should be corrected. The importance is imperative; for diligent as we may be, hundreds die and their representatives give no notice and will not pay. The patrons of the *VETERAN* are scattered over a wide area, and we must depend on the family and friends to notify us of a patron's decease.

There is evidently no other publication of which so much is asked gratuitously. It is unstinted in its service, and its patrons are requested to practice the same rule. It is hard to conceive how much benefit would accrue if every patron would give prompt attention to this request.

Friends, won't you spare the *VETERAN* the expense and labor of another statement? If the head of the family is too busy to see this, call his attention to it and ask him to do so at once.

LONG ARTICLES MUST BE ABRIDGED.

Correspondents are informed that long articles cannot be used. Every page in the *VETERAN* costs more than a dozen

dollars, and there is need for so much that this notice is given. Two pages may contain a great deal, and one is sufficient in many instances to print that which occupies much more space. There are several important articles held over from this issue. Among them report of the C. S. M. A., proceedings at Macon, State Division, and several Last Roll sketches. Nearly everything that comes to the *VETERAN* must be condensed. Please write concisely as possible, then go over it and see what can be eliminated and rewrite it in that form.

Contributors should not forget the necessity of writing on good paper concisely as possible, leaving plenty of room. Short articles are preferred, and only such need be sent with confidence of their acceptance. Much is unavoidably held over from lack of condensation until it is out of season. In illustration of the impracticability of long articles, a book review of over forty pages is just at hand. The space required to print it would cost thirty or forty dollars—for a copy of the book. Correspondence is necessary with the author of the review to have him understand, and then he is not likely to be satisfied.

First consideration is given to comrades who rarely write for the press. They should rewrite on good paper—much paper used is fit only to fertilize the soil. When comrades have written, they should write again, condensing; even then it must undergo a similar process in this office. Those who want space in the *VETERAN* should observe this request. Remember, too, that "new South" and "lost cause" are terms barred in the *VETERAN* office.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF REUNION CONDITIONS.

The Macon Reunion will be of record in the years to come as illustrating what a great-hearted people can do in an emergency. Macon was regarded as being courageous in attempting the entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans, its population considered. It had advantages, however, over any city yet entertaining in its magnificent streets. Comrade J. W. Wilcox, City Engineer and connected officially with the city government for many years, at the request of the *VETERAN* gives the width of leading streets. Mulberry and Third Streets, for instance, are each one hundred and eighty feet wide, with parks in the center. First, Cherry, and other streets are one hundred and twenty feet wide. The patriotic Southern men and women of Macon contributed sixty thousand dollars, and many of them filled their homes with guests with characteristic Southern hospitality.

Too much praise cannot be given to them, and yet there was a spirit of graft that shocked the patriots who had gone far to be with comrades of long ago. There must have been some clandestine cooperative method in this by an element who anticipated that they would have visitors at their mercy. The Macon people generally did not seem to be aware of such acts. It is an outrage that patriotic Macon should suffer in reputation for the selfish and exacting methods of a few.

In order to be helpful to other cities that are to entertain Reunions in the future, the *VETERAN* would appreciate report from all who were imposed upon at Macon. It would benefit those patriotic people. Of course it is not designed to publish names, but report of the facts might benefit the Central city of Georgia composed of absolutely loyal people.

The *VETERAN* was urged to denounce impositions inflicted before the Reunion, but anticipated that it would be checked. Greek restaurants started the game in Nashville at a Reunion, and they were promptly "called down" by the authorities.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
APRIL 7, TO MAY 7, 1912.

Alabama: W. H. Forney Chapter, Anniston, \$2; Tuskegee Chapter, \$2; J. B. Gordon Chapter, \$2.50; A. B. Moore Chapter, \$1; Mildred Lee Chapter, Sheffield, \$5; Admiral Semmes Chapter, \$5; Sidney Lanier Chapter, \$10; Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, Montgomery, \$2.50; V. C. Clopton Chapter, Huntsville, \$15; Barbour County Chapter, Eufaula, \$2.

Arkansas: Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, \$5; Batesville Chapter, \$5; Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, \$2; post cards by Mrs. Hall to Memorial Chapter, \$4; Hiram Grinstead Chapter, Camden, \$9.10.

California: Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter, Long Beach, \$3.90; Los Angeles Chapter, \$10; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Riverside, \$5; Joseph LeCompt Chapter, Berkeley, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco, \$25; individual contributions from members of Jefferson Davis Chapter collected by Miss N. A. Queen, \$5.50; "Dixie Book of Days," sold by Miss Queen to Jefferson Davis Chapter, \$1.60; Gen. E. Kirby Smith Chapter, San Bernardino, \$15.

Colorado: M. H. D. Hayes Chapter, Denver, \$10.

Georgia: L. P. Thomas Chapter, Norcross, \$3; Barnesville Chapter, \$2; Gen. J. B. Gordon Chapter, Louisville, \$1.

Kentucky: Paducah Chapter (post cards), \$16.50; Mrs. J. A. Royston, Lancaster (post cards), 5 cents; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown (Shiloh Day collection), \$5.25; Miss May Belle Lyon, Eddyville (post cards), \$2.35; Kate M. Breckinridge Chapter, Danville, \$10.

New York: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, C. of C., \$5; collections from Director, \$7.30.

South Carolina: R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, \$2; Cheraw Chapter, \$2; W. B. Ball Chapter, Cross Hill, \$5; Marion Chapter, \$2; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, \$5; Ridge Spring Chapter, \$2; W. J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, \$2; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, \$5; J. C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, \$5; Arthur Managault Chapter, Georgetown, \$5; Mrs. C. T. Martin (personal), Gaffey, \$1; Charleston Chapter (five Lee pictures), \$12.50; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry (one Lee picture), \$2.50; Greenville Chapter (post cards), 30 cents; post cards sold at Greenwood Convention, \$2.75; Draton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry (post cards), \$1.10; sale of "Confederate Banners" at Greenwood Convention, \$1.75.

Tennessee: J. W. Morton Chapter, Camden, \$10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, \$5; Johnson City Chapter, \$2.50; Lynnville Chapter, \$1; Neely Chapter, Bolivar, \$2.50; Knoxville Chapter (Lee picture), \$2.50; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, \$25; Lewisburg Chapter, \$5; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, \$30; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, \$40; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis (post cards), \$2.50; J. H. Mathis Chapter, Memphis, \$15; Miss Jean Dobbins (personal), Columbia, \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Columbia, \$6.10; Mrs. J. D. Hughes, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 50 cents; Mrs. J. M. Paisley, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 50 cents; Mrs. William Stull, Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, 25 cents; F. M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, \$5.

Texas: L. S. Ross Chapter, Vernon, \$5.

Virginia: Culpeper Chapter, \$1; cash, 25 cents; Craig Chapter, New Castle, \$5; Pickett Buchanan Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, \$5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Berryville, \$5; Ann Eliza Johns Chapter, Danville, \$5; Lee Chapter, Richmond, \$2.50; Mary Custis Lee Chapter,

Lexington, \$2.50; Bristol Chapter, \$3; Halifax Chapter, South Boston, \$10.

Total collections since April 7, \$480.05.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$13,450.32.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$13,930.37.

At the request of the Paducah Chapter the Treasurer is glad to mention the liberal patronage received from Federal veterans *en route* to Shiloh. The sale of post cards was most encouraging. The Chapter especially appreciates the interest of Capt. T. J. Lindsey, of Washington C. H., Ohio.

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING APRIL 30, 1912.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$19. Contributed by Mr. Ed Ayres, Chicago, Ill., \$10; Mrs. Phil Smith, Chicago, Ill., \$5; Mrs. J. T. Skelton, Fayetteville, Ark., \$1; Mrs. Polly Logan, Fayetteville, Ark., \$1; Miss Amanda Stone, Fayetteville, Ark., 50 cents; Robbie Logan, Fayetteville, Ark., 50 cents; F. S. Root, Fayetteville, Ark., \$1.

Patton-Anderson Chapter, No. 76, U. D. C., Palatka, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$66.60. Contributed by Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$20; Kate D. Scott Chapter, No. 902, U. D. C., Monticello, Fla., \$6; Dixie Chapter, No. 1008, U. D. C., St. Petersburg, Fla., \$3; Denham Chapter, C. of C., Monticello, Fla., \$1; commission on sales of calendars, \$1.60; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$5; Stars and Bars Chapter, No. 1354, U. D. C., Greenwood, Fla., \$2; Mrs. Griggs, Apalachicola, Fla., \$1; Mrs. R. C. May, Miami, Fla., collections, \$15; Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine, Fla., \$2; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, No. 207, U. D. C., Madison, Fla., \$5; William H. Milton Chapter, No. 1039, U. D. C., Marianna, Fla., \$5.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bock, Director for Virginia, \$10. Contributed by Anna Eliza Johns Chapter, No. 164, Danville.

Mrs. Marie B. Sayre, Director for Washington, \$10. Contributed by Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 885, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$10. Contributed by McNeill Chapter, No. 948, Keyser, W. Va.

Receipts for the month, \$120.60.

Balance April 1, 1912, \$19,054.04.

Total to be accounted for and on hand May 1, \$19,174.64.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

HISTORY OF THE THIRTIETH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

A. P. Adamson, of Rex, Ga., has had published a history of the 30th Georgia Regiment, which he reports as containing complete rolls and records of each company, also the history of the regiment and sketches of officers and members, together with photographs of a number. Price of the book, \$1 per copy.

Comrade Adamson is also preparing a history of the Adamson family, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and he wants any information concerning the family, especially of those who served either in the Confederate or Federal army. A. P. Adamson, Rex, Ga.

James B. McCullum, Confederate Home, Higginsville, Mo., wishes to locate his brother, Thomas F. McCullum, who was a member of Company F, 2d Missouri Infantry, Gen. F. M. Cockrell's brigade. The last heard of him he was in West Tennessee. Information concerning him will be gratefully accepted by his brother.

CONCERNING THE MACON REUNION.

The opening day of the Macon Reunion on Tuesday, May 7, was devoted to addresses of welcome, responses, and patriotic songs. The attendance of members of the Confederate Choir No. 1 from Portsmouth, Va., was hailed with delight by the multitude; but a hush and sorrow prevailed when it became known that the eminent leader, Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, was not present, having recently lost her husband. The members, with other organizations, contributed to the music; but in deference to sentiment they declined to sing "Dixie," which, under Mrs. Edwards, has been for years the most delightful feature of the general Reunions.

The Macon Telegraph reported the opening day as follows:

"The meeting was half an hour late starting, Chaplain R. B. Headen, of Rome, pronouncing the invocation at 10:30. At that hour the building was packed to its utmost capacity, with confusion prevailing. About the stand and on it a dense mass of people were crowded, while a babel of tongues went up from every side. Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, who presided, made strenuous efforts to clear the front of the platform of all except delegates, but his efforts were unavailing. Even the tables reserved for the newspaper men and veteran reporters were as chips tossed in a maelstrom as far as working conditions were concerned.

"Two songs by the United Confederate Choir seemed only to accentuate the noisy tendencies of the crowds massed everywhere. Efforts were made to read one or two reports of the utmost importance to the Reunion, but the reading could not be heard three feet away.

"A temporary silence ensued when Gen. A. J. West presented Mrs. John B. Gordon, her daughter, Mrs. Brown, two grandsons, and Mrs. Longstreet, of Gainesville. General Walker made repeated efforts to get order, but without any effect on the tumult of sounds.

"A motion was made to suspend until the house could be cleared of all save delegates, which prevailed, but that ended it. Nobody left; the volume of noise increased. The crowds massed denser than ever on and around the platform. Motions came fast and thick. One was to clear the building of all save veterans, but that did not materialize.

"'Shut your mouths and let us carry on business,' shouted a fine-looking man on the platform as he towered scarlet with indignation. 'If you won't stop it, we'll put you all out. Business must go on here.'

"But again no one could execute the order, and the irresistible flow of sound continued. For five minutes all sorts of motions were made, having the object of stilling the tumult and proceeding with the business session. Then came the motion to adjourn until two o'clock and exclude from the afternoon session every one except accredited delegates. The session ended with practically nothing accomplished.

"General Walker stated that the memorial exercises as scheduled would of necessity have to be abandoned, as the important business of the convention had to be attended to."

Gen. H. T. Davenport, of Americus, Ga., who has a splendid voice and is tactful, made an appeal that brought about the respectful consideration of the assembly.

MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD IN ITS ORDER.

The adjournment was before noon, at which time Mrs. W. J. Behan arrived with the Memorial Association delegates, that body having adjourned its session for the service. By persistence, friends of the Memorial Association cooperating, Mrs. Behan took charge of the hall and an impressive service

was held. Prayer was led by Rev. W. M. Neeley, of Florence, Ala., a member of the Frank Cheatham Camp, Nashville, and the program was carried out save that some of the songs were omitted that the service be concluded in its time limit.

MODEL MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO GENERAL EVANS.

[Brig. Gen. J. L. McCollum made the memorial address to the late Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., who died last July in Atlanta. He was Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of the Commander in Chief. The address was written under the apprehension that the author might be prevented from attending. This contingency occurred, and the address was read by S. A. Cunningham.]

Ladies of the Memorial Association and Comrades: The quiet of a Sunday afternoon in July, 1911, was over the city of Atlanta, and over one home on Capitol Avenue there was a peculiar stillness; the hush that borders the valley of shadow was resting on all. General Evans was dying. At four o'clock word passed in whisper from lip to lip, "He is dead;" and then the wires flashed it over the commonwealth of Georgia and over the South, and again the great heart of the old Confederacy was astir, and it was sad, for another of her great chieftains was passing from her arms.

Georgians were peculiarly sad, for there had gone to "rest under the shade of the trees" a great galaxy of noble men. Bartow, Hill, Toombs, Stephens, Colquitt, and Gordon were already gone, and there was to Georgia and the whole South cause for sadness and tears, for we were losing a type of chivalry and noble manhood, of true patriotism which we will never see again. Of him as his class it may be said:

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

God's unit of highest value is man. "I will make a man more precious than gold." (Isa. xiii. 12.)

As a citizen he proved himself a man worthy of love and honor. Few Georgians entered so broadly and richly into the history of the State and South. From his earliest manhood on to the lingering month of closing twilight General Evans was active in the service of the public. At the bar and on the bench, in legislative halls, in the charge on the battle field, in the sacrificing labors of the ministry, in education and Statehood he gave himself freely for his generation and those that follow him. To him life was service, and that not for self, but for his fellow men. His wealth was not in worldly store, but in the higher, in the eternal treasure of love, sympathy, and kindness for all mankind.

But the South knew him best as a soldier. Entering her service as a private with convictions that called for every hour of his time, every particle of strength, and if necessary every drop of his blood, he gave himself wholly to his country. He rose step by step from the ranks to the position of major general; he participated in nearly every principal battle fought by Confederate troops in Virginia; was wounded five times; he returned again and again to his post, and was found at last on the firing line at Appomattox. Even after truce and the silence upon other parts of the field, unconscious of its meaning, General Evans with his division, composed of brigades from Virginia, Louisiana, and Georgia, gallantly charged the enemy, capturing some artillery with a number of prisoners. Driving from the field a body of dismounted cavalry, he was leading his men to further battle, when an aid from General Gordon (furnished by General Sheridan) rushed upon the field with orders to "cease firing."

No doubt but the flag of the old company under which he was mustered into the Confederate service as a private and which inspired him in many battles is here to-day to bear testimony of his great gallantry. He was a soldier to the last; but after the surrender, like his great comrade, Gen. John B. Gordon, he radiated the spirit of peace. So after the flag of the Confederacy was furled forever as a banner of a nation and the stars and stripes accepted with sincere submission, he put on the gospel armor and took his place as a loyal and devoted knight of the cross. For many years he served in the gospel ministry, and acted in that spirit until the infirmities of age and weakness caused by wounds received in battle prevented further labor. "He carried with him the atmosphere of a born warrior, gentleman, and Christian of the old school, courtly, gentle, brave to the last breath." He helped to make history, and that history, I am persuaded, will grow brighter as the years pass. It is true the sun has gone down, sir, and we have no armies, but principle abides.

"There is a grandeur in graves,
There is glory of gloom,
For out of the gloom future
Greatness is born,
As after the night comes the
Sunrise of morn.
And the graves of the dead, with
The grass overgrown,
May yet make the footstool
Of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the
War path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the
Temple of right."

When it was determined at a preliminary meeting of representative Confederate veterans held at New Orleans June 10, 1889, to organize a United Confederate Veterans Association, the question of a Commander was a most important consideration, and from the many surviving generals John B. Gordon was unanimously chosen, and instinctively he selected the gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, Clement A. Evans, who had followed him step by step for four years in Virginia and after the war, a close coworker in reconciliation and upbuilding, as his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. He served in this position until he was unanimously called by his State to serve as its Commander, but was a little later elected Department Commander, and upon the death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who had succeeded General Gordon at his death, was elected Commander in Chief, and served in that capacity until the Reunion at Mobile, a little more than a year before his death, when he declined reelection on account of ill health. He was made Honorary Commander for life.

Many of us present to-day recall that feeble voice uttering beautiful words of love and affection in declining to accept further service as active Commander in Chief.

Ladies of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Georgians probably ought not to boast, but they have a right to be proud when a heritage of such noble character is theirs. Consider the good men whose dust rest in her soil and whose lives still urge us on in the pathway of right. God grant that our young men and women and their descendants may prize this heritage above rubies and live to honor such ancestry.

I covet the power of an artist. I would portray my thoughts, draw aside the veil, and let you look upon the general as-

sembly of the saints to let you see these and others in holy and happy fellowship resting "under the shade of the trees." The picture would ease our aching hearts and give us the courage of higher aspirations, knowing that when we quit these desert sands such would be our resting place.

As soldier, statesman, Christian, and gentleman,

"Take him for all and all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY JUDGE N. E. HARRIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen, and You, My Comrades: I think I ought to say in the opening that I had tried with great earnestness from personal reasons to have some one else fill this appointment. I had refused three or four times to be considered in connection with it, and only consented at the last moment to appear for the purpose of reading a poem that had been published for general distribution and with which I shall end this discourse.

I come to speak to-day in the city wherein most of my life has been spent to the surviving comrades who stood with me under the flag that carried the cross of St. Andrew in the four years of bloody struggle. It is a high honor at any time to speak to an assembly of Confederate veterans—none higher to me on earth.

Since this great gathering has honored the city at whose feet the sluggish Ocmulgee drops her tears and around whose forehead as a crown of glittering jewels are Wesleyan and Mercer Colleges on the hills and St. Stanislaus beyond—this Central city of Georgia where the sunshine from Southern skies is incarnated into the hearts of one of the noblest and best peoples the world ever saw—and since I have been permitted in my old age with my own eyes to look in the faces of my comrades with whom I staked all in the four years' strife and at these altars pledge again undying allegiance to the memories of those old heroic days, I feel like saying with the patriarch, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace," since mine eyes have seen this glory here.

Four Years of Heroic Strife.

My comrades, the civil war between the States of this Union compressed more than a century into four years of strife. The republic threw forward in prophetic outline its civic and military glories for seventy-five years till they touched and lingered about the blood-stained margin of 1861. The republic restored by force turns its memorial pages backward—tear-stained and sorrow-draped—through the whole course of forty-seven years, till the war-blended and battle-scarred edge of 1865 is reached.

Four years stretch between! No such four years ever gave up their deeds to history in all this world! Four years of battle storm, of heroic achievements, of glorious triumphs, of Titanic defeats! Why, there never was a four years like unto this in all the annals of the human race! Millions stood in arms in the greatest and freest country on earth. The liberty of the world was the stake and the last experiment of free government among men put to bloody trial. Humanity stood aghast, while Christianity was weighed in the balances. The hopes of mankind shone like stars over the heads of marshaled armies, gleamed through war clouds and fiery flames from blazing homes, and fell to earth betimes on blood stained battle fields where valor died and a nation's symbol was bathed again and again in the heart's blood of its defenders.

Ah, that awful four years! Carved out of your lives, com-

rades, this gathering to-day is the memorial. These vast throngs in this little city under the sunny skies of our own dear Southland recall the memories of that time and that struggle. These vast crowds are here because the events of that four years still hold the canvas in the light of another century's promises, that nothing can blot out. Time passing only draws the shadows longer and lifts the figures higher.

Pathos of Defeat.

My comrades, the world turns naturally to the conquered. When brave men die for a cause, that cause becomes sacred for the sake of the dead. Heroism and martyrdom command crowns from history, and humanity stands by to see that the debt is paid. There is more in the sorrows of defeat to move the hearts of the world than all the splendors of triumph can ever accord. Suffering challenges sympathy, and the cause of the vanquished becomes by adoption the cause of the strong everywhere, and loving hearts take up the story and rehearse it over and over till all the lost battles are fought out again, and in the mighty forum of conflicting creeds and opinions the hour of triumph surely, though it may be slowly, comes round at last and the defeated cause is avenged.

Theme a Memorial Service.

My comrades, what are the things in that four years' struggle that we would linger longest over and bear most in remembrance to-day? This is a memorial service, you know. When we think of the dead of our armies, when they appear before us in these Reunion days, all dressed up again in their



JUDGE N. E. HARRIS.

gray uniforms spangled with gold lace and stars and bars, or faded and worn with the dust of travel or the smoke of battle; when we greet them again with sorrow or tears and see them gay and joyous as they once were in the camp or on the field or find them with wounds dripping with blood from whence their life ebbed out, more than our mere personal affection for them rises up in our memories.

We name them, comrades, in softened tone; we call the old roll again of the company as they stood in line and answered "Here" to the first sergeant's short demand. O how it stirs our hearts when we think of them and go over the company list again and name them to ourselves! In my company, for instance, Joe Lyle—what a great boy he was!—the life of the camp, and Frank Moses, who stood up like a tall pine, always to be put at the head of the company and carry the company colors; and Jim McCollum, the first lieutenant (how we think of him as his voice rang out while the shot and shell were hurtling over us!); and the captain too; then the colonel as he rode down the line with his arm in a sling; and the bronze-faced general who cried, "Steady, boys; remember you are Tennesseans"—or Virginians or Georgians or South Carolinians, or whatever State it was. And then a sorrow grips our souls as we remember that we will never see them again, and we say: "How brave they were! They may have turned pale, but they never turned tail. Their faces were toward the front." That was the Confederate soldier. That which characterized him most of all was the valor and chivalry that he showed in the day of trial, his fighting zeal, his sacrifices for his comrades and his country. These are the things that we call back to-day, for, comrades, there never were braver armies gathered together on the face of this earth than those that stood up under the Southern flag and fought in the rising and falling fortunes of our dead Confederacy!

It was easier to be brave in the beginning than it was toward the end. You all know that after the Vicksburg surrender and the Gettysburg battle the struggle was a hopeless one with most of us, and yet our armies fought on and died on with never a thought of surrender, and many of the grandest triumphs of our forces and many of the noblest deeds of our soldiers were done under the shadow of the approaching disaster. The record blazes with the most splendid achievements that ever crowned the failing fortunes of a nation.

The South did not get down and pray for peace. The proudest nation on earth was that Southern Confederacy to which you and I swore allegiance when we joined our fortunes to her armies. It was not just one man dying here and there. Whole armies died, a nation died.

We can see in Bayard and Douglas and DuGuesclin in chivalry the very highest type of courage and the flower of personal achievement; we sigh over the devotion of Marshal Ney and the Polish Kosciuszko; we stand amazed at the achievements of Marlborough and Caesar and Alexander; we admire the glory of Napoleon and delight to honor the patriotism of our Southern-born Washington; but in the very forefront of the world's mightiest heroes, elevated to the same high plane with the leaders of the armies of conquering and conquered nations of all time, side by side with the greatest and noblest of all march the Southern generals and their officers, their names the synonym for martial glory, their achievements, their sacrifices, even their defeats the proudest boast of the world's patriots and the delight of the world's greatest historians.

These men loom large through the distance as time goes on like great mountains standing out in the mists of the morning. Already we apotheosize Robert E. Lee; already we have put Jackson on a pedestal unapproachable; we rear monuments to Gordon and Cleburne and Johnston and Forrest and Stuart and a hundred others that touch the skies. We call the names in the ears of our children of the innumerable caravan that now march through the Hall of Fame, who led on the plains of battle the South's defenders when her star went down and her hopes were quenched in the blood of her sons forever.

Tribute to the South's Civic Leaders.

While we remember her army leaders, we do not lose sight of those other devoted men who directed the fortunes of her government through the awful struggles that marked the existence of the short-lived Confederacy. It behooves us to refer to the memory of our civic leaders without whom the Confederacy would not have lasted a day. That first cabinet! Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Judah P. Benjamin, Stephen R. Mallory, Charles G. Memminger, and that old Roman that outlived them all, John H. Reagan, with all that galaxy of civic statesmen who led the South's failing fortunes through the awful four years' struggle—why, the level rays of glory are beginning to shoot to the horizon from the chaplet that adorns their brows.

Do you think of the chieftain to-day to whom we all swore allegiance? Davis, vicarious sacrifice for the conquered South, commander in chief of all her armies—it is well to lay a tribute upon his grave in the city where he met and conferred last with his old comrades before he answered the roll call that ended his career on earth. History is vindicating his fame and his glory rises every day higher and higher toward the zenith.

And that little trembling form whose dark eyes looked into ours so often from the doors of Liberty Hall, Alexander H. Stephens, second officer of the government, frail in form but a giant in brain! In this State where his towering fame abides we are proud to name him as the one who first gave the best reason to the generations of men for the existence of the Confederate States.

My comrades, these are the offerings of our country; these and all who were with them in the dramatic tragedy of the Southern Confederacy are the offerings of our country to the muse of history for the education of mankind and the admiration of all lovers of liberty, of honor, and bravery for all time to come.

The Rank and File of the Army.

But what shall I say of the privates, of the rank and file? I heard Gen. Clement A. Evans declare that these are the men who put the lace on the arm and the stars on the collar of the officers who led them. They have no national government to preserve the memory of their deeds, guard their graves, and pay vast pensions from the public treasury to the survivors and their descendants. Because they have none of these honors and emoluments which belong alone to the conqueror, because they have been bound down with the bitter chains of failure, because of their Herculean efforts on the field, on the march, in the bivouac, in the line of battle, in the smoke-crowned redoubt, fighting, charging, rolling back their foes with fierce yells of triumph and then covering up their dead with tears of unmeasured regret, till in the last fight on the last day they stood as the remnant of the noblest defenders of any nation on earth—ragged, shot-torn, and yet

defiant to the end, never conquered but only overcome by numbers—they have made their cause the object of the greatest reverence and the highest respect even to those who believe it mistaken and ill advised. To all these brave defenders of our nation's cause we would bring a tribute to-day from the warm and patriotic hearts of the people who have gathered here on this memorable occasion.

Give Our Women Glory.

Will we ever do justice to our mothers, wives, and sweet-hearts who bided at home during the long struggle and listened with bated breath for the news from battle fields and camp and hospitals?

Comrades, when we organize the grand army of the sixties, let us put in the very forefront the women, who with sun-bonnets and homespun dresses kept their vigils around the altar fires at home and sent their prayers upward like the volleys of embattled squadrons to the throne of the eternal God, holding up their sons and loved ones with hearts unquailing and hands, though weak and trembling, that never failed.

Fruit of the Fratricidal Struggle.

It is all the better that the war was fought, even though our cause went down in defeat. The struggle has left a heritage of brave deeds, a history of heroic endurance, of fidelity to country and home and fireside for the whole American nation, North and South, to cherish. For fifty years past the world has found its finest illustration of sacrifice, of chivalric courage, of high endeavor, of unswerving patriotism in the Southern war; and for fifty years to come new incidents will develop, new narratives will be written, and new ideas of war and daring and sacrifice and glory will be found, so that new laurels will be constantly woven for the brows of the Southern heroes.

The fruitage of this struggle has been the production of a higher and nobler generation of men throughout the limits of our country. While the North and the East are honeycombed with anarchy and infidelity to home and to country, and while the great West is filled with turbulent, unreasoning masses, gangrened with communism and pushing to the forefront the very lowest doctrines of the proletariat, here in the South we have a great race of pure-blooded, conservative Americans, thoughtful men and women, born of fathers and mothers who stood the storms of battle and learned in penury, want, and bereavement to act in the pressure of every sort of emergency. Then how could their boys be other than embryo warriors like Lee and Jackson and Johnston when they inherit such blood? and how could their daughters be other than sweet and gentle as angels yet with the fiber of courage and endurance in their bodies equal to that of their heroic fathers and mothers together? Generations that were born from the stress of a nation's suffering, baptized at the red laver of battle, our people are therefore high-toned and chivalric, true to the traditions of the past; they treasure high hopes for the future, are devoted to the principles of free government, are attached to religion and home, and are filled with all reverence for the great Constitution which the fathers of the republic gave to the world. We challenge comparison as to intelligent citizenship with any people on the earth.

It is a sweet thought to me, my comrades, as my tired eyes grow dim to know that our boys are as loyal to the memories of '61 as the men who wore the gray and fought in the foremost ranks. So I say: "God bless the boys and girls of our

Sunny South!" In the great Spanish War these boys carried the old flag with the same gallantry and daring that their fathers exhibited when the stars and bars waved over their heads. I understand now the meaning of the words of Father Ryan, our poet-priest, when he declared that "the whispers of a Southern mother in the ears of her boy would be the booming of a cannon a hundred years from now."

That same proud, chivalric spirit that characterized the men of '61 survives in their descendants and will make them soldiers for offense or defense as the great nation they honor has occasion for their services in her cause. I tell you, comrades, we may be proud of our Southern blood. It is not tainted with treason; it is the blood of patriots who hated wrong and fought for home and country.

The memories of internecine strife should ordinarily be allowed to perish. The conflicts of kindred families ought not to be remembered. But the principles for which a great nation went to war, for which a million men were slain and eight thousand millions of treasure lost and destroyed amid prodigies of valor and sacrifices unknown to the world before ought never to be forgotten. The fame of the heroic defenders of the Southern cause and the achievements of its mighty dead should be the boast of their descendants and all patriots as they will be the heritage of the earth for all time to come.

Good to Come of the Contest.

God bless these old torn battle flags! Around them hang the memories of noble deeds, of sinking hopes, of the last throes of a nation in arms. It is the flag of my father; it wrapped his cold form in death; that I myself loved and followed it made me an exile from home and country. The graves of my kindred, the friends of my youth, the comrades who stood with me amid the sulphurous smoke, the roar and crash on the perilous edge of battle and went down with a smile on their faces as their last gaze caught its star-crowned and bullet-riddled folds—all these come back to me as I look again to-day on its faded colors. I heard a United States officer once say: "I love to salute that flag, for I know it waved over brave men."

Keep it, my old comrades; it is yours while you live. Keep it, ladies of the Memorial Association, Sons of Veterans; it is yours to treasure and preserve, all blent with the memories of that awful four years' struggle. Teach its meaning to the children and to the generations which come after as long as time shall live, for the brave men who fought for it are nearly all dead and the nation that it designated is no more.

I have said often, my comrades, and I say it now again, that so long as the people of the South are true to the memories of their heroic sires their national principles will be safe from decay and their characteristics as a high-souled, brave, and chivalrous people will never be lost.

Great deeds are the parents of yet greater ones. Our fathers' achievements are the seeds of the world's mightiest works, all sown in human hearts. So the South is growing in power, in wealth, and resources every day. She is moving forward to a higher plane in the councils of the world. In her valleys and around her fertile hills a race of men and women is now growing up who will have the power and the genius to make the world understand by the invincible logic of argument and the all-compelling force of truth that the cause for which she fought was the same battle for freedom handed down from father to son through all the ages, and the blood that was spilled in her cause on the arid fields of

conflict flowed from the veins of a race of patriots as pure-hearted and unstained of soul as the saintliest knights of the crusades or the laurel-crowned heroes of Revolutionary times.

As the sun sinks toward his setting the Southern soldier grows prophetic, and the mantles of the old seers fall upon him and unloose his lips. In the great future, my countrymen, he can see a vision of his own dear Southland for which he fought and shed his blood, going forward on its wonderful march of industrial and civic progress, outdistancing all the rest of the country in the race for preëminence. Already the South is lifting with cables of cotton and levers of steel the whole American nation to a higher plane of progress, wealth, and industrial success. She is carrying all sections with her in her wonderful strides toward commercial greatness. Her own vindication keeps pace with her industrial rise. In 1887 Martin F. Tupper, the great English poet, speaking of the obloquy that had been heaped upon the South, declared that the world would soon repent of its wrong and do her justice. And it did.

The English-speaking peoples outside this continent have already approved her cause and entered upon her vindication, while they who were lately our foes are binding themselves to us with ties of blood and interests so strong that sectional lines will soon be obliterated and there will be a union of hearts as well as a union of States. Then shall come our full vindication. Then our once prostrate land rising up like a young giantess and girding her loins shall feel the strength of reviving youth and power, the prophecy of yet grander triumphs. Then these old battle fields of ours shall find a voice, and the light that lingers round the tombs of our honored dead and springs from the precincts of the Hermitage and the turrets of Monticello and gilds the monuments that mark the graves of Lee and Jackson at Lexington and all the rest shall catch new glories from her brightening prospects and throw its radiance down the pathway of the years. Then in the day of our complete enfranchisement the people of the North and the East and the West shall gather with us in a reunited republic to celebrate our triumphs, and the grand, loud acclaim of a heaven-blessed land caught up on the gale and borne off on the breeze shall be heard like the battle cry of the angels, rolling onward through the long, long line of coming centuries, teaching nations and kindred and tribes on all the earth that freedom and glory and honor and prosperity and happiness have found their destined culmination in the South.

I want to end this address now by reading to you the poem to which I referred in the opening. There was a young boy whose mother was a Georgian and whose father edits the CONFEDERATE VETERAN—an only son, who followed the profession of a civil engineer. In 1901 he had reached the very summit of his profession, and while in the service acting as consulting engineer in fixing the international water boundary between the United States and Mexico and in charge of an expedition for both governments to define the status of the Rio Grande boundary he was drowned in that treacherous river. When his broken-hearted father was looking over the contents of his camp chest, he found among his papers these words, which seem to me really a voice from the dead. You can understand how the sorrowing father, who had long before buried the mother of the gifted boy, must have felt when he read these words of his dear son. They come to us, my comrades, to-day with the significance that they had to him; for if the dead could speak to us, I am sure they would speak in words like these, while we sorrow over their loss:

"You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
 Wherever the dead are sleeping,
 And we, from a land where we may not grieve,
 Look tenderly down on your weeping.
 You think us far; we are very near,
 From you and the earth though parted.
 We sing to-night to console and cheer
 The hearts of the broken-hearted.
 The earth watches over the lifeless clay
 Of each of its countless sleepers,
 And the sleepless spirits that passed away
 Watch over all earth's weepers.
 We shall meet again in a brighter land
 Where farewell is never spoken;
 We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
 And the clasp shall not be broken;
 We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime
 Where we'll never know a sadness,
 And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
 With rapture and with gladness.
 The snows shall pass from our graves away,
 And you from the earth, remember;
 And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
 Shall follow earth's December.
 When you think of us, think not of the tomb
 Where you laid us down in sorrow;
 But look aloft and beyond earth's gloom,
 And wait for the great to-morrow."

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG, MAY 5, 1862.

BY A. G. PETERSON, IN THE BLOOMINGTON (ILL.) PANTAGRAPH.

[The writer is Past Commander of Ransom Post, G. A. R., St. Louis, and of the Department of Missouri, G. A. R., a retired business man of St. Louis.]

Well, what of fifty years ago May 5, 1912? It is the memory of an old man running back to the time that "tried men's souls," 1861-65. I was a member of Company A, 70th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, and first regiment of the "Excelsior Brigade," commanded by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Army of the Potomac, commanded by General McClellan.

When General McClellan made his movement from around Washington to the Peninsula, the third army corps led the advance from Fortress Monroe up to Yorktown, where the Confederates, under the command of General Magruder, had erected fortifications and intrenchments extending from the York River nearly to the James River. Instead of promptly attacking Magruder, as he ought to have done, McClellan began to build forts and intrenchments with a view of besieging Yorktown. We were detailed to help build these fortifications, and in so doing were continually under fire from the works of the Confederates, which were within easy shooting distance from our own.

Night after night while at work the enemy fired numberless bombs which in their curves from the time they left their pieces could be easily traced by the lighted fuse which they carried, so that we could see them coming in time to get out of the way. While this was going on the Confederates were also busy with their siege guns and field artillery, which at times made it rather uncomfortable for the Union troops, and yet the loss was comparatively light.

On the night of May 4 the Confederates evacuated Yorktown and retreated up the Peninsula. This was discovered on the early morning of the 5th, and the pursuit of the Union

army at once began. General Stoneman, with the cavalry and two batteries of light artillery, had the advance and overtook the rear guard of the Confederates five miles from Williamsburg, at which time skirmishing began and was continued until the intrenchments of Williamsburg were reached. These consisted of Fort Magruder, situated at the junction of two roads, both extending from Yorktown to Williamsburg, and quite a number of smaller works which extended across the narrow neck of the Peninsula, flanked on either side by creeks and York River on one side and the James lower down.

General Stoneman, finding his advance stubbornly contested, sent for reinforcements. General Hooker, our division commander, and General Smith's division, of Sumner's Corps, were ordered up promptly. Both of these divisions were marching on parallel lines until Smith's Division was halted by some obstruction which compelled him to cross over to the road on which General Hooker was marching. This created some confusion and detained General Hooker a few hours.

Again on the forward move, we followed the Williamsburg Turnpike through rain and mud ankle-deep, which made the marching most difficult. At that time we were armed with old-fashioned Belgian muskets, which took a charge of powder about two inches long, topped off with three buckshots and an ounce ball. The cartridge cover had to be bitten off, the powder poured into the musket, and then all rammed down with a ramrod, after which a percussion cap had to be put on. We were new then in the art of war, and so carried knapsacks filled with extra clothing and a little of everything else.

We soon came within the range of the screeching shells and whistling bullets. Our colonel, William Dwight, moved us to one side of the road, had us unsling knapsacks, and make company piles of them with one man in charge of each stack. He then made a speech to us while *en masse* before him, in which he told us that we were about to go into our first battle and that he wanted every man to do his full duty. He wanted no man to fire until ordered, and then to fire low. After these instructions we were again faced to the right and started on our forward march toward the enemy. At this time the roads were about impassable on account of the incessant rain and the large number of troops passing over them. The mud was actually ankle-deep, and men had all they could do to get through it. However, we plodded along. All this time the shells of the enemy were going over our heads and now and then one entering our ranks, though doing but little damage.

Soon we came in sight of Bramhall's Battery, which stood in the middle of the road directly in front of Fort Magruder. It had borne the brunt of the battle for fully two hours, and its loss of men and horses had put it out of business. I well remember the dead men and horses near the guns as we filed to the left and into the woods. The underbrush and felled timber cut down to impede our progress made our task most difficult. We had advanced about a quarter of a mile, when we were ordered to the right, then left front to the enemy, all this time being fired into. At this point our colonel gave the command to fire and then the battle was on in earnest.

The Rebels opened on us with terrible effect, and at the same time charged on our line with the Rebel yell, which afterwards became so well known. I well remember my feelings at the time, and, judging from the faces of my comrades, I am sure my face was as white as a ghost. My mouth was so parched that it was with difficulty I bit off the end of the cartridge which had to be inserted into my musket. My limbs

were weak so that I could scarcely stand up to the work. My gun went off, but I am not sure that I implicitly obeyed the instruction of our colonel to "fire low."

We were in the midst of felled timber, and we screened ourselves as much as possible behind the stumps and logs. I got behind a stump about two feet across at the top and settled down to business amidst the roar of cannon, the shrieking of solid shot and shells, with the incessant zip, whiz, and whistle of bullets, and at times the ping of the deathly messenger as it entered the body of a comrade. This, with the dense smoke from the fire of the guns on both sides along with the loud yells from the contestants, made it an indescribable and indelible scene.

My comrade, Jack Slater, an Englishman, started to come toward me from behind a log and fell over backwards with a hole in his forehead, the blood fairly covering his face. His musket dropped out of his hand and fell against the stump behind which I was. In loading my own musket the ramrod had become clogged and I had to throw it away, and so picked up his gun and used it until we were withdrawn. After we had expended our ammunition, General Kearney's division, of our own corps, relieved us.

In coming out of the woods and crossing the road I could hear the calls, "This way, 1st Excelsior!" Rain was still pouring down, yet a band was playing. In the midst of the battle General Heintzleman had gotten a band together and made them play inspiring music, as he said, "To make them fight better."

We had in our company a man named Tiffany, from Cataugus County, N. Y. He was the tallest man in the regiment and had the largest feet. His shoes had to be made to order. The boys often joked him about his big feet and said "that if he ever went into a battle the Rebels would surely shoot him in the feet," and sure enough that occurred. When crossing the road with the regiment to the woods on the other side, I saw Tiffany standing with one foot raised, the butt of his musket under his arm, the bayonet at the end of the gun resting on a chip of wood. I asked him if he was hurt. He replied: "Yes, I am. I would not mind it, but I'm shot through the foot and the boys will make fun of me." I helped him across the road, where the regiment was then forming for roll call.

Our regimental loss during this engagement was forty-nine and a half per cent of the number engaged. We entered the battle with a trifle less than seven hundred men, and in less than two hours our loss was three hundred and thirty-nine men killed and wounded. Out of thirty-three officers in the battle, we lost twenty-nine, having only four left. The entire loss in Hooker's Division was 2,239. Compare the loss of the second division of the third corps with the entire loss, killed, wounded, and missing, of the American army in occupation of Cuba in 1898, which was, according to official report, 1,668, and we then have some faint conception of what the battle of Williamsburg was, and yet the magnitude of this conflict is so slight in comparison with the population of this country that hardly one in a hundred can tell when it was fought.

After the fighting had ceased and we had remained in the woods all night, with the rain still pouring down, we marched to an opening a short distance beyond Williamsburg near a clear and beautiful spring of water. The Confederates had retreated during the night, leaving at least eight hundred of their wounded in the old William and Mary College and improvised hospitals to be taken care of by our surgeons, and most willingly and cheerfully did they perform the duty.

A detail from our regiment was made to go back to the battle field to bury the dead. I was one of that detail, and my remembrance of its duty is still distinct. A trench about fifty feet long, about six feet wide, and three feet deep was dug. The dead were gathered together and a search instituted for evidences of their identity, so that it was known where each of the dead was buried, after which they were gently deposited "in the grave of a soldier."

In striking contrast of the day of the battle, in which the rain just poured down all day, the 6th of May was a beautiful, bright, sunshiny day, with the birds singing in the thickets in which lay the dead. So ended the battle of Williamsburg.



COMPLIMENT TO A. G. PETERSON.

Surprise will be felt by A. G. Peterson, of the G. A. R., at the reproduction of two pastel prints sent with a greeting and the welcome words: "Richard is himself again." This generous-hearted friend arranged for a reception to the Editor of the *VETERAN* by the Ransom Post, G. A. R., some time ago, and has been so uniformly generous that the Editor, selfishly in a sense, deserves to have a "type of his face" in the *VETERAN*. In the pictures it will be seen that he poses as a gardener and grandpa. For many years he was a St. Louis merchant.

NINETY PRISONERS CAPTURED GUARDS AND GOT AWAY.—In an old letter from Richmond dated June 26, 1863, Robert C. Noland wrote his sister of his escape from prison. He had been severely wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, and through the unceasing kindness of friends had recovered. The Federals were sending ninety prisoners from "Fort" (?) Norfolk to Fort Delaware, and they resolved that they would capture the boat, which they did by overpowering the guards and compelling the pilot to steer for the Virginia shore, landing a little below the Fort Henry Light-house. They had a perilous march of about two hundred miles, pursued by Federal cavalry, but seventy-one of the number reached the Confederate lines. Lieutenant Noland was under condemnation as a pirate, as he had participated in the capture of the *Maple Leaf*, and he advised: "Destroy this letter."

"Keep us, O Friend, where'er
Thou art waiting all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear;
And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well."



HOSPITALITY AT RAYMOTH—REUNION OF VETERANS WITH GEN. J. M. RAY AND "MOTHER RAY."

The Asheville (N. C.) Citizen, giving an account of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Col. J. M. and Alice Caldwell Ray in their suburban home at Asheville, N. C., says:

"Fifty years ago! There on the hill at Raymoth, under the friendly shades of oak and maple, this dear old lady—Mother Ray—is sitting, counting the shadows that rise up from the mists of years. She hears again her country's bugle call, and she sees the best blood of her fatherland flowing in a never-ending stream. And it dyes the land red—an imperishable red. Then the scene changes, and the 'girl' of Raymoth sees herself passing in and out among the scenes of carnage, dropping a word of comfort here or offering a well-filled basket where hunger was doing its deadly work. We can see her now as she moved then. The face that once shone with the radiance of one 'going about doing good' is furrowed and wrinkled now, but it is still beautiful with the glory of a life well spent, of countless deeds well done. The eyes that

kindled when the call of war was loud in the land are dimmed with age now, but they reflect the light of love and peace.

"The Citizen feels proud to join in Asheville's tribute to the illustrious citizens, Gen. and Mrs. J. M. Ray, who celebrate their golden wedding. We rejoice that we have not waited to lay this offering on tinseled caskets, for the fragrance of the flowers that these venerable scions of the Confederacy cull to-day may make brighter the final march to the distant camping ground. Already it may be that Mother Ray is anxiously awaiting the call of the boatman from the misty shores, longing for her commission to a dreamless rest, for the coming of that last bivouac when 'God shall wipe the tears from her eyes' and death and sin shall be no more."

The Gazette-News contained the following: "Much of Mrs. Ray's long life has been spent in kindly ministrations to others. The following is a tribute written some time ago by one whom she had befriended:

'Gathered 'round Raymoth's festive board
This happy Christmas day,
Our grateful hearts with thanks go forth
To dear old Mother Ray.
For day by day 'tis her sole aim
Our happiness to secure,
While for us who ail her loving care
Should quickly effect our cure.
Her table is spread most bountifully
With all the good earth can afford;
Then let us with thankful voice and heart
Sing her praises with one accord.
Such generous hearts are rare on earth,
Such unselfish care is rarely given;
Then let us pray as she has dealt in life
She may at last be dealt by heaven.'"

An admirer of "Mother Ray" writes that a suggestion is favorably received for a monument to Mrs. Alice Caldwell Ray, "a grand woman of the old Confederacy," to be built while she lives. It is to be a home for mothers and daughters of the Confederacy, built by the Veterans and Sons of Veterans and endowed by them, each State controlling the number of rooms it provides and having a voice in the general management based upon its investment, and that the States of her birth and adoption, Tennessee and North Carolina, should take the lead in the matter. Raymoth is a charming, healthful, and beautiful place, the site of the first Reunion.



MRS. ALICE CALDWELL RAY.

EXPERIENCES OF THE TENTH TENNESSEE.

WITH SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO CAPT. JAMES P. KIRKMAN.

BY CAPT. THOMAS GIBSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Capt. James P. Kirkman was a model soldier and officer in the Confederate army. He was tall and commanding in appearance. He was a gallant and useful officer, courteous and gentle, of gracious manners, and a true friend. At the commencement of the war he was appointed aid-de-camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. R. C. Foster, which position he held until elected lieutenant in the 10th Tennessee Infantry (Irish), known after many battles of the war as "The Bloody Tenth."

At Fort Henry Col. A. Heiman was given command of a brigade by Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, and Captain Ellis was given a position on his staff as assistant adjutant and inspector general. This placed the writer in command of the company and Lieutenant Kirkman next in command at Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, and the battle of Fort Donelson, February 7 to 16. In the battle of Fort Donelson the regiment was armed with flint-lock muskets. The buck and ball used caused havoc in the enemy's ranks and forced them to retreat rapidly from the front of the 10th. This was the first real engagement of the regiment, and they proved their courage. After the surrender of Fort Donelson by General Buckner, the men and officers were sent to prison, and remained there six months. After being exchanged in September, 1862, at Vicksburg, Miss., the regiment was reorganized and all reenlisted for the war.

The writer was elected captain of the company, and Lieut. James P. Kirkman was elected first lieutenant. After reorganizing at Clinton, Miss., getting new arms, accoutrements, new uniforms, and perfecting the company in drill, etc., the regiment, with others, was ordered to North Mississippi to reinforce Generals Van Dorn and Price, who were nearing Corinth, and soon after fought the battle of Corinth. The regiment was again under command of Brig. Gen. A. Heiman, and was camped near Holly Springs. While camped there on Cold Water Creek General Heiman became ill and was removed to Jackson, Miss., where he soon died, much lamented by his command. General Heiman was a Prussian by birth, a greatly respected citizen of Nashville, and was an architect by profession. The Columbia Female Institute and the Peabody Normal College, of Nashville, attest his skill as such.

The Grant and Pemberton campaign between Holly Springs and Grenada, Miss., was being conducted under adverse conditions, troops fighting in torrents of rain, the roads being shoe-mouth deep with mud, and the suffering of the entire army was intense. The flank and rear movement of the cavalry under General Van Dorn which destroyed General Grant's depot of supplies at Holly Springs and burned trains was one of the most brilliant and successful movements of the war. It caused the quick retreat of Grant's army and relieved that section of Mississippi from invasion. General Van Dorn in this campaign demonstrated his great ability as a commander.

After this hotly contested campaign, Captain Kirkman succeeded to command of the company, the writer resigning to accept a position on the staff of Brig. Gen. John Adams, then in command of the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, with headquarters at Jackson, Miss.

Captain Kirkman was in the battle and the siege of Port Hudson. He was in the battle of Raymond, Miss., and was wounded in the head. In this battle a number of officers and men of the 10th Tennessee were killed and wounded. Col. R. W. McGavock while leading the regiment was killed, and Capt. George Diggons, among others, was badly wounded.

After a tedious march with the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who went as far as the Big Black River, hoping to relieve General Pemberton, who was besieged in Vicksburg, General Pemberton surrendered the very day that the army reached the Big Black River, necessitating the retreat of General Johnston's army to Jackson, Miss.

Captain Kirkman was in the battle and siege of Jackson, Miss. After this campaign the 10th was sent to the Army of Tennessee, then near Chattanooga. The regiment was in the battle of Chickamauga, and lost nearly fifty per cent of officers and men. Adjutant Theo. Kelsy, who was first lieutenant of Captain Kirkman's company, a gallant soldier, was killed; also Capt. St. Clair Morgan, Capt. William Sweeney, Lieut. Jack Winston, and many others of the regiment from Nashville. The regiment was in the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta and Hood's campaign in Tennessee.

After the war Captain Kirkman first engaged in the cotton commission business with the firms of Allison Bros. & Kirkman. After this he engaged in the wholesale hardware business under the name of Gray & Kirkman, and was a member of that firm when he lost his life while trying to ford Duck River, the stream being swollen and the weather very cold.

Captain Kirkman took an active part with other officers of the 10th Tennessee in honoring the memory of Colonel Heiman, its first colonel. They met in Nashville and subscribed a fund to have his remains and those of Colonel Grace (a gallant Irishman) brought to Nashville, which was done, and they now rest in Mount Olivet Cemetery. Colonel Grace is buried near the Confederate monument on the north. They were adopted citizens of Nashville, and were bachelors.

These three colonels—Heiman, McGavock, and Grace—and Captain Kirkman, all of the 10th Tennessee, are buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Nashville.

[The fund for the removal to Nashville of the remains of Colonels Heiman and Grace was insufficient, and it was supplemented by Captain Gibson.—EDITOR VETERAN.]



CAPT. JAMES P. KIRKMAN.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

NOT MORE THAN 700,000 MEN SERVED WITH THE COLORS.

REV. R. H. M'KIM, WASHINGTON, D. C., IN NEW YORK SUN.

In a letter to General Early shortly after the war Gen. Robert E. Lee wrote: "It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought." One is reminded of this from time to time by articles and statements which seek to show that the South had enlisted in its service for the conduct of the war from 1861 to 1865 not less than 1,200,000 men.

These estimates are largely based upon the hypothesis that in a population of 5,000,000 of white people in 1861 there should have been an arms-bearing population of about 1,000,000 men, and that the additions to this number by the conscript laws and by boys coming of age and by men from the border States would have increased the arms-bearing population to about 1,450,000. Accordingly the estimate usually made by Confederate writers that the South had in its armies only about 600,000 men is rejected as having no solid basis, as "opposed to all reasonable assumption and unsupported by documentary evidence."

The estimate of 600,000 is supported by the statement of the adjutant general of the Confederate army, General Cooper; by Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, Assistant Secretary of War; by Gen. John Preston, Chief of the Bureau of Conscription; and by Vice President Alexander H. Stevens. Is it credible that the adjutant general of the Confederate army should have given his opinion that this number of 600,000 men "was nearly critically correct" if in fact there had been upon the rolls of the Confederate army twice that number?

By adding together the number of prisoners in the hands of the United States at the close of the war, the soldiers who surrendered in 1865, those who were killed or died of wounds, those who died in prison, those who died of disease, those who were discharged, and deserters, we have 624,503.

The official report of General Cooper, March 1, 1862, states the aggregate number in the Confederate army, including the militia, officers and men, as 340,250. General Preston, Superintendent of Conscription, reports the total number of conscriptions as 81,993; enlistments east of the Mississippi, 76,206; estimated conscriptions and enlistments west of the Mississippi River, 120,000; total, 618,000. It is true that the estimates recently given by representatives of the several seceded States would show a much larger number than 600,000, but it can be demonstrated that these writers in their zeal to glorify their several States have with honest intentions made egregious errors.

The writers to whom I have alluded have overlooked some important considerations bearing on the problem discussed. Let me point out some of them.

During the first year of the war the Confederate government could not have availed itself of even half a million of men for its armies, inasmuch as it was unable to arm and equip them.

By May, 1862, the Northern armies were in permanent occupation of about one-fourth of the territory of the Confederacy. The population thus excluded from the support of the Confederacy may be estimated at 1,200,000, leaving 3,800,000 to bear the burden of war. Hence the arms-bearing population would be not 1,000,000, but 760,000; and of this number, one-fifth, or 152,000, would be exempted (according to the proportion recognized by all writers) for physical and mental defects.

The Southern States furnished the Northern armies, according to the returns of the War Department, 86,000 men.

There was a large element of disloyalty, especially in the mountainous regions of the South. There was also a large element of base metal, men who begrudged every sacrifice for liberty and shirked danger.

The writers to whom reference has been made assume that the conscript laws in the South were strictly and successfully enforced. This is a grave mistake. It can be shown from official reports that in three or four States east of the Mississippi the law was a failure. Only 81,993 men were put into the army through the conscription law in the States east of the Mississippi from the beginning to the end. The conscript officers had to meet the opposition of the Governors of some of the States, notably the Governor of Mississippi, the Governor of North Carolina, and the Governor of Georgia. South Carolina passed an exemption law which nullified to a certain extent the conscription laws of the Confederacy. Thus the doctrine of State rights, which was the bedrock of the Southern Confederacy, became a barrier to the Confederate conscript law.

The letters of General Lee down to within a few months of the end show that he was receiving very few men through the action of the conscript law. On September 26, 1864, he wrote: "I get no additions."

We must also consider the large numbers of men employed on the railroads, in the government departments, in the State offices, and in the various branches of manufacture necessary for the support of the army and the people.

Let us now consider the question from the standpoint of the census. There were 5,000,000 white people in the seceded States at the beginning of 1861; but by May, 1862, as just stated, at least one-fourth of the Southern territory had been wrenched from the control of the Confederate government. In the territory remaining there was in round numbers a population of about 3,800,000; the military population should have been 760,000; add for extension of military age down to seventeen and up to fifty, say ten per cent, or 76,000; add for youths reaching military age in four years twelve per cent, or 91,200, and the total is 927,200. Add to this men furnished by the border States, say 50,000, and the aggregate is 977,200. It can be shown that the estimate of 117,000 furnished the Confederate army by the border States is more than double the actual number.

Now there are large deductions that have to be made from this number. On the ground of disloyalty we have no facts on which to base an estimate, but it is certain the number was considerable. Many thousands must be deducted for men exempted for various causes over and above those exempted for physical and mental defects. Of these, we have no complete statistics, but we have a report of State officers exempted on certificates of the Governors in nine States to the number of 18,843. The civil officers exempted in Georgia alone were 5,478; in the same State there were exempted for agricultural and necessary purposes 6,553. These are only examples of facts which we meet with in the official reports in the "War Records." A conservative estimate of the numbers thus exempted for these various causes in the eleven States would be 75,000.

We must next deduct from the aggregate number of men of military age (927,200) twenty per cent for those exempted on account of physical or mental disability—that is 185,400. In my letter, published in the New York Sun on March 2,

there was an unfortunate omission of the following item: "Estimate of men detailed for special work in the various branches of manufacture necessary for the support of the army and people and also for agricultural purposes, 125,000." We have no accurate statistics of the men detailed for these purposes; but General Kemper in a report made in December, 1864, states that the returns of the Bureau, "obviously imperfect and partial," show 28,035 men between eighteen and forty-five in the State of Virginia detailed for all causes. In view of this number detailed in a single State it is deemed a conservative estimate to put the number of men detailed in eleven States of the Confederacy at 125,000. These deductions make 385,400. Deducting this number from the grand total mentioned above (927,200), we have remaining available for military duty 541,800. To this we must add possibly 80,000 for men who came to the Confederate colors the first year of the war from that part of the territory which by May, 1862, was completely controlled by the Federal armies. This will give an aggregate of 621,800 men actually enrolled for war purposes by the South.

It seems to be overlooked by Colonel Livermore and others in their estimates of the available population for military purposes that the Confederate States government had not only to organize an army but also to establish manufacturing plants for the equipment of the army and to maintain the complicated machinery of civilized government in eleven States. We know approximately the respective numbers in the great battles of the war, and I submit that these numbers are more consistent with the maximum of 600,000 to 700,000 men serving with the colors than with 1,200,000. If, indeed, the Confederacy had been able to muster in arms 1,200,000 men, it would have been greatly to the discredit of its able generals that never were they able to confront the enemy with over 71,000 men.

DR. MCKIM WRITES THE VETERAN.

In estimates by Southern writers occur conflicting statements as to the strength of the Confederate armies.

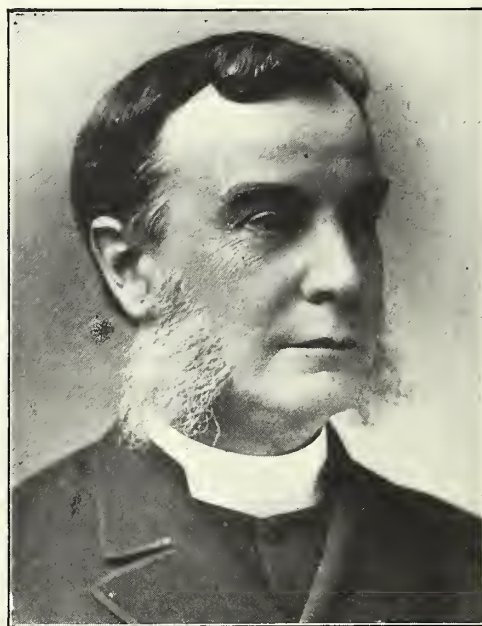
President Tyler, of William and Mary College, writing in the "South in the Building of the Nation," says: "In round numbers the South had on her muster rolls from first to last about 600,000 men." This estimate agrees with that of Adjutant General Cooper, Dr. Bledsoe, Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, Gen. Jubal A. Early, and Gen. John Preston. But other writers in the same publication allege that Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia (eight States) furnished 745,000 men; and other Southern writers represent that Georgia, Louisiana, and Florida furnished the Confederate army, in addition to these, 190,000 men, making a total of 935,000. It is also commonly asserted that the border States furnished the Confederate army not less than 117,000 men, which would make a total of 1,052,000 in the Confederate army. This enormous discrepancy (between 600,000 and 1,052,000) suggests a careful revision of the whole subject. Some Northern writers—*e. g.*, A. B. Castellman—have placed the numbers as high as 1,500,000. Even our good friend, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, puts the number as high as 1,277,000, and argues that the estimate given by Southern writers of 600,000 is highly discreditable to the devotion and patriotism of the Southern people.

Now, the strongest argument brought forward by Northern historians in support of this opinion is found in the claims made by the historians of the eleven seceded States to which I have just alluded. Is it not more probable that these writers in their zeal for the honor and glory of the several

States which they represent have made serious errors than that the leading men in the Confederate armies whose names I have mentioned above, who were at the sources of information and who ought to have been well informed, should have so enormously underestimated the number of men actually in the Confederate army?

Now, the Military Secretary of the War Department in a circular issued May 15, 1905, states that, although the aggregate number of credits for enlistment in the United States army is 2,778,000, that office estimates that the whole number of individuals in service in the Union army and navy during the civil war was only 2,213,000. The difference (565,000) is accounted for by reënlistments. May not this principle explain the hardly credible numbers claimed by the several State writers at the present time?

I think we may test the accuracy of this estimate of theirs briefly as follows: The total military population of the eleven seceded States in 1861 was 984,475, not taking into account that about one-fourth of our territory and population became unavailable for recruiting purposes within one year of the breaking out of the war. If we add one-tenth for the extension of the military age by Confederate law down to seventeen and up to fifty (President Tyler is in error in saying that the South enlisted in its armies all men between sixteen and sixty years; the conscript law extended only down to seventeen and up to fifty), we have 98,447; and if we add twelve per cent for youths reaching military age in four years, we have 118,137; aggregate, 1,201,518. But from this we must deduct, as military writers agree, twenty per cent for men exempt for physical and mental disability—*viz.*, 240,303—which leaves available for military duty in the four years of the war through the whole extent of the Southern territory 961,215.



REV. R. H. M'KIM.

Now if we accept the figures of the State historians, we have 935,000 enrolled in the Confederate army; and the reports of the United States War Department state that, exclusive of West Virginia, there were 55,000 soldiers in the Union army from these same Southern States, which makes an aggregate of 990,000 men furnished to both armies, which, it will be

observed, is nearly 30,000 more than the entire military population. Without going any farther, this shows that there has been serious error in the above estimates of Confederate enrollment.

But there are several other matters to be considered. In the first place by the spring of 1862 at least one-fourth of the territory of the seceded States was under the control of the United States army, and therefore that much of the territory was not available as a source of supply for the Confederate army. This cuts off nearly one-fourth of the military strength.

Again, the conscript law, drastic as it was, was very imperfectly executed, as those in charge of it at the time amply testified. The opposition of the Governors of Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina to the conscript law will be remembered. We must also remember that thousands of men were employed on the railroads, in the government departments, and in various branches of manufacture necessary for the support of the army and the people, and also for agricultural labor. It must also be remembered that there were thousands of men in all the Confederate States exempted by State authority. General Preston gives a table of State officers exempted on the certificates of the Governors; and it appears that in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Florida there were 18,843 such exempts. The civil officers exempted in Georgia alone were 5,478. In the same State the exempts for agriculture and necessary purposes reached the number of 6,553. These exempts are over and above the many thousands of men detailed for special work under the heading of "Public Necessity."

If these things are considered it becomes plain that the previously quoted estimates of the several States of the Confederacy cannot possibly be accepted as at all near the real facts. This may be made clear by taking several examples, thus: The military population of Virginia in 1861 is estimated, exclusive of West Virginia, at 116,000. If we add one-tenth for the extension of military age and twelve per cent for youths maturing in four years, we have an aggregate of 141,520. But from this we must deduct the usual twenty per cent for physical and mental disability, leaving 112,336 as the total available military population of the State of Virginia for the four years of the war. But the representative writer in "The South" puts the number of men furnished the Southern army at 175,000, which is 63,364 more than the available military population.

Take the State of Georgia. In 1861 there was a military population of 111,005. The additions as above in four years swell the number to 135,425, from which if we deduct twenty per cent for exempts there remains an available military population of 112,340; but the alleged enrollment in the Confederate army is 120,000, 7,110 more than the entire military population, although we know that thousands of these men could not be reached by the conscript officers, and thousands more were exempted by State law.

In 1861 North Carolina's population of 115,369 increased during the four years, as per estimate, to 140,669. After deducting twenty per cent for exempts the available military population is 112,536. The alleged Confederate enrollment was 129,000, furnished the Union army 3,156, and this gives a total of 132,156, which is 19,620 more than the available military population, although in one-fourth of the States the conscript law could not be executed, and thousand of men were exempted by State law.

Take another example, South Carolina. The military popu-

lation was 55,046, increasing in four years to 67,155, as per estimate. Deduct twenty per cent and there remain available 53,924; but the alleged Confederate enrollment is 75,000, which is more than 21,000 in excess of the total number of men available for service, though here also there were thousands of State exemptions.

In Mississippi the military population was 70,295. The additions in four years swell the number to 85,759. Deduct twenty per cent and there remain available 68,608. The alleged Confederate enrollment was 70,000, furnished the Union army 515, total 70,515, which is nearly 2,000 more than the total military population, taking no account of the large number of exempts and of the failure to execute the conscript act.

Perhaps, as suggested above, a large element of error may be found in the failure on the part of the special writers to observe the great number of reenlistments that undoubtedly took place, especially in 1862, when the term of service of nearly the whole of the Confederate army expired.

Enough has been said, I think, to suggest to our Southern historians the need of a thorough revision of their estimates and the publication to the world of the facts on which they rely and the sources of their information. The truth of history is at stake in this matter and the reputation of our great military leaders. For if in fact there were over a million men with the Southern colors, it is a serious blot on the capacity of our commanders that they could never concentrate in any one battle more than 71,000 men.

STATISTICS OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY W. E. DOYLE, ESQ., MEXIA, TEX.

From Wright's "General Officers of the Confederate Army" I make the deductions given below. However, I will say that I give the States credit for all the generals born in them and not the States from which they entered the army. According to this plan, Virginia furnished 60; South Carolina, 45; Georgia, 36; North Carolina, 31; Kentucky, 28; Alabama, 9; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 7; New York, 7; Louisiana, 7; Mississippi, 6; Massachusetts, 4; Pennsylvania, 4; Ohio, 4; Florida, 3; New Jersey and District of Columbia, two each; Arkansas, Texas, Wisconsin, Maine, Indiana, Connecticut, and Iowa, one each; Ireland and France, one each; and England, two.

Counting those killed and those mortally wounded, Virginia lost 12; South Carolina, 4; North Carolina, 7; Tennessee, 6; Kentucky, 3; Alabama, 3; Maryland, 2; New York, Louisiana, Missouri, and Mississippi, one each. The States not named lost none.

There were eighty generals whose ages and places of birth are not given. Of these, nine were killed. Of those whose ages are given, it is shown that one was born in 1790, one in 1796, two in 1798, one in 1800, two in 1802, two in 1803, one in 1804, two in 1806, two in 1807, four in 1808, three in 1809, three in 1810, two in 1811, two in 1812, one in 1813, five in 1814, four in 1816, nine in 1817, nine in 1818, seven in 1819, eleven in 1820, ten in 1821, nine in 1822, eight in 1823, eight in 1824, nine in 1825, six in 1826, eleven in 1827, twelve in 1828, five in 1830, seven in 1831, four in 1832, nine in 1833, four in 1834, four in 1835, five in 1836, five in 1837, one in 1838, one in 1839, two in 1840, and one in 1841.

The last-named is William P. Roberts, of North Carolina. He was born July 11, 1841, and therefore was but twenty years and ten days old when the first battle of Manassas was fought. General Roberts was appointed February 23, 1865, and was then twenty-three years, seven months, and twelve days old.

Theo W. Brevara, of Florida, was the last one appointed—March 28, 1865, just eleven days before Lee surrendered.

Had the several States credit for the eighty generals whose nativity is not given, the figures given in this statement would likely be very different. The age and birthplace of a number of illustrious major generals are not given. Gen. Edward Johnson is credited to both Virginia and Kentucky.

Perhaps the strangest given name in the list are Stand Watie, an Indian, and States Rights Gist. General Gist was a South Carolinian, and his father was probably tutored by John C. Calhoun.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Mrs. James T. Halsey, Honorary President, writes to Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, author of "Historic Southern Monuments:—

"The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter has the honor of being the first Chapter ever organized in the North, celebrating on January 19, 1912, our fifteenth birthday. When we were organized there was no United Daughters, and we had our charter from the Grand Division of Virginia. Later we had a charter from the U. D. C., but have always remained a Chapter of the Virginia Division.

"When we organized one of our first acts was to decorate the graves of the two hundred and twenty-four unknown prison dead buried in the national cemetery, Germantown. These men died in prison in Bristol, Tenn. The majority of them were from North Carolina. Maj. A. K. McLure told me that the most of them were mere boys. Their burial place at Bristol being needed for other purposes, the bodies were removed before the Daughters were in existence to the National Cemetery, Philadelphia. I was the first President of this Chapter, and for five years, the Chapter being called for my father, I wrote to the War Department each year and asked permission to decorate these graves. This permission is now on file here at the cemetery: 'Give Mrs. Halsey and the ladies of her Chapter every facility to decorate the graves of the prison dead buried in the Hainy Street National Cemetery, Germantown, Philadelphia.' Uniting with us in this work has been the Devlin Post, Cavalry, G. A. R., Philadelphia.

Not long after being formally organized, encouraged by our beloved Mrs. Norman Randolph, we determined to be the first to place a monument to the prison dead buried in the North, and we were. But when we were ready to place the monument to these brave boys, a protest came from a person known as General Wagoner, a political power here with the G. A. R.'s, and through the Post in Germantown, Ellis Post, of the G. A. R., we were refused permission.

"Not to be daunted, Hollywood Association, Richmond, said through Mrs. Norman Randolph, 'Bring your monument here and place it to the memory of our soldiers buried in Philadelphia,' which we did, and there in beautiful historic Hollywood stands a twelve-ton boulder of gray granite. On two sides are very handsome bronze tablets with these inscriptions: 'To the 224 unknown Confederate soldiers who died in Northern prisons, from the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, this monument is placed by the Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Philadelphia.'

"On the other tablet is simply: 'Fate denied them victory, but granted them immortality.'

"Realizing that this refusal to place our monument here was not the voice or sentiment of the people, the representative people, of Philadelphia, I asked Mr. John Cadwalader to

be one of our orators, as he stood for all that was best in Philadelphia. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Thomas Nelson Page were the other two orators, and one beautiful October day, with our flags flying and cannon booming, we unveiled in Richmond our monument to our dead here.

"Permission was also refused us to remove their remains to Richmond, and Mrs. Randolph has since found it necessary to add another tablet stating why this monument is in Richmond while our dead are here. I believe this tablet simply states: 'Permission being refused to place this monument in Philadelphia, where these soldiers lie buried, it was brought here and placed to their memory.'

"You of course know that in the last three years Congress appropriated a sum of money to mark all graves of Confederate soldiers buried in national cemeteries. General Oates, of Alabama, had this matter in charge. Up to the time of his death he conferred with me, and through our beloved President, Mrs. Henry Bohmer, the work was accomplished last autumn and the tablets placed in the cemetery here. But she died last spring without seeing her great work completed."

CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF ROCK ISLAND PRISON.

BY JOEL D. RICE, CASCILLA, MISS.

[Comrade Rice was of Company D, 27th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. He first served in Wise's Legion before he was eighteen.]

I read in the February VETERAN a communication from Dr. T. F. Berry giving his experience as a prisoner of war at Rock Island Prison. I was also in Rock Island Prison. I was captured on Lookout Mountain November 24, 1863, and, with many other prisoners, was sent to Rock Island. We entered the prison on the night of December 3, 1863. I thought we were the first prisoners sent there. We were put into the first row of barracks. I was assigned to Barracks 3.

Dr. Berry gives a true description of the prison grounds and environments. One hundred and twenty-five men were put into a barracks. For about six months after our imprisonment we drew an abundance of rations, consisting of loaf bread, meat (beef or bacon), coffee, sugar, soap, candles, vinegar, potatoes, peas, or grits. There was no suffering from hunger during this period. After this they reduced our rations to bread and meat, with an occasional issue of potatoes, peas, or grits. Sometimes our bread would be of yellow corn, and a small piece at that. From this period on there was much suffering from hunger. The boys would catch and eat rats, and once a fat dog (that followed a wagoner into the prison ground) was killed and eaten. Some of the boys would eat their day's ration at one meal, and occasionally two days would pass before we received any rations. We thought this was done to cause suffering. Many of the prisoners had friends and relatives in the Union lines, who would send money and clothing to their loved ones. This money was not allowed to come into the hands of the prisoners, but would be kept by the prison commissary and receipts sent to the prisoners. They could then order such things as were admissible and it would be charged to their receipt. I had about one hundred and twenty-five dollars sent to me while there, and all of it was honestly accounted for by the commissary.

There were about twelve thousand prisoners sent to Rock Island. Some of them joined the United States navy, others joined the frontier service, and about two thousand died. When they would agree to join the frontier service, they were

put in the "goat pen." The "Morgan Mule" mentioned we called "Robinson's Filly." I was never required to ride on her sharp back. I remember the scare about the vaccination. We understood that we would be inoculated with smallpox virus. They vaccinated me, but I washed and rubbed the place till I guess I got all the matter out. I remember the night that Dr. Berry got away.

Our first guards were invalid Yankee soldiers who could not do field work. The next guards were what we called the gray beards—ninety-day-old men from Michigan—the meanest wretches I ever saw, and the next guards were negroes. The negroes guarded us from the 26th of September, 1864, until the end of the war. They were better than the gray beards, but not so good as the invalid soldiers.

I left Rock Island on March 20, 1865; so I was in prison fifteen months and seventeen days. I came through Richmond a few days before the city was evacuated by our army, but the surrender came before I was exchanged. I am not writing this to controvert what Comrade Berry wrote. Every man had a different experience. I wonder if Comrade Berry knew J. M. Mobberly, of Morgan's command. He was taken out of Barracks 84 and put into our barracks (3). He made his escape from prison and went into Canada.

There were several preachers among the prisoners, and these noble men were faithful to their God as well as to their country. Almost the entire summer of 1864 was one continual protracted meeting, and many of the boys made profession of religion (the writer among the number). The prisoners amused themselves in the day time when the weather was good playing marbles and bull pen. They made their own marbles. Many geniuses worked with mussel shells and gutta percha making birds, crosses, Masonic emblems, watch fobs, and other trinkets. They would give these to the guards to carry outside and sell for them, and I do not remember any betrayals of this trust. At night while there would be preaching in some of the barracks, in others there would be comic shows and negro minstrels, while in others still "kangaroo," court mock trials, etc. At a certain hour the lights had to be extinguished. As a rule the coal supply was sufficient to keep two good stoves hot in each barracks night and day during the winter. Our water supply was pumped from the Mississippi River into a large reservoir and carried from there to the intersections of streets in the prison. The doctor would visit each barracks once a day, and those who were too sick to be treated in their barracks would be sent to the hospital on the outside. The commissary of the prison would make his daily rounds with the mail, express packages, and articles purchased from the sutler on the outside. These purchases were made by those who had money in the hands of the commissary.

We all know Sherman's definition of war, and those who were so unfortunate as to spend much time in a war prison realized the force of it.

EMINENT HISTORIAN COMMENDS THE VETERAN.

Francis Trevelyn Miller, the eminent American historian and projector and editor in chief of the great ten-volume "Photographic History of the Civil War," appreciates the VETERAN. Mr. Miller, who is recognized in the South as the most broad-minded and fairest historian in the North, writes as follows from his New England home: "I cannot afford to miss a single number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is the true source through which I keep in closest touch with the spirit of the South. No historian who desires to understand both sides of the great issues which culminated in

the American War of the States can find richer archives than these pages of your publication. It may please you to know that it was invaluable to me in laying the foundations for the ten-volume memorial history that it has been my privilege to direct during the last few months. I wonder if the South fully realizes the great service you are performing in building up the valorous record of its people."

These words from one of the most judicially balanced minds in American letters to-day are of much significance. They show that the VETERAN finds its way into the heart of old New England, where it has sincere friends. Mr. Miller's remarkable series of semi-centennial articles that have been appearing in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, the New Orleans Picayune, and various other Southern and Western newspapers have created wide interest. It is probably the first time that a great Northern historian has properly weighed the problems of the South or has had sufficient insight to understand them. He is the founder of the Journal of American History, the first great national historical journal in this country, and the author of several important books. His greatest achievement, however, is the inception of the recent ten-volume "Photographic History of the Civil War," which was reviewed in the VETERAN on page 135 of the March issue.

The Editor of the VETERAN was familiar with Mr. Miller's plans for producing this remarkable work some time before its final achievement. Frequent correspondence passed between them when it was being conceived by Mr. Miller, and in some of these early letters he said: "It is my ambition to give my country its first great national record of its War of the States. As a loyal Northerner, I believe that I feel the spirit also which actuated the South. It is the greatest story in the annals of mankind, and it is my fond hope that I may be able to leave it for the generations."

This laudable ambition resulted in what is now known as "The Photographic History of the Civil War." While it was too great an undertaking for any one man, it developed into a monumental work of American scholarship with forty-six of the most eminent American historians collaborating under Mr. Miller as editor in chief and Mr. Robert S. Lanier, the son of Sidney Lanier, the beloved Southern poet, as managing editor. The Editor of the VETERAN wrote the history of the United Confederate Veterans organization for this notable work. It is suggested that our Southern universities could do great honor to themselves as well as to the South by showing their appreciation of this great contribution to American scholarship at their commencements this coming June.

The VETERAN is also most cordially commended by Walter R. Beckford, Managing Editor of the Journal of American History.

A GIRL IN THE SIXTIES IN RICHMOND.

BY MRS. MARK VALLENTINE, LITTLE ROCK.

[At a meeting of the Little Rock Daughters the author gave interesting reminiscences.]

Historians have already given accounts of the fall of Fort Sumter, the call to arms by President Lincoln, and then a call to defend the South by President Davis; but what I present to you is simply the recollections of a girl of the sixties who passed through that mighty struggle between the North and the South, little realizing the horror of it all and only viewing it through the roseate eyes of happy girlhood.

Those were stirring times. Young boys and girls at the first tap of the drums sprang into manhood and womanhood.

Many of the boys shouldered their guns and joined the army, while the girls were supplied with needles and thread to help make clothing for the soldiers.

Several times the great Army of Northern Virginia, under Gen. R. E. Lee, passed down Franklin Street, Richmond, right by our home on their way to another field of action. As far as the eye could reach were seen old men and women, young maidens and children handing to the jaded soldiers everything available to wear and to eat. They would hang clothing on their bayonets and eat as they cheered us.

On one occasion when the army was passing and General Pickett's division came in view I ran out and gave a young officer a bunch of flowers. The soldiers of his company cheered so lustily that I flew to the house greatly embarrassed. My friend wrote me after he got back to camp that it was hard for him to decide which was the prettier, the flowers or my blushes.

The girls wore homespun dresses in those days. We had an aunt who lived in the country, and she managed to raise a few sheep. From them she gathered wool and spun it into cloth and gave my sister and myself each a dress, which we made and wore with great pride over big hoop skirts, and were the envy of all our girl friends. I made a hat of the sleeve of an old broadcloth coat and put a feather in it that came from the waving plumes of a "chanticleer."

Very often when General Lee was in Richmond he would drop in to see us, as his home was only a few doors below us on Franklin Street. He was fond of us and the girls who generally gathered with us at our uncle's, and he always urged us to make it as gay as possible for the soldiers, which we did. General Lee was grand in every way, and I deem it one of the greatest joys of my life to have felt the clasp of his hand, listened to the magic of his voice, and to have seen the glance of his magnetic eye.

The War Department was just across the street from us, and we often sat at the windows and watched the coming and going of the officers. We could see Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with his waving plume on his wide-brimmed hat, his clanking spurs sounding loudly on the pavement as he dismounted from his fine horse. One time at the house of a friend we met the "Gallant Pelham." When he parted with us, after a lovely evening spent together, he said: "Young ladies, I hope to see you again soon." He was killed in the next battle. We met many of the officers who distinguished themselves in the great battles. Among others of the "Immortals" whom I knew and admired so much was President Jefferson Davis. I several times attended his "Levees," as they were called in that period. He was a stately, elegant man, and devoted to the cause of the South. I can see him now on his superb charger riding the streets unattended and lifting his hat in response to greetings. On one occasion he went out to view the troops that were stationed at the Fair Grounds near the city. We were present and heard his speech. There was a vast audience. I stood very near Mr. Davis while he was speaking. After he had ended his speech and mounted, there was, of course, wild cheering, which so frightened his horse that he reared fearfully, and one of his fore feet grazed my shoulder, which alarmed me so I screamed as I jumped away. Mr. Davis alighted from his horse, came to me, and was much pleased when he found I was not hurt. Several years afterwards I met him in Memphis and he recalled my name and the incident.

General Jackson I saw only once, and that was while we were on a visit to Staunton. A party of us determined to

meet him, so we walked the streets until he appeared. When he saw our eager faces, he took off his hat, smiled, and passed on. It was Stonewall Jackson's way. In a short time after that we attended his funeral in Richmond.

There was great diversity of styles in the sixties. At our gatherings there might be one belle attired in handsome velvet or satin, trimmed with point lace which had been worn by an ancestress; while others in the room would feel very elegant in a wash muslin or calico dress, costing, perhaps, fifteen dollars a yard. On one occasion I wore an old tarleton dress that had been resurrected, though rumpled and worn. I had no trimming but rows of arborvitæ which I plucked from the bush in the yard. The evergreen was put on flat like insertion all over the waist and skirt, and I thought it was the gem of the evening. I wore a green ribbon in my hair. My shoes, which were trimmed with green ribbon bows, were borrowed from some one in the house who had a smaller foot than I.

We had no special dates with the young men in those days; but it was understood that young ladies were always ready to receive in the afternoon and evening, and the soldiers would call in great numbers. Frequently the girls would meet at one particular home, and it often proved a great effort to them to entertain, so many would call at one time. We would have music and dancing, cotillions and quadrilles, ending with the old Virginia reel. I often recall the joy it was to each of us to dance down the line, keeping time to the gay music.

You ask how the boys proposed? There were nooks and corners; then when the young man was in earnest he would ask to call in the morning, which made the family "take notice."

After the first two years of the war the storerooms became almost empty and our fare was very frugal. We often sat down at the table to bread, a dish of rice, and no butter. If we had more, it was reserved for the soldiers in camps and hospitals. The care of the sick and wounded was left to the women, and bravely they did their part. Many veterans who are left speak in grateful terms of the heroism of the women of the South during the war. Some day shafts will emblazon the deeds and privations of those noble women.

After the death of General Jackson, the Southern cause began to decline. The soldiers were worn, ragged, and thinned by sickness and starvation. When Gen. U. S. Grant was put in command of the Northern army, knowing the condition of Lee's soldiers, he began to force them into submission by continued starvation. He determinedly opposed exchange of prisoners, which was a calamity to the South, and General Lee had to surrender. I shall never forget Sunday, April 2, 1865. We were at church, the dear old Monumental Church, when on the opening of a door we noticed a great commotion in the congregation. Many rose from their seats and left immediately. The minister, Mr. Woodbridge, paused in his sermon, pronounced the benediction, and all left to find out the trouble. On our way home we met many men and women, wringing their hands and crying out in despair: "General Lee has had to surrender." Men who were confined to their beds at their homes and in the hospitals, in spite of their illness hastened to join the army, and many fell by the wayside from sheer weakness. None of us could sleep that night. We could hear the booming of the cannon near by, which made us feel that many of our brave boys were going down in the battle.

At daybreak the next morning we were up to hear the news; and as we opened the front door, what a sight greeted our eyes! There was a vast army of the poorer class and negroes

who had broken in to the stores and were carrying great bundles of clothing and eatables on their backs. They shouted, cursed, and sang wildly. Pandemonium reigned all day.

It was the 3d of April, 1865, when General Lee surrendered the capital city, and it was set on fire. By whom may never be known. Men who had the strength were on top of the houses with wet blankets, hoping to save their homes. General Lee's home was just below ours, and one time it caught fire. Mrs. Lee, being an invalid, was moved to the home of a friend who lived some distance from the burning region. We all expected to be burned out, but toward noon Grant's army entered the city, and the troops extinguished the flames.

The war was over; and though a saddened and distressed people over our losses, the young and the old went to work to rehabilitate their broken homes. Young gentlemen of the South went to work at a dollar a day to scrape mortar from the bricks of the burnt district, and in time accumulated fortunes. Those of us who were beginning life as I was had many days of toil and care ahead, yet we were gay and happy.

For some time after the war there was but little intercourse between the bluecoats and the Southern men and women. General Grant was very kind, however, and respected the feelings of the citizens. The young girls of that period showed their bitterness of spirit on many occasions. During that period we decided to have a picnic, and made ready for the event with enthusiasm. On a beautiful day in June we hied to the woods, answering the "call of the wild." For four years we had been confined to the city, hardly ever hearing the singing of a bird or seeing nature in her true beauty. It was a glorious day of freedom and joy. We had dancing on the green and otherwise made merry. The rig we had to take us to the woods was a United States ambulance (!) borrowed by the young men from an army surgeon whom they had learned to fraternize with. After a delightful day, we started home, and were singing in unison the Southern songs. Just as we came in sight of a large United States flag stretched across the road we sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag," when out ran a Northern woman tearing her hair. She called to her husband in loud tones: "Arrest those Rebels; they insult the flag!" We were in great consternation, being two or more miles from home. The young men and our chaperons expostulated with the patrolmen, but to no avail; so we took up our line of march and reached home a tired crowd and glad we were not in charge of the provost guard.

While it is nearly fifty years since the war, I can still hear the sound of bugle and drum, the tramp, tramp, tramp of the marching army, and I can see the soldiers ragged, unkempt, sockless, and shoeless, yet always bright and brave. I can hear the moan of the widow for her loved one lost in battle. I can see the bright faces and hear the gay laughter of our young friends as we walked and danced with the soldier boys. General Lee's voice is as clear to me now as when I heard him forty years ago ask about the "boys," for he seemed interested in the love affairs of the young people.

I wish I could remember more of my war experiences, but my memory is a little dim; and as all history should be true, I have chronicled those events that should not be forgotten.

COMMANDS IN HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

BY GEORGE T. TODD, JEFFERSON, TEX.

Referring to the comments of Comrade A. J. Cone, of the 18th Georgia Regiment, Hood's Brigade, in the *VETERAN* for February, 1911, on the published proceedings of the unveiling

of the Hood's Brigade monument as contained in the *VETERAN* of December, 1910, I wish to say that the recognition given and honor done to Comrade Cone's grand regiment was as frequent and ample as that of any other regiment of the brigade. Its name, "18th Georgia Infantry," stands carved in enduring granite along with Hampton's Legion and the 3d Arkansas on the most prominent face of the monument.

While President Hamby's address was given at some length by the *VETERAN*, it was not full, and other addresses are not reported in which the deeds of the 18th Georgia were mentioned more than once. Our old battery too (Riley's, composed mostly of Virginians, I think) was not forgotten. The three Texas regiments, the 1st, 4th, and 5th, can never forget their comrades of Georgia, South Carolina, and Arkansas of Hood's immortal brigade. Their fame will grow brighter and more enduring as true history makes up her record.

The writer of this on December 14, 1862, walked along the silent ranks of dead Irishmen (Meagher's Brigade, U. S. A.) lying in line of battle in front of the rifles of the 18th Georgia at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg, Va., and yet they all were not worth the life of General Cobb, whom they killed at that place. The land at Fredericksburg and within a radius of twenty miles is classic ground. The blood of more gallant men flowed on those historic hills and fields than on any other spot of the earth of the same area. One hundred and thirty-five thousand men were killed and wounded on both sides in these famous battles: Two at Manassas, 1861 and 1862; two at Fredericksburg, 1862 and 1864; one at Chancellorsville, 1863; one at Wilderness, 1864; and one at Spottsylvania, 1864. (These figures are taken from the official records of Union and Confederate losses by Col. W. S. Fox, U. S. C., pp. 543-6.) This does not include smaller fights and skirmishes, which would increase the number to 150,000. The States from Maine to Ohio and from Maryland to Texas should unite in an effort to build at Fredericksburg, Va., the greatest monument on earth to those who fought for State sovereignty on the one side and for the Union (though "pinned together by bayonets") on the other.

I find in the *VETERAN* for March, page 126, a personal allusion to myself, and rise to a question of privilege. Comrade S. B. Barron, of Rusk, Tex., while a member of Gen. Hinchie P. Mabry's old regiment, the 3d Texas, has no right to say that H. P. Mabry was not a brigadier general in the C. S. A. He most assuredly was and duly commissioned, and commanded a brigade east of the Mississippi River in 1865. As you say, many of the Confederate records connecting the departments at Richmond and the Trans-Mississippi Departments were destroyed or lost in the difficulties of intercommunication after the river was closed by the fall of Vicksburg.

It may perhaps be interesting not only to Comrade Barron but to many hundreds of comrades of different regiments of both sides of the Mississippi to give a very brief but authentic statement of General Mabry's career, as prepared by his son, Col. W. H. Mabry, who died in the Cuban-Spanish War. General Mabry was truly "one of the bravest of the brave."

General Mabry was born in Georgia, educated at the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, and came to Jefferson, Tex., when only twenty-one years old and entered upon the practice of law. He was a member of the Texas Legislature, 1859-60, and opposed secession, but believed of course in allegiance to his State, and followed her fortunes. In May, 1861, he served in the expedition that captured Forts Washita and Arbuckle in the Indian Territory. In June, 1861, he be-

came captain of Company G, 3d Texas Cavalry, commanded by Col. E. Greer, and was in the battle of Oak Hills August 10.

In the following autumn, under orders of Gen. Ben McCulloch, he and Capt. Alfred Johnson went on a scout as far as Springfield, Mo. Leaving their commands after night, they entered the town on foot while General Fremont held it with over fifty thousand men. They entered the house of a widow whom they knew in search of information. A Federal officer discovered their presence and sent a squad of twenty men to capture them. Going a step into the yard to see that all was well, Captain Mabry was confronted by seven of this squad, who demanded his surrender. Knowing that as a prisoner his fate would be that of a spy, he promptly took the hazard of resistance. With his Bowie knife he cut down two and wounded a third. Captain Johnson sprang from the back door and with his revolver opened on the thirteen remaining in the back yard. The result, all the work of a few seconds, was seven Federals killed and several others wounded. They escaped and, eluding pursuit, rejoined their little command.

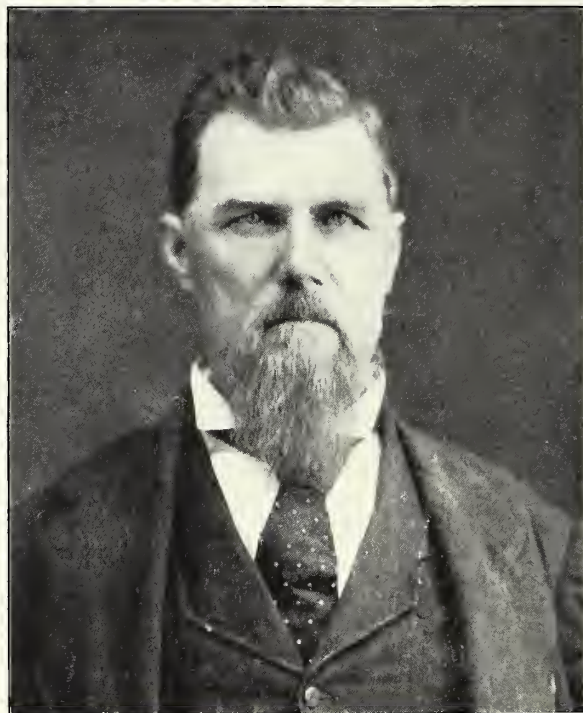
Johnson was severely wounded, and Mabry had his hand and arm terribly shattered. He bore this crippled arm and hand the rest of his life, but he recovered in time to lead his company in the battle of Elk Horn. After this battle, he, with the entire regiment, was transferred to Corinth, Miss. In April, 1862, he became lieutenant colonel, and a month later colonel of Johnson's (afterwards Hawthorn's) 6th Arkansas Regiment. He commanded the regiment in the battle of Iuka, where he was severely wounded in three places and captured. Too badly hurt to be moved, he was paroled, and later, in 1862, exchanged at Vicksburg, reassuming command of his regiment, then a part of Whitefield's Brigade. In the summer of 1863 General Whitfield went west of the Mississippi River, and Colonel Mabry then took command of the brigade, then composed of Whitefield's Legion, 3d and 9th Texas Cavalry, and Craft's Georgia Battery. He commanded the brigade till March, 1864, when Gen. Sul P. Ross, with his old regiment, 6th Texas, added, took command. "At the same time Colonel Mabry was raised to the rank of brigadier general and assigned to the command of a brigade consisting of the 4th, 6th, and 38th Mississippi Regiments, the 14th Confederate, the 14th and 16th consolidated Arkansas Regiments, and an Arkansas battery."

General Mabry was placed in command at Yazoo City and surrounding country, and with his cavalry captured the gunboat Petrel, the first incident of the kind on record. He next served with Forrest in all his subsequent campaigns, but was left behind on the campaign into Tennessee. During General Hood's campaign north General Mabry commanded in West Tennessee and North Mississippi. He victoriously fought a severe battle and preserved Hood's connections. He was offered a command under Gen. Stephen D. Lee, but preferred to keep his old command. In March, 1865, Gen. Dick Taylor sent him to Louisiana to conduct troops to the east side of the Mississippi River, but before anything could be accomplished the surrender by Taylor occurred.

The order of Forrest's assistant adjutant general, J. P. Strange, alluded to in Comrade Barron's article was made in March, 1864, not 1865.

And now a word personally. I want to show how this scribe knows so much about Judge Mabry (I having been until the battle of Mansfield, in 1864, in Hood's Brigade, A. N. V.). We lived in the same town, Jefferson, where I still live, and General Mabry's mortal remains lie in our beautiful Oakwood

Cemetery. At the first election in Texas after the war (1866), before the colored brother had been enfranchised by the Reconstruction Acts of 1867, General Mabry ran for district Judge and I for district attorney. We were both elected in a large district comprising eleven counties in Northeast Texas, and held our offices until we were officially decapitated by the "carpetbag" rulers under "Reconstruction." The boys all called General Mabry "old auger eye," owing to a peculiar cast of his eyes which seemed to see everything. For three years we drove together over our district in a double buggy, as it was ten years before we got a railroad, and autos were undreamed of. Invariably the Judge would start to drive every morning, but within the first half hour he never failed



GEN. H. P. MABRY.

to strike a stump, and would coolly inform me (who was ten years his junior) that if I could do any better to drive myself, throwing me the lines. Of course I drove. There was little we did not tell each other on these journeys, and we were very intimate. The lawyers of each county generally drove or rode with us on the circuit. There is nothing set down here but what came from himself, and might almost be considered a part of his autobiography. There are many anecdotes that might be told showing his noble and amiable disposition and his popularity as a judge and a citizen, but I refrain.

VANDALISM IN MISSOURI.

BY MRS. B. A. C. EMERSON.

(Extracts from a Denver paper.)

Near the close of the year 1864 an order of banishment from Missouri began to be enforced. Women and children whose husbands, fathers, or brothers were in the Confederate army were to be sent into the Confederate lines.

General Rosecrans was in command. Many of the best families were compelled to leave their homes, and they were permitted to take only what they could pack in trunks. Sales

were made and household furniture was auctioned off for the little that it would bring. * * *

A day was set and those who had received notice to be ready to leave were ordered to the headquarters post from which they were to start with an escort, "to see them through the lines," as they phrased it. Farm wagons and teams were pressed into service by Federal authorities. If wagon covers could be had, they were used; if none, straw was placed in the bottom of the wagon bed, and the women and children were packed in until all the space was taken.

Another wagon and another was loaded with human freight in this cramped condition. Mrs. McCoy, who lived near Missouri City (her husband, Capt. Moses McCoy, being in Gen. Joe Shelby's command), was sick, scarcely able to sit up in bed. She had a babe two years old and two other small children, and asked permission to delay being sent away until she was better able to stand the trip; but the commander of the Liberty Post said: "No; the order can't be changed. You must go with this crowd."

It was February and cold, and the ground was frozen. Cameron, forty miles away, was the nearest railroad station, and it had to be reached overland in these rough farm wagons. On the journey the children suffered both with cold and cramped limbs in these closely packed wagons, jolting along over the frozen ground. Billy Moore, a bright little boy, became furious and began to cry out against the officer who was escorting the wagon train. When the captain, who was mounted on a spirited horse, riding first ahead and then back, would come alongside the wagon, Billy would raise the edge of the wagon cover, shake his fist at him, and yell at the top of his voice: "You old Cap't Kemper! You'll be killed when I get where my pa is. I'll make him shoot you, see if I don't! You mean old Kemper!"

"Hush, Billy," said his mother; "they will hang us, and we will never get to your papa if you don't hush."

"I don't care," said Billy. "I'll tell him how mean he is. My feet are freezin'."

But Captain Kemper was obeying the orders of his superior officers and was not to blame. * * *

What these women and children suffered on that trip southward into Arkansas and into the Confederate lines will never be known. Many of them never recovered from the breaking up of their homes. Some of them never returned to Missouri or ever saw their homes again. Captain McCoy and his wife, a sister of the writer, have lived in Texas ever since. These people were banished for no offense but for sympathy with the Confederacy.

In our part of Missouri it was no uncommon thing to hear of some man being shot or hanged who was too old or physically unfit for service and who tried to remain at home because of his sympathy with the South.

Rev. Mr. Payne, of Clinton County, had a son in the Confederate army. He was arrested one day by a squad of Federal soldiers, and, not being heard from for two days, his daughter went to the nearest headquarters at Plattsburg to ascertain what she could of her father. To her pathetic appeal the commander gruffly replied: "You had better look in the woods for him."

She returned home. The neighbor women gathered in and went in search. They discovered buzzards circling and lighting in the dense forest near the home, and found several buzzards feeding on the dead body of the preacher Payne, who was loved by all who knew him. He was a good man and a good preacher and was particularly inoffensive.

You observe that banishment was not the worst feature of the situation in Missouri during the war period. Sad as is the narrative of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Payne, there are others equally pathetic.

A few nights after Dr. Payne was shot the same Federal soldiers went to the house of John Morris, who also had a son in General Price's army. Arousing him out of his bed, before he had time to dress himself, they began beating him over the head with pistols. When almost unconscious, his gray hair matted with blood, they dragged him out of the house, with his wife clinging to him. Breaking her loose from him, they dragged him out into the yard and riddled his body with bullets.

A mile and a half from Liberty, Mo., lived a Mr. Thacher, who was Southern and entered the service at the beginning of the war; but being disabled for service, he returned home and was given permission by the commander of the (Liberty) post to remain with his family and be neutral. He had taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal government. But very soon afterwards a new commander was sent to the post. He was not satisfied with the mild treatment accorded Mr. Thacher, and sent out a squad of soldiers with orders to hang him. They found Mr. Thacher seated on the front porch holding a sick baby on a pillow. Seeing the child in a dying condition, the soldiers returned to town without stating the object of their visit, and said to their colonel: "We can't hang that man; his babe seems to be dying."

Colonel Pennick was very little more humane than old Asher-banapal, one of the Persian kings. Not to be thwarted in his purpose, he said: "I'll send my lop-eared Dutch. They'll hang him."

True to their trust, they rode to the Thacher home and found him still holding the sick baby on a pillow. They called to him: "Colonel Pennick vant you."

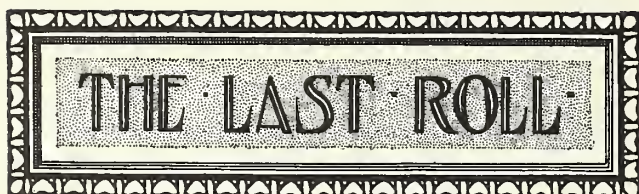
His wife begged them to excuse him and let him remain with their sick child, but to no purpose. They ordered him to come on. He handed the baby, burning with fever to his wife, and went with them. In a few minutes one of the soldiers came galloping up to the yard fence and said to her: "You find yo huspan hang on a tree down de road."

Her aged father and the little girls ran down to the place indicated and found Thacher's hat lying on the ground and his lifeless body hanging to the tree, as stated.

A fine old gentleman, the father of Rev. Charlie Hodges and of Mrs. Slaughter, lived near Platte City. The soldiers ransacked Mr. Hodges's house, gathering up valuables, opening trunks and bureau drawers, and taking whatever they could carry. The venerable Mr. Hodges, a soldier of two wars, came leaning on his cane into the room where they were filling bags with their plunder. Reanimated by his ancient courage, he said in a voice filled with rage: "Get out from here, you cowardly thieves!" At this they turned on him and threatened to hang him.

He stood in the doorway, with his honorable scars from the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, and, looking, the very "god of war," said: "Hang me, you cowardly thieves! You can't cheat me out of my days. You are not true soldiers of the Union, as you claim to be, or you would not be found robbing my house. I defy you! You are cowardly thieves! Put those things down and leave this house!"

Alarmed at the fury of the old veteran or stung by his words, the men filed out one at a time and left the place, taking their booty with them, however.



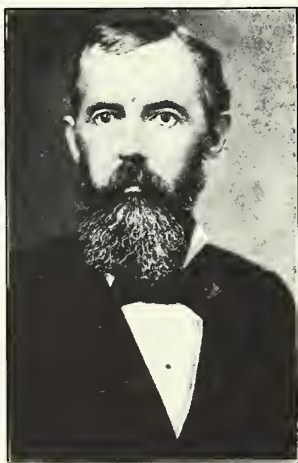
"No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor;
Yet love will dream and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere meet we must."

CAPT. S. B. BARRON.

On February 2, 1912, Capt. S. B. Barron, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Rusk, Tex., answered the last roll call. He was born in Gurley, Ala., November 9, 1834. His father, Samuel B. Barron, was a native of South Carolina, a soldier of the War of 1812, and a captain under Andrew Jackson. His parents died early, thus leaving him to work his way through the world as best he could. Having studied law, he came to Texas in 1859 and located at Rusk, where he continuously resided until the time of his death, excepting the time he was a soldier in the Confederate army.

When the call to arms was made, in 1861, he volunteered with the first company that left the county for the front, Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, participating in the battles of Oak Hill, Elkhorn, Corinth, Farmington, Iuka, Hatchie Bridge, Oakland, Holly Springs, and he was wounded at Davis's Mill. He was promoted for courage and gallantry to the rank of second lieutenant, and later fought at Jackson, Miss., Liverpool, and Yazoo City. He was in the Georgia Campaign of 1864 from start to finish. He was captured at Lovejoy Station, but made his escape by playing dead. He was with General Hood's army in Tennessee in 1864-65, and under General Forrest in the battles near Pulaski, Tenn., and Sugar Creek, said to have been the last battle of the war in that department. He was detailed by Gen. S. L. Ross to be judge advocate of the permanent brigade court-martial, and served as such with credit. The regiment to which Captain Barron belonged was one among the best that was mustered into the Confederate service—a regiment dubbed "Old Ironsides" and given a post of honor and of danger in every advance and retreat by the army which it served, and he endured all the dangers to which his command was exposed.

When the war ended Captain Barron returned to his home, in Rusk, Tex., and again resumed the practice of law. He held many positions of trust and honor, having been county clerk, county judge, and justice of the peace. He was a man in whom people had great confidence, a member of the Presbyterian Church, the Masonic order, and Knights of



CAPT. S. B. BARRON.

Honor. He spent several years during the latter part of his life in writing a book, "The Lone Star Defenders," which relates in a plain, unvarnished way the dangers, trials, and hardships through which the Confederate soldier passed while on the march, in camp, or on the battle field.

On September 5, 1865, Captain Barron was married to Miss Eugenia Wiggins, daughter of Col. James M. Wiggins, who died in 1882. The only surviving child of that union is Dr. W. P. Barron, of Carmona, Tex. In 1884 he was married to Mrs. Olympia Miller (née Scott), who died in 1893, leaving a daughter, Miss Anna, now of Ladonia, Tex. His third marriage was to Mrs. Agatha Leftwich (née Scott), formerly of Huntsville, Ala. He was greatly esteemed by his comrades.

[Sketch by J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex.]

THOMAS MOORE.

With the night of March 30 ended the life of Thomas Moore at his home, at Parks Hill, Ky. For the past twenty years he had been in charge of the pumping station near Myers and custodian of the assembly grounds at Parks Hill. He had rounded the threescore and ten years. He followed Morgan and participated in the many thrilling experiences of that daring leader.

A lifelong friend writes this of his service: "He was a member of Company H, 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Colonel Breckinridge's regiment, having joined the command in 1862. He was among the few of that regiment who participated in the famous Ohio raid and escaped capture. After the fight at Buffington Island, he left his horse and went afoot through the woods until he came to a cornfield where a man was plowing at the far end of the field, his coat and dinner pail hanging on a stake. Tom exchanged his coat for the one on the stake, took the dinner bucket on his arm, and started south. Hearing a train whistle, he went in that direction. Coming to a station on the Little Miami, he asked the agent how long before a train was due going south, and was told 'but a few minutes.' He bought a ticket, boarded the train for Cincinnati. Arriving in a short time, he went over to Covington, stopping at the Drovers Inn. It was but a few minutes until a man came in and recognized Tom, and they soon had the usual 'toast.' When Tom told where he was from and where he wanted to go, his friends gave him the wherewith. He took the first train to Lexington, then to Mount Sterling. Walking into the country, he was supplied with a horse, and made his way south, passing himself off as a buyer of railroad ties, rejoined his command, and served until the surrender, in 1865."

HENRY M. DILLARD.

Henry Moorman Dillard died on April 30, 1912, at Meridian, Tex., at the age of eighty-one years. "Colonel Dillard," as he was familiarly known, was a graduate of the University of Virginia in 1857, and was married in 1859 to Miss Lizzie Lucas, of Somerville, Tenn., who preceded him to her eternal home about three years ago.

Colonel Dillard entered the Confederate service in 1861, and served with distinction throughout the war. He had lived for more than a quarter of a century in Meridian, where he served for many years as county surveyor. He was a valued contributor to several newspapers and wrote historical sketches for the local Chapter, U. D. C., which are highly prized. He never swerved from loyalty and devotion to the Confederate cause, and he was often present at the sessions of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

BELMER HARLOW.

Belmer Harlow was born in Shelby County, Ala., April 27, 1831. He moved with his father's family to Arkansas in 1852. He spent the year 1856 in Texas. He was happily converted soon after returning to Arkansas and joined the M. E. Church, South. He was married on December 25, 1866, to Margaret C. Harrison, with whom he lived happily for forty-six years. His four sons and a daughter reached maturity.

On May 12, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, 26th Arkansas Regiment, under Captain Halladay, for three years, or during the war. The regiment was mustered into service at Pine Bluff, Ark., June 1, 1862, by Colonel Greenwood. He served in infantry until July 1, 1862, when he was detailed into Daniell's Battery of Artillery and ordered east of the Mississippi River. He was paroled on May 20, 1865. After lingering "right at the water's edge" for nearly two months, on the morning of April 12, 1912, he crossed over to "everlasting spring." We laid him to rest in the Rison Cemetery to await the resurrection of the just.



D. A. CAMPBELL.

David A. Campbell was born in Franklin, Tenn.; and died in Memphis March 29, 1912. He enlisted in the Confederate service in January, 1862, and was assigned to duty in the commissary department at Iuka, Miss., serving as receiving agent for army supplies at Iuka, Corinth, and Tupelo. He resigned this position and enlisted in a cavalry company made up in Marshall County, Miss., commanded by Capt. Thomas B. Weber. This company was assigned to duty with the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's old regiment, and was mustered into service as Company F.

He followed the intrepid John H. Morgan on all of his raids. When Morgan's command was captured in Ohio at Buffington's Island, Dave Campbell and a few others of Company F made their escape by swimming the Ohio River, and then made their way to General Forrest. They were in the forefront in the battle of Chickamauga, and it is thought by his comrades that he fired the first gun in the battle of Chickamauga. After that he was ordered to North Mississippi to get recruits. Soon after General Morgan escaped from prison we were ordered to Atlanta, where we remained three weeks, and after reorganization we went to Southwest Virginia.

The last of Morgan's raids was in the spring of 1864. On this raid Mr. Campbell's "Old Stonewall" gave out and he walked one hundred miles, carrying his saddle on his back, to

Mount Sterling, Ky., where he was again in battle and got another mount.

Comrade Campbell was always ready for duty, never flickered, but was always in front cheering others to "come on." He was very popular. One of his old comrades and life-long friends journeyed to Memphis from afar to participate in the last sad rites.

DAVID HARPER.

David C. Harper died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. T. Rush, Catherine, Ala., April 22, 1912. He was born in South Carolina October 31, 1828, and when a young man removed with his parents to Marengo County, Ala., where he died. He was an "old school" Presbyterian.

At the beginning of the Civil War he enlisted in the 5th Alabama Infantry Regiment, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was captured July 3, 1863, in the battle of Gettysburg, and spent nearly two years in prison at Fort Delaware and Point Lookout prisons. He is survived by three children—Samuel A. Harper, of Beaumont, Tex.; William M. Harper, of Catherine, Ala.; and Mrs. J. T. Rush, of Catherine, Ala.

MAJ. FREDERIC SEIP.

Maj. Frederic Seip died in Alexandria, La., on the 13th of November, 1911. He was born in Rapides Parish, La., on August 5, 1840, the son of Dr. John and Eliza Seip, and lived in the old home at the time of his death.

Frederic Seip received his preparatory education in Louisiana and then went to Princeton, graduating in the class of 1860. He returned home and entered the Confederate service as a member of Company K, Alexandria Rifles, of the Crescent Regiment. He was made lieutenant of his company and served in the Tennessee Army. Later he was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and served on the staff of Gen. Dick Taylor and Gen. S. B. Buckner, and then on the staff of Gen. Joseph L. Brents as adjutant and inspector general with the rank of major, which position he held until the close of the war. He was in Alexandria, La., at the time of the surrender. After the war he devoted several years to his plantation.

In 1865 Major Seip was married to Miss Adelia Flint, who died in 1878, and in 1882 he married Miss Emeline Flint. To them were born four sons, who survive their father.

For a long time Major Seip was recognized as one of the leading citizens of Rapides Parish. He was appointed police juror in 1877, and served many consecutive years. In 1888 he was elected to the State Senate, and reelected in 1892 for four more years. He was president of the Rapides Parish police jury for four terms (sixteen years), on which he was serving at the time of his death. He was also Commander of Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V., and had been for a number of years. He was a man of much worth to his community.

DAVID W. DOWTIN.

The thin gray line lost one of its best defenders in the death of David W. Downton on April 9, 1912, at his home, near Troy, in Greenwood County, S. C. He was born in old Abbeville County, S. C., in May, 1843, and was among the first to respond to the call of his country in 1861, enlisting in Company C, 7th South Carolina Infantry, Kershaw's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. One who marched, fought, and suffered with him through those long years can testify to his gallantry and bravery as a soldier. He was ever at his post of duty except when disabled by wounds or sickness. He had

a most remarkable memory, and it was his delight to talk of incidents and occurrences which came under his observation during the war.

Shortly after he returned home he was married to Miss Sallie Watson, of Abbeville County, who made him a faithful wife. He was a devoted husband and father. His wife survives him with their seven sons and a daughter. He was borne to his last resting place by these seven sons. Comrade Dowtin was a zealous and faithful member of the Church from early years.

MICHAEL H. HULIHAN.

Michael H. Hulihan died January 10, 1912, at Jackson River, Highland County, Va.; born in Ireland January 1, 1842.

He enlisted in Company I, 25th Virginia, for the war, and was in all the stirring campaigns of those war days, always on the front line of battle, an intrepid soldier, ready at all times for duty, which he performed with cheerful diligence.

At the second day's fight at Gettysburg he was so sick he was compelled to report for sick call, and was in an ambulance, hardly able to be upon his feet. However, the soldier's ardor was stronger than reason, and he climbed from the ambulance, picked up a dead comrade's gun and cartridge box, and rushed where the fighting was thickest. He lost an arm in this battle, and was made a prisoner of war, which ended his military career.

His brother, Patrick Hulihan, was killed in the battle of Sharpsburg. Both were members of Company I and were of the bravest of Ireland's sons.

[From Capt. J. W. Mathews, Co. I, 25th Virginia Inf.]

REV. A. C. HOPKINS, D.D.

The end of a noble life came by the death of Dr. A. C. Hopkins at his home, in Charlestown, W. Va., on December 4, 1911. To the people among whom he had lived and served as pastor his memory will ever be a benediction, and to others who knew him his noble and unselfish life will be an inspiration to higher and better living.

Dr. Abner C. Hopkins was born in Powhatan County, Va., in 1835, and was a graduate of Hampden-Sidney College.



DR. A. C. HOPKINS.

During the War of the States he was chaplain of the Stonewall Brigade, and often under fire. He later served as chaplain of the Second Army Corps, A. N. V., and was on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon on the last retreat of the Confederate army from Petersburg to Appomattox. He began his first pastorate fifty years ago at Martinsburg, W. Va., and in 1866 became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlestown, a ministration ending only with his death. He was prominent in the work of his Church, but no narrow denominational lines confined his service. Following the footsteps of the Master through a long and consecrated pilgrimage, of a verity he was ready

"To be called,

Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off and rest in heaven."



CAPT. J. M. BERRY.

Capt. Jiles M. Berry was born near Liberty Hill, S. C., April 3, 1840; and died in Augusta, Ga., December 8, 1911. He entered the Confederate service in the 7th South Carolina Regiment early in 1861, and served faithfully and bravely with that command in Kershaw's Brigade, McClaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, through all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. A man of tall, commanding form and conspicuous courage, he made a brilliant record as a soldier, rising to the rank of captain, and receiving several wounds, one of which lingered with him until his death.

When the war ended, he entered the milling business in Augusta, and for forty years and more he was a prominent and influential factor in its commercial life. He met death as he had faced it on the battle field, without a tremor, and hosts who honored him in life mourn him in death.

JOSEPH C. EAVES.

Dr. J. C. Eaves was born July 17, 1836; and quietly fell asleep in the presence of his children on February 19, 1912.

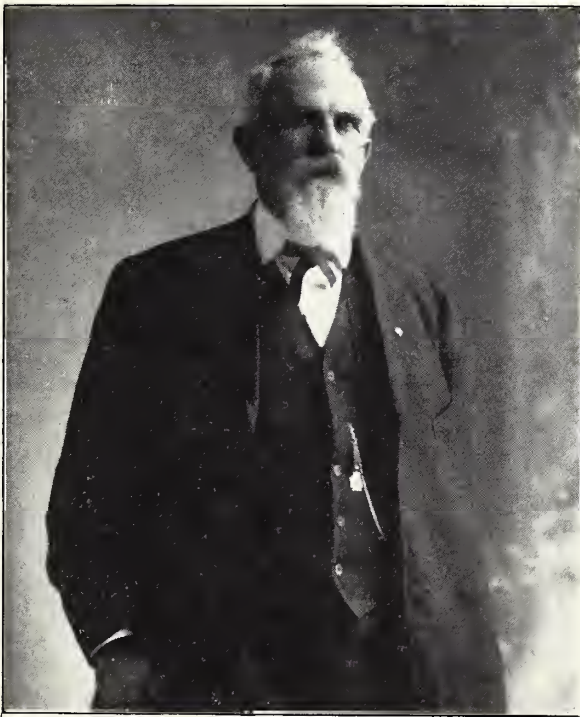
He read medicine under Dr. Miller at Manchester, Tenn., attended the medical lectures at Nashville in 1859, and received his diploma in 1860. He volunteered in the Confederate army at the beginning of the war in Starnes's 4th Tennessee, Forrest's Cavalry, and served till the close of the

war. His record as a soldier was to get there first and stay till the last. After the war he located at Spencer, Tenn., and began the practice of medicine, but later moved to White County, and continued the practice of his profession until a few years ago.

Kind and courteous in his disposition, his friends were legion. His life was devoted to charity, and whenever called ministered to the sick, no matter how poor. He was honored and loved by all who knew him. He was laid to rest in the cemetery near Quebeck, Tenn., where his friends gathered to pay their last tribute of love and respect.

From a tribute by O. V. Anderson, Tullahoma, Tenn.:

After the war Dr. Eaves located at Spencer, Tenn., and engaged in the practice of medicine. Later he removed to White County, where he continued to practice until a few years before his death. His record as a soldier was to get there first and stay till the last. His life's work was charity. He visited the sick regardless of their ability to pay. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he fought. Kind and courteous in his disposition, his friends were legion; to know him was to love him. He quietly fell asleep surrounded by his children. The large assemblage which gathered to pay him last tribute testified to his worth. He is survived by three daughters and their families and a son, Robert, now in business in Chattanooga.



WILLIAM W. CAVENDER.

In the April VETERAN, page 181, there is a sketch of William W. Cavender, known as "Bill" Cavender, a scout and secret service man. Col. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., writes of him: "This picture of him should have been published with the sketch." Colonel Tench pays him highest tribute as a soldier, and as a man he was ready and capable.

JAMES ALEXANDER GASS.

The death of James Alexander Gass occurred at his home, in Dandridge, Tenn., December 10, 1911. Practically all of the sixty-six years of his life had been spent in Dandridge,

where his kindly greeting, his genial ways, and his familiar figure will be missed. As a young man he became a member of the Church, and gave it faithful service to the close of his life. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Etta Fain, who died leaving one son and a daughter; his second wife, who was Miss Emma Mitchell, survives him.

In 1862, when but seventeen years of age, Comrade Gass joined the Confederate army, serving under Capt. David Naff, of the 1st Tennessee Cavalry. He made a splendid soldier, participating in many of the battles in upper East Tennessee. At one time he was a prisoner in Knoxville. When the war closed, he returned to Dandridge, and with characteristic cheerfulness and bravery he began the battle of everyday life. He engaged in the mercantile business, and accumulated a comfortable fortune. In his pleasant home he delighted to entertain his friends and old comrades. For some time before his death he had given up active business on account of failing health.

HON. JAMES W. GREGORY.

James W. Gregory, one of the oldest members of the House of Delegates, representing Pittsylvania County, Va., for several years, died at the Retreat for the Sick in Richmond on March 13, 1912, after a short illness of pneumonia. He was three-score and ten years old. His home was near Pickaway, where he was a successful farmer and a man of large influence in his county.

As a soldier his record was fine, for he entered the war as a youth under twenty years of age and served with unswerving fidelity in the Ringgold Battery. He was with that command in the last engagement near Appomattox C. H. He did not surrender there, but with his battery, of which he was sergeant, he went to Lynchburg, where the battery was disbanded and he was later paroled.

After the war he returned to his native county and lived the life of a farmer, uniting industry with intelligence. At the time of his death he was serving his third term in the House of Delegates of Virginia, and was unusually active and vigorous mentally and physically. He is survived by his wife and a son and daughter.

CAPT. D. R. RANSOM.

Comrade D. R. Ransom, who was a member of Camp Ross Ruble, No. 1558, U. C. V., died in March, 1912, at the home of his son, Harry Ransom, near Bellefonte, Ark.

Comrade Ransom was a charter member of our Camp. Only two other charter members are waiting God's time to muster them out of service and transfer them to his army above. In the old Liberty Cemetery his emaciated body, clothed in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, rests under a bed of flowers.

Comrade Ransom was a native of Tennessee. He was a member of the 18th Regiment Tennessee Infantry. He enlisted in September, 1861, as a private, and served throughout the four years of strife, although twice wounded. He served in the Army of Tennessee in Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. He was in battles from Shiloh to Baton Rouge, La., and was mustered out as a captain. He had preserved the parole he received when his army surrendered, and it will be kept by his children as a precious family relic—a certificate of honor.

[From W. H. Harrell, Adjutant of Camp Ross Ruble, No. 1558, U. C. V.]

RICHARD POOLE HAYS.

Richard P. Hays, of Dickerson, Md., son of Leonard and Eliza Poole Hays, died on April 8, 1912. He was a descend-

ant of Jeremiah Hays and Abraham Simmons. His mother was a daughter of John Poole Sprigg and a great-granddaughter of Col. Joseph Belt, of Colonial fame, an ancestor of two of Maryland's earlier Governors, Samuel Sprigg and Thomas G. Pratt.

On August 12, 1862, Richard Hays and about forty others crossed the Potomac River and a company of cavalry was formed under command of Col. E. V. White. This command grew to six companies, and a battalion was organized as the 35th Virginia and mustered into service October 26, 1862, when E. V. White was made major. Company B was commanded by Capt. George W. Chiswell and was known as Chiswell's "Exile Band." By a charge at Park's Store, Va., on November 29, 1863, the battalion won the name "Comanches," given to it by General Rosser, under whom it became a part of the Laurel Brigade. Comrade Hays served gallantly to the close of the war. He never lost his ardor for the cause, and in late years served as Chaplain of Ridgely Brown Camp, U. C. V., of Rockville, Md. He ever held out a helping hand to his old comrades in distress. He was ambitious that a monument be erected to the memory of the men who wore the gray from his section, and he was actively interested in securing a fund for that purpose. Through him and other Confederate veterans a Chapter, U. D. C., was organized in Rockville, which was named for his old commander, Col. E. V. White.

A faithful soldier of the stars and bars, so was he under the banner of the cross, and now it is well with him. He is survived by his wife (who was Miss Bettie Batson, of Howard County, Md.) and four sons and four daughters.

Mrs. W. J. Cook.

Mrs. Georgia Maxwell Cook was born August 25, 1850, at Bel Air, near Tallahassee, Fla., a daughter of Col. William M. and Mrs. Rebecca Maxwell. The Maxwells of Scotland are famed in song and story, and their representatives in the Western world have ably kept up the traditions of the family. Maxwells fought for liberty in Georgia in 1776 and Maxwells of Florida led their troops to war in 1861, again fighting for liberty. Brought up in such a family and in such stirring times, it is no wonder that her young heart was filled with an ardent love for the Confederacy that ended only with death.

In 1865 Mrs. Cook, then Georgia Maxwell, a fifteen-year-old girl, began her career practically as a Daughter of the Confederacy. In March of that year, nearly half a century ago, was fought the battle of Natural Bridge, and a Confederate victory prevented Florida's capital from falling into the hands of the enemy. In this battle the cadets of the West Florida Seminary fought side by side with gray-haired veterans, and at its end as they marched back to Tallahassee the girls of Bel Air came out to meet them and to crown the boys with the laurel wreaths of valor which they had so early won, and among those girls was Georgia Maxwell.

Mrs. Cook was for twelve years State Chairman of the Soldiers' Home Committee, and served during all that time with unabating zeal. She ministered to the comfort of the living and saw to it that the dead were laid to rest with fitting ceremony; never a coffin from the Home was carried to its last resting place but that her flowers brightened its sable pall.

When Martha Reid Chapter first sprang into being, Mrs. Cook's name graced the charter list. It was her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Maxwell, who gave it the name of Martha Reid.

Notwithstanding all the U. D. C. work that she did so well, her home was never neglected, and of her truly might the

wise man have spoken when he said: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

These resolutions were adopted by the Martha Reid Chapter: "Whereas Almighty God in his divine wisdom has taken unto himself our beloved member and coworker, Georgia Maxwell Cook, a charter member and officer of Martha Reid Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy; and whereas her untiring efforts were constantly exercised to the upbuilding of the organization; and whereas she gave her untiring devotion and attention to the comfort and necessities of our sick and afflicted veterans who were through their misfortunes placed in our Soldiers' Home; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That in her sudden death the Martha Reid Chapter has lost a most faithful, loving, and patriotic member, and our Soldiers' Home a most sympathetic and diligent worker for the comfort of its inmates.

"2. That we as members of Martha Reid Chapter, as well as her personal friends, extend to her bereaved husband, children, and relatives our most loving sympathy in their sorrow.

"Mary A. Rogers, Amelia M. Dozier, and Mrs. J. H. Borroughs, Committee."

Mrs. M. E. Drew wrote of her:

Her heart is still—a heart so large
That all could find a shelter there;
Too swiftly pulsed her tenderness;
Its strength was its despair

Her helpful hands! 'Tis hard to see
Them folded and moveless now,
To miss the living light of love
That glorified her brow.

Well may the men who wore the gray,
The men of her boundless care,
Bow whitened heads with streaming tears
And whisper her name in prayer.

On her Chapter's memory leaf
Her name is written in gold,
But the tale of her devoted life
Can never all be told.

HONEAU PRITT.

Honeau Pritt died at Beverly, W. Va., on the 15th of February, 1912. He was born in Randolph County, Va. (now W. Va.), March 28, 1838. He served with Company F, 31st Virginia Volunteers, 4th Brigade, 3d Division, 2d Corps, A. N. V., and was one of the ax men who went with regimental skirmishers in the charge on Fort Steadman at Petersburg. He was captured when the brigade fell back and sent to Point Lookout, and was paroled from there in May, 1865.

H. CLAY NORRIS.

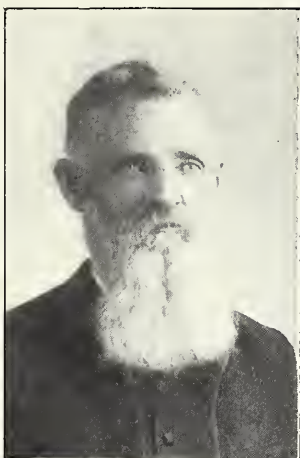
Died at the home of his brother, Dr. Robert Norris, in Villa Americana, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil, H. Clay Norris, private of Company G, 15th Confederate Cavalry. He served from the beginning of the war to the close, stationed at Mobile, Ala. He was born in Dallas County, Ala., June 1, 1841; and died January 20, 1912.

E. F. JORDAN.

At Meridian, Tex., in February, 1912, the remains of E. F. Jordan were laid to rest. He was a Confederate veteran in his eightieth year. In 1863 he entered the Confederate service in Company A, 10th Artillery of North Carolina, and served until the surrender.

D. W. ALEXANDER.

D. W. Alexander was born in Moulton, Ala., October 22, 1841; and died February 4, 1912, near Shelbyville, Tenn. He was reared in Moulton, Ala., and came to Tennessee in 1865. He was married in 1866 to Sallie Shearin, daughter of Matthew Shearin, of Bedford County, Tenn. Comrade Alexander was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, having been in all the hard-fought battles of his command. In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., he was the only one of his company that went through that awful battle without being wounded or killed. Surviving him are his two sons and one daughter, a brother and a sister.



D. W. ALEXANDER.

Mr. Alexander lived after the war in Bedford County. He engaged in farming successfully, and was devoted to the Confederate cause. His support of the VETERAN was steadfast.

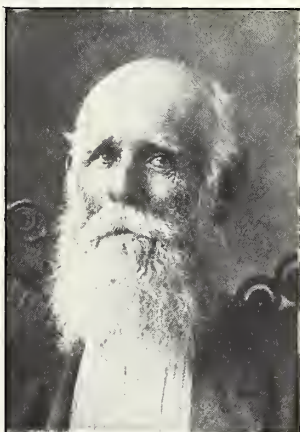
JOHN W. HIGHT.

John W. Hight was born in Wilson County, Tenn., June 22, 1835; and died at Lisbon, Tex., September 12, 1911.

Comrade Hight enlisted in the Confederate service from his native county May 22, 1861, with Company I, 18th Tennessee Regiment, and was in all the principal battles of his command. He was captured at Fort Donelson and kept in prison eight months, when exchanged. He re-enlisted for the war at Corinth, Miss. He surrendered with Johnston's army at Durham, N. C., on April 15, 1865.

Returning to Wilson County, Tenn., he was married to Miss Mahala Bond.

In 1872 they moved to Dallas County, Tex., where he successfully farmed until his death, and was a good citizen in every sense. (See notice in April VETERAN, page 175.)



JOHN W. HIGHT.

C. M. WALLER.

C. M. Waller was born in Roane County, Tenn., December 21, 1841; and died at Dodd City, Tex., December 8, 1911. His wife preceded him to the other life a year before. Their four sons and four daughters live near Dodd City.

Comrade Waller became a Confederate soldier as a member of Company B, 63d Tennessee Infantry, early in 1862, and participated in all the battles of his regiment: Chickamauga, Fort Saunders, Bean Station, Drury's Bluff, and many others, including the battles near Richmond and Petersburg. He was captured on April 4, 1865, and taken to Point Lookout Prison, and there remained until paroled in June, 1865. He was a brave and faithful soldier of the Confederacy to the end.

MAJ. SAMUEL J. ALEXANDER.

Maj. S. J. Alexander, whose death occurred at his home, in Macon, Tenn., March 19, 1912, was born in Henderson County, Tenn., in 1833, a descendant of a Charlotte (N. C.) family who signed the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. He entered Forrest's Cavalry as a private and rose to the rank of major.

Major Alexander was educated in the old Masonic College at Macon. He was self-made, having amassed a splendid estate. He was very active and contributed much to the improving of his community. He was an ardent and devoted member of the Church and true in every relation of life. He leaves the rich legacy of an honorable and well-spent life.

Of four brothers who served faithfully in the Confederate army, he was the last to pass away. An adopted niece lives in Macon, Ga., and he had expected to attend the Reunion there, for he loved to mingle with the survivors of those days of sacrifice, suffering, and achievement.

In a personal letter John H. Hineman, of Morrell, Ark., who sent the foregoing, writes: "Major Alexander was a first cousin to my mother. Of all the group of my kinsmen who went out at the call of the grand old Volunteer State, only one survives, John Smith, of Oakland. My mother's brother was killed in the battle of Belmont, Mo., another of the group was killed at Franklin, a third was desperately wounded at Shiloh and again at Chickamauga, and a fourth was seriously shot at Murfreesboro. Major Alexander passed through the war without receiving a wound."

J. GRIFF EDWARDS.

J. Griff Edwards died recently at his home, in Portsmouth, Va., in the forty-second year of his age. Mr. Edwards was a lifelong resident of this city and was a son of the late Griffin F. Edwards and Mrs. Belle (Bilisoly) Edwards. He had a large circle of friends in his section and was well known throughout the South. He was a charter and prominent member of Stonewall Camp, Sons of Veterans, and at the time of his death was Commander of the Virginia Division of Sons, having been elected in Newport News last fall. He took an active part in all matters relating to the organization and was held in high esteem by the officials.

He is survived by his mother and his wife, Mrs. Martha Nelson Edwards, the leader in Confederate Choirs.

The funeral was held in St. Paul's Catholic Church. The services were conducted by the Rev. Father Donohoe, pastor of the Church, and the interment was made in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Stonewall Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, attended the funeral in a body, and many other prominent Sons were present. The pallbearers were selected from the Sons. Many beautiful floral designs were sent by sorrowing friends, and telegrams of condolence were received from many sections of the South.

LAFAYETTE D. SETTLE.

Lafayette D. Settle died on April 3, 1912, in his seventy-third year. He was born in Hardeman County, Tenn., and moved to Corinth, Miss., from which place he enlisted in Company D, 32d Mississippi Infantry, and served throughout the entire war. He was Commander of John B. Gordon Camp, U. C. V., of Lawton, Okla., having just been reelected. His fellow citizens deplore the loss to that community of an upright and honorable man. He was a good citizen, a true and faithful friend, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

JAMES DAVIS PORTER.

"Tennessee's first citizen" is the way Hon. James D. Porter was regarded for many years. His earthly end occurred in Paris, Tenn., the town of his birth, on May 18.

The funeral discourse embodies much of his public career, and it is given in full. His service in the Confederate army, however, is merely touched upon therein. He was the most noted staff officer of any rank in the Army of Tennessee. He was evidently more in the councils of army commanders and his opinion sought more frequently doubtless than any other officer of his rank in any army of the Confederacy. As he wrote most of General Cheatham's reports, being his chief of staff, very little is recorded in commendation of his service; but prior to his engagement as such the "War Records" contains the following which illustrates the character of his service: "The zealous efficiency in the administration of his office and the earnest devotion to duty always evinced by my assistant adjutant general, Maj. James D. Porter, were only surpassed by the promptness with which he transmitted my orders to all parts of the field and the calm, unfaltering courage with which he bore himself throughout the bloody battles." (See Series I., Part I., Vol. X., page 443.)

Funeral Discourse by Comrade Rev. W. T. Bolling.

James Davis Porter was born at Paris, Tenn., on December 7, 1828; and closed a long and eventful life at his home, in this place, on May 18, 1912, being in his eighty-fourth year. These dates mark the coming and going of more than an ordinary man—a man who towered among the great men of a great State.

For many years his life was a public one; and while not infallible and marred by some mistakes, no stain marks his public career; but in all his open life the record shows only the stately gentleman, the honest public official, and the demonstration of ideals creditable to him in the well-defined lines of honesty, personal integrity, and faithful service to his fellow men. He passed through the crucial tests by which so many public men are singed without the smell of impurity upon his official garments, and no man can point to any one of such acts that smacked of personal profit at the expense of the public. He was a high-toned gentleman, a pure citizen and keeper of his home, and in all a man who leaves a name honored through many years and to be honored by coming generations of those who shall love a great State and her best ideals. In 1859 he was a member of the legislature, and in 1861 he became the author of the "Porter Resolutions," by which the State of Tennessee was pledged to stand by the South in case of war.

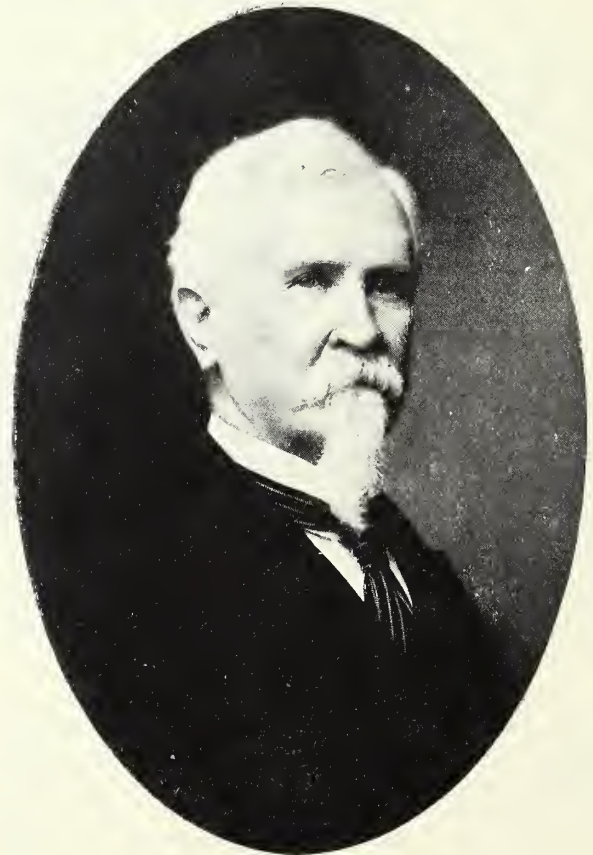
When the war came, he entered the provisional army of Tennessee and became assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow; and when the army of the State became a part of the army of the Confederate States, he was made adjutant general on the staff of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, with whom he served until the close of the war. Then with the South in mourning and in tears James D. Porter as a faithful son drew nearer to and began a work to comfort his stricken mother. Resuming the practice of law here in Paris, he took an active part in doing what he could to aid his people in the dark days of reconstruction. Having passed through the bloodiest battles in which the Army of Tennessee engaged, he brought the same heroic spirit home and took up the task to aid in bringing order out of chaos and to lay again the foundations of prosperity in the midst of desolation.

In 1870 he was elected circuit judge, which position he resigned in February, 1874, and in the following August he was nominated by his party for the governorship, and was elected by an immense majority. He was reelected in 1876, serving two terms with honor to himself and to the betterment of the condition of the people.

In 1880 he was called to the presidency of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad, and so remained until 1884. A special train was sent from Nashville bearing officials of the railroad and other friends.

In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland Assistant Secretary of State, and in 1893 he was sent to represent our government as Minister to Chili, which position he filled with marked success.

After his return from Chili, Governor Porter was elected Chancellor of the University of Nashville, and as an educator he became as successful as he had been in political life, and before he retired under the press of years he succeeded in securing an endowment of one million dollars from the Peabody Fund for the Nashville college, making of it one of the best educational institutions in the South. This closing work of his busy life was worthy of the pupil of his great preceptor, Cochran, for many years Principal of the Paris Academy, and the great school at Nashville will remain a fitting monument to the man who did most to establish it as a richly endowed educational center.



HON. JAMES D. PORTER.

In June, 1851, he was married to Miss Susanna Dunlap, who, with two sons and one daughter, survives him, and hand in hand they moved in beautiful loyalty through sixty-one years of married life, until the silent Boatman took the loyal, loving husband to the other shore of the mystic stream.

In private home life Governor Porter was ever the best pattern of husband and father, and he did his delicate work well. In his walk as a private citizen he was above reproach; and while not a member of any Church, he was a thorough believer in the great Christian doctrines and a man of prayer and of implicit trust in the guiding hand of his Maker, the God of infinite mercy and justice, who judgeth the right.

In the home, in his community, and in his public life James D. Porter was found worthy of the great confidence of his family and of the people at large, and I count it one of the privileges of my life to have known him and to have had his friendship and confidence, for such loyal friendship is of much value to any public servant.

As a soldier, a private citizen, a holder of places of public trust Tennessee will never produce a man of better poise, of sounder judgment, of purer personal and public life than this son whom she loved and honored and for whom she now laments in sorrow and in tears, and in her Hall of Fame will ever hang the picture of James D. Porter, framed in the love of a great State and of a people who cherish courage, untarnished honor, and private and public purity in the life of a public man.

If the State at large mourns her loss, another body draws nearer in sorrow and yet in joy to this confined clay and feel our loss. It is the remnant of sons of Tennessee who wore the gray in the eventful struggle from 1861 to 1865, for we know that when the bugle of death sounded "taps" and James D. Porter is laid away in the silent bivouac we lose one of the truest comrades with whom we marched and fought, and who after the war suffered, fought again, and won, for in this coffin is the casket of a soul that was loyal to every ideal of the South and held the history of the deeds of his comrades a sacred heritage to the land of his birth. His life and manly examples will be an inspiration to us to close up our files, to move right on in the line of duty, and sleep at last

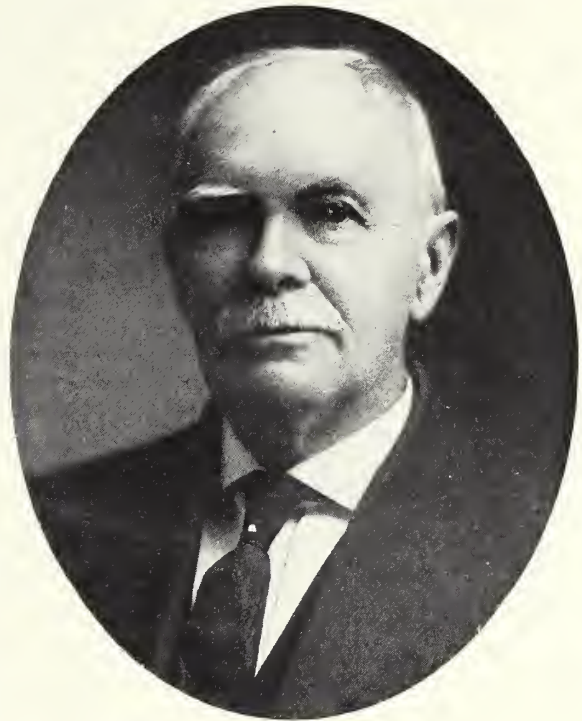
"Where glory marks with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

JOHN W. MORAN.

That no worthier man wore the Confederate gray than John Moran will stand all tests. He was born in Dresden, Tenn., March 20, 1840; and died in a Nashville hospital April 12, 1912. His father, James Moran, was a merchant of Dresden, and his mother was Miss Harriet Harris, of McMoresville, Tenn. He was educated in the schools of his neighborhood. He was of philosophic temperament; and while performing the duties that were incumbent upon him, his humor was proverbial and he was ever entertaining to his associates.

He was about ready for business life when the War of the States began, and he, together with a younger brother who soon surrendered his life in the cause of the Confederacy, enlisted in Company I, 31st Tennessee Infantry, in the brigade gallantly commanded by Brig. Gen. O. F. Strahl. His first battle of importance was that of Perryville, Ky., in which the army and his company suffered heavily. It had perhaps the largest percentage in killed and wounded of any company in that sanguinary battle. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. He was again severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, and was long a sufferer in the hospital. He frequently told a good story of his experience in the battle of Resaca. He had captured a rabbit, which he secured in his shirt bosom, and of course had fond anticipations of a feast after the fight. The battle waxed so hot, however, and his

heart became so generous toward "Molly Cottontail" that he gave her freedom. He may have been author of the Zeb Vance story in saying: "Go it, Molly Cottontail! If I had no reputation at stake, I'd run too." At all events, when the battle was over he regretted not having the rabbit for supper, as he had more appetite then than during the battle.



JOHN W. MORAN.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. J. W. Irion, assisted by the regular pastor of the M. E. Church, South, Rev. Mr. Douglass, and Rev. G. T. Mayo, pastor of the Baptist Church of Dresden. It was largely attended.

Joseph E. Jones in an interesting sketch of Mr. Moran states that "he succeeded along all the lines of life that are worth while. His business methods were open and above suspicion. As possessor of a large fortune at his death, there was not in it all an unclean dollar."

Mr. George W. Martin, a life-long friend and a man who has long given liberally of his time and his means for the cause of education, paid high tribute to the deceased at the funeral and complied with the request of the VETERAN in sending the manuscript that follows:

"The late John W. Moran, who died recently at St. Thomas Hospital, Nashville, on his way from Florida to his home in Dresden, Tenn., was one of the most prominent and best-known citizens of his county. His father was one of the early settlers of Dresden, and for many years was a leading merchant of the place. John spent his entire life where he was born and reared, with the exception of four years in the Confederate army. When not at school he was in the store assisting his father, and had just arrived at manhood when the War of the States began. He volunteered early in the struggle, remaining throughout the entire war, and from the record given by his comrades no one performed his duties with greater fidelity and bravery than he. He spoke often of the war, but claimed little for himself. He took great pleasure in commending the noble acts of others, as he was ac-

customed to do through life. He was a man of remarkable courage, but he used it with great discretion and justice. He had excellent self-control and possessed decided opinions on all subjects, but expressed himself reasonably and rationally and always with a view of being just and truthful.

"As a successful merchant and banker his integrity was above reproach and never questioned by any one who had business relations with him, and he performed every duty put upon him with noble fidelity. His integrity was of such high order that if I had met him in the most remote part of the world and he had been on his way to Weakley County I would have been willing to intrust my entire fortune, great or small, to him to deliver in Weakley County without the slightest fear of his failing to comply with my request literally. His individual wants were few and easily supplied, but he spent his life in honest toil to supply the wants of his family and to fulfill his duty to the public, which he did admirably.

"John Moran was a well-developed and an 'all-round' man. As husband, father, citizen, soldier, neighbor, he contributed well to all these relations. He had the misfortune to lose his wife when his children were young, and his devotion to rearing and training them cannot be commended too highly. If there is anything that can lighten the grief and sorrow for the loss of this valuable man it is to know how well his life was spent and all his duties performed. The influence of his life will long remain a benefit and a blessing to many."

While frugal in his personal affairs, he was diligent for the public, and served most efficiently as chairman of the Democratic committee of his (Weakley) County as well as publicly in many other useful ways.

In his early thirties Mr. Moran married Miss Sophia Gunn, whose father, Dr. Gunn, formerly lived in Nashville. She preceded her husband to the better land seventeen years. Their five children are, Fannie (Mrs. J. B. Ezell), Ida (Mrs. W. G. Timberlake), Marion (Mrs. C. H. Cobb), Harold, and James. The latter of the two sons succeeds as president, while Harold takes the place of their beloved father on the directorate of the Bank of Dresden. He is survived by an aunt, Mrs. Virginia Wood, and a sister, Mrs. Aggie Irvine. Not only these loved ones but the entire community sorrowed in his death as if all were of close kin to him. The testimony at his funeral of a life devoted to uprightness and love for his fellow men was well worth his struggle for seventy-two years.

E. K. EDMONDSON.

Comrade E. K. Edmondson, of Fayetteville, Tenn., died at the Macon Reunion, and it is understood that he was the only veteran to die while in attendance. He was seventy-four years old. He fell and fractured his hip in Camp John B. Gordon, the rendezvous of all the delegates. He was taken promptly to the field hospital and then to the city hospital, but despite all possible service he died. It is said that he had so strong a premonition that he would not return alive he bought a coffin before leaving home and made specific funeral arrangements. His nephew, Charles Edmondson, went to Macon promptly and took his remains to Fayetteville.

DEATHS IN JOSEPH H. LEWIS CAMP, U. C. V.

The following comrades have been lost to the membership of Joseph H. Lewis Camp, No. 874, U. C. V.:

J. S. Take, Co. E, 6th Ky. Inf., aged seventy-four years.

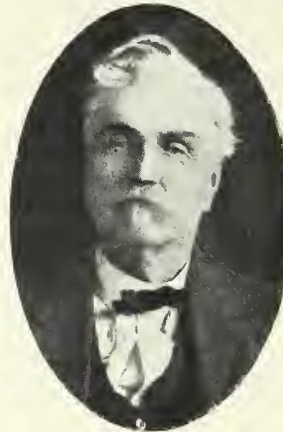
W. M. Lewis, Co. A, 64th Va. Regt., aged eighty-one years.

S. T. Barlow, Co. C, 2d Ky. Cav., aged seventy-one years.

T. K. Rutledge, Co. A, 12th Tenn. Bat. Cav., aged eighty-two years.

CAPT. D. H. BRUCE.

Capt. Daniel Hoge Bruce was born in September, 1839, in Wythe County, Va. He enlisted in Company A, 51st Virginia Infantry, Floyd's Brigade, and served with the regiment throughout the war. He was present in the battles of Camifax



CAPT. D. H. BRUCE.

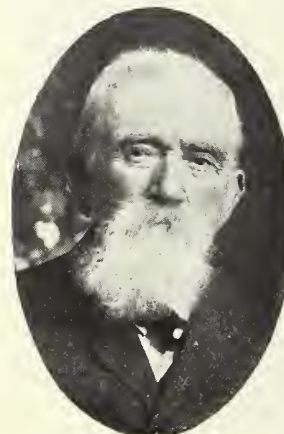
Ferry, Cotton Hill, Fort Donelson, Mercer C. H., and Fayetteville. In November, 1863, he was elected captain of his company. He was severely wounded at New Market, in the valley of Virginia, May 15, 1864, and while his wound was partially healed he rejoined his company. He was captured March 2, 1865, with Early's command and sent a prisoner to Fort Delaware. He was released on June 20, 1865. Returning to his home, in Wise County, Va., he remained there several years. He then went to Breathitt County, Ky., where

he was elected sheriff and served two terms. Leaving Kentucky, he resided in Lea County, Va., for several years, and then went to Grainger County, Tenn., where he spent the remainder of his life on his farm, twenty-three years.

As a soldier Captain Bruce did his whole duty as a private, and later as an officer he ranked with the best. In early life he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was never contaminated by associations in camp life. He passed to his reward above February 28, 1912. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and was buried by them at Joppa, Grainger County, Tenn. He leaves a wife, four sons, and three daughters to mourn their loss.

W. FRANK OGILVIE.

W. Frank Ogilvie was in the commissary department of the Confederate army under Maj. James F. Cummings, of Shelbyville, the entire four years. He was born April 15, 1834; and



W. FRANK OGILVIE.

and died October 20, 1911, at his home, in Rutherford County, Tenn., within a few miles of his birthplace. He was an unusually strong man for his years, but developed heart trouble about a year before his death, and he was stricken down on the public road. He was a faithful member of the Church and superintendent of his Sunday school, and was especially loved by his pupils, who often visited at his home. He always had a pleasant word for everybody, and was a devoted husband, a fond father, and a good neighbor.

He was married in 1855 to Miss Virginia Hughes, who died in 1895. There were four daughters and two sons of that union, who survive him. He is also survived by his second wife, who was Miss Betty Roberts, to whom he was married in 1897.

"BLACK MAMMY" OF THE HUME HOME.

"Aunt" Jemima Rayburn, who was a servant in the family of Maj. William Hume and then in the family of Mr. Leland Hume, serving the two more than forty years, had unusual honor paid her memory in marking her grave some time ago. The sons of the family, Leland, Alfred, Foster, Fred, and John D. Hume, the wife of Mr. Leland Hume, their son, William Hume, Jr., and her sister, Miss Trenholm, and some business associates went to Murfreesboro in automobiles and dedicated a tablet to her memory in the presence of a large assembly of colored people. The inscription states:

"Erected to the memory of
Mrs. Jemima Rayburn;
Born Sept. 16, 1827; Died Oct. 30, 1908.
Beloved Black Mammy of —"

Names of the Hume sons and other inscriptions follow.

Addresses were made by a colored pastor, by Mr. Leland Hume, who gave a life sketch of the faithful woman, and by Alfred Hume, Vice Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, who was born soon after her service began in the family. It was a fitting event and made the occasion a reunion of the brothers. Mrs. W. C. Branham, of Spring Hill, the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Hume, was not present.



FAITHFUL ALBERT PEETE (BATE).

Albert Peete was buried on March 6, 1912, from the Colored Baptist Church of Nashville, Tenn. He was Gen. William B. Bate's cook for forty-five years. He was true and honest.

When the 2d Tennessee Regiment was in Huntsville, Ala., the soldiers gave all their money to General Bate to take care of for them. He took Albert with him one night and buried half of the money, placing the other half under the floor at Martin's store.

Albert ripped up the floor and placed it back. Every cent of the money was returned to the soldiers after the war. The Yankees dug deep all over the yard looking for hidden treasure; and when they came near the crape myrtle tree at the

front porch, it was feared they would find the money, but they missed it. Albert was uniformed by the Yankees and pressed into service; but when General Rousseau was informed that he was "rheumatic and always delicate and unfit for service," Albert was ordered dismissed.

TRIBUTE TO ALECK KEAN IN VIRGINIA.

Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, writes of Aleck Kean, colored, as "faithful unto death."

"Early in November, 1911, three of us, ex-members of the second company of Richmond Howitzers during the war of the sixties, honored ourselves by attending the funeral services of Aleck Kean, which took place near Green Springs, in Louisa County. The career of Aleck as an honest, upright, faithful servant and man was so conspicuous and unique that it deserves this public notice.

"When the war broke out, John Henry Vest, a son of the late James M. Vest, of Louisa, entered the Confederate army as a private in the second company of Richmond Howitzers, and took Aleck along as his body servant and cook, as was customary in those days. The 'Renfrew' mess was soon formed with Aleck as the cook, and without hesitation I affirm that he was the most faithful and efficient man in the performance of every duty pertaining to his sphere that I have ever known. His whole mind and soul seemed bent on trying to get and prepare something for his mess to eat; and if there was anything to be gotten honestly, Aleck always got the share which was coming to his mess, and he always had that share prepared in the shortest time possible and in the most delicious way in which it could have been prepared in camp. The comfort of having such a man as Aleck around us in those trying times can scarcely be described and certainly cannot be exaggerated.

"Young Mr. Vest (Aleck's young master) died in the fall of 1863, and after that Aleck, although he had offers to go to others or to return to his home, had become so attached to the members of the 'Renfrew' mess that he refused to leave them, and, with his master's consent, remained with that mess up to the very last, when he surrendered with them near Appomattox. He was always loyal, true, brave, honest, and faithful not only to the members of his mess but to every man in the 2d and 3d Howitzers, all of whom knew, respected, and admired his fidelity and efficiency.

"When the war ended, he went back to his old home. His old master, Mr. James M. Vest, gave him a little home a very short distance from his own dwelling, and it was there within hearing of his own people and always ready and willing to do their bidding that he spent the rest of his life. There was scarcely any one in all that community who was more respected by all the people, white and colored, than Aleck, and certainly no other deserved that respect and confidence more than he did. His funeral was largely attended both by white and colored, all of whom seemed anxious to attest by their presence the high regard in which he was held both as a man and a Christian.

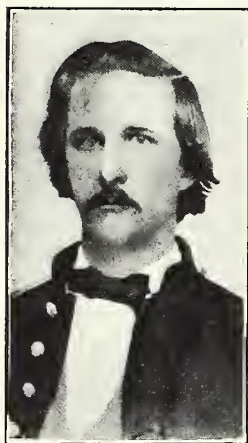
"Such a career of fidelity, loyalty, and devotion is worthy of being published to the world and ought to stimulate others, both white and black, to strive to follow his example. Nearly every year since the formation of the Howitzer Association an invitation to its annual banquet has been sent to Aleck, and whenever he was able to do so he attended. Every member of the association knew and respected him, and was glad to extend to him the cordial greeting which he received at these annual gatherings."

PRISON LIFE IN CAMP CHASE, OHIO.

BY MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

I have long intended that before answering the "last call" I would give an account of experiences and recollections as a Federal prisoner of war, as I have been frequently requested to do by fellow sufferers in this prison, especially by Capt. E. E. Bouldin, of Danville, Va. A statement of facts is so harrowing as to seem incredible except to those who were there and experienced the same terrible suffering.

I will give only a brief outline, as the whole sad story would fill a large volume. Naturally after the lapse of nearly fifty years many occurrences are dimmed, like troubled dreams, but what I relate is confirmed by fellow prisoners.



CAPT. E. E. BOULDIN.

On June 12, 1864, during Hunter's raid on Lynchburg, I was first lieutenant in command of Company A, 36th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, Capt. Cornelius T. Smith commanding the battalion. While leading our advance we met and captured General Duffie's advance guard, three times our number. We had only time to disarm our prisoners, when we were attacked by Duffie's whole column, and in a hand-to-hand engagement I was wounded and captured near my birthplace, in Amherst County, Va.

Suffering terribly while being hauled over rough roads, I was finally placed, with other prisoners, in the old Athenaeum at Wheeling, W. Va. On our arrival we "Rebels" attracted much attention as we were marched from the depot. The streets were lined with old men, women, and children, some of whom were looking for friends. After a few days, we were conveyed to Camp Chase, Ohio, which we entered on July 3, 1864. On our long march through the mountains of West Virginia we were guarded by Ohio ninety-day "tin soldiers," who had never been in battle and knew nothing of that consideration which existed between real soldiers.

Camp Chase (named after Chief Justice Chase), situated four miles west of Columbus, Ohio, on level, sandy ground, was at that time divided into three sections, or prisons, by plank walls, or parapets, sixteen feet high, and known as prisons Nos. 1, 2, and 3. There were double outside walls, with a board walk on the outside about three feet from the top, along which were the sentinel beats occupied day and night by soldiers armed with loaded muskets. There were "outlooks," or guardhouses, at each corner on the top of the parapets, in which the guards had protection during storms and blizzards and from which they could see to the next one as well as see over the prisons. Houses of the Federal officers and the camp of the guards were located outside and near the prison.

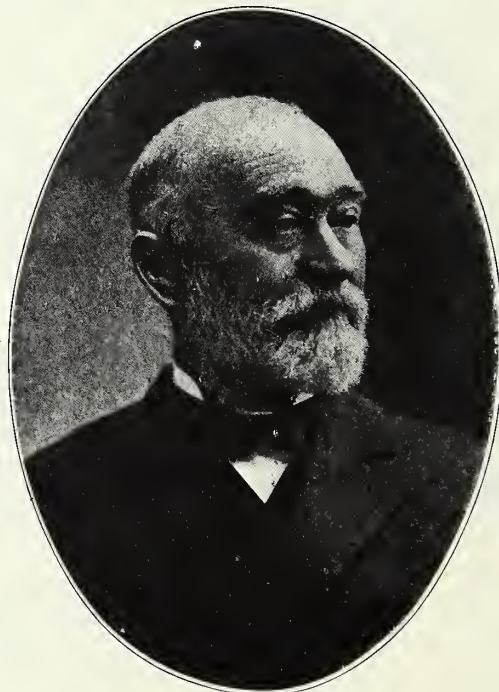
Prison No. 1 contained nearly an acre of ground, in which was confined an average of one hundred and seventy-five officers and a few "disloyal" civilians. Nos. 2 and 3 contained about five acres each, with 4,000 non-commissioned officers and privates in each.

In No. 1 there were two one-story barracks made of plank nailed upright to stringers running parallel to the division

wall about thirty feet from the outer side wall. They were set on posts three feet from the ground, about one hundred and twenty-five feet long, divided into eight rooms, each 15x17 feet, and from floor to roof about fifteen feet, a door in the middle of each room, fronting the parapet, with a small window on each side and one in the rear at the back end of the passage way between the bunks, which were built one above the other three tiers high, with only about three feet between bunks. Twelve to fifteen men occupied each room, with two and sometimes three squeezed into one narrow bunk. We were furnished with only one blanket each. In cold weather we covered with these, and had nothing but the hard planks under us. We had to "spoon" to keep from freezing until the hip bones of some wore through the skin.

We had never experienced such intensely cold weather. We frequently urged the officers to furnish us with straw to sleep on, which was promised but never furnished. In December and January the temperature often went from ten to twenty degrees below zero. We were not permitted to have fires in our little stoves at night, and the plank barracks, full of cracks, were very little protection to us. In our emaciated condition, with nothing to wear but our thin Southern clothing, some were frozen, and it is wonderful that any of us survived.

In prison No. 1, mess 15, there were fourteen officers and one "disloyal" civilian, as follows: Col. W. S. Hawkins, minister and poet from Tennessee; Lieut. Col. John Summers, 60th Virginia Infantry (Monroe County, W. Va.); Capt. Edwin E. Bouldin, Company B, 14th Virginia Cavalry (Charlotte County, Va.); Capt. James W. Sheffey, Company —, 16th or 17th Virginia Cavalry (Smith County, Va.); Capt.



CAPT. R. F. DENNIS.

Capt. Robert Flournoy Dennis was born in Charlotte County, Va., September 18, 1823; and died at Lewisburg, W. Va., October 8, 1897.

Robert F. Dennis, Greenbrier Rifles, Company E, 27th Virginia Regiment (Lewisburg, W. Va.); Captain Phillips, minister and founder of the Phillips Episcopal Female School,

Staunton, Va.; Captain Thompson, Confederate quartermaster, Ashland, Va.; Lieut. Elbert Fowler, Lowry's Battery (Monroe County, W. Va.); Lieutenant Pollock, Tennessee; Lieut. J. W. Marshall, Company B, 14th Virginia Cavalry (Charlotte County, Va.); Lieutenant "Tige," Louisiana Tigers; myself and Mr. — Thomas, the "disloyal citizen," of Richmond, Va. There were two other officers whose names I cannot recall.

Captain Bouldin and I have passed our three-score years and ten, and we know of no other members of this mess living. A merciful Providence has dealt gently with us. Summers, Bouldin, Sheffey, and Fowler read law in prison, and lived to make distinguished lawyers. Captain Dennis was a prominent lawyer before the war, and afterwards served his State ably in the Senate. Captain Bouldin was exchanged shortly before General Lee's evacuation of Petersburg, where on his arrival he was immediately placed in command of his regiment. He led the last charge against Sheridan's Cavalry about two miles west of Appomattox C. H. to open the way for the retreat, capturing two pieces of artillery and several prisoners. This was after the surrender. He did not know that it had taken place.

I had been so afflicted for months that my life was despaired of. I was urged to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, which I of course refused. My father, residing in the North, through influential friends in the United States Congress secured an order from the War Department in January, 1865, for my release on parole. This I also refused, but was granted a special exchange in February, just before the general exchange was ordered. I was taken to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, thence to Point Lookout, and exchanged at Bermuda Hundreds. I was carried to Ford's Hotel in Richmond, where I was very ill. After being confined to my bed for five or six weeks, I stole away from my physicians and went to the home of my grandfather, Capt. John Coleman, in Amherst County. On the morning of April

and had been caught by my faithful negro servant and started to join General Lee. After traveling a few miles I met some returning soldiers, who gave me the sad news of the surrender the previous day. I cannot express the sorrow I felt.

My initiation into prison life was quite exciting. I knew nothing of prison rules. Within one hour after entering the prison I was walking within a few feet of the wall, when on hearing "click, click" I looked up and saw the guard on top of the parapet with his gun leveled at me. I quickly said: "Hold on! Hold on! What are you going to do?" He replied, still holding his gun on me: "I'm going to blow h— out of you because you d—n Rebel are across the 'dead line.'" I replied that I had never heard of the "dead line." Raising his gun, he asked me if I was a "fresh fish." He then asked if I had come in with the batch of prisoners that afternoon. I said I had, and then he informed me that he had orders to shoot any d—n Rebel who came within ten feet of the prison walls. I thanked him for this information and went to my quarters.

The very next morning near nine o'clock I heard rapid firing on the outside. It was the Fourth of July. The prisoners in Nos. 2 and 3 heard that the infantry and cavalry guarding the prisoners were going that morning to Columbus to celebrate, leaving only one company on guard. It was customary for the bread and garbage carts to enter the wide double gates at 9:30 or 10 each morning. The prisoners determined then to make a break for liberty through these gates as they were opened for the carts, supposing no one would be left to dispute their exit but the guards on the parapets. They had armed themselves with stones, case knives, forks, and pieces of plank taken from their bunks with which to protect themselves. Many had assembled in the barracks nearest the gates ready to make the break. Unfortunately the cart drivers intended to celebrate also, and came in at nine o'clock instead of the usual time, just as the infantry and cavalry were drawn up outside of the gates ready to march. Our poor boys dashed through right into the armed guards, and were shot down. I heard the firing, ran to the gate of my prison, and while peeping through the cracks in the gate at the slaughter I was hailed by the guard on the parapet, who had his gun leveled at me. I again thanked the guard for sparing me. After these impressive incidents, I never forgot the "dead line."

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

The prisoners were guarded by one or two companies of cavalry and the 88th Ohio Regiment of Infantry, the "Feather Bed Regiment." It had never been baptized in the fire of battle. Colonel Richardson, the commandant of the prison, and Captain Lamb, his assistant, were kind and educated gentlemen. Lieutenant Sankey, the provost marshal, had direct command of the guard and the prisoners. He was cruel, even brutal, in his treatment of the prisoners. Sometimes when we were able to reach Colonel Richardson or Captain Lamb our wrongs were righted. The guards were inconsiderate and mean, often shooting day or night unsuspecting prisoners without the least provocation.

The outrages were committed only in prisons Nos. 2 and 3 while I was there, and not in No. 1. We communicated between prisons by tying a note around a small stone and tossing it over the dividing walls when the guard's back was turned to us. In this way we got news from prisons Nos. 2 and 3 and from the outside when "fresh fish" came in. The Federal officers and guards had some respect for our officers,



MAJOR ALDERSON'S OLD WAR HORSE.

so I mounted my old gray war horse, which had escaped through the enemy's lines when I was wounded and captured

for there were some very distinguished men among us, though our quarters were often searched for tunnels and arms.

In our prison "retreat" sounded at dusk and "taps" at eight o'clock in winter and nine o'clock in summer. After that no light was permitted, even in the stoves, and all was quiet as death until the next morning. Shots were fired into the barracks at night without cause, often wounding or killing prisoners perhaps while sleeping. On one occasion the moon was shining through a back window in barracks No. 2, on the opposite side from the guard, who called, "Lights out;" and as the moon did not go out, he killed two men sleeping together in their cold, narrow bunks. On another occasion a sick prisoner nearly frozen made a fire in the stove after "taps," and was quietly sitting by it when the sentinel, seeing the light, killed the poor fellow without warning.

The prisoners were required to step across a ditch at roll call as their names were called out. On July 7 a sixteen-year-old boy from Tennessee thought he heard his name called and stepped over the ditch. He was ordered back and was shot through the leg when attempting to return. His leg was amputated. On July 4 the boy's father, who was also a prisoner, was shot through the arm, and it had to be amputated. A young man was drinking water at the well, and as he turned to leave he was shot through the shoulder, the ball passing into a tent and wounding another man who was quietly reading his Bible. These outrages occurred without the least provocation. But I shrink from reciting more of their acts of brutality which were wantonly perpetrated.

For a few weeks after being imprisoned some of us who had friends in the North secured money and purchased eatables from the sutlers, but we did not get all the money sent us.

Some time in August we were notified that our rations were cut down to about one-third, and we were not permitted to buy or receive any eatables from the outside. This was done, they said, in retaliation for the treatment of Federal prisoners in the South. The order was rigidly enforced, and our suffering thereafter cannot be even imagined. For several weeks our daily rations consisted of twelve ounces of baker's bread, eight ounces of unsound salted white lake fish, bones and fish (sometimes when the head of the barrels were knocked out we smelled them in any part of the prison), one tablespoonful of navy beans, and a spoonful of vinegar. Some time in September these were cut down to a thin slice of bread or a tin cup of corn meal, spoiled salted lake fish, and eight or ten navy beans once or twice a week. We were not allowed even pepper, which we craved. Occasionally we were given a small pepper of fresh beef for nearly two hundred men. Confederate officers would stand around while the beef was being cut up and scuffle to pick up from the ground pieces of bones or meat which would fly off the ax. The guards threw melon rinds, apple cores, and parings into the street, and enjoyed our scuffle for them. I often paid one dollar each for rats and ate them without bread, unless I chanced to buy a piece from some poor fellow who was near death. One day we got a stray dog in our room, but he escaped from us through the back window, or we would have had a feast.

Intestinal trouble and scurvy were quite general because of the food. We were ravenously hungry all the time, and hence we became peevish and quarrelsome. I attempted to strike Lieutenant "Tige" with a stick of wood for insulting me. We would have been shot by the guard had not some of our comrades run in between us and the guard. Smallpox broke out all over the prison. I bunked with Lieutenant Pollock

for two weeks before he was moved to the pesthouse with it. There was not enough vitality in me for a sore, and I escaped. We were vaccinated with poisonous vaccine matter, and many arms became terribly swollen. The arms of some in prisons Nos. 2 and 3 were amputated. Mortality increased rapidly during December, January, and February. Some days as many as thirty or forty Confederates were carried out to the "bone yard," as the Yankees called it. Our most delicate were stricken down first, while the hardier wore on to the last unless shot by cowardly guards. The prisoners did all the nursing, cleaned up the barracks, streets, etc. There was a small wood stove in each room. We did our own cooking, washing, etc. No one would trust his scant rations with another.

Part of the time Major Hawkins was my mate in a top bunk. Here is where, lying flat on his stomach, he wrote the "Triple Barred Banner," "Bonny White Flag," "Your Letter Came, but Came Too Late," and other beautiful Southern poems. We cut a hole in a plank to admit air and light and through this saw fields waving with golden grain and droves of fat cattle, hogs, and sheep passing along the national turnpike to market, while we, strangers and captives in this land of plenty, were starving to death.

ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

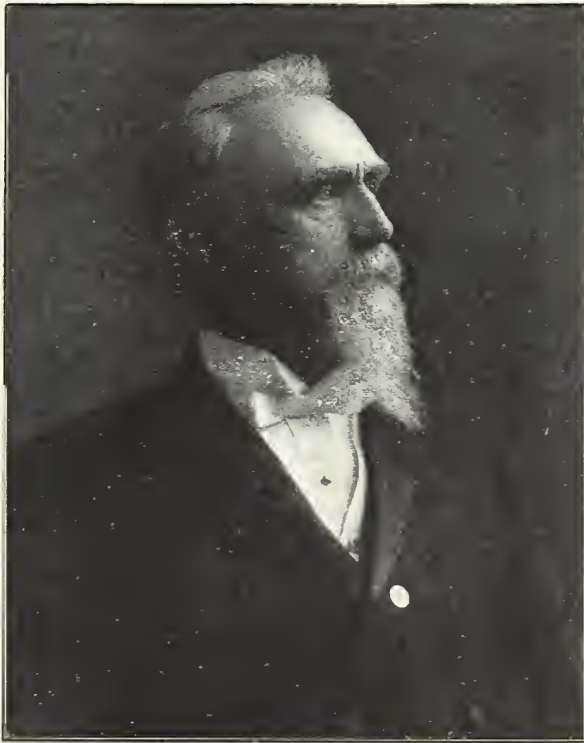
We were always scheming to escape. Only the hope of liberty gave us courage to live. Frequent false promises of exchange when the Federal officers feared we might make a successful break for freedom would brighten for a brief period our dreary existence. We organized a small band of true and trusted comrades, bound together by an oath as sacred as that of Masonry. Captain Phillips, the fearless Christian gentleman, was selected as our leader.

Many attempts were made to escape by tunneling at night from under the barracks to the outside, but we were always betrayed by some Judas, whom we called "razorbacks," or a spy from the outside pretending to be a "fresh fish." On one occasion the tunnel was completed, and our little band attempted to escape. Col. J. E. Josey, of the 15th Arkansas Regiment, Lieutenant Fowler, of West Virginia, and Lieutenant Warfield, of Kentucky, passed through the exit beyond the outer wall; but when the next man peeped out, he saw they were taken in by Sankey's guard. The order of the procession was immediately reversed, and the disappointed prisoners returned to their bunks. The captured officers were placed in irons. Lieutenant Sankey ordered us to fill up the tunnel and to give the names of those engaged in this enterprise. We positively refused to do either. The rations for the whole prison were then cut off. Already weakened by disease and starvation, our condition was now deplorable. After nearly three days without one morsel to eat, we got an audience with Colonel Richardson, who countermanded Sankey's brutal order and gave us three days' back rations. Most of us consumed the whole three days' rations within a few hours. This was the only time in seven long months when we had something near sufficient food to satisfy our hunger.

Another tunnel was dug, and when nearly completed a heavy rain fell and the ground caved in. This greatly excited the Federals, and about the same orders were issued and punishment administered as before. Colonel Riddlebarger, afterwards United States Senator from Virginia, offered to take all the punishment on himself if they would

issue rations, but this brave and generous offer was firmly refused.

Attempts were made to scale the walls. Preparations were made by constructing ladders from planks taken from our bunks and hidden conveniently under the barracks nearest the wall. We armed ourselves with stones, knives, and forks. At the appointed time, Sunday afternoon, religious services were held in the streets. Colonel Hawkins and Captain Phillips preached from a box placed as near the "dead line" as possible. It was agreed that at the close of the benediction a rush should be made for the walls, which, with the aid of boxes and ladders, were to be scaled, while some were to stone the nearest guards from the walls. Just before the close of the services we noticed that the guards were being doubled. We had been betrayed, and the attempt was therefore abandoned. We were always willing to risk our lives for freedom. A diseased and starving man cares little for life.



MAJ. J. COLEMAN ALDERSON.

I am sorry to relate that a few in prisons No. 2 and No. 3 took the oath of allegiance to the United States government, and were released. A good many at one time who could not stand the pressure accepted a bounty of \$500 and joined the United States gunboat service.

We were permitted to purchase from the sutlers at enormous prices only tobacco, paper, envelopes, stamps, needles, thread, buttons, soap, gutta percha, bone and pearl buttons, files, and sand paper with which many made rings, breast-pins, watch charms, badges, etc., which were sold for "greenbacks." We could receive books, but no newspapers, and were allowed to have only one dollar at a time. When our rations were cut down, a dear Baltimore woman, who had been supplying me with delicacies to eat, sent me a box of valuable books, which I passed around among my fellow prisoners and which aided us in whiling away many dreary hours. In writing we were limited to one letter on one

page of small note paper per week. All letters to and from prisoners were examined and stamped "Examined" before being received or mailed. Regular religious services were held. Rarely was an oath uttered or a vulgar story told.

The city of Columbus now extends beyond where Camp Chase once stood. Every trace of that place has long since been obliterated. Beautiful residences and attractive homes, surrounded by shrubbery, flowers, and twining vines, have replaced the cheerless rough board prison. The laughter of happy childhood is heard where once echoed the sighs and groans of suffering, starving, dying men.

THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY.

The only remaining reminder of the horrors of Camp Chase is the "City of the Dead," situated just west of where the prison stood, in which sleep 2,260 Confederate soldiers in a strange land far from home and loved ones; 1,133, or more than one-half, died from disease and starvation in January, February, and March, 1865.

Soon after the close of the war the old barracks were torn down and the plank used in building a fence around the cemetery. Headboards were put up, on which were the names of the soldiers and their regiments. It remained deserted and desolate for many years. The fence and headboards rotted down. It became overgrown with briars, weeds, and brush, a hiding place for wild animals and open commons where cattle ranged. After twenty years the government erected a stone wall around it; yet it still remained neglected until 1894, when that brave old Federal officer whom Gen. John B. Gordon called the "Golden-Hearted Col. W. H. Knauss," and who had been desperately wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., cleared off the ground, planted trees and shrubbery, marked, and kept green all the long-neglected graves he could find largely at his own expense. Under his direction in 1896 the first decoration ceremonies were held here over "war's richest spoils, the ashes of the brave." Then came manfully to his assistance S. A. Cunningham, proprietor and editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who has done so much to hallow the sweet memories of our dead; Gen. Bennett H. Young, that gallant and eloquent Southern orator, whose time and means have ever been freely given to our cause; and other big-hearted men from both North and South.

A Confederate Camp and a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy were organized at Columbus. A monumental arch bearing the one word "America" was erected over the entrance to that hallowed spot, and thousands attend annually on Memorial Day bearing flowers of love. They come from the South with palms and jessamines, from the North with laurel and roses to honor the silent dead.

"Our comrades dead are the living fire upon the altars of memory. * * * And immortality's light perpetually hallows every grave where heroes lie, and every death for duty was a hero's death."

Colonel Knauss and his noble assistants have endeared themselves to every Southern heart for all time to come.

In reciting this story of prison life, I have stated some things which occurred in prisons Nos. 2 and 3 not from my own observation but from reliable information given me by those who were confined in these prisons while I was in prison No. 1. I would be glad to hear from any of my comrades who were in Camp Chase with me. I am greatly indebted to Captain Bouldin and other officers who shared with me the horrors of Camp Chase in refreshing my memory on many incidents that had grown dim.

REVIEW OF SENATOR J. W. DANIEL'S ORATIONS.

BY REV. J. H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

This splendid work, "Speeches and Orations of John Warwick Daniel," compiled by his son, Edward M. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va. (J. P. Bell Company, Richmond), is a worthy memorial of the great Virginia Senator, who kept alive in his day the traditions of that old Southern oratory which was illustrated by Patrick Henry, Clay, Meredith P. Gentry, the Prestons of South Carolina, Polk, and Yancey.

But if true eloquence consists in lofty sentiments and vital truths uttered in burning words of strength and beauty, if it is to be measured by its power to arouse men and stir them to heroic action, then that old type of oratory which made Demosthenes its model was worthy of being preserved on the printed page and cultivated by the coming generations of public men.

These orations of Major Daniel are selected from the great number of addresses made by him from the days of his student life in the University of Virginia to the days of his matured powers as a Senator of the Old Dominion in the Congress of the United States. They include literary orations, memorial addresses, political discussions, and occasional speeches. They all have the literary flavor, the classic atmosphere. The tributes to the great leaders of the South, Davis, Lee, Jackson, and Early, glow with the loftiest patriotism. The political discussions indicate profound acquaintance with the theory of government, and the occasional speeches nominating men for office or presenting testimonials of appreciation are graceful expressions of the sweet amenities of public life. The tributes to the military leaders abound in descriptions of great battles and campaigns which are not only vivid but intelligible. His addresses on Thomas Jefferson and Jefferson Davis, on the settlement of the Northwestern Territory, and on the Monroe Doctrine are not only treasure houses of political history but also of political philosophy.

Major Daniel was a Southerner to his heart's core, loving the South with a devotion that never counted the cost. He gloried in the story of the Confederacy's magnificent fight for State sovereignty and for racial integrity. Above all, he was a Virginian Southerner. He had inherited the grand traditions of the old commonwealth. He was proud of her history. With glowing words he celebrates her sacrifices for liberty and right. With pathetic tenderness does he utter the requiem of her fallen sons. With exultant pride he tells of her recovery from the desolations of war.

Indeed, the only criticism I would venture on the author of these addresses is that his devotion to Virginia sometimes causes him to overlook the achievements of other States in the great war. For example, in his address to the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia on the battle of Gettysburg the credit of Pickett's glorious charge is given almost exclusively to Virginians, and scarce a mention is made of Heth's Division, which was equal sharer of the duty and the danger of that wild charge, and no notice is taken of Archer's Tennessee Brigade, which not only reached the enemy's works but went over them and held them for a while. But the book is a splendid contribution to the history of the South's sacrifice for the Union, when it was true to the Constitution, and of her sacrifices against the Union when it trampled the Constitution underfoot. Every true Southerner will find these orations delightful reading, even though he will miss the rich and varied tones of voice and the expressive features and grace of gesture that added charm in the delivery.

"THE MEN IN GRAY"

BY R. C. CAVE

"The Men in Gray," cloth-bound, 143 pages, contains:

1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. One of the Virginia papers said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury. . . . It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been."

2. "A Defense of the South," a paper which refutes the misrepresentations of the social conditions existing in the South before the war and briefly, sharply, and convincingly states the real issue in the controversy between the sections which culminated in secession and war.

3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government, and shows how the spirit of the one was manifested by the South and the spirit of the other dominated the North.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "After a careful examination, I most heartily indorse 'The Men in Gray,' by Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It is a most admirable defense of the South, and is unanswerable. I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.' No Confederate who desires to have an intelligent appreciation of the great Civil War and its causes and the character of the men who engaged in it on the Southern side can afford to be without Dr. Cave's book. In its way and along its lines it is the best publication since the war. It deserves and should have an extended circulation."

Every Confederate soldier who wishes his children to understand clearly what he fought for and truly honor him for fighting on the Southern side should place this little volume in their hands. Price, \$1, postpaid.

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LOST.—On Monday night, May 6, at eight o'clock on L. & N. train No. 4, between Montgomery and Atlanta, \$95, also set of Catholic beads and a medal, while en route to the Reunion at Macon, Ga. Finder will please communicate with Mrs. John W. Dixon, 454 S. Akard Street, Dallas, Tex.



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This book should be in the hands of every lover of an endeared cause and every seeker after truth. Judge Tyler forcibly insists that in our great Civil War the South contended not for secession or slavery, but for the right of self-government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

The story deals with the tragic fate of Sam Davis, and here again the Judge delves into history and maintains that Sam Davis was not betrayed by his chief-tain, Shaw, as has been generally asserted, but that the plans found on his person were stolen from Federal headquarters at Pulaski by a negro boy, who gave them to his master, an old farmer, in Giles County, who in turn gave them to Davis.

The heroine of the story is a Nashville girl and very attractive. All the characters are natural. The incidents are stirring, and the book is written in the kindest spirit. As a work of fiction it is both instructive and very entertaining. The first limited edition is exhausted, and the second will be on sale soon.

All who have read the book speak of it in the highest terms.



To help a number of Confederate widows secure a pension in Kentucky C. B. Brewer, of Elkton, Route No. 2, asks that surviving comrades of the following will kindly give such information of their service as will help complete the records: L. T. Leavell, Company H, 3d Arkansas Infantry; Benjamin F. McRae, Company E, 23d Tennessee Infantry; J. D. McCormick (or Maccomick), Company H, 2d Virginia Cavalry; E. J. Luck, Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry; J. C. Weddington, Company A, 18th Missouri Infantry; also Charles C. Adams, of Graves County, Ky., who served under Capt. Lynn Boyd and Colonel King, and E. Benjamin Wood, who enlisted from Christian County, Ky., and was under Colonel Woodard.

Mrs. Mary Carnes, of Mist, Ark., Route No. 1, Box 52, who is the widow of Robert H. Carnes, of a Mississippi regiment, wishes to ascertain the company and regiment with which her husband served, and especially the name of the captain. Her husband enlisted from Choctaw or Carroll County, Miss., and she thinks he served under Forrest.

Mrs. S. E. Strode, of Maysville, Ky., would like to hear from any surviving members of Company I, 4th Kentucky Infantry, of the Orphan Brigade, and as to when their command was mustered out. This regiment was mounted before the war ended.

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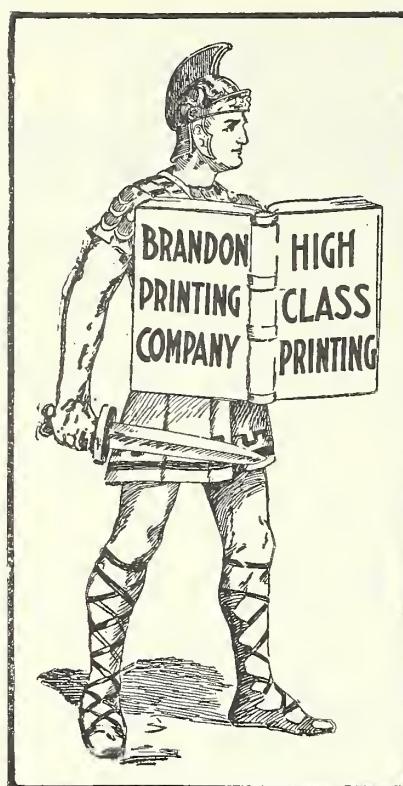
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R. G. Gardner, of Elliston, Va., wishes a copy of the 16-stanza poem on "The Men Who Wore the Gray." Doubtless some of our patrons can supply it.

Miss Jessie L. Yaker, 822 East Second Street, Owensboro, Ky., is trying to secure the war records of three brothers—Tom, Dave, and George Buffington—who were relatives of hers. The last-named died a few years ago at Castleberry, Ala.

Mrs. Mattie Acree, of Hazel, Ky., asks that surviving comrades of her husband, Ed Acree, who was a member of McCroley's company, Woodard's Regiment, will give her information of his service, as she wishes to apply for a pension.

Col. L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., has in his possession a cross of honor that was found on the floor of the Hamilton National Bank there on May 10. The name of John Horned is on the bar of the cross, but no Camp or State is given.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

their widows and children, who have claims for horses and equipments taken from the soldier by Federal troops, in violation of the terms of his surrender, must file same before **June 25, 1912,** or they will be forever barred. The undersigned prosecutes these claims; makes no charge unless the claim is allowed; 25 per cent if collected. I also prosecute claims for cotton taken after June 1, 1865. Respectfully,

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Inquiry is made for an old song which was popular after the death of Gen. A. S. Johnston, and evidently a memorial to him. The refrain begins: "Then fold him away in the stars and bars; he will not dim their brightest gleam." It is hoped that some of our patrons can supply the words in full.

George H. Dunn, 311 E. Central Avenue, Greensburg, Ind., who was first lieutenant of the 35th Indiana Volunteers, makes inquiry for Lieut. David W. Johnston, of Forrest's command, by whom he was taken prisoner in 1863. Lieutenant Johnston was an aid to General Forrest and signed the parole of Lieutenant Dunn as such.

James W. Chambers, of Winchester, Ky., wishes to hear from any surviving comrades of Second Lieut. John L. Whittington, who was with White's Battery, Hamilton's Battalion, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He joined the army of Gen. Sterling Price in Missouri, and served with him till his army was disbanded, and then joined the Tennessee troops. This inquiry is made in behalf of the widow of Lieutenant Whittington, who wishes to get a pension.

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In making this donation we do not ask the U. D. C. or any of their friends to subscribe for a **Share of Stock** or to recommend this drink on **Sentiment or Sympathy.** It is offered to the public on its merits **alone.** However, we want every person to try it, and if you think it has merit, we hope you will recommend it to your friends and the dealers in your town.

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MRS. A. L. WHEAT, 1514 Fourth St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

George C. Pendleton, of Temple, Tex., asks that surviving comrades of A. J. Blount, who enlisted about April, 1863, in Company A, 2d Georgia Infantry (Colonel Maddox), Gartrell's Brigade, Cobb's Division, and was paroled at Albany, Ga., at the close of the war, will kindly write what they know of his service to enable him to get a pension.

W. W. King, of Blackburn, La., writes: "On the 3d of May, 1863, at Salem Church, Va., Wilcox formed a brigade of Alabamians across the turnpike, and at the same time a Georgia brigade was forming on the left. Before getting in line a courier, mounted on an iron-gray horse, came riding down the line giving the commands to charge. Upon reaching the end of the line his horse was shot from under him. I would like to know the name of this courier and if he still lives."

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Dr. Keeley's definition of drunkenness is now universally recognized as absolutely correct. He says:

"It is a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence."

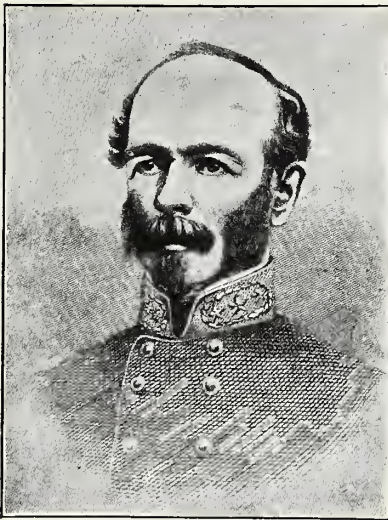
There is little or no hope that, unaided, an inebriate can or will stop drinking of his own accord or by the exercise of his own enfeebled will power.

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The Neale Publishing Company

New York

JUST PUBLISHED

J. E. Johnston

Gen. Joseph Wheeler AND THE Army of Tennessee

By John Witherspoon DuBose

Author of "The Life and Times of Yancey," and of Other Books

HIMSELF a soldier, Mr. DuBose had, further, a personal acquaintance with Gen. Wheeler of forty years' standing, and up to the day of the General's fatal illness corresponded with him. Mr. DuBose is one of the few living men that can speak with certitude of the General and his splendid military career. Moreover, he is a trained writer and an experienced biographer, and has the finer characteristics of a good biographer, judgment, tact, appreciation, and the ability to weigh values, and all these characteristics find full play in this his latest book. It is a true Confederate's story of a great soldier-leader and of a great army.

From THE PITTSBURG POST

Mr. DuBose is a brilliant writer and fearless in the expression of his opinion. And the very fact that many readers will fail to agree with his views regarding the value of the Civil War should make his book all the more interesting.

Here is a portion of Mr. DuBose's discussion of the causes that led up to the war:

"A distinguished citizen of the North recently (1911) addressed an association of individuals engaged in the effort to cultivate the spirit of peace among nations and to prevent resort to war. He enumerated wars in the past that seemed to have been useless to effect the ostensible purpose. Coming, in chronological order, to the war between the United States and the Confederate States, he declared, 'When slavery becomes imbedded in a society, it may require the sharp incision of the sword to eradicate the institution.'

"From the standpoint of an hereditary Southern slave master, perfectly familiar with the relation of slavery to the negro, and to the white population of all classes," continued Mr. DuBose, "I contend that the institution was self-extinguishing by process of influences inherent and that the sword was an intruder, the agent of empirical statescraft—and absurd sentimentality.

"Let us alone!" was the sole cry of the South. Mr. Lincoln answered, 'This republic cannot exist half free, half slave; a house divided against itself must fall.' This republic was not built on Mr. Lincoln's post-structural theory. Mr. Lincoln was not abreast with the moving forces which were potent for the correction of abnormal relations, if any, between the ever-advancing humanity of the Southern negro slave and the ever-advancing white man's civilization of the age. He overlooked the native capacity of the negro to incorporate himself in that civilization."

And later, Mr. DuBose asserts: "The inexorable law of economy which would emancipate the chattel to enlarge his sphere of labor was almost arrived when the sword cut it short. The sword came in, not to advance the capacity of the negro to assimilate with the white man's cultivation, but to revolutionize the process by which the negro had approached the wage status, secure in ultimate achievement, and thus to throw him back upon his own native incompetency for support."

It is in this uncompromising, earnest, and forceful style that Mr. DuBose writes the history of "General Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee." It is a Confederate's story written after forty years of close relationship with General Wheeler and bearing the mark of enthusiasm for his subject, and, naturally, of partisanship. Yet this partisanship does not enter into the record of facts, but simply in the discussion of causes and results. The book in fact has increased value because it presents a Confederate's views. There is pathos in the dedication, "In affectionate memory of my four brothers, Lieutenant James Henry DuBose, killed in battle; Private Eugene DuBose, killed in battle; Private Francis Marion DuBose, died in military hospital; Private Nicholas Williams DuBose, survivor."



Joseph Wheeler

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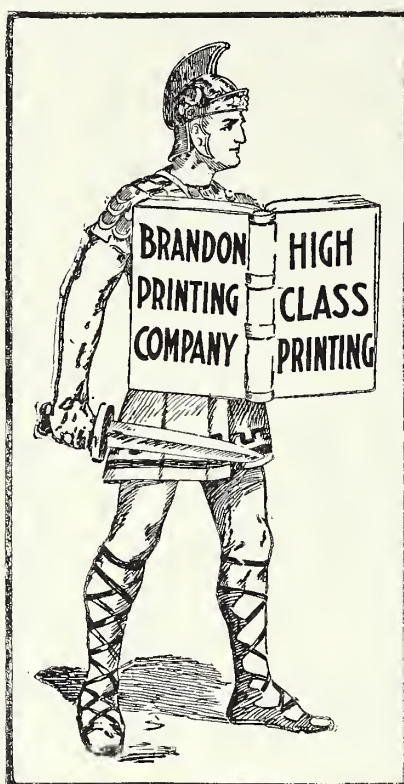
Confederate Veteran.

TWENTIETH YEAR

JULY, 1912

SEVENTH NUMBER





Facts about PRINTING

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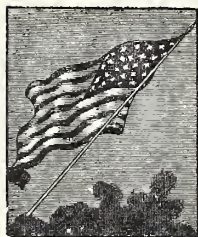
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Mrs. Helen M. Long, of Newnan, Ga., is anxious to procure a copy of the song, "The Flag without a Stain," and will appreciate hearing from any one who can supply it.

Dan H. Morgan, of Commerce, Tex., Route No. 4, Box 6, would appreciate hearing from some of his comrades of Company C, 2d Regiment Georgia Reserves, Gartrell's Brigade, who knew of his service for the Confederacy in 1854-65 at Andersonville Prison, while guarding Yankee prisoners.

I. S. Lester, of Dyer, Ark., is very anxious to recover a watch taken by two of General Stoneman's men during the raid through Forsyth County, N. C., in April, 1865 (near Hausertown or Bethania). The watch was a gold hunting case, with fob, chain, and large gold seal with red and green sets. A liberal reward will be paid for its recovery.

Mrs. Willie James Robinson, of Paul's Valley, Okla., seeks the records of her grandfather, Enoch Pinkney James, and uncle, Thomas Benton James, as soldiers of the Confederacy, and thinks that both enlisted at Lexington, Tenn. The uncle was less than seventeen when he enlisted. He was under a Captain Sharp in the cavalry, while the grandfather was in the infantry service.

W. M. Meador, of Hazel (Route 2), Ky., is anxious to ascertain something of a young lady who ministered to the Confederate wounded at Harrodsburg, Ky., where they had been captured and held by the Federals for several weeks. She volunteered her services in the hospital there, and was devoted in her attentions to their physical and spiritual needs, and now it would be a pleasure to some of those survivors to learn something of their "ministering angel."

Special inquiry is made of the whereabouts of the next of kin of Capt. Charles E. Farrand, late of the United States army, who was a son of Ebenezer Farrand, at one time commander of the United States navy, from which he resigned in June, 1861, and was later a commander in the Confederate States navy. Commander Farrand was a native of New York, and was appointed to the Confederate navy from Florida. This inquiry is made by Messrs. Lyon & Lyon, 1420 New York Avenue (Evans Building), Washington, D. C.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1912.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

Much interest has been aroused through finding the genuine great seal of the Confederate States of America and its procurement by three patriotic gentlemen of Richmond, Va., for preservation in Confederate archives there. An account of its procurement and where it has been kept these many years will occupy several pages in the August VETERAN. The design on the cover of this VETERAN was engraved to be used in connection with it. This photo-engraving is from a copperplate presented to the Editor years ago by Charley Herbst, of Kentucky. With the copperplate Mr. Herbst supplied a certificate as to the genuineness of copy, which is as follows:

J. S. & A. B. WYON.

CHIEF ENGRAVERS OF HER MAJESTY'S SEALS.

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6th March, 1874.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Having received from John T. Pickett, Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, of Washington City, in the United States of America, a certain impression of the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America, obtained by the Electrotpe process, we hereby certify that the said impression is a faithful reproduction of the identical Seal engraved in 1864 by our predecessor, the late Joseph S. Wyon, Esq. (of the Royal Mint), for James M. Mason, Esq., who was at that time in London, representing the interests of the Confederate States, of which the Seal referred to was designed as the symbolical emblem of sovereignty.

We may add that it has been the invariable practice of our house to preserve proof impressions of all important seal work executed by us; and on a comparison of the impression now sent us with the proof impression retained by us we have no hesitation in asserting that so perfect an impression could not have been produced except from the original Seal. We have never made any duplicate of the Seal in question.

Witness our hands, the date above given.

J. S. & A. B. WYON.

The article to appear in August destroys the story told by the old family servant that President Davis placed the original in his custody.

WHAT WAS SAID OF COLONEL OWEN YEARS AGO.

Evander Shapard, Esq., of Shelbyville, Tenn., who was a prisoner at Camp Morton in 1862, when Colonel Owen was commandant, wrote for the VETERAN for May, 1900—a dozen years ago—in regard to an illumination of the prison with the spare half candles that had not been used, of which there were many thousands, to celebrate a Confederate victory. He recalled the current report that citizens of Indianapolis went to Colonel Owen and complained that he permitted it and that Colonel Owen, "*good and true and brave old veteran that he was,*" replied that the night before the citizens of Indianapolis made a demonstration when they heard that McClellan had defeated Lee; that the prisoners then said quietly that the news was false and the truth would come later; but that they had behaved themselves, and that now, since by the more recent news they had occasion to rejoice, he would not interfere with them so long as they observed the rules of the prison. This candle illumination was made on the night of July 5, 1862. Consider these words of a prisoner after thirty-eight years—"good and true and brave old veteran that he was."

Fellow prisoners (wherever the few of you are left), comrades, and friends of every clime, the merit of the proposed tribute to Col. Richard Owen grows better and better. The contributors to this cause may take comfort that nothing of a similar nature was ever undertaken, and every direct and collateral influence that can come of it will be soothing to patriots, benefactors, and Christians. The work is under way, but let us make it as fine as practicable.

MORE GIFTS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

E. M. Whitehead, Denton, Tex., \$1; St. George T. Brooke, Charlestown, W. Va., \$1; R. P. McCarys, Olive Branch, Miss., \$1; W. P. Humphrey, Gretna, La., \$1; Russell Jones, Brunswick, Tenn., \$1; E. C. Faulkner, Montgomery, Ala., \$1; J. Mizell, King's Ferry, Fla., \$10; M. A. Hopkins, Sheffield, Ala., \$1; Rev. Lewis Powell, Owensboro, Ky., \$1; Christian Kreig, Nashville, Tenn., \$1.

From Vernon, Tex., comes the following: A. T. Boger, \$1; J. A. Creager, 50 cents; A. J. Mathis, 50 cents; W. S. Ferrell, \$1; J. S. Rutledge, \$1; J. R. Bradstreet, 50 cents; friend, \$1.

The entire list will be published soon, and those who desire to help in this cause are requested to report now.

KILLED AT FORT DONELSON—WHO WAS HE?

D. W. Fogg, of Mitchellville, Iowa, who served in the 17th Illinois Infantry, writes the *VETERAN*:

"I take great pleasure in reading the *VETERAN*. We have nothing but the kindest feeling for our comrades in the South. They fought for their country as much as we did. You folks are doing something all the time to keep green the memory of your loved ones, and in this work of raising monuments and training children to revere the old soldiers we are falling behind.

"On the battle field of Fort Donelson, when Buckner and Floyd on Saturday tried in vain to cut through our lines, one boy got through and far in advance of his command, and was

killed. The ball struck him in the forehead, so he suffered no pain. We laid him tenderly away. We could find nothing on him giving his name, but he had a picture of himself taken on glass. I had it copied on cards and sent one to the post-master at Dover, but never heard from him. I send one to you, as there may be some one yet living who would know him from the picture in the *VETERAN*. I don't wish you to pub-



WORTHY OF HONOR.

lish this, as I never wrote for a paper. I am nearly seventy years old."

[The letter is too good to withhold. The spirit manifested is so liberal and so patriotic that it ought to be known. Mr. Fogg makes one mistake, however, in the statement that Floyd and Buckner failed to cut through the Federal lines. The founder of the *VETERAN* remembers well the events of that Saturday morning. When the Federals had been driven back a mile or so and we occupied the field, he got from the knapsack of a dead soldier a trophy in stationery with the stars and stripes in bright colors; but as his first letters were sent from prison, he had no desire to send anything of that kind.]

CONFEDERATE BROTHERS AND A COUSIN.

"On a recent visit to Alabama I wrote my three brothers, who live in different States, to meet me in Birmingham for a family reunion at the residence of my youngest daughter," states Col. Joseph Hardie, of Los Angeles, Cal. "They did so, and we enjoyed four days of most delightful companionship. We also invited our first cousin, Major Spence, of Tuscaloosa, to meet with us. Reading from left to right in the top row of the accompanying picture is Mr. William T. Hardie, a cotton merchant of New Orleans, La., age seventy-two years, who was for four years a member of the Washington Artillery, campaigning with Lee in Virginia. The next is Mr. Alva F. Hardie, of Dallas, Tex., age sixty-nine years, who was one of Wheeler's headquarters scouts, being a member of the 51st Alabama Cavalry. The next is Maj. James Spence, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., age seventy-five years, a first cousin. The first year of the war he was a member of the 10th Alabama Infantry, was wounded in Virginia, and was later a member of the 51st Alabama Cavalry with Wheeler. In the lower row from right to left is Capt. Robert A. Hardie, of Uniontown, Ala., age seventy-five years, who was captain of the 31st Alabama Infantry. He was in the Kentucky campaign with Bragg, and was captured at Vicksburg. The

second is Maj. Joseph Hardie, of Los Angeles, Cal., age seventy-nine years, who was adjutant of the 4th Regiment of Alabama Infantry for one year in Virginia, was in the first



battle of Manassas, and later commanded a battalion of cavalry. There were seven boys in this family, six of whom were in the Confederate army, the youngest not being old enough. Their mother was a widow living on a farm, and during the war grew the cotton and the wool, spun the thread, wove the cloth, and cut and made the clothes for her seven sons and all of her servants. When any of them were wounded or received a furlough, they always found a cordial welcome awaiting them in their mother's home. While they were all wounded and were prisoners at one time or another, they all escaped with their lives and have lived to rear families and enjoy a fair measure of prosperity."

TO HONOR BARBARA FRIETCHIE FOR WHAT?

A vigorous protest has been made by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Frederick, Md., through resolutions against the erection in that city of a monument to Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of the poem by John G. Whittier. Monuments are erected to perpetuate the memory of those who did something. Can that be said of Dame Barbara?

Many years ago the *VETERAN* published Gen. Kyd Douglas's refutation of the story that "Barbara Frietchie waved the stars and stripes as the troops of Jackson were passing her home in Frederick, Md." General Douglas was on the staff of General Jackson, and knew whereof he spoke. He says they did not even pass her house. And her nephew says she was a bedridden old woman at the time who could not have performed that act had she desired to do so. It is also told on good authority that Whittier himself expressed regret that the poem had ever been written, and would have left it out of editions of his poems but for the expense entailed.

The Baltimore Sun says the people of Frederick should put nothing on the monument that is not in accordance with historical facts. What, then, is left?

The following inscription is respectfully suggested:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."



GATHERING IN LEBANON, TENN., TO DEDICATE MONUMENT TO GEN. ROBERT HATTON.

A most worthy tribute to Gen. Robert Hatton and thousands of other Confederates in Wilson County, Tenn., has been paid in the recent erection of a monument at Lebanon. While it was undertaken as a monument to the Confederate soldiers of the county, it was most fitting to place upon it the figure of the distinguished citizen who after opposing the war was one of its early soldiers and one of the first generals killed. The four tablets bear the following inscriptions:

North side: "Erected by S. G. Shepard Camp, No. 941, U. C. V., with contributions from true friends of the Southern soldier. A. J. Casey, Chairman; A. W. Page, W. M. Harkreader, Committee."

East side: "To the heroes of 1861-65; not dead, but living in deeds such lives inspire."

South side: "As long as honor or courage is cherished the deeds of these heroes will live."

"Whether on the scaffold high or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man."

West side: "Erected in honor of Confederate veterans of Wilson County and all other true Southern soldiers, 1861-65."

Miss Manie Hatton, of Nashville, General Hatton's daughter, and Miss Manie Hatton Towson, a granddaughter of General Hatton, and Rev. W. E. Towson were present.

Mrs. Robert Hatton came from Georgia to Nashville, but was unable to attend. She is eighty-five and greatly beloved.

Capt. A. K. Miller, who was leader of the movement whereby a fine Confederate monument was erected in the cemetery at Lebanon some years ago, was master of ceremonies.

It is impracticable at present to give the addresses and reports of the proceedings in full that the enterprise merits.

PROMOTER OF THE MOVEMENT.

In a letter as to how the movement was started to erect the monument its promoter, Mr. A. J. Casey, writes:

"I moved to Lebanon from Kentucky November 25, 1910, and leased the Lebanon Democrat until January 15, 1912. While publishing this newspaper I went before the S. G. Shepard Camp and asked them to grant me the privilege of erecting a monument to Confederate soldiers on the Public

Square of Lebanon without asking any local veteran for a contribution. The Camp at my request appointed A. W. Page, W. M. Harkreader, and myself a building committee for the erection of a Confederate monument. I was elected chairman, secretary, and treasurer. I solicited the funds from citizens in Wilson County and throughout the State, and am in debt \$196, for which I have no pledges.

"The contract was let for the erection of the monument by the building committee to the Oman Stone Company, of Nashville, Tenn. The contract for the concrete park, etc., was awarded to W. S. Page, son of A. W. Page. At the April (1911) term the county court granted the right to erect the monument in the Public Square, and the City Council, with Mayor J. T. Odum, later granted us the privilege.

"In September, 1911, I began soliciting money for the monument, and May 20, 1912, was selected as the day for the unveiling, it being the fifty-first anniversary of the day when General Hatton and six companies of soldiers left this county for the war. The day of the unveiling was ideal. One of the largest crowds ever seen in Lebanon was here that day. Commander Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., was the orator of the day. Rev. S. G. Shepard offered prayer. Judge Beard made the address of welcome, and I as chairman and treasurer of the building committee turned over the monument to the S. G. Shepard Camp. Capt. Rufus McClain accepted the monument for the Camp, and at this point the unveiling took place by Miss Manie C. Towson, of Ashburn, Ga., a granddaughter of General Hatton, assisted by W. S. Page's little daughter and W. M. Harkreader's grandson.

"A crowd of grandchildren of veterans stood in front of the monument and sang 'Dixie.' As the curtain fell a detail of the Tennessee State Guard (Captain Boyle) fired a salute.

"A. W. Page on behalf of the S. G. Shepard Camp turned over the premises to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Mrs. A. B. Martin, wife of Dr. M. B. Martin, who is at the head of the Law Department of the Cumberland University, being President, accepted the care of the monument and park."

[The father of the promoter, A. W. Casey, was color bearer in Col. John W. Caldwell's regiment from Russellville, Ky., and was killed in the battle of Shiloh on Sunday morning.]

A BOARD OF ADJUSTERS FOR CHARITY.

Are we not great enough as a people to have a special charity fund to be disbursed by a commission of honorable men? Continually there occurs some defect in pension and other charity laws that should be met in some such way as indicated by the above query. There are many conditions which appeal to such arrangement, one of which is here recited. About eighty years ago a girl was born of good family. She was properly reared and has been a credit to her good name these fourscore years. When the war began, in 1861, she was the wife of a successful merchant who at the call of his country disposed of his store and entered promptly into the hardships and privations of a soldier's life. His wife, equally patriotic and being childless, entered the hospital service and became a representative matron. Her husband succumbed to the army hardships and died in a hospital where she was serving. He had a creditable soldier's burial in the Confederate cemetery at Americus, Ga. After the war she was married to a prominent citizen who was quite old—born in 1810. His property was lost and his widow was left in poverty. Her last husband had not been a soldier, being too old, and by that marriage she was deprived of rights to a pension on account of her first husband's service. There is no law to pension her for her own personal service, and she is living on charity in a remote country place; yet she is the widow of an Odd Fellow and she took one degree in the order. She is the daughter and widow of Free Masons. The VETERAN vouches for all that is herein contained.

James C. Smythe, of Aucilla, Fla., calls attention to the misspelling of the name of Gen. Theo W. Brevard as given at the top of page 278, June VETERAN (a typographical error seemingly), of whom he writes: "On the secession of the State of Florida Theo W. Brevard was Adjutant General of the State. Resigning his office, he commenced raising a company in Tallahassee for Confederate service—the Leon Rifles. I was a member of his company, which was Company D of

the 2d Florida Regiment, commanded by George Ward as colonel. We were mustered into the Confederate service on the 13th of June, 1861. After serving one year, the regiment was reorganized, and Brevard returned to Florida and made up a battalion, which afterwards became the 10th Florida Regiment. Theo W. Brevard was a member of one of the prominent families of Leon County, Fla., and a fine lawyer."



MISS BESSIE BROWN, SPONSOR AT MACON.

SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS AT MACON REUNION.

Mrs. Walter Douglass Lamar, of Macon, Ga., the new President of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., was formerly Miss Eugenia Dorothy Blount, daughter of James H. Blount, who served during the war as a member of the Floyd Rifles, and afterwards organized a company of cavalry, of which he was made colonel. At the time of the surrender his commission as brigadier general had been ordered. Mr. Blount served his State for twenty successive years in the United States Congress, and represented the national government under President Cleveland as Minister Paramount to the Sandwich Islands when the Republicans had produced a revolution out there in 1892.

Mrs. Lamar graduated at Wesleyan Female College, the first chartered college for women in the world, and afterwards took a special course at Wellesley College, near Boston. Much of her young ladyhood was spent in Washington, where she was known as "the fascinating Dolly Blount." Later the heart of Miss Blount was won by Walter D. Lamar, a worthy scion of a noble family. Their home is famed for generous hospitality, and was the official headquarters during the Convention of 1912 for the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Lamar has held many positions of honor in every forward movement of the women of Georgia, and is ably doing her duty as State President of the U. D. C.



MAJ. GEN. W. A. BROWN, COMMANDER ARK. DIVISION.

UNWISE ACTION OF U. C. V. CAMPS.

[A sad but not alarming proposition comes from some of our good comrades in Texas to divide the U. C. V. organization. Its record for good and worthy pleasure to veterans for nearly a quarter of a century embodies too much to be considered lightly or passionately. (See reference to this unhappy subject on page 315 and latter half of first column.) The famous Dick Dowling Camp at Houston, Tex., is the most positively committed of the few Camps to such a course.]

MEMORIAL TO U. C. V., TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

J. J. Hall, Commander, and W. C. Kelly, Adjutant, Dick Dowling Camp, send out a plea in substance:

"Believing that it will subserve the best interest of all members of the United Confederate Veterans living east and west of the Mississippi River, we recommend to all Confederate veterans and their respective Camps that hereafter we hold two annual reunions, one of said reunions to be held in the Cis-Mississippi Department and the other to be held in the Trans-Mississippi Department, each Department to elect its own officers, each grand Division to have jurisdiction over its Department. The time of holding these annual reunions should be so arranged as not to conflict in any way with each other. For instance, have one reunion in the early summer and the other in the early fall, thereby giving the veterans an opportunity of attending either or both of these reunions. Let the Mississippi River be the dividing line. By this method the expense of entertaining would be greatly reduced, as there would be two reunions instead of one. We should take into consideration the long distance traveled by many veterans in order to attend the annual reunions as they have been held heretofore. Many of the old veterans are both physically and financially unable to make these long journeys. By shortening the distance to reunions many veterans could make the trip who would otherwise remain at home. As evidence, out of a membership of three hundred and fifty of the Dick Dowling Camp only twenty-five attended the Macon (Ga.) Convention. The principal cause of the nonattendance of many was that they were physically or otherwise unable to make the long journey.

"In asking for a separate Department for all Camps west of the Mississippi River, our prime motive is to get as many of the veterans together as possible within the short space of our remaining years. Not a day passes that we do not learn of the death of some dear comrade. Trusting that this memorial will meet with the approval of every veteran of the South, we most respectfully ask that all Camps, United Confederate Veterans, in the Trans-Mississippi Department take action in this matter. This is the earnest prayer of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, U. C. V., who will present this memorial to our State Reunion at Cleburne in 1912."

Division reunions have been held for a long while in most of the States. Department reunions might be held as well without interfering with the general Reunions, which have attracted national consideration for over twenty years. The Texans favoring such division can but know that the only motive of the VETERAN is to favor that which is for the general good. Its founder has ever deferred to the great Texas, as he should, for there is evidently no other print that circulates so generally throughout Texas as the VETERAN. More than twenty per cent of its issue is sent to Texas. It may be considered of insufficient importance for notice in the VETERAN, but comrades should be one in interest and in action.

OPPOSED IN ARKANSAS.

At a called meeting of the James Newton Camp, U. C. V., El Dorado, Ark., on June 3, 1912, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas it has been published in the newspapers that certain delegates from Texas to the recent Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Macon, Ga., on their return home expressed great dissatisfaction at the failure of the Convention to select San Antonio, Tex., as the next place of meeting and at their failure to elect General Van Zandt as Commander in Chief, and also expressed their determination to withdraw by Camps from the regular organization of the U. C. V. and form a Trans-Mississippi Department, calling on the State of Arkansas to join them in this movement; and whereas we believe the few years yet remaining when it will be possible for our organization of Confederate veterans to exist should not be marred by dissension in our ranks and the destruction of that spirit of fraternity which has hitherto prevailed throughout the South; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we hereby express our emphatic disapproval of any such movement and call upon all the Camps of the State to take immediate action, so that this very unwise and fatal action may be checked in its incipency; also that a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the El Dorado papers, and the Arkansas Gazette.

"Committee: A. C. Jones, J. T. Tatum, G. T. Cullins."

ARLINGTON AND SHILOH MONUMENTS.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRES. GEN. U. D. C.

While asking the Chapters of the U. D. C. to do all they can for these two monuments, I want to commend to them for their own pleasure and profit two books sold for the benefit of these monument funds.

"Historic Southern Monuments," by Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, 3631 West 30th Avenue, Denver, Colo., is a very handsome book, with beautiful photographs of monuments erected in the Southern States by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Few know that seven hundred monuments to Confederate soldiers have been erected in the South or know the history of them. Mrs. Emerson has tried to secure a photograph of every one of these monuments for her work, and, in addition to these photographs, she gives the addresses and poems delivered at the unveilings of the monuments and historical data connected with them. So this is not only a handsome book but a most valuable one, and every Chapter should possess a copy. The price of the book, postpaid, is \$5.30, and on all orders sent to Mrs. Emerson she will allow \$1.75 for the Shiloh Monument Fund.

A "U. D. C. Chart," arranged by Mrs. J. A. Burton, of Newberry, S. C., gives varied and valuable information about U. D. C. work, and has a handy and condensed reference for all things that she knows should be in the hands of every President of a U. D. C. Chapter. She will find it most helpful. Written primarily for the South Carolina Division, its information, with the exception of one or two strictly State dates, is applicable to every Division. Its price is thirty-five cents, and orders can be sent to Mrs. Burton, the proceeds going to the Arlington Monument Fund.

Many of our U. D. C. Chapters have adjourned for the summer. When you meet again in the autumn, redouble your work for these monuments and build up the funds for them.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

NECESSITY OF BUSINESS DRUMMERS.

When photography is added to the telephone, the necessity of "the traveling man" may be abridged. "Drumming" will be necessary until men may see eye to eye for the salesman or collector to prosper. Success attends efficient drumming where the volume of business is larger. But in subscription matters other methods must be adopted. The VETERAN, for instance, under the interstate commerce law in its widespread patronage, North, East, and West, as well as South, cannot send traveling agents for the small sums of subscription. It is impossible to take the time to investigate the business standing of subscribers and to ascertain when patrons die so the publication may be discontinued to avoid too much loss. Its business must therefore depend upon friends for success. Is that asking too much? It has ever been the rule of the office to be unstinted in its work. More gratuitous service is rendered by it than by any other periodical in existence; and as it is impossible to continue this rule without the coöperation of those who like it and believe it is doing much good, why not coöperate? Why not volunteer to give notice when a patron dies? Why not speak to a friend who can afford to take it and who would thank you for suggesting it? Why not do the great kindness now to see if your own subscription is paid? The date will show you whether you are behind. If the subscriber is a very busy man, won't some member of the family suggest attention to it? This would save hundreds of dollars now and weeks of labor. Impulses are all right, but delay is disastrous to the coöperation that is merited.

What a fine birthday tribute if every subscriber in arrears would remit so that it would be received on July 21!

CONFEDERATES SHOULD DO LIKEWISE.

Robert B. Bolton writes from Philadelphia as follows:

"I have accidentally seen a copy, or rather a part of one, several months old of your magazine, the first one I ever heard of. I like it so well that I inclose a dollar for subscription. I am a Civil War veteran, but was not on the Southern side. I was in the Army of the Potomac. I enlisted when seventeen, and now I am sixty-seven years old.

"Five years ago I attended the Confederate Reunion in Richmond. I wore my Grand Army badge on my coat, and I never had a more enjoyable time. I met your veterans from every Southern State and shook hands with them. I was present at the meetings of Robert E. Lee and George E. Pickett Camps, and made addresses to each of them. I expected to be welcomed and pleasantly treated, but the cordial, enthusiastic reception given me far surpassed my expectation. They called me 'comrade.'

"I never felt any personal animosity toward the Southern soldiers, not even in war days. They just as earnestly believed their cause was right as we; and when men believe in a cause sufficiently to fight or die for it, if necessary, they are worthy of all praise. The men of the opposing armies who so often faced each other on the many awful battle fields certainly admired each other's bravery and endurance. * * * I will

gladly at any time take the hand of an old Reb as cordially as I will the hand of a Yank."

VERMONTERS DON'T AGREEE WITH THE VETERAN.

Henry O. Clark, of East Orange, N. J., in renewing his subscription to the VETERAN writes: "I do not fully coincide with the principles advocated by the VETERAN, but it is interesting to me to read it. We Union soldiers still believe the South was wrong in 1851." [Mr. Clark's regiment has had two dozen annual reunions. They have occurred in June or July every year. He is the only member who has held the office of President twice, succeeding himself in 1898.]

MONUMENT AT WOODLAWN, ELMIRA, N. Y.

The United States government has placed a large granite monument on the soldiers' plot at Woodlawn Cemetery, Elmira, N. Y., over the remains of the forty-nine Confederate soldiers and the seventeen Union soldiers who were killed in a railroad wreck at Shohola, Pa., July 5, 1864. The remains were originally buried near Port Jervis, but the graves were unmarked and unidentified. The names of the victims were secured from the government records. Last fall the government disinterred the remains and brought them to Elmira and buried them in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The inscription on the north side of the monument reads as follows: "Erected by the United States to the memory of privates of the 11th Veteran Reserve Corps, comprising the Union guard, who were killed with their Confederate prisoners of war in the railroad accident near Shohola, Pa., July 5, 1864." [Names of the Federals omitted.]

On the north side of the granite shaft a bronze tablet contains the following inscription: "Erected by the United States to mark the burial place of forty-nine Confederate prisoners of war who were killed as stated above, and whose remains were there buried, but subsequently removed to this cemetery, where the undivided graves cannot now be identified: Joseph Adams, Co. A, 51st N. C.; Jesse E. Baker, Co. F, 51st N. C.; John W. Baxley, Co. A, 31st N. C.; Corp. J. H. Bessent, Co. G, 51st N. C.; J. H. Bird, Co. I, 26th Va.; W. Bowers, Co. B, 48th N. C.; R. Briggs, Co. E, 31st N. C.; Jim Bright, Co. A, 26th Va.; Travers Bryant, Co. I, 51st N. C.; M. Cain, Pegram's Va. Bat.; C. Callahan, Co. C, 10th Cav.; J. W. Cary, Co. I, 51st N. C.; C. O. Center, Co. H, 52d N. C.; John D. Davis, Co. I, 51st N. Y.; N. H. Dever, Co. I, 51st N. C.; Byam Fuller, Co. H, 24th Ga.; W. F. Gatton, Co. B, 35th Va. Cav.; Henry Green, Co. A, 9th Va.; Sergt. William B. Ham, Co. B, 8th N. C.; J. J. Hardison, Co. I, 51st N. C.; J. S. Hatch, Co. H, 53d Ga.; Sergt. R. P. Haynes, Co. H, 26th Va.; William M. Jackson, Co. C, 53d Ga.; A. Joiner, Co. C, 13th Va.; William A. Jones, Co. D, 22d Va.; S. W. Lee, Co. K, 8th N. C.; M. McCorquada, Co. I, 51st N. C.; T. W. McCurvey, Co. K, 16th Ga.; A. McQuaque, Co. B, 31st N. C.; Wallace Manning, Co. F, 31st N. C.; Joseph Mitchell, Co. B, 42d Va. Cav.; Duncan Munroe, Co. I, 51st N. C.; J. C. Parks, Co. H, 22d Va.; J. N. Patrick, Co. H, 26th Va.; J. D. Peiks, Co. E, 47th Va.; R. D. Pitchford, Co. E, 1st N. C. Cav.; D. W. Pope, Co. I, 51st N. C.; Philip Reaser, Co. D, 26th Va. Battle; J. W. Reuls, Co. E, 31st N. C.; T. C. Samkins, Co. C, 2d Ga. Cav.; J. F. Sanford, Co. A, 44th N. C.; W. B. Sangford, Co. K, 16th Ga.; F. W. Sapt, Co. E, 22d N. C.; G. C. Smatley, Co. C, Ga. Legion; H. B. Stauffer, Co. D, 42d N. C.; T. J. Strickland, Co. I, 51st N. C.; Henry Vangham, Co. E, 47th Va.; Sergt. S. D. Watson, Co. F, 51st N. C.; James H. Williams, Co. K, 53d Ga."

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

COMMANDER IN CHIEF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has in many respects a very unusual and extraordinary record. He never handled a card, never touched tobacco, and never used intoxicants, never used an oath, and those who are intimate with him say he never uttered a word that could not be repeated before any woman.

General Young was born in Nicholasville, Jassamine County, Ky., in 1843. The sympathies of his family were with the South. In April, 1861, a national flag was raised over Bethel Academy, the high school of Nicholasville. Young insisted that this flag must come down or one representing the South must go up. Action not being prompt enough, he started up a ladder to take the flag down. The ladder was pulled from under him, and this brought on a fight, and as a result neither flag floated over the schoolhouse. This was probably the first difficulty in Kentucky over the Confederate flag. General Young enlisted as a private in Morgan's command. He was with his regiment, the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, during Cluke's raid in Kentucky in 1863, and subsequently with that regiment in the spring and summer of the same year. He was captured with Gen. John H. Morgan on his Ohio raid, and for a brief while was in the Columbus penitentiary. From thence he was transferred to Camp Chase and afterwards to Camp Douglas, Chicago. A portion of the guard at Camp Douglas was comprised of Indians from Michigan connected with the 21st Michigan Infantry. These guards recklessly emptied their guns into the cells, and a number of Confederates were killed in their bunks. At a meeting of the prisoners Young was chosen to appear before the commandant to protest against this wrong. He walked boldly into the office of the commandant and declaimed vigorously against the killing of helpless prisoners. He warned the commandant that a just God would surely punish so great a wrong, and there are those who feel that the decimation of that regiment at Cold Harbor was a verification of the prophecy of that hour.

After an unsuccessful attempt to escape, Young stood again before the commandant. He was reminded of his conduct at the former interview, and was given a thirty-day sentence in an underground dungeon. By the bribing of the guard he subsequently escaped and made his way to Canada, where he was placed in command of a number of returning prisoners, and ran the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., under fire. When the Federal blockader opened fire on the vessel running the blockade, a large part of the crew became panic-stricken and sought cover in the hold of the vessel. The soldier passengers took the post of danger and held it until the boat was landed under the guns of Fort Fisher.

Reaching Richmond in June, 1864, he was promoted and sent out by way of Wilmington on secret service. He was one of the expedition sent to Chicago in July, 1864, to undertake the liberation of eight thousand prisoners in Camp Douglas but which failed by the betrayal of the plans by a spy. He was subsequently ordered to attempt the release of the prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, where it was proposed to capture the State arsenal, rush the guards at Camp Chase, and release the prisoners. This dangerous task was to be undertaken by only twenty men. When the critical moment arrived, the danger was so great that several men hesitated and refused to proceed and left their associates at Columbus. This defection rendered impossible the attempt to make the attack. Subsequently by the order of C. C. Clay, Confederate

Commissioner, he was directed to make a raid into Vermont. This was undertaken and executed. Twenty men captured the town of St. Albans, Vt. They took the money from the banks and fired the public buildings. The money was paid over to Confederate agents in Canada. The United States undertook to extradite the men engaged in the raid. The trial lasted more than seven months, and the courts of Canada decided that Young and his companions had acted under the order of their superior and were not amenable to civil law, and were released. Young was prosecuted by the British government after this release, charged with organizing an armed force on British soil; but after holding him under a large bond until the spring of 1866, the authorities were compelled to abandon the prosecution and admitted that there was not proof to sustain the charge.

General Young was exempted from the benefits of the amnesty proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, and could not return to this country. He was compelled to reside abroad until the middle of 1868, more than three years after the close of the war. He lived quite a part of the time in Canada and in England and a portion of the time in the family of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. Later he took honors in the University of Ireland in both law and literature. After more than three years, the two hundred and fifty persons who were refused amnesty were allowed to return. General Young then settled in Louisville and undertook the practice of law. His rise in the profession was extraordinary, and at the age of thirty he was ranked among the great jury lawyers of Kentucky. He was one of the counsel for Governor Goebel and was near to his side at the time he was shot in the courthouse yard at Frankfort. He prepared all the papers providing for the succession of Governor Beckham to Governor Goebel, and was the trusted adviser of Governor Beckham at that critical and important period. In introducing General Young to an audience where he was to deliver the address upon Governor Goebel on the third anniversary of his death, Governor Beckham said: "In the darkest time of Kentucky's history General Young was my legal adviser. During the trying and difficult circumstances of that eventful hour he never failed to give me the wisest counsel, and I owe much to him for the successful outcome from the surroundings of that dreadful period of our State's life."

SERVICES TO THE CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATION.

General Young first became prominent in the counsels of the United Confederate Veterans at the first meeting at Nashville, Tenn. His speech nominating Louisville for the place of meeting for the next Reunion was characteristic of the man. His reference to John B. Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, Wade Hampton, and W. L. Cabell moved the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. General Lee put his arms around General Young's neck and kissed him on the cheek and said to him: "You are too young for a Veteran and too old for a 'Son.' What will we do with you?"

No man in all the organization was closer to Gen. John B. Gordon, Stephen D. Lee, Wade Hampton, Clement A. Evans, or George W. Gordon than the new Commander.

GENERAL YOUNG'S CONNECTION WITH THE ORGANIZATION.

In 1899, when he was Adjutant General of the Kentucky Division, he wrote the report which provided for the organization of the Kentucky Confederate Home. He became chairman of the committee to raise funds to purchase the property. In this he was extraordinarily successful. He wrote all the legislative acts and secured all the statutes connected with the

Confederate Home. He was named the first trustee of the Home by Governor Beckham, was made president of the organization, and from that time to this he has been president of the institution. The Kentucky Confederate Home, which has two hundred and fifty inmates, was pronounced by Federal surgeons who visited it for inspection to be the most comfortable, homelike, and best-managed of Soldiers' Homes.

For eight years General Young was Commander of the Kentucky Division, each time being elected by acclamation. At Mobile he was elected Commander of the Department of the Army of Tennessee. He has thus gone through all the grades—Camp Commander, Adjutant General of Division, Division Commander, Department Commander, and now has reached the top as Commander in Chief. In all these places he has served his comrades with unstinted zeal and devotion. He is widely known all through the South for his great capacity as a Confederate orator, and no other man can so move the Confederate heart as this Kentuckian. In these gifts he is more like John B. Gordon than any other.

When the birthplace of Jefferson Davis in Christian and Todd Counties was about to pass into control where it could not be used for memorial purposes, General Young advanced the money necessary to secure the title and to preserve it for dedication as the memorial of Jefferson Davis. He was made President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association and took the lead in securing from the Kentucky Legislature at its last session seven thousand and five hundred dollars to aid in properly marking this spot, sacred to all Southern people.

Several hundred Confederates were killed in the battle of Fishing Creek. These men were from Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee. General Young, Mrs. L. Z. Duke, and James A. Shuttleworth paid for the erection of a Confederate monument to be built on a plot of ground which a Federal soldier donated, to be known as Zollicoffer Park, on the spot where General Zollicoffer fell. The monument was erected to the memory of those heroes of the South who filled for so long unmarked graves, and a beautiful marker was placed over the graves of the soldiers.

The Army of the West feels particularly interested in General Young. His speech at Memphis in 1900 on the services and sacrifices of the Army of the West, both the Army of Tennessee and the Trans-Mississippi, takes high rank among Confederate papers, and his address at the dedication of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis to public use has been read by many thousands with approval and delight. It is a worthy presentation of Mr. Davis's character and life.

His publication regarding the manacling of President Davis in Fortress Monroe by General Miles was pronounced by Stephen D. Lee to be the "most forceful piece of Confederate literature."

The report of the Historical Committee at the Mobile Reunion prepared by General Young, entitled "The South in History," was used by Francis Trevalyn Miller in his great book, "The Semi-Centennial of the Civil War," and was said by him to be the most eloquent presentation of Southern valor that had ever come to his knowledge. It was published in pamphlet form by the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and thousands of copies have been distributed to the veterans and the public under the caption, "The South in History."

General Young is a man of wide parliamentary experience, full, strong voice, and vigorous body, and with "the power to control any assemblage under any circumstances." It is easy to predict for him a successful administration as Commander in Chief.

TRIBUTE TO GORDON, LEE, EVANS, AND GORDON.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V.

So shall they sleep, their still hands gently crossed,
Like tired children's after life's long day;
So shall they rest, these bravest, tempest-tossed,
These war-scarred chieftains who have led the gray.

So shall we fold their tattered battle flags
That dripped with blood, that burned with smiting fire;
So shall we leave them, while Time's sickle drags
Along the furrows built by man's desire.

And were this all, 'twas glory so to die,
To gain a hero's rest beside his blade;
To leave a record missaied pure and high
Above the broken wrecks that war has made.

But their strong hearts that panted from their toil,
That fainted not beside their pallid hope,
Reared high again, despite the victor's spoil,
Their gods upon the Southland's sun-kissed slope;

While their clear eyes were single to the dawn
In birth throe with the newer, fairer age;
For them truth's trumpet rang ere they were gone
Her clarion notes, once strangled out with rage.

God rest them! Patriots, chieftains to the last,
E'en through the veil of silence hard in hand!
Who loved them, felt a blessing as they passed,
Who knew, a sunset glow that filled the land!

CONCERNING TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BY W. T. SHAW, ADJT. GEN. TO GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, FORT WORTH, TEX.

I regret to learn from private correspondence that a statement appeared in Macon papers after the Reunion to the effect that General Van Zandt was leading a movement to withdraw the Trans-Mississippi Department from the general U. C. V. organization. This statement was wholly unwarranted by the facts. While some of his enthusiastic supporters were disappointed and expressed dissatisfaction, the General himself and those most directly responsible for the mention of his name as a candidate accepted the result unperturbed and can be relied upon to continue their influence for the general organization under the leadership of our new Commander in the future as they have done in the past. In fact, the General was very much opposed to being considered a candidate, and not until Oklahoma and Texas in their State conventions had unanimously instructed for him, followed by the positive assurance that Arkansas favored the movement, and many influential Camps throughout Texas had passed strong resolutions to that end (one of which from John B. Hood Camp of Austin I inclose you a copy), did he consent to allow his name to be used. He stated positively from the beginning that the maintenance of the peace and harmony of the organization above any and all personal interests was his chief desire and that he was opposed to anything calculated to engender strife or defeat this high purpose.

I make this statement on my own responsibility, not that it is necessary for those who enjoy a personal acquaintance with General Van Zandt, but for the information and benefit of those among your readers who do not know him personally and to correct any false impression arising from the unwarranted statement mentioned above.

FROM THE AUSTIN RESOLUTIONS.

The resolutions unanimously adopted by the John B. Hood Camp, No. 103, U. C. V., Austin, Tex., February 11, state in part:

"*Resolved*: 1. That in the opinion of this Camp the time has arrived when, for a term at least, the general command of the United Confederate Veteran organization should pass to the westward of the Mississippi River, and that the delegates from this Camp are instructed to use their utmost endeavors to that end.

"2. That John B. Hood Camp, No. 103, U. C. V., places in nomination for the position of General commanding one who is identified with both the Trans-Mississippi and the Army of Tennessee Departments, in that he volunteered (in 1861) from Texas, the State in which he was reared and to which he returned when the Confederate flag was furled, having served with conspicuous gallantry and courage during the four intervening years as captain and field officer in a 'fighting regiment which gave two general officers to the Confederate army in the persons of Brig. Gens. John Gregg and H. B. Granbury,' which participated in the defense of Fort Donelson, where its first lieutenant colonel, J. M. Clough, lost his life in a gallant charge on the enemy. * * * General Van Zandt has since then ever stood in the front ranks as a typical Southern citizen, and by his fidelity to the Confederate organization and his ability has risen by the will of his comrades to be commanding officer of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Lieut. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt.

"3. That Confederate Camps everywhere are earnestly requested by us to consider the merits of our claim for a Western Commander once at least and to consider the eminent fitness of the promotion proposed and to coöperate with us.

H. G. ASKEW, *Adjutant*;

W. B. WALKER, *Commander*."

It appears that the famous Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, Tex., has formally acted in withdrawing from the U. C. V.

Comrades, that won't do. In the voting at Macon, Missouri did not stand for its Trans-Mississippi candidate. Away back at the first New Orleans Reunion, after a spirited contest for the next Reunion and a failure to carry it, a prominent delegate, a representative Texan, said in anger: "Let us go home." But better counsel prevailed, and there were then four to every one perhaps of the organization now alive and able to attend Reunions. Let all who are impatient, just as may seem their cause, read the words of General Van Zandt on April 27, 1912, to a friend who suggested that he come through Tennessee and see a sick kinsman who has since died. After explaining that he could not do so on account of the condition of his wife's health, he added: "Over my protest my friends have expressed a determination to present my name for Commander. I am deeply sensible and grateful for their consideration, and to be Commander of the United Confederate Veterans would fill my cup of ambition to overflowing; but unless it is best for the organization I do not wish it, for my greatest desire is to promote the good of our Confederate organization."

At Macon, when competition was at fever heat, he heard that some report was being circulated derogatory to his strongest competitor, and with much feeling he forbade any such controversy by those who favored his election.

No nobler soldier, no better citizen, no worthier man ever belonged to the organization than Major Van Zandt, now the senior Department Commander of the U. C. V.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. HARRIETT HOLLAND, PRESIDENT, JACKSON, TENN.

The sixteenth annual Convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was held in Dayton May 8-10.

A most successful and enjoyable gathering of Tennessee Daughters is on record for Dayton, a place full of enthusiastic Confederate reminiscences, having furnished to the Confederacy more men than she had voters and the only company of women organized during the War of the States, a company of eighteen who were arrested and taken to Chattanooga as prisoners of war to give an account of their attempt to destroy the Union. [The story of this remarkable organization was given in the *VETERAN* for April, 1911, on page 159.—EDITOR.]

V. C. Allen, the hostess Chapter, was named for Judge Allen, who was wounded four times and left for dead on the battle field, but still survives an honored and aged citizen of Dayton. We welcomed the Daughters for the Veterans.

Speeches of welcome were voiced by many others: Mrs. Robinson for the hostess Chapter, Hon. B. G. McKenzie for the Sons of Veterans, and the newly elected Mayor, Mr. Crawford, on behalf of the fair young city. Response from the U. D. C. was given most felicitously by Vice President Mrs. W. T. Young, of Nashville.

Dayton opened wide her homes and hotels to free entertainment for more than one hundred delegate visitors. Her beautiful courthouse was tendered for the convention hall. It was dressed in flags and banners of bunting, red, white, and red, and its court room was filled to overflowing both day and night with eager crowds to hear what we Daughters were doing. Citizens were not too busy to leave stores, shops, and banks to do us honor and thus inspire us to nobler efforts.

Three days of vigorous work showed progress along all lines as follows: Two monuments completed last summer, one at Cleveland by Jefferson Davis Chapter and one at Union City by Leonidas Polk Chapter; fountain with seats in park at Brownsville by Forrest Chapter; public drinking fountain at Humboldt by N. B. Forrest Chapter; memorials in public schools at Ripley by John Sutherland Chapter; high school at Fayetteville named in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee; amount collected for Shiloh monument, \$212; collected for Arlington monument, \$100; new members for past year, 300; new Chapters and auxiliaries, 5.

According to by-laws the required number of officers were elected for the next two years as follows: Mrs. S. C. Dobbins, Paris, Third Vice President; Mrs. J. C. Estes, Chattanooga, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Maggie Sharp Darwin, Dayton, Registrar; Mrs. J. D. Kelso, Chattanooga, Treasurer; Mrs. W. T. Davis, Nashville, Historian; Mrs. Florence Mills, Chattanooga, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. Pauline Dance Ross, Trenton, Custodian of Flags.

The Division last year offered a medal for the best Confederate historical essay. This was awarded to Miss Elizabeth Ring, of Franklin. The silk banner offered to the Chapter doing the best historical work by Mrs. Owen Walker was secured by Franklin Chapter, No. 14.

On account of conflicting dates—especially the Macon Reunion—many familiar faces of dear veterans and friends were missed, that of our *VETERAN* Editor being among them.

Our next State Convention goes to Knoxville in May, 1913.

Comrades of Capt. Bailey Higgenbotham's company, H, 22d Regiment Virginia Mounted Infantry, are requested to correspond with Raleigh W. Meadows at Flemingsburg, Ky., Lock Box 136.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The thirteenth annual Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was held in Macon, Ga., May 6-9, 1912. The first meeting was held on Monday, May 6, at 4 P.M. in the Grand Opera House. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance for the several addresses of welcome. The first was by Rev. J. P. McFerrin in behalf of the Confederate veterans of Macon. He spoke of the bravery of the women of the South and of their untiring efforts to contribute to the wants of the Confederate soldiers in bivouac and hospital. Gen. C. Irvine Walker was then introduced and welcomed the Memorial women in the name of the U. C. V. organization. He was followed by Hon. Ellsworth Hall, who spoke for the Sons of Confederate Veterans. He compared the Southern mothers to one of old Sparta, who told her son on going to battle: "Come back with your shield or on it."

Mrs. L. R. Schuyler, of New York Chapter, U. D. C., spoke of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, Second Vice President U. D. C., spoke as the official representative of Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General U. D. C., who was prevented from being present by illness in her family. Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., was to have responded to these addresses of welcome, but belated trains delayed her arrival. Prof. J. T. Derry, of Atlanta, Ga., in a short talk extolled the virtues of the women of the Confederacy, to whom Jefferson Davis had dedicated his grand work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and at the close of Professor Derry's remarks the chair in which Jefferson Davis had sat on his last visit to Macon was presented for the use of the President during the convention. The chair was placed on the platform by two Reunion scouts, and two lovely Macon girls placed a garland of pansies around the chair. The pansy is the flower adopted by all Memorial Associations. So closed the first meeting.

The officers and delegates attended the opening meeting of the U. C. V., seats having been provided for them on the platform. During the meeting General Walker presented Mrs. W. J. Behan to the veterans. In a few words she greeted them in the name of the Memorial women of the South.

The meetings of the C. S. M. A. were held daily in the Mulberry Street Methodist Church. Interesting reports were read, and the prevailing sentiment was that, although their ranks were growing thinner, the enthusiasm and devotion of the Memorial women showed no waning, and that Memorial Day exercises were made more solemn and impressive each year. It was most gratifying to hear that the school children were taking such an active part in this beautiful custom and that thousands joined in the parades on Memorial Day.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Athens, Ga., was present at the convention, and spoke most feelingly of the beautiful work carried on by the Memorial Association of Athens, and declared most earnestly that Memorial Day exercises should be conducted by the Memorial Associations wherever they existed. She protested in strong terms against the term "Decoration Day" and in favor of "Memorial Day." Miss Rutherford offered the following resolution: "That in States where Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday all patriotic associations should unite in celebrating that particular day in honor of the Confederate dead, and by so doing to make Memorial Day exercises an object lesson to the youth of the land, teaching them to honor and revere the memory of the heroes of the Confederacy." The resolution was unanimously adopted.

A splendid report from the Educational Committee was made through the chairman, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, of Richmond, Va. The investigations of her committee extended through ten States. The Confederate Highway Committee reported favorably and expressed a determination to see that the proposed plan was carried out. The chairman, Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, of Front Royal, Va., will ask for the co-operation of the Southern Commercial Congress at Washington, D. C. The Membership Certificate Committee was authorized to have certificates printed, to be sold only to members of Memorial Associations. In the future the officers will wear a distinctive ribbon badge with title printed thereon. A press committee was named, with Mrs. W. W. Whitefield, of Pensacola, Fla., as chairman. Rules for securing data for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be published later.

The Chickamauga Monument Committee of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala., made the pleasing announcement that the monument would be unveiled on the Chickamauga battle field on June 3, 1912.

At 11:30 the C. S. M. A. adjourned to meet in the U. C. V. auditorium and participate in the joint memorial exercises.

The program of the memorial service was slightly changed owing to the disorder in the auditorium, and General Walker turned it over to the President of the C. S. M. A., who conducted the service. Rev. W. M. Neelley, of Florence, Ala., offered the opening prayer, and Gen. H. T. Davenport, of Americus, Ga., made the announcements. The beautiful tribute to Gen. Clement A. Evans prepared by Gen. J. L. McCollum, of Atlanta, Ga., was read by Mr. S. A. Cunningham. Gen. L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., read the memorial to Gen. George W. Gordon, which embraced every characteristic of the man and soldier. He was followed by Col. Nat E. Harris, of Macon, Ga., who delivered a soul-stirring and inspiring address dedicated to the Confederate soldiers who had answered the final roll call. The memorial women and the audience joined in singing the favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," under the leadership of Miss Mary F. Simpson, a member of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va. The three front rows of seats in the auditorium were occupied by Company A, Confederate Veterans, of Memphis, Tenn., with draped banner as a tribute to their late beloved Commander, Gen. George W. Gordon. The memorial exercises were concluded with prayer and benediction by Rev. Dunbar H. Ogden, D.D., of Atlanta. Dr. Ogden, the son of a Confederate veteran, had been invited by the C. S. M. A. to deliver the memorial address for the Memorial Associations; but owing to the limited time allotted for these exercises, we very reluctantly yielded to his request and omitted his address.

Returning to the Mulberry Street Methodist Church, the "Memorial Hour" was the first order of business. After prayer, the Secretary, Miss Hodgson, called the roll, "In Memoriam," while the members stood with bowed heads. The twenty-third Psalm was read by Mrs. R. F. Harrell, of Alexandria, La., after which she read with tender pathos a poem by Mrs. Lilitia Lever Younge, of New Orleans, La., entitled the "Tributes of the States." Miss Anna Smith followed with a reading of "In a Dream," a very beautiful selection from "Surry of Eagle's Nest."

ELECTION OF OFFICERS OF THE C. S. M. A.

Mrs. Behan was nominated for President by Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, of Atlanta, and then Mrs. T. R. Lee, chairman, spoke a few words of appreciation of Mrs. Behan.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

Mrs. W. J. Behan, New Orleans, La., President (reëlected).

Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, New Orleans, La., Recording Secretary (reëlected).

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Richmond, Va., Corresponding Secretary (reëlected).

Mrs. John E. Maxwell, Pensacola, Fla., Treasurer.

Miss Mary A. Hall, Augusta, Ga., Historian.

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn., Poet Laureate.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery, for Alabama.

Mrs. Julia Garside Welch, Fayetteville, for Arkansas.

Mrs. Horace L. Simpson, Pensacola, for Florida.

Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta, for Georgia.

Mrs. James Dinkins, New Orleans, for Louisiana.

Mrs. E. C. Varroll, Vicksburg, for Mississippi.

Mrs. George K. Warner, St. Louis, for Missouri.

Mrs. Robert H. Jones, Raleigh, for North Carolina.

Mrs. J. R. Bachman, Columbia, for South Carolina.

Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, Memphis, for Tennessee.

Mrs. Shelton Cheeves, Petersburg, for Virginia.

After the newly elected officers had been escorted to the platform, the President thanked her co-workers for their co-operation and asked for their continued zeal and loyalty.

The report of the Resolution Committee was called for, and Mrs. George K. Warner, chairman, presented the following:

"Whereas the Confederate Southern Memorial Association in convention assembled extend thanks and wish to express their appreciation to the Mayor and city officials, Col. W. A. Harris, general chairman, members of the Reunion committee, citizens of Macon, Mrs. W. D. Lamar, President Georgia Division and of Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., Daughters of the American Revolution, Nathaniel Macon Chapter (Mrs. T. C. Parker, Regent), Mary Hammond Washington Chapter (Mrs. Charles C. Holt, Regent), Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Children of the Confederacy, stewards and officers of Mulberry Street Methodist Church, Mercer Glee Club, the press, the band of the Second Regiment Infantry, National Guard of Georgia, the ministers and committee for historical evening, Mrs. West, Mrs. Berryman, Miss Craig, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Moore, Miss M. Campbell for their cordial hospitality; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the Confederate Southern Memorial Association expresses sympathy to the family of Mr. Walter J. Grace in the great loss sustained in the death of their loved one. How sweet the thought was to leave vacant his part in our program of welcome!

"2. That we appreciate the pretty act of the Daughters of the American Revolution in bringing to our convention hall the chair President Davis sat in on his last visit to Macon draped in a garland of our memorial flower, the pansy, for the use of our President, Mrs. W. J. Behan.

"3. That we honor the spirit of Macon in her beautiful decorations and royal reception.

"Respectfully submitted: Mrs. G. K. Warner, Mrs. M. E. Batts, Mrs. P. S. Morris, Committee on Resolutions."

After the adoption of the resolutions, the members joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again," and the President declared the thirteenth annual Convention closed.

Newt Green, of Livingston, Tex., desires to correspond with any survivors of Company B (Capt. W. S. Rather), 4th Texas Regiment, under Col. Dan Showalter.

COL. MATT F. LOCKE.

SKETCH BY A. A. NORTH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

M. F. Locke died in El Paso, Tex., June 4, 1911. He was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., near Murfreesboro, July 10, 1824; therefore was in his eighty-seventh year. At the age of twelve his parents moved to Marshall County, Miss., where he lived until 1850.

In 1846 he enlisted in the 1st Mississippi Regiment of Volunteers for the Mexican War. This regiment was commanded by Col. Jefferson Davis. Young Locke served with distinction throughout that war as a member of his colonel's bodyguard. The regiment was engaged in the three days' fight at Monterey and subsequently in the two days' battle of Buena Vista, where, by Santa Ana's own admission, 24,000 Mexicans were opposed and defeated by scarce 4,500 raw American volunteers. According to General Taylor's report, the gallantry and bravery of this regiment saved the day for the Americans. Santa Ana's forces were advancing through the mountain pass, confident of victory, when General Taylor asked Colonel Davis if he could check them. "I can if you will give me one regiment to support me," was the reply. Colonel Lane, of the 3d Indiana, volunteered his regiment, and the fight began. Santa Ana was checked at the pass, which, Colonel Locke said, literally ran with blood when the struggle ended. The 3d Indiana by their bravery at this juncture wiped out the disgrace to their State caused by the cowardice of the 2d Regiment, which had turned its back to the enemy previously.

Colonel Locke said that it was there that he first saw Colonel Davis, later President of the Confederacy, in action; that he was cool, absolutely fearless, and the idol of his soldiery. Colonel Davis was seriously wounded on the second day of this battle and was attended by Young Locke, who cherished "the honor of assisting the surgeon in bandaging the wound."

Colonel Locke denied the statement often made that General Taylor was at enmity with Colonel Davis previous to this battle, and, on the contrary, he said the General had chosen his regiment as his bodyguard six months previous to that time, and that he and Colonel Davis, his son-in-law, were on the best of terms.

Mr. Locke married in Mississippi soon after that war, and in 1850 moved to Upshur County, Tex. He was elected and served three terms, representing this county in the Texas House of Representatives, of which he was twice elected Speaker, serving from 1854 to 1860. He was then elected a delegate to the secession convention at Austin, over which he presided (Hon. O. N. Roberts was president), being familiar with parliamentary law and having a fine voice, as also the succeeding session which ratified the ordinance after it had been submitted to the people. He was appointed by the convention chairman of the committee to notify Gov. Sam Houston, who was a Unionist, of the action of the convention that deposed him. He and Houston were warm personal friends, members of the same religious denominations, and both Tennesseans. Governor Houston had taken Mr. Locke in his arms when an infant. Owing to these circumstances the duty was by no means an agreeable one. Colonel Locke said that Governor Houston was one of the most courteous gentlemen he ever knew, and as such received the committee. Colonel Locke as chairman of the committee said: "Governor Houston, the convention now in session has decided that it and you cannot work in harmony. Therefore this committee has been delegated to inform you that you have been deposed from

the office; we are therefore under the necessity of asking you to vacate."

The Governor replied: "Gentlemen, I appreciate your position. I have the honor to bid you good morning."

Lieutenant Governor Clarke succeeded Houston. He appointed Mr. Locke, after the ordinance of secession passed, colonel of cavalry, and he at once raised a regiment, which was the third organized under State auspices. It was subsequently transferred to the Confederate government as the 10th Texas Cavalry. While drilling his regiment Colonel Locke was elected to represent his district in the State Senate, which position he promptly declined over the urgent insistence of the Governor, giving as his reason that the men he had enlisted expected him to command them. He served throughout the war, participating in many of the important engagements, first under General Hogg, the father of ex-Governor Hogg, and subsequently under Generals Price, Van Dorn, Braxton Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston.

His and another regiment opened the battle of Murfreesboro, and he fought over the ground traversed as a barefooted boy. His gallantry in this battle won him the offer of promotion to brigadier general, which was declined on account of failing health. The name of the colonel of the associate regiment has escaped my memory, but Colonel Locke told me that he was brave to a fault. At the beginning of the battle that officer said to him: "I have a presentiment that I will not survive this battle; and if I fall, I want you to look after my regiment." Within the hour he was killed.

Another incident he told me was that the color bearer of each army advanced until they met, where, grasping the flag-staffs in their left hands, they fought with the right until both were killed. [The Confederate in this heroic action was Sergt. A. Sims. (See Series I., Volume XX., Part I., page 914.) The VETERAN should have a sketch of him.—EDITOR.]

At the close of the war Colonel Locke removed to Van Buren, Ark. Shortly thereafter he laid out the town of Alma, and was known as the "Father of Alma." In the fall of 1887 he was elected the first Commissioner of Agriculture, and in January, 1888, organized the present department in that State, and two years later was reelected. In that year he removed to Little Rock, and in 1890 married Mrs. Jennie L. Laurie, who survives him, being his third wife. Partly on account of her health in 1909 he moved to El Paso, where his days were ended June 4, 1911.

It was during a sojourn in El Paso in the fall and winter of 1909 that the writer had the good fortune to meet this distinguished veteran and prominent legislator, and at his home obtained from him the facts herein narrated. From other sources I learned that he was recognized as the dominant spirit in the councils of the State in the strenuous days of 1861, and that his influence reached farther perhaps than that of any other man in shaping the destiny of Texas at that eventful period.

Colonel Locke left numerous relatives in Davidson, Rutherford, and Bedford Counties, prominent among them the Weakley family.

When the writer knew him, nearly two years ago, he was physically infirm, mainly due to partial paralysis; but his mind was as clear as when he wielded the gavel in the Texas House of Representatives. I have used his own words as far as possible, but have been forced to use my own that a full measure of justice might be accorded where the characteristic modesty of the brave soldier forbids him doing justice to him-

self. His name deserves to be recorded on the scroll of fame beside those of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston, with other unnamed heroes and statesmen whose indomitable courage and



COL. MATT F. LOCKE.

strong intellect were such material factors in aiding Texas to attain her proud position in the galaxy of States and for whom she is lastingly indebted to Tennessee.

PLEA FOR PEACE—WAR IN CONTRAST.

There sleep many Confederate heroes at Jackson, Tenn. In May, 1885, Hon. William G. Brien, of Nashville, made an oration there on the occasion of the decoration of the Confederate graves under very different circumstances from the present, in which he said:

"Providence always approves a benevolent act. The day is auspicious. Nature is clad in her richest vesture of foliage and flowers, the air is balmy and fragrant; the sky is so cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful that God alone is to be seen in heaven. We meet in the midst of profound peace to recall the sad memories of war. Every nation must exist in one of two conditions—peace or war. The former is a state of health, the latter is abnormal.

"Prophecy glows with the highest and holiest inspiration when predicting that noble elevation of the human family which shall know war no more, when the ferocity of the lion shall repose by the side of the harmlessness of the lamb and the innocence of childhood shall lead them under its direction and control, and when the weapons of warfare shall be fashioned into the implements of husbandry.

"That war should exist at all argues the imperfection of human reason. It is the executive branch of an inchoate government. It confessed the infancy of jurisprudence. It is a rule of action without the basis of reason for its foundation. It means that reason has been suspended or has failed in its functions and that thoughtless passion has usurped its sway. It suggests the tented or tentless field, the bivouac, the silent watch, the midnight march, the human form, daring, and courting diseases in all climates, in exposure to all seasons and every weather; the hospital,

with its pallor and its emaciations; the grave, with its silence, its gloom; the field, with its horrors, broken bones, severed arteries, lacerated nerves and muscles, cries of pain, wails of anguish, sighs, tears, and groans. It speaks of disconsolate widowhood, of unprotected orphanage, of devastated fields, of smoldering ruins, burning homes and flaming cities. Then

“Waft not to me that blast of fame

That swells the trump of victory,

For to my ear it gives the name

Of slaughter and of misery.

Wave not so high the victor's plume,

Boast not so much of honor's sword;

They point me to the blood-stained tomb,

They point me to the bosom gored.’

“War settles no question, decides no issue. It is a resort to physical force, because the intellectual power engaged has failed to compass its object or attain its purpose. In what engagement of the late war did an idea originate bearing on the subject in dispute? In the mouth of what cannon and the muzzle of what rifle were found a major and a minor premise from which a logical conclusion could be drawn? What instruction did the blade of sword or the point of bayonet furnish? What mortal wound presented a fact, or what death established a proposition? War may silence argument, suppress speech, and muzzle the press, but it carries conviction nowhere. It neither enlightens the judgment nor convinces the reason. Every other question presented in the contest is relegated to that province from which no physical force can take it—to the province of reason and candid inquiry. Facts flowing from the incidents and events of the war and the changed conditions thus wrought do indeed furnish means and opportunities of judging and attaining just conclusions which did not exist before.

“The day is coming when human education will be so perfect as to discard war. Internecine strife shall cease and international tribunals will adjudicate international questions. Mind will contend with mind for the attainment of truth. Justice and equity will affirm the decree pronounced, and the force of enlightened public opinion will be the posse which carries into execution the judgment of the court. Until then the human family will not have attained that elevated plane of Christian civilization and refinement for which they are intended, and humanity will not have accomplished that destiny which God, speaking through this prophet, has proclaimed. Until then victory will know no glory and can offer no apology unless magnanimity exceeds the gratitude its clemency inspires.

“Here to-day humanity with bowed head stands uncovered in the presence of a great sorrow. Sorrow is sacred. It is the lot of mortality. It is the crucible in which the human heart is purified and sublimed. It is the retort in which the soul is refined. There is no great life without a great sorrow. It teaches charity to the spirit. It gives to pride the sackcloth and ashes. It crushes vanity and scatters its broken bones in the valley of humiliation. Of all antiquity, that philosophy is sweetest which comes to us bathed in tears and softened by sorrow, and its illustrative name will go down the ages to the end of time. The lamentations of Israel's prophet find ready response in every human soul. Why cannot fair America, contemplating these graves, exclaim, ‘O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people?’

“The Egean Sea rolled its waves in rapture around a lone isle as the banished apostle, looking into heaven, beheld a countless host, whom no man could number, who had ‘come up out of the great tribulation.’ The Prince of Peace was ‘a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.’ Who, therefore, now and here in the presence of these graves shall forbid the indulgence of the highest and holiest emotion known to the human heart? Here, then, bring flowers wet with your tears, sweet testimonials of tender and grieved affection, precious tributes to the spirits which their fragrance will meet in the sky. Now let all the memories of the past cluster about them; the noble form, the gallant spirit, the warm heart, the generous hand—all that was good and true in their lives, all that makes their loss deplorable rise before you.

“Why do you mourn their loss? Is it solely because it was from the smoke of battle that their great souls mounted from earth to heaven? No. Had they perished on the high seas or in some great convulsion of nature or in some calamitous conflagration, the grief, the sorrow would have been the same. The form, the manner of their passing away is but an incident. It is their qualities and attributes of mind and heart which we honor, and war was the accident only that revealed them. Under other conditions and circumstances their victories in peace would have shone as brightly as their prowess in war. You revere their memory, mourn their loss. Why? Because they were sincere, because they loved truth better than life, braved danger, and sank into the grave from the honest conviction that they were right. This it is that endears them to you. This is the material that makes martyrs. This is the element out of which heroes are formed. Malice may sneer, calumny may scoff, and detraction deride, but from the historic page their fame will spring and spread the pinions of a glorious immortality. Then here to this sacred spot memory will wander a willing hermit and love to linger and weep around their hallowed graves.

“The victories of this war belong to us, by whatever army achieved. No section can appropriate them. They are a part of the national heritage—American victories all. It is true that in the unequal struggle the South went down. To this extent and in this sense the nation was victorious. But, thank God, even this victory has nearly been equaled by magnanimity, and we believe yet will be. Let this victory be glorified by the removal of every vestige of the strife. Let not the sun go down on our wrath. Only two things remain to be done, and we will mention them, to make the magnanimity of our government complete, perfect.

“On the Gulf of Mexico, where the wild waves wash the white sand, there rises a quiet home whose roof shelters the slight form and snowy head of a poor old man. His race is run. He is a part of the past, and cannot be separated from it. Memory cannot part company with him. History will not surrender him. He lingers on the verge of the grave. How soon will he be summoned hence? More than half a hundred million people twenty years after the war, expending their wrath on his devoted head, ‘resembles ocean into tempest-tossed to waft a feather or drown a fly.’

“The big brain of the North can perceive the emergency now upon us. Horace Greeley, were he living, could do it. Others there are that can and will. The nation should tremble lest this old man die before the official seal of the government has attested and authenticated his pardon. Therefore haste ere too late. Let the record be that of universal pardon. It will be the boast of the future historian that the mag-

nanimity of the American government was so great that no man could escape its clemency.

"The parchment on which this last act of love and grace is inscribed will become the heirloom of the American people, and future generations will read and ponder the pardon of Jefferson Davis, while the world stands lost in wonder and admiration.

"The dead heroes that sleep before us need no stately mausoleum, no towering monument, no emblazoned eiptaph, no gorgeous inscription to tell the story of their lives or transmit their fame. The hearts of brave men and fair women everywhere are their cenotaphs. But the duty of the living, suitably to honor and perpetuate their memory, is especially incumbent on Southerners, since thus far the government of the United States has omitted to pay this graceful tribute to their heroic virtues and characters. But I maintain that this final act of removing all trace of former discord should be accomplished by the national government. This country owes much to the South. How many Presidents has it called from here? How much of its policy is illustrated in the lives of Southern statesmen? Was there ever a time in the history of the government that it could have spared them? In what struggle with foreign powers or for national life, honor, or greatness was not the presence of the South seen and felt? In what branch of the government, legislative, judicial, or executive, did not these States impress themselves? How many blank pages in our national history would there be were their achievements, genius, name, and fame omitted? How greatly would the treasury of our national greatness be diminished by the absence of their wealth? More directly, peculiarly look upon the empire which some of these States donated to the government. Can you withdraw from the government that part of mind furnished by the South or that part of the domain supplied by its munificence and say it suffers no detriment?

"It is a pleasing gratitude which finds expression in national cemeteries for those who died during the war. We remember with delightful consciousness the fact that it was accomplished by the national treasury in which the quota of the South so mingled that distinguishing is impossible. The only objection is that the government did not do full justice to the great heart of the American people. The cemeteries are too small. They should be enlarged by the admission of all who perished, from whatever section, State, or side of the controversy. They are all children of the same mother. In the presence of their cold clay or bleaching bones love should weep for all alike. The government, whose magnanimity thus honors them, honors itself. The love which inspires the act will awaken a responsive love which will endure forever. The glorious peace now blessing us presents the opportunity of securing an unending peace, of healing all animosities, and indissolubly uniting a great people in the bonds of love and harmony. How? Let the same honors be paid all our dead.
* * * Let one great monument be erected to all, to which each State and territory contributes its block with its name carved thereon. Let every victory of the war be there inscribed; let all shine with one mingled glory of associated splendor; let the eye of patriotism gather them all in one glance; let the world behold a monument which a nation of brothers can erect. 'Let it rise, let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming, and let his last rays linger and play about its summit.' Such a cemetery, such a monument is but the

announcement of a fact accomplished—a proclamation of peace on earth and good will toward man.

"Springing from the only European nation that understood the philosophy of government, and that could appreciate the value of human liberty, our people, unencumbered by antiquated traditions, unfettered by artificial distinctions of caste and title, removed alike by distance, sentiment, habit, and association from the prejudices and errors there obtaining, free from all entangling and embarrassing alliances, on a new continent have created a new civilization.

"We have unfettered human thought and given the broadest scope and strongest impulse to individual action, making merit the only test of distinction and usefulness sure of reward. The qualities, the energies, the agencies so destructive in war are needed, demanded in the pursuits of peace. It is only a new and more happy direction to those splendid forces. The excess of national vitality here finds an illimitable field in which to illustrate and signalize its powers."

HEROES IN GRAY.

BY REV. W. W. PINSON, D.D.

From under the battle cloud, bearing their scars,
With escutcheons as fair as the radiant stars,
Shot-torn, and saber-hacked heroes in gray,
Time-worn and way-weary greet us to-day.
Let us press the scarred hands that grappled and fought
And honor forever the deeds that they wrought.

They paid their round price for the chaplet of fame,
Which they worthily wear without boasting or blame;
They fawn for no guerdon, they blush from no shame;
They grudge not the hunger, the hardship, the pain,
The ice in the trenches, the blood on the plain;
The ages will reckon the valorous cost
Of the glory they won in the struggle they lost.

When they folded the flag with a sob and a tear,
They turned to the homeland with courage and cheer
To work without cringing—they'd fought without fear;
And there's light on the hearthstones and hope in the sky
Of the homes of the Southland that never shall die,
Because of the valor that yields without dread
The weapons of toil in the battle for bread.

With deeds to remember and wrongs to forget
They're dreaming of glory awaiting us yet
And helping to win it, as erst they have won
A glory as stainless and white as the sun.
Undismayed in life's battle they scorn to repine;
At the drum tap of duty they fall into line.

Too brave for regretting, too noble for spite,
They wait the fair verdict of justice and right
That forever must win over malice and might,
And the meed of the brave from the hearts of the true
Unstinted they pay to their brothers in blue.
They live for the battle-scarred country they love,
And would die for the flag floating proudly above.
Then uncover and stand! They are passing, make way!
And lift a loud cheer for the heroes in gray!

William M. C. Moore, of Woodbury, Ky., who served in Company I, 45th Tennessee Regiment, and was later transferred to the 11th Tennessee Cavalry, Captain Lytle's company, seeks the aid of comrades who can testify to his service in order that he may procure a pension under a recent law of Kentucky.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
MAY 7 TO JUNE 7, 1912.

Alabama: John D. Webb Chapter, \$2; Alabama Charter Chapter, \$5; Sophia Bibb Chapter, \$1.41; Virginia T. Clay Chapter, \$5; Electra Semmes Colston Chapter, \$10; Florence Chapter, \$5; Sylacauga Chapter, \$1.60; Joe Wheeler Chapter, \$1; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, \$5; Athens Chapter, \$5; Bessemer Chapter, \$10; Selma Chapter, \$27; Yancey Chapter, \$5; E. A. Powers Chapter, \$5; Blocton Chapter, \$5; post cards sold by Mrs. Webster at State Convention, \$3.50.

Arkansas: John R. Homer Scott Chapter, \$2; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$5; post cards sold by Mrs. Hall, \$1; Fannie Scott Chapter, \$2; C. E. Royson Chapter, \$1; Robert A. Dowdle Chapter, \$2.62; W. A. Cabell (Old Tige) Chapter, \$3.

California: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, \$25; Sterling Price Chapter, No. 1343, \$2; Robert E. Lee Chapter, No. 278, \$10; commission on "Men in Gray" by Division, 40 cents.

Florida: Jessie Denton Palmer, C. of C., \$1; post cards, \$1.10; Annie Sebring Chapter, \$10; Southern Cross Chapter, \$10; John B. Gordon Chapter, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, \$5; Apalachicola, \$3; Margaret Davis Chapter, \$2; post cards, \$1; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, C. of C., \$2; Kate D. Scott Chapter, \$5; Stonewall Chapter, \$5; Miss Holmes (personal), Jacksonville, \$2; Stars and Bars Chapter, \$2; Paton Anderson Chapter, \$5; Ruth Jernigan (personal), Gainesville, \$1; Father Ryan Chapter, \$3; Anna Jackson Chapter, \$5; Southern Cross Chapter, \$2; Annie Carter Lee Chapter, \$3; Dickison Chapter, \$5 (interest, 30 cents); Kirby Smith Chapter, \$39.53; Mrs. Powell (personal), Jacksonville, \$5; Mrs. B. B. Carroll (personal), Ocala, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Howard (personal), Ocala, \$2.50; Martha Reed Delegation, Memorial to Mrs. J. W. Cook, \$10.

Georgia: Atlanta Chapter, \$50; post cards, \$2.30; Newman Chapter, \$2.50; Annie Wheeler Chapter, \$1; Chapter "A," Augusta, \$25; Covington and Oxford Chapter, \$5; Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association, \$10; R. F. Crittenden Chapter, \$3; Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, \$5.

Kentucky: Paducah Chapter (post cards), \$2.75.

New Mexico: V. Jefferson Davis Chapter, Portales, \$1.05.

Tennessee: Sarah Law Chapter, \$25; Sarah Law Chapter (post cards), \$5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, \$10; Ab Dinwiddie Chapter, \$1; Sam Davis Chapter, \$5; Mrs. J. D. Senter (personal), Humboldt, 47 cents; William Bate Chapter, \$5; Kirby Smith Chapter, \$1.50; John W. Morton Chapter, \$25; Louisa Bedford Chapter, \$6; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, \$25; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Harriet Holland (personal), \$5.

Virginia: Chesterfield Chapter, \$5; Essex Chapter, \$5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$10; Winnie Davis Chapter, \$5; Hampton Chapter, \$20; Fincastle Chapter, \$5; Bethel Chapter, \$10; Warwick Beauregard Chapter, \$1; Turner Ashby Chapter, \$10; Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$5; Isle of Wight Chapter, \$10; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, \$10; William Watts Chapter, \$15.60; Gen. Dabney Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10.

Washington: Post cards sold on Shiloh Day by Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, \$1.50.

Interest, \$15.05.

Total collections since May 7, \$656.68.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$13,930.37.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$14,587.05.

7**

THE BATTLE FIELD OF SHILOH.

BY MRS. CHARLES G. BARRETT, HUNTSVILLE, TEX., HISTORIAN
TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

To All Members of the Texas Division, U. D. C., Greeting:

The rank and file of the Confederate army was like unto no other. Drawn from the very flower of the South's chivalry, and therefore descended from a Cavalier ancestry, the Southern soldier inherited a talent for leadership which was fostered by the baronial life of the South, where "Old Marster" was a feudal lord on his own estate, governing with wisdom and kindness, and "Marse John" was brought up with the principle of *noblesse oblige* in regard to the name and estate to which he was to succeed.

Thus it was that the Confederate soldier, whether an officer in command or the man behind the gun, has furnished the students of military science with an uneclipsed example of every species of courage, skill, and genius known to the annals of war. At Shiloh when Albert Sidney Johnston fell a new and higher standard was set for the measurement of heroes. Fame found it necessary to add another string to her lyre, and "Battle's Magnificently Stern Array" demanded a grander setting.

Words cannot portray the gallantry of our soldiers on that red field, and what is true of the officer is equally so of the thousands of privates who for honor's sake poured out their lives through gaping wounds and have been sleeping all these years in the three long scars that mar the breast of Tennessee. No engagement which took place during the War of the States has been more widely discussed and differed about by men on both sides, as well as by schools and teachers of the art of war, than this sanguinary encounter.

To the patriotic and well-informed Daughters of the Texas Division I need not detail the main historic points; they are already familiar to you. But the underlying causes which led up to, ushered in, and continued this Titanic clash of arms, making it the most famous and interesting of the war, I will place before you. To you will be left the verdict as to where the praise or blame should fall and who and what should be held responsible for the success and failure of Confederate and Federal arms.

Union officers have called it a "personal battle" as regards themselves, and the facts that determined its character and foreshadowed its results were eminently so. In fact, the whole theme is full of personality.

Absolute fairness has been my object. I have searched as diligently the Northern authorities as those of our own side, drawing conclusions of the Union situation from the account of events as in the official reports of the officers in command.

First, let us take a survey of the field and examine the locality in which the storm of battle raged with such fury for two long days that the river moaned and shuddered and the very hills and valleys trembled with the conflict. It is situated near the State line of Tennessee and Mississippi on the west bank of the Tennessee River, at Pittsburg Landing, where the Federal gunboats, Tyler, Lexington, and others, were anchored. The fighting took place on an undulating tableland, triangular in shape, four miles in length, with an elevation of one hundred feet at Pittsburg, but falling away to the north, where the river widens. It is bound on the north by Lick Creek, on the south by Owl Creek, with the river on the east, running due north and crossed by neighborhood highways, known as Hamburg, Purdy, and the river roads. Its

topography is broken by deep ravines and hills. At the time of the battle it was densely wooded, with occasional fields of from twenty to eighty acres. So heavy was the carnage in these clearings that the water of a small lake was crimson, and to this day it is known as the "Bloody Pond." Near where Albert Sidney Johnston fell the dead were piled so deep that the Confederates designated it the "Hornet's Nest." Indeed, there is not a cleared field within the limits of that battle but has a history of its own.

THE FEDERAL VIEWPOINT.

A consensus of opinion seems about this: There is no precedent or rule known to military art or science and no reason of common expediency to justify conditions at Shiloh. Pittsburg Landing was in no sense such a point of necessity or desirability as to require any risk or expenditure to hold it.

The Confederate lines (which had been broken at Mill Springs, Fort Henry, and Fort Donelson by Generals Halleck, Buell, Grant, and others) had fallen back for a new formation. Corinth, which was the point of intersection of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad (running east and west) and the Mobile and Ohio (running north and south), was the logical point of concentration, and between Memphis and Chattanooga the new line of defense for the Confederates and attack by the Federals. While these plans were being perfected by both sides Halleck's troops were sent up the river by water to destroy the Confederate railroad communication. It was a temporary arrangement and not designed as a rendezvous for future operations. After several attempts to land farther up the river, Pittsburg was selected as a place to go ashore.

On learning that the Confederates were concentrating at Corinth, about twenty miles distant, Generals Halleck and Buell were ordered to that vicinity, with headquarters at Savannah. This arrangement left the army protected by the river and gunboats and free to choose a point of crossing and line of attack.

When General Grant arrived in March, he (on the advice of Sherman) placed the whole army on the west side of the river and continued his headquarters at Savannah, leaving Sherman (whose rank did not allow him to assume command) with a "sort of control" at Pittsburg to assign the arriving regiments to brigades and divisions and designate their camping grounds. Thus it was that an army of seventy regiments of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and a large force of cavalry lay for three weeks in an isolated camp, a river in its rear, a hostile army (twenty miles distant) in its front, while the commanding general made his headquarters and passed his nights nine miles away on the opposite side of the river. There were no line or order of battle, no defensive works of any sort, no adequate outposts (to give warning or check the advance of an enemy), and no recognized head during the absence of the regular commander.

On Saturday the Confederates arrived and formed in order of battle without detection or opposition within a mile of the unguarded army, advanced upon it next morning at daylight, penetrated its disconnected lines, assaulted its camps in front and flank, drove its disjointed commands from position to position (capturing some and routing others), and in spite of much heroic resistance steadily drew near its base of supplies. As night came on the disorganized Federal army was driven to refuge in the midst of its magazine, with the triumphant Confederates at half gunshot distance. Just here Nelson arrived on the opposite side of the river with the advance di-

vision of Buell's reinforcing army, crossed over, and took position under the fire of the Confederate guns after fighting had ceased for the day.

The next morning, reinforced by Buell's army and Lew Wallace's division, the attack was made by the Federals, and after ten hours of hard fighting the field was recaptured.

Some authorities seem to think that the Army of Ohio was almost an intruder in this battle and the lives of two thousand of its members a needless sacrifice; but to the most superficial observer it is apparent that the almost accidental arrival of Nelson is all that saved the Federal army from annihilation. With the greater part of the Federal army in retreat, had the Confederates made the attack on the landing before Nelson arrived, they must have succeeded beyond all doubt.

Lew Wallace has been severely criticized for failing to arrive in time for Sunday's fight. McClelland, hampered by the unexpected attack and the wreck of Prentiss in his front, struggled gallantly to stem the tide of disaster, but failed. Hurlbut placed his forces weakly, but maintained his position for seven hours with a greater mortality than any other division. W. H. L. Wallace gave up his life to maintain his front. Prentiss with the rawest troops in the army gave first warning of the magnitude of the danger and offered a stout resistance until completely overpowered, and six regiments of his command were made prisoners. To the Army of Ohio is due the honor of "saving the day" for the Union side.

So complete was the demoralization of the Federal army that its commands lost all cohesion, and a week later had not recovered from its prostrated condition. No pursuit was made until next morning, and then only far enough to be assured that the attack would not be renewed.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

On April 2, 1862, when Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston learned that Buell's army was advancing toward Savannah to join General Grant, he determined to prevent the junction by attacking the Federal forces at Pittsburg Landing before the arrival of Buell. He therefore ordered the movement of his troops on the following day, expecting to cover the twenty miles and reach the enemy in time to make the attack at daylight Saturday; but the road was in such condition that it was three o'clock Saturday afternoon before his forces were in position. This delay and an exchange of shots with the Federal pickets led him to believe that the enemy knew of his presence and would be prepared. General Beauregard advised the abandonment of the plan. He considered a surprise essential to success, but was overruled by Johnston, who thought celerity of first importance if he was to strike Grant before reinforcements arrived.

On the night of April 5 a council of war was held at Johnston's headquarters, attended by Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Polk, and Breckinridge. They discussed the advisability of waiting for Generals Price and Van Dorn and their commands, but the final decision was to make the attack at dawn. The question of "Federal surprise" will never be settled.

Some of the officers in the front division of the Union army had a nervous feeling that their superiors were not giving due importance to the presence of the Confederates, and General Sherman, disquieted by the frequent reconnoitering parties, had strengthened his pickets on Saturday; yet with the call to arms was blended the crash of assault, and the whole forest in front of them flashed with the gleam of Confederate bayonets before they realized the extent of the danger.

The Confederate plan of battle was to have the army drawn up in three parallel lines, covering the enemy's front. Hardee commanded the first, Bragg the second, and Polk and Breckinridge the third. This excellent arrangement gave each division a triple complement of brigade and division officers, while the front was in charge of four superb corps commanders.

At dawn the attack was made. The Federals were hurled back, fighting with the courage of despair, yet falling backward step by step. Hour after hour the victorious Confederates advanced in triumph, and as night came on the enemy was driven into a small space near the river.

But Fate was mixing a bitter cup for the South. In the midst of victory Albert Sidney Johnston, while recklessly exposing himself to the enemy's fire, was struck by a bullet which cut an artery in his leg. He was lifted from his horse, and ten minutes later this mighty warrior, gifted chieftain, and wife-souled, chivalrous Southern gentleman was dead, and the Confederacy staggered under the blow.

At the close of the day General Beauregard ordered hostilities to cease, saying: "The victory is sufficiently complete." Was a victory ever "sufficiently complete" short of unconditional surrender? In disarming and escorting to the rear the six captured regiments of Prentiss's command three valuable hours were lost, and the force of attack on McClelland weakened thereby.

The next morning, worn out with the fighting of the day before and a night spent in the drenching rain, the Confederates awoke to find themselves confronting not only the foes of the previous day but, in addition, Buell's army and Wallace's Division, which had also arrived fresh and splendidly equipped. Against these overwhelming odds they contended for ten mortal hours. At last, falling back slowly step by step, they withdrew in good order. If Albert Sidney Johnston had lived twenty-four hours longer, victory must have remained with the Confederates in accord with his words: "Gentlemen, to-morrow night we sleep in the enemy's camp."

Yes, it cost us dear, dear in the blood of ten thousand brave Confederate soldiers, dearer still in the awful weight of woe which that day's work bore to the ears of a pitying God, and dearest of all in the crushing blow dealt to the constitutional rights of a million and a half free American citizens of eleven sovereign States. Is not the spot worthy to be marked? There are hundreds of Federal monuments on that field and only three to the Confederacy. So though our soldiers have

"The hillside for a pall,
And lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark pines, like nodding plumes,
Above them sadly wave,
And Fame stands tireless sentinel
Above their glory grave,"

and the Southern soldier buried in the trenches at Shiloh will sleep as dreamlessly as the crowned monarch wrapped in splendid gloom, what of our duty as priestesses at our country's altar? To the living as well as the dead are we not debtor? Should not those who come after us find written in enduring brass and marble, in mute but eloquent language, "All the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray?"

[The foregoing splendid sketch should have been published in the March issue, as it contained advice to the Texas Daughters for April 6 and 7, fiftieth anniversaries of the battle.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

HOW SERGEANT FLEMING CAPTURED EIGHT MEN.

[E. W. Creswell, of Greenwood, S. C., induced Comrade Fleming to write the story, and adds: "R. F. Fleming was orderly sergeant of Company A, 3d South Carolina Infantry. In the battle of Savage Station during the seven days' fight around Richmond, Company A was on the extreme right of the skirmish line which brought on the fight, and was commanded by Maj. Frank Gaillard, of the 2d South Carolina Regiment, when we charged the breastworks of the enemy."]

SERGEANT FLEMING'S OWN ACCOUNT.

I was the first to mount the breastworks, and I saw several Yankees dodge behind some cross breastworks which had been thrown up to prevent a flank by us. I reported what I saw to the officers, Major Gaillard, Major McLaws, and others who had come up to inquire. After I told them all I knew. Major McLaws said to me: "Go and take them." I asked how many men I must take. The reply was: "Go and take them." It occurred to me from that remark that they thought I was mistaken, and I replied that I would do so.

Fortunately there were woods and undergrowth just in front of where I saw the Yankees dodge behind the breastworks. When I got in front of where I saw the Yankees hide, I began to command in a loud tone and give orders as if I had a regiment or company with me. After apparently maneuvering for some minutes, I ordered my imaginary company to fire. I then stepped to the edge of the woods and ordered the Yankees to come out and surrender, but there was no answer. I then told them if they would surrender I would treat them as prisoners of war; but if I had to charge them, I would give no quarter. I played bold.

Imagine my feelings until I saw a white handkerchief come slowly above the breastworks on a bayonet. I felt greatly relieved, but what if the Yanks had discovered I was alone? I ordered all behind the breastworks to come out, and out walked a lieutenant and seven privates. I ordered the lieutenant to line up his men. After he had done so, I ordered them to march four paces to the front and ground their arms. I then ordered them to right about face and march four paces, then to right face march; and when they were about ten paces from their guns, I halted them and asked the lieutenant why he did not ground his sword and pistol. His reply was that he would not surrender to a noncommissioned officer. I told him I was not playing at etiquette nor taking any chances, and that if he did not ground his arms I would put a ball through him; but he still refused, and I hated to shoot the poor fellow after he was in my power. So I told him if he would lay them down I would leave the pistol where it was, but I would hand him his sword when we got to where my men were. He asked me if I meant it. I told him we Southerners were gentlemen and we meant what we said. He then laid them down, and when we got to the skirmish line, I handed him his sword and let him hand it to one of the officers. The lieutenant asked me where all the men were I was maneuvering in the woods. When I told him I was alone, he said if he had known that he would never have surrendered to one man.

I thought sure when I got back to the line I would hear the commanding officer say, "Well, as you have captured them, you can march them on to Richmond;" but I was told to turn them over to Corporal Garret and Privates Mosely and Miller to carry to Richmond. So I did not get a trip to Richmond for all my trouble. I was in the fight at Savage Station, where we lost so many good men of our regiment.

WOMAN'S MONUMENT AT JACKSON, MISS.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone to the woman's monument for Mississippi at Jackson on June 3, 1912, was most imposing.

The parade was in the order following: Mounted police followed by Major General Pat Henry and staff as commander of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., Gen. W. A. Montgomery (who has ever been chairman of the finance committee of the U. C. V. and otherwise prominent in the organization), with his staff; next, five carriages with officials of Veterans, Sons, Daughters, and other patriotic organizations; the Confederate Veterans in line, the Masonic bodies followed by many citizens in carriages and automobiles, with lavish decorations in Confederate colors.

George B. Power as master of ceremonies called upon Rev. P. A. Haman, of Learned, who invoked divine blessing.

Articles in the corner stone comprised much of important data, including the parchment on which is a list of the contributors to the monument fund; the names of the Mississippi Daughters of the Confederacy, headed by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President; names of Daughters of the American Revolution; act of the legislature of 1910 providing for the fund and the act of 1912 making a donation to the fund.

Addresses were made by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose and Miss Anabel Power, of Jackson, after which luncheon was served to the Veterans by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Mayor made an appropriate and pleasing address of welcome. General Pat Henry followed the Mayor in an address of welcome to the Veterans in which he gave some interesting reminiscences. After introductory remarks, General Henry said:

"As your Commander, comrades, the pleasing duty has been assigned me of bidding you welcome on this occasion, which I do most heartily. As heroes of a hundred battles, as survivors of the greatest war of modern times, as members of the United Confederate Veteran Association, I welcome you, and am glad that you are here on this the natal day of our illustrious President to participate in the exercises incident to the occasion. I congratulate you that our labor of love, the erection of a monument to our glorious women of 1861-65, is so nearly accomplished, and trust we may all be here to witness its completion in the fall. For years the Confederate heart has been set on this monument as a duty we owed to our mothers, wives, and sweethearts—the Confederate women and girls who wrought for their country in her dire distress. Early in the war, through sewing societies, they made clothes for us.

These good women toiled by day and prayed by night to the God of battles for victory. Many of you, my comrades, saw those frail, tender Southern women, undaunted by disease or shot and shell, ministering to our sick in hospitals, cooling the parched lips of the wounded, and wiping death damp from the brow of the dying soldier. They even buried the dead and conducted the funeral service. Some of them became noted scouts, and never was one known to betray the cause. But as great as were our women in these lines, they were even greater in the good influences over our soldiers. They inspired them to noble deeds, for with every Confederate soldier marched a noble Southern woman. * * * Sweet and gracious as were our women to the soldiers at the front, they scorned the man who shirked his duty; nor did they tolerate or forgive the man who deserted his flag. Even the lonely wife, struggling to support her family while her husband was away in the army, looking into the wan faces of

her children, pale and emaciated from hunger, would not have welcomed back that husband had he come without leave. These were the women of 1861-65; these are the women to whom we build this monument. We offer it as an object lesson to our children, and beg that they will love and venerate the memory of those to whom it is erected. The Spartan mother told her son, a soldier, to 'return with his shield or upon it.' The Confederate mother knew that her son would do his duty.

"After the war in our darkest days of the Reconstruction era, when it seemed that hope had bidden the world farewell, the virtue of our women shone through the gloom 'even as stars through the dark.' She was wise in council and was always for resistance to the element that dominated in Reconstruction. She was cognizant of the workings of that great invisible army, the Ku Klux Klan, but the powers of the Inquisition could not have extorted the secret from her. It has been said that the men and women of the South fought the battles of the war; while the women and men fought later the battle for civil government. These are the women, my comrades, to whom you are building this monument; for this you have labored and prayed.

"Several years ago our late beloved and lamented Commander, Gen. Robert Lowry, appointed a committee composed of Comrades Charles Scott, H. Clay Sharkey, Charles Kimpbrew, W. T. Coleman, and J. W. Griffin to raise the necessary funds for the monument. Of this committee he made Comrade Scott, whose absence to-day we regret, chairman, and Comrade Sharkey, the original instigator of the movement, treasurer. After diligent and faithful work, this splendid committee failing to raise the necessary funds, the Gulfport Convention last year asked the coöperation of the Daughters and Sons of Veterans. Additional committees were appointed from each, and we are happy that through the combined efforts of this joint committee and the donation from the State, for which we are grateful, the monument is an assured success and will be placed on this pedestal in the fall. To this joint committee in your names, comrades I return the thanks of our organization.

"Now, comrades, I beg you to remember that you represent a cause which you know was right and was not lost, though it went down in defeat; remember that the principles for which you fought yet live, and time has proved that they were correct. * * *

"And now, my comrades, let me say: In the future be true to yourselves as you have been to your country in the past. Stand for the flag of a reunited country. At all times be ye ready to answer that call which comes to all, and may the good God watch over and bless you!"

ORATION BY DR. WADDELL.

The oration was delivered by Dr. DeB. Waddell, of Meridian, an orator of splendid eloquence and prominent among the members of the Episcopal clergy in this State, being now the Archdeacon of the Mississippi Diocese. Dr. Waddell spoke as follows:

"While I have had little to say about the erection of the many monuments raised throughout the South in honor of the Confederate soldiers, I have always felt that in erecting them we were neglecting a much more important duty. One would suppose from these monuments that these soldiers were the only heroes of the Civil War. But when we study the question as we should—and especially would I have these young men and women, who are so soon to take our place, to study

it—we shall find that the real heroes of our struggle, the noblest that ever adorned any land or age, are to be found in those queenly women who ruled over the households of the South and reared the boys who went forth to fight her battles.

"It is a truth beyond any question that there never has been in the annals of the world, nor ever will be again, a body of men equal in prowess and endurance to the Confederate army. Largely reared in luxury, knowing nothing of trials and privations, they went forth confidently, knowing they were poorly equipped, and in a sense facing the whole world. For four long years, often naked and hungry, with little ammunition and with only old-fashioned rifles, they met and drove back the mighty armies of the North, fully equipped with everything necessary for an army, who outnumbered them five to one. When I think of the disparity in numbers and equipment, it is almost an unbelievable wonder to myself that this four years' struggle could have been made. As we gaze and wonder upon that struggle—and the more we gaze and wonder, the more will we be impressed with the matchless valor of the Confederate soldier—the question naturally arises, Why was it that the soldiers of the Confederacy outranked all other soldiers who have battled in the history of the past?

"That they did outrank them should be impressed upon the minds of the growing generation. We hear of weak numbers, poor arms, and inferior ammunition, of want of food and clothing, and many hardships and privations; but it is almost impossible for us to realize them in their fullness. Yet we are wholly unprepared because ignorant to give him credit for all he did. The truth of the matter is, he bore far more than has ever been told. Tramping barefoot over frozen ground, with scarcely clothes enough to protect his body, and going four and five days with scarcely anything to eat, was a common thing. Many of the desperate battles he fought against fearful odds in which he routed the enemy were the result of his desperation produced by his hardships.

"As an illustration of this I will relate a scene I witnessed in East Tennessee. Longstreet, after his failure at Knoxville, went into winter quarters below Morristown. It was a terrible winter, and we were cut off from all assistance of every kind and had to depend upon foraging over the mountains. We became short of clothes, shoes, and provisions. The Federals moved out to about twelve miles of our camp. Notwithstanding the ground was frozen for two or three feet and cracked open and there were thousands of barefooted men in our corps, General Longstreet gave orders to move back on the enemy. The men, though barefooted, marched in fine spirits over the frozen ground, hoping their condition might be benefited by a fight. When within two miles of the enemy's camp, our regiment halted for a five-minute rest, when down the road came a Confederate soldier whistling one of the gayest tunes I ever heard. He had on his head the remains of a beaver hat, part of the crown and brim gone, and his red hair sticking out of the top. His blankets were across his shoulders, which were covered by a very thin and narrow coat. His pants and drawers were frazzled out to his knees, leaving his legs and feet perfectly naked. Right in front of our regiment he met a courier on horseback, and, stepping in front of him, he ordered him to halt, which he did. 'My friend,' said the soldier, 'I have halted you to ask if you wouldn't like to swap your horse this morning for a Confederate uniform.' The courier looked at him and said: 'If I was in your place, I be dogged if I wouldn't desert.' 'Well,' said the soldier, 'I had an idea like that myself; but I concluded

I had better wait until we got into this fight down here, and perhaps I might get a pair of shoes and I could make a better race.' This was the spirit of the Confederate soldier, and you simply had to kill him to whip him. I will say in passing that the Federals had just received their full winter supplies of clothing, shoes, and food, and, taking them by surprise, we ran over them and got not only clothing and food, but enough shoes to supply our ten thousand barefooted men.

"I will give you one more illustration. Marching down the road once in Virginia at the head of the regiment, I saw a man standing against a tree rubbing his back. I knew the man, and knew his father to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. As the regiment approached he rubbed his back against the tree and said: 'Boys, it won't do for a poor man to have the itch.' 'Why?' said some of the men. 'Because he hasn't got time to stop and scratch and enjoy it.'

"I linger on this subject of the hardships of the Confederate soldier and the spirit in which he met them not only to prove that he was matchless but to inspire, if I can, the young men of this day to cultivate their spirit and prove themselves men in the great battle of life. This to many may seem a digression, but it is really not so. The seeming digression was only intended to help you to solve the question I propounded just now: 'Why was it that the soldiers of the Confederacy outranked all other soldiers and waged a battle greater than any fought on land or sea?'

"One of the proudest memories of the War of the States is the conduct of the women of the Confederacy, who willingly gave all—fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers—to the service of the Confederacy. With no thought of self, at the first call to arms in '61 they bade their protectors Godspeed and undertook the support of their families, aged parents, and children. They deprived themselves of the comforts and even the necessities of life in order to care for the sick and wounded soldiers and feed and clothe all those within their reach. There were no idle moments in those Southern homes. The women were constantly spinning, knitting, and weaving to provide garments for those in the army and struggling to carry on their home affairs.

"These women, reared in luxury, unused to aught but indoor employments such as the customs of the country assigned to women, planted, cultivated, and gathered the crops, chopped and hauled wood, fed and attended to the stock, cheerfully performing such duties as their part of the sacrifices necessary to achieve the independence of the Confederacy.

"The heroism of these noble women was a moral heroism even greater and grander than that of the soldiers who fell in the excitement of battle. We hear heralded throughout the world the courage of the Spartan mother who urged her sons to go to battle and return with their shields or upon them. We are proud to say that heroism did not die with the ancients, for the women of the Confederacy gave to the world an exhibition of bravery and unselfish devotion never excelled and rarely equaled in history. Many instances of her courage could be related. One, although often told, will be given again. Governor Letcher, war Governor of Virginia, returning from a visit to his home at Staunton, stopped at the house of an old friend. The good woman of the house was alone, and she told the Governor that her husband, father, and ten sons were all in the same company in the army. 'You must be very lonely,' the Governor said, 'accustomed to so large a family.' 'Yes,' this noble matron replied, 'it is hard to be alone; but if I had ten more sons, they should all be in the

army.' Is it any wonder that with such mothers the Confederate soldiers for four years, although far outnumbered, poorly equipped, almost starved, thrilled the world with their deeds of courage and daring? History records the statement that never before in the annals of history did so many brave and patriotic men with such unanimity of purpose rally around a common standard.

"The great Napoleon on being asked what was the greatest need of his country replied, 'Mothers.' The South had mothers, and that was what made her great; and these same mothers furnished to the world the Confederate soldier. These mothers transmitted to their sons this courage of adamant and devotion to principle which the Northern general recognized when he refused to exchange prisoners. He said: 'If we let these men out of prison, it will be a war of extermination and will never end until that last man is cold in death.' What a tribute from the enemy to the mothers of the Confederate soldier! Truly the 'hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.'

"How appropriate that this memorial should be erected to these Confederate mothers while many of them yet live, while their ears can hear our approving words and their hearts be cheered and thrilled by them! It is indeed fitting that these flowers should be placed in their living hands; and as these dear mothers go on to life's sunset, their hearts may be made to rejoice in knowing that their deeds are remembered and appreciated. These women never forgot the Confederate soldier 'on tented field, behind prison bars, nor under the sod,' and now our veterans offer this tribute of their love to these Southern heroines, the women of the Confederacy.

"Naught that can be done or said can add anything to their laurels. This would be as useless as to attempt 'to gild refined gold or paint the lily,' and there is not marble enough in the bosom of mother earth to erect a monument grand enough or pure enough to do justice to the women of the Confederacy. The memorial will be placed as a tribute of love from our veterans, an expression to the world of the undying loyalty of Mississippi to the memory of her women and an inspiration to generations yet unborn to revere the memory of the women who represented the highest type of womanhood and patriotism. On behalf of the splendid organization I have the honor to present to the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi our pledge of loyalty to the sacred trust placed in our keeping and to forever cherish, preserve, and defend the memorial erected by our beloved veterans and the men of Mississippi to Southern womanhood, and to instill into our children a reverence for the memory of the women of the Confederacy, whose characters were adorned with gems more precious than can be found in the richest mines of earth—the jewels of love, honor, wisdom, truth, courage, patriotism, and, above all, a good name, which the Book of books tells us is 'rather to be chosen than great riches.'

"No greater day has ever dawned in Mississippi than this day, June 3, 1912, when the men of our great State with one accord assemble to pay homage to the women of the Confederacy. And no more appropriate date could have been selected than this anniversary of the natal day of Jefferson Davis, the central figure of the Confederacy, the incarnation of the principles for which the South stood, and the vicarious sufferer for the South when at Fortress Monroe he suffered all the humiliation and degradation that could be heaped upon him; but he was ever sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust and rose supreme above the hatred of his enemies. In those celestial regions yonder, if it is given to the spirit eye

to gaze upon earthly scenes, we know that grand galaxy of Confederate heroes, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Nathan Bedford Forrest, our own Stephen D. Lee, and a host of others, is looking down on us now with blessings and approval. Some day when the South comes to her own—and even now we can see the 'dawning of the morning'—but when that day shall really dawn in all its dazzling splendor and the South, like a radiant queen, shall don her coronation robes and a crown shall be placed upon her fair brow by justice and truth, there will be many great and good things to be told of her history. Men will never tire of speaking of this land of romance, so different in many essential respects from the rest of the country, and women will read with joy and tears the story of her long-fought battle for supremacy; but when the tale is all told and the history of her labor in war and peace has been recounted, no grander chapter in all her history, no fairer page will ever be read than that which tells the story of these Southern heroines, the noble women of the Confederacy."

MISSISSIPPI DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LILLIE SCALES SLAUGHTER, STARKVILLE, MISS.

The sixteenth annual Convention held at Natchez May 7-9, 1912, was one of the most delightful and successful meetings ever held by the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

Natchez, with its charm of historic associations and elegant and cordial people, made an ideal setting for this Convention, and pleasant recollections will ever linger with those fortunate enough to be present. The attendance was excellent, considering the flood conditions which unavoidably cut off delegates from the Delta counties.

A spirit of enthusiasm was manifested, and the meetings were harmonious throughout. The new member contest inaugurated this year by the President had proved a great success. Over five hundred new members were added to the Division, which has given new life and increased strength.

A pleasing feature of the program on the opening night was the presentation of the beautiful silver loving cup to the Col. H. M. Street Chapter of Meridian, which had sent in one hundred and eleven, the largest list of new members. Beautifully embossed "Certificates of Merit" were presented by the President to each Chapter in the contest. Several important amendments were adopted which will improve the work along various lines. Two new officers were created—viz., a Second Vice President and Director of the Children of the Confederacy. With a strong official board, proceedings will advance more rapidly, and the important work of organizing Children's Chapters will progress rapidly with an officer directly responsible for and in charge of this department.

The Maintenance Fund Committee appointed last year was continued. This relief fund enables the Daughters to give speedy relief to veterans for whom there may not be room in the Home.

On the recommendation of the President the Corresponding Secretary was elected from the same town as the President. Thus being in close touch, she will be able to do much routine work, giving the President more time for important interests of the Division.

The Old Capitol Committee will be greatly strengthened and a bold fight will be made for preservation of this historic building for which the U. D. C. have striven for many years.

A program of great excellence was rendered on Historical

Evening, May 9. The medal in the prize essay contest of 1912 was awarded to Mr. Moses Copeloff, of Itta Bena; subject, "Slavery in Mississippi." The essay was sent in by Mildred Maury Humphrey Chapter, of that town. The banner for history was won by the John M. Stone Chapter, of West Point, for the best historical report for the year, following the State Historian's outline of study in the yearbook.

This has been a glorious year in the Mississippi Division, and it is the purpose of our members to reach even greater success by making 1913 the best year of the Division.

The Convention left its impress for good. The next Convention will be held in the city of Tupelo beginning the first Tuesday in May, 1913.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose was reelected President by acclamation, and she received many compliments on the brilliant record of her administration as well as on her splendid qualifications as presiding officer, having conducted proceedings with dignity, firmness, and dispatch.

Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, of Starkville, the capable Recording Secretary, would have been reelected, but declined on account of being physically unable to discharge the duties.

OFFICERS OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION FOR 1912-13.

Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, Raymond, and Mrs. Mary R. Wallace, Beauvoir, were elected Honorary President and Honorary Vice President, respectively.

President, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point.

First Vice President, Mrs. Madge H. Holmes, Hattiesburg.

Second Vice President, Mrs. Ella Musselwhite, Kosciusko.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. G. Dupree, Jackson.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. L. Quinn, West Point.

Treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Lampton, Magnolia.

Historian, Miss Alice Quitman Lovell, Natchez.

Registrar, Miss Lizzie B. Craft, Holly Springs.

Organizer, Mrs. C. B. Hill, Meridian.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Perle L. Harris, Collierville, Tenn.

Editor Official Organ, Mrs. Lizzie Hunter Blewett, Yazoo City, with Miss Gladys Blewett, Yazoo City, Assistant.

Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Emma McGregor, Hattiesburg.

The address of the U. D. C. President, Mrs. Rose, at Jackson and other features of that important enterprise (it being the first of the proposed uniformity by States of honoring our beloved Southern women of the sixties) are unavoidably omitted. This proposed uniformity was suggested by the VETERAN.

THE ANTE-BELLUM WOMAN.

AN ACROSTIC BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C., WEST POINT, MISS.

Though many moons have waned, and many years have passed,
How oft in tender musing we behold, as in a glass,
Ever a lovely picture of an old plantation home!

Among the lilacs and the lilies our thoughts delight to roam.
No wonder as we ponder o'er the scenes of other days
The woman of the South appears, inspiring all our lays.
Each home in Dixie Land was guided by a gentle hand;
Brighter far her crown than any princess in the land.
Each jewel in her diadem sparkled with genuine worth,
Love, wisdom, honor, strength, and honest pride of birth.
Lo! her husband praised, her children called her blest.
Under her roof tree strangers found welcome with the rest.
Many servants did her bidding; they found her always kind.

Woman of the South, thou art gentleness and strength combined.
Onward with mighty strides the world moves on apace.
Many movements startle us; we pause and see a smiling face—
A woman pure in thought and deed; her life was e'er serene.
No laurel wreath is needed; her good name remains supreme.

PRISON EXPERIENCE IN ELMIRA, N. Y.

BY DR. G. T. TAYLOR, BISMARCK, ARK.

I belonged to Company C, 1st Alabama Battalion of Heavy Artillery, and served on the Gulf Coast most of the war of 1861-65. I was captured August 23, 1864, at Fort Morgan and was taken to New Orleans and placed in Cotton Press No. 3 on September 18 (?). About 300 of us were sent on board a ship for New York City and placed in Castle Williams, on Governor's Island. We were kept there until December 4, when we were sent to the Elmira (N. Y.) Prison. While in New Orleans we fared fairly well under the circumstances. While on Governor's Island a corporal (I think his name was Toby) stole our rations, and we suffered hunger until Colonel Bumford, in command of the prison, removed the man, who was making money while we were starving. While there I took smallpox, as did several others, and we carried the disease to Elmira, where a number died of it.

Talk about Camp Chase, Rock Island, or any other prison as you please, but Elmira was nearer Hades than I thought any place could be made by human cruelty. It was in a bend of the small river, surrounded by a high board inclosure, with sentinels walking on a platform near the top outside, with a dead line some fifteen or twenty feet on the inside; and if prisoners went near the line, a wound or death was the invariable result. Snow and ice several feet thick covered the place from December 6 to March 15, 1865. We were in shacks some seventy or eighty feet long, and they were very open, with but one stove to the house. We had bunks three tiers high, with only two men to a bunk, while we were allowed only one blanket to the man. Our quarters were searched every day, and any extra blankets were taken from us. For the least infraction we were sent to the guardhouse and made to wear a "barrel shirt" or were tied up by the thumbs for hours at a time. There was one Major Beal who, I believe, was the meanest man I ever knew. Our rations were very scant. About eight or nine in the morning we were furnished a small piece of loaf bread and a small piece of salt pork or pickled beef each, and in the afternoon a small piece of bread and a tin plate of soup, with sometimes a little rice or Irish potato in the soup where the pork or beef had been boiled. We were not allowed to have money, but could make rings or pins or buttons and sell them for sutler tickets and buy tobacco or apples; but we were not allowed to buy rations. After the surrender of General Lee, we thought it would be better, but were mistaken.

In May they commenced to liberate prisoners, sending three hundred every other day. I got out on July 7, 1865, and started for my home in Alabama. Upon arrival in New York City I secured my first "square meal" in over ten months.

My experience was that when you met a Western man you met a gentleman and soldier; but when you met a "down Easterner" or a Southern renegade, you met the other fellow.

If any of the 1st Battalion of Heavy Artillery of Alabama or any of the 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery or any of Captain Butt's company, 21st Alabama Infantry sees this, please write me.

Any comrade who remembers Marian McCord, of the company from Rossville, Tenn., 38th Tennessee Regiment, will please communicate with his widow, Mrs. California McCord, R. R. No. 1, Collierville, Tenn., who is very old and needs a pension.

UNION VETERAN AT NATIONAL CEMETERY.

[The following address by Capt. A. J. Gahagan, of Chattanooga, at the National Cemetery, near Nashville, on May 30, 1912, vividly illustrates the sentiment that prevails among the best men of the Union side. Captain Gahagan was a mere boy, although an officer, and he has made a good citizen ever since. He is not noted as an orator, but as an ardent conservative patriot.]

We gather to-day in the national cemeteries and other quiet habitations of the dead all over this country to pay our tribute to the memory of the men who died or offered their lives that the nation might live. There is a special significance attached to this service. This is the golden anniversary of the year in which more men voluntarily enlisted to fight in two armies than ever voluntarily offered to go to war for any cause during any year for twenty centuries.

Many of those who enlisted during 1861 did so under the impression that the war would be of short duration, believing it would be rather an outing that would not carry with it such hardships, privations, and sufferings as were shown by the trials that followed. Before the war had lasted twelve months the magnitude of the task was developed, and it was then that both the Union and the Confederacy realized that every possible resource of men and women would be heavily taxed to meet the emergencies of that great struggle. During 1861 and 1862 both the Union and the Confederate armies were largely recruited by voluntary enlistment. In later years more extreme measures had to be resorted to in order to fill up the depleted ranks. In the Confederate States every available man practically subject to military duty was called into the service. He enlisted by his own voluntary choice or by the enforced demands of the Confederate government. In the States adhering to the Union in some cases a draft finally was resorted to or large bounties paid by the States upon which calls were made for more troops. The South labored under the great disadvantage that loyal sentiment for the Union existed among a large percentage of her population and strengthened the latter's armies; but while there were sympathizers for the South in large numbers in the Northern States, from that source the Confederate army did not procure perhaps one-tenth in proportion of the enlistments that went from the loyal population in the Southern States to the Union army. Had the three hundred or more thousands of men enlisting from the Southern States in the Union army gone into the Confederate army, the contest would have been much harder and longer. Just what the effect would have been under such conditions no one can tell.

People who do not carefully study history and analyze what that great war meant can hardly appreciate its magnitude. Figure up some of the enormous proportions of that contest, and the results will be astonishing. From April 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865, in the two armies more than three million men were enrolled. If these were put in line standing side by side with elbows touching, they would make a solid line of men nearly two thousand miles long. If you divided that body into two armies and they faced each other, they would make a line of battle nearly nine hundred miles long, or would reach about one-third the distance from New York to San Francisco. Nearly four hundred thousand men were killed in battle or died of wounds and disease. If they could be buried in a single row, the graves two feet apart or a grave every five feet, it would cover a distance of more than three hundred and fifty miles.

During that great struggle there was a battle front or a territory to be guarded from Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande River, more than two thousand miles. A blockade had to be kept up along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico from Maine to Texas and on the Pacific Ocean from Southern California to British Columbia. No such war was ever fought, no such territory was ever before defended in any war, and so vast a sum of money had never been expended in any war. Such a sacrifice of lives was never equaled in any age of the world's history. More than that, no such results for the good of the human race have ever resulted from any war. By that awful contest the greatest government that has ever existed on the earth has been permanently established. A people possessing so great resources in wealth and in the development of agriculture, commerce and trade, and the practice of professions are happily located within the territorial limits of the United States. And it is safe to say that a people more loyal to the government and who would be more willing and ready to shed their blood in its defense do not live in any other country on the earth.

Think of our progress. A half century ago we were fighting among ourselves. The very elements seemed to weep over the sacrifice of human life and property, but out of that crucible of destruction has come the most prosperous people in the world. An effort to establish a Confederacy failed and the power of the government to maintain itself has been established. Those of us who took part in that great contest or were living then and witnesses to the fearful carnage of war can hardly conceive how a people defeated at such an awful cost could so soon become reconciled to its results.

A few weeks ago in one of the great Northern cities at a gathering of distinguished men I heard a prominent law-maker of the country, a man who was a soldier of distinction in the Northern army, in an after-dinner speech pay the Southern people a compliment by saying that, in his opinion, in less than fifty years after the close of that great war the people of no section of our common country were more loyal to the flag and all it represents than those whose ancestors gave their all in defense of the Confederacy and who would be more willing now to fight for the flag of the Union as heroically as did their fathers fight for that other flag that went down at Appomattox. That sentiment was heartily applauded, and I believe the speaker told the truth.

Why should we not be a happy and united people? There is none just like it on the earth, and there is no other government that represents just what this country does. It is in advance of all other nations in growth and development. It leads the world in elevating its people, caring for their wants, educating them, and fitting them for that station in life that our Heavenly Father has provided for all mankind. That great war developed the latent powers of individuals as well as of the nation. It brought men from humble positions in life and developed their capacity for high commands and great achievements.

Had that great struggle never come on, Abraham Lincoln would never have had an opportunity to show to the world his wonderful resources of mind and heart. Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, Sheridan and Jackson, Thomas and Bragg, Hancock and Forrest, and many others of both armies would never have been known as such capable captains in war as they demonstrated. And then, again, what great statesmen were developed in the conduct of the affairs of both the Union and Confederacy during that trying, stormy period!

And O what trials and privations were endured! The struggle was not alone with the men of either army who did the fighting. I think it would be safe to say that the anxious days and sleepless nights that were endured by the women of the country, both North and South, next to the trials and hardships of those who endured and died in prisons, deserve first place. Let us go back in memory and recall the willingness to obey orders, to go without complaining into any place of hardship or danger. It seems to me that that war was fought at the right time and by the right people.

After coming out of that great contest, how the men of both armies adapted themselves to the conditions with which they were surrounded! The men of each army went back to farm and factory, took hold of the plow and implements of industry, and went to work to rebuild what had been destroyed.

What other armies of all time fought such battles, made greater marches, and accomplished more difficult tasks? Bull Run was the first great baptism of battle. It was a Confederate victory, and I think it was well, as that engagement showed the people of the Union what we were up against; that it was a contest between brave men and that it was a struggle for existence. It proved a question of resources in men and facilities for carrying on war. From the beginning the army of the Union was the aggressor; the majority of the great battles were fought within the limits of the Confederacy. The Confederate soldier was on the defensive, consequently had some advantage. He was fighting for a principle that was dear to his heart in the establishment of a new government.



CAPT. A. J. GAHAGAN.

The Union soldier fought to maintain the government undivided. And then what real men that war made! The private in the ranks was seasoned, his fiber toughened, his courage was developed—all of which increased his personal power and influence. Those who withstood these hardships and the temptations of vice and returned to their homes physically

strong made a race of men that has added luster to the fame of this country. Consider the great battles they fought—Manassas, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Antietam, Stone's River, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Sherman's March to the Sea, Hood's invasion of Tennessee, the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and the culmination at Five Forks and Appomattox, saying nothing of a thousand other battles on land and thrilling engagements at sea.

There is no record in any war of so many battles fought and such stupendous results in the loss of life. Only great leadership and rank and file consecrated and devoted to their cause could have made such history. During the four years of that great conflict there were fought over 2,200 battles and skirmishes. Virginia was the great battle ground of the War of the States, and within the limits of that State there were over five hundred engagements. There were 298 in Tennessee, 214 in Missouri, and 186 in Mississippi. There were twelve hundred battles and skirmishes in these four States.

At the close of the war more than a million and a half of those who had taken part returned to their homes physically strong and healthy and ready to engage in the avocations of civil life. Almost a half century has passed, and yet many of those men are still actively engaged in the great business occupations and ennobling professions of our country.

It isn't strange that the custom of assembling on Memorial Day should find greater approval as each memorial anniversary occurs. No civilized race of people have ever failed to show appreciation for those who fight their battles. The Greeks have ever revered the memory of those who fell at Marathon, nearly five hundred years before the time of Christ. The Cæsars of Rome built great highways and monuments to commemorate the victories of her soldiers. The great nations of Europe have in harmony with their own ideas shown their appreciation of those who died fighting their battles. It has been left to our own country to reward more generously her soldiers by liberal pensions in caring for them in the Soldiers' Homes and giving them comfort in their declining years than has any other country. Every State that united with the Confederacy in granting liberal pensions to her soldiers who fought for its cause is doing the right thing by them. Those men who at the call of their State fought its battles deserve its support in their old age. To fail to do so would show ingratitude that finds no place in the American heart.

The War of the States was not fought in vain; the men whose memory we honor to-day died for their country. The heart of American womanhood did not bleed for naught; the part she accomplished, both North and South, during those anxious years should ennoble her in the estimation of all men.

The services we perform to-day and the beautiful resting places that the nation has provided for her dead are an evidence of her gratitude to those who fought her battles. As we scatter flowers over the graves of those who sleep here let us not forget those who wore the other uniform. May the dust of all who wore either the blue or gray forever rest in peace! No people at the close of any war ever went back to their homes to find greater desolation and ruin than that witnessed by the Confederate soldier when he returned to his home in the Southland. One of the delightful memories of that great conflict is the readiness with which each forgot the animosities of war and joined hands in restoring to the country what had been torn down, and this Southland, upon which the hand of war rested so heavily, has in less than half a century shown a growth and development the like of which the world fur-

nishes no parallel. Every section is connected by a network of railroads. Schools and colleges have been built everywhere; breastworks have been torn down and in their places have been erected factories for the employment of labor and the utilization of our many natural resources. So the smoke of industry takes the place of the smoke of battle. What has been accomplished by the soldier in war and the citizen in peace should be an inspiration to future generations. The government was worth saving, and the sacrifice of men and money was not in vain. It was war between Americans, and all the glory of the victory could never have been won except for the courage and sacrifice of the army that went down in defeat; but God's hand was surely in it all and we are a better people in consequence of the crucible.

These memorial services bring back on the wings of memory the events of other days. Again we hear the bugle call and the drum beat; we see regiments, brigades, and divisions marching in review before us; we can see charging columns as they go forward in obedience to orders; the sunlight glitters on the saber and bayonet. In our front we see a brave foe clad in gray. The shadowy hosts stand all around us, eloquent in their silence, but their glory is secure. We live on to enjoy the fruits for which they gave their lives and to tell the coming generations of their heroic deeds. We share their glory and begrudge them not the fame they won. Who can look back over the stretch of years and not recognize the hand of Omnipotence in it all? As Americans we can look out over the wide world and see our flag in the forefront of human progress leading the hosts of development everywhere. Those of us who took part in that great conflict are growing old. We ought to be thankful for the happy privileges enjoyed in living so many years that we may share in the fruits of our labors. Our soldier days are only a memory now, but let us hold dear the friendships made in the camp, on the march, in the trenches, and in prison pens. Our mutual regard and friendship for each other stand separate and apart in many respects from the rest of the world. The men who fought in that great war made an imperishable page in the nation's history. By their heroic deeds the problem of free government was solved, and to-day the American Union takes first place among all the nations of the world. We have not yet reached the meridian of our greatness. It is for the new generation yet to come to carry on the great work. These men who so silently rest here in this beautiful habitation of the dead did their work well in the permanent establishment of this mighty American government, and in transmitting the same to their posterity it will be in safe keeping.

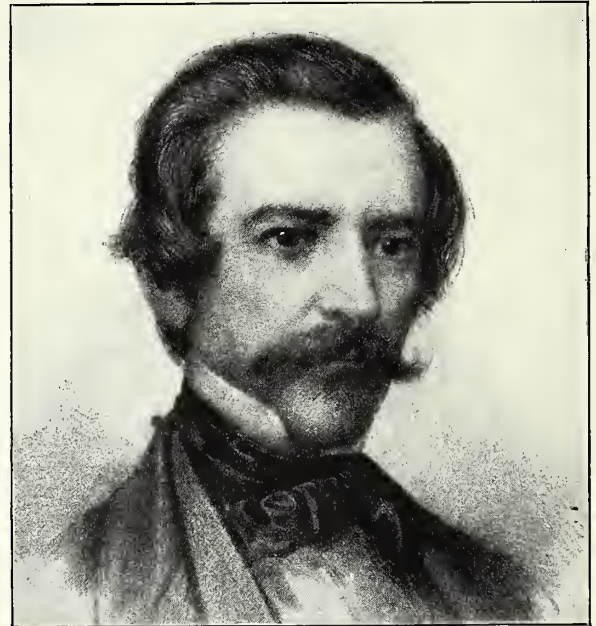
UNION VETERAN HONORS A FOE.

CAPT. J. K. MERRIFIELD, ST. LOUIS, MO., ON DECORATION DAY.

To-day is Decoration Day. I did not go to the barracks with my G. A. R. Post, but with my wife took flowers and a flag and decorated the grave of Col. Hugh Garland, colonel of the 1st Missouri Infantry, killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. It was his regimental flag and his sword that I got there, and it was Colonel Garland to whom I gave a drink of water and from whose person I removed dead bodies, as he was in great distress from a wound in his knee. My heart went out to his memory to-day the same as it did to his suffering on that terrible battle field. A beautiful monument has been erected for him by his sister, Mrs. G. S. Meem, who resides at Seattle, Wash. It was, I think, put in place in 1910, and it was the first time I knew where his lot was. It

was a labor of love for us to-day to place flowers and flag on his grave.

Our dearly beloved Judge Gantt died at his home, in Jefferson City, Mo., May 28, and was buried in Clinton, Mo., on May 30. The Missouri and Pacific Railroad ran a special train to convey the body and friends from Jefferson City to Clinton. No better man lived than Judge Gantt. Everybody was his friend. A just judge, a good citizen, he made the State better by being its resident. He left a loving, devoted wife who has the sympathy of all the people in Missouri.



ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

The above print is from a vivid old engraving of Admiral Semmes procured from a dealer in the national capital some years ago by Hon. Joseph E. Washington, then a member of Congress from Tennessee. This fine picture is of a large collection in Mr. Washington's ancestral home, Wessington.

CHARGE BY A UNION VETERAN.

James H. Loughman concludes a sad story of over a year in Andersonville Prison: "When the passing veteran would tell you of his sufferings—how he thirsted, hungered, and sickened; was reviled, scourged, and persecuted—I charge you, though the story be long and poorly told, to listen and take only the lesson of patriotism from him. The men in the ranks were not abolitionists; we were only fighting that our country might be kept intact, and it is the trust we leave to you, the man and the youth of to-day. Let patriotism be taught and practiced not only at the Decoration Day season or when we carry our tattered battle flags through the streets, but daily. Let every organization intended to teach this spirit be fostered, and let any who condemn such a movement be regarded as a menace to our institutions."

Mrs. E. J. Featherston, 962 Woodland Street, Nashville, Tenn., wishes to learn the fate of her father, G. W. Knight, from whom she has not heard for a number of years. He was then near Water Valley, Miss. He was a member of the 3d Tennessee Regiment during the war.

IOWA HOLDS ON TO A SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG.

In the Editorial Department of "Annals of Iowa" for July, 1911, recently received, of which Edgar R. Harlan is curator, a singular position is taken in regard to a South Carolina State flag. The flag (he states "our" flag) was presented by Mrs. Mary Carpenter, of Monticello, Iowa, daughter of Maj. S. S. Farwell, whose regiment "captured" the flag. They "removed" it from the Capitol and presented it to Major Farwell and "he retained the flag in his possession thereafter." The curator continues:

"Iowa survivors of the Civil War have protested against our receiving with favor the suggestion that the flag be given up. Opinions even among the soldiers differ on this point. The policy of the return to Southern States of military standards taken by capture is cordially approved by some soldiers and by others bitterly condemned. The flag in question seems to have been the standard of the State of South Carolina rather than an emblem of secession or of the government of the Southern Confederacy, and for that reason technically may not fall within the reasoning against the return of the Confederate standards. Any acrimony that may ever have existed as to the return of captured standards would probably not exist with respect to this flag of South Carolina in one who has full knowledge as to its origin and meaning.

"Major Farwell held this flag in a sense as a custodian for its captors, and it was presented to the State Historical Department as a sacred trust for them and all the people of the State. The Historical Department therefore will never release this flag, because it is the property of the State and could be disposed of only by the General Assembly.

"But there are reasons for our keeping the flag that are more in accord with the purpose of the State Historical Department than are legal conditions or angry memories. Annually there pass through our rooms thousands and thousands of young people and newcomers into Iowa, who here receive their first impressions of the history of Iowa or have impressions stimulated to higher appreciation than is done in any other way. Objects strike the eye and the terse, accurate language of labels strikes the attention of many visitors who have not time, taste, or talent for the perusal of many books. They undergo few influences stronger or more persistent than are the museum and memorial features of our collections. No object suggests at sight more vividly or perfectly an event of historic importance to our country in which Iowa and its soldiers participated than does this great palmetto flag. Its silent ministry will continue as long as Iowa and South Carolina exist. It will speak volumes for South Carolina where chapters might not be read of her by sons of Iowa. It engenders disrespect and adverse comment only in rare instances of especially embittered soldiers of the Civil War. When the last of these has gone and the bronze button has become a memory cherished as is that of Revolutionary heroes by our oldest men, no one in Iowa or America will look with disrespect upon any memento of the great conflict.

"Those who administer the affairs of the Historical Department have merely a trust in historical materials. Properly discharging this trust, we will reserve for future generations adequate aids with which to illustrate and interpret all the important public events. In the distant future Iowa must embrace as citizens the sons of Carolina soldiers under Robert E. Lee and among Carolina citizens must inevitably be found descendants of Iowa soldiers under U. S. Grant. In Iowa soil there are the ashes of at least eight Revo-

lutionary soldiers, of whom one was born in South Carolina, two in Virginia, and one in Maryland. At a time as far removed from the Civil War as we now are from the Revolution the preservation in Iowa of this palmetto flag will doubtless be universally approved even by the children and descendants of men who were Carolina soldiers under the stars and bars. In the meantime it will be accessible to perhaps as many tolerant souls as would observe it were it returned to South Carolina. Commerce and other currents of social life hold State lines in utter disregard. The bitterness of the Civil War is rapidly vanishing. It seems to us in the light of these conditions and of our sacred trust to the future that the withdrawal by our State from its collection of historical treasures of an emblem of another State, even though it might have been at one time a reminder of hate and bitterness, should now be neither requested nor considered."

[Fellow countrymen, do you realize that Captain Farwell's company had fully as much right to take every picture, every book, and the walls of the State Capitol to Iowa as that flag? It is not in any sense a battle flag. It is no credit to Major Farwell or his company that it was taken away from the Capitol building of South Carolina. Ask your G. A. R. men who served through the war what they think. Ask their opinion at an annual Encampment and let real men tell you about it. There is in no sense heroism in its "capture." Your intention is better than your judgment. It is only the small element of Union soldiers who are as mean as Senator Heyburn and as ignorant who would be willing to keep it. Investigation would prove that only "bloody shirt" fellows who never met Confederate soldiers in battle would want a trophy like the flag of a State, "ten by fourteen feet" in size. Won't our Grand Army heroes write to Mr. Harlan about the fraternity and the justice of sending that flag back to Columbia? It is pleasing that they want a South Carolina flag, and the VETERAN will guarantee that one will be given them if they will be just enough to return this old one that has sacred memories, and which will ever be a reproach to the men who were pilfering while their comrades were at the battle front fighting to restore the Union.]

ESTEEMED FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE.

The Lookout, of Chattanooga, Tenn., reports that Rev. Charles R. Hyde, of Little Rock, will return to Chattanooga, having accepted charge of the Lookout Mountain Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Hyde was before her marriage Miss Anne Bachman, a popular Chattanooga woman, who never severed her identity with her native city. She is a member of many prominent organizations, the D. A. R., U. D. C., the Daughters of 1812, the Tennessee Woman's Press and Authors' Club, and others. Mr. Hyde is also of one of the old and prominent families of Tennessee.

The Little Rock Gazette comments on the above: "The departure of Dr. Hyde and his charming and cultured wife is greatly deplored here, where they have been closely identified with every good and progressive movement. The State Historical Association, of which Mrs. Hyde is a valued member, adopted resolutions in which they say: 'Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, who is one of the most valued members of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Arkansas History Commission, is to return to Tennessee. The auxiliary regrets losing a member whose influence for religious, historical, and social benefit is appreciated by it and by the community. The auxiliary congratulates Chattanooga on her gain at Little Rock's loss.'"

VIEW OF THE WAR ISSUES BY A STUDENT.

ADDRESS ON JUNE 3 BY MR. PORTER MCFERRIN, OF NASHVILLE.

Under the blue canopy of heaven, in this beautiful, silent city, we have met to pay a tribute of love to the memory of our Confederate dead. Throughout the South to-day there are similar gatherings, each bearing its garlands of flowers with which to decorate heroes' graves. This custom, beautiful in its simplicity, evidences not only our regard for the heroic dead, but also our devotion to the principles for which they died.

War is always fraught with suffering, leaving in its track death and desolation, and when waged for conquest can find no justification. But when reason is of no avail, when the Constitution is denounced as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," when confidence is met with duplicity, when honor itself is impugned, there is no alternative but a resort to arms.

Brave Confederate soldiers, I am tired of hearing it said that you fought for a cause you believed to be right. You fought and your comrades whose memory we honor to-day died not for a cause you believed to be right, but in defense of principles that you knew were right. I doubt if the world has ever comprehended fully the many provocations heaped upon the South and the South's long-suffering and forbearance.

In my judgment, war was inevitable and would have come sooner or later, even though slavery had been abolished voluntarily by the Southern States. There were many causes that contributed to that great conflict. It is not my purpose now to discuss those various causes. A mere ripple upon the surface often marks the turn of an ocean tide. As a pebble dropped into a pool of water produces a succession of concentric circles, each larger than the preceding one, so the atom of unrest dropped into the pool of the body politic produced its ever-widening circles of discontent, envy, and hatred that were destined finally to burst all boundaries in the sweep of their wild fanaticism.

In a speech delivered in Brooklyn in November, 1859, in defense of John Brown, Wendell Phillips said: "If Virginia tyrants dare hang him, it will take two more Washingtons at least to make the name of the State anything but abominable to the ages that come after." And when Brown was executed, the bells in many of the Northern cities were tolled and their public speakers proclaimed him a Christian martyr. Nor has this maudlin sentiment died out. Within the past decade a President of the United States made a pilgrimage to the tomb of John Brown and stood with bared head and tearful eyes at the grave of that murderous fanatic.

It sometimes happens that a man is known to posterity as the antithesis of what he really was. Through the manipulations of Northern historians Daniel Webster is known as the "Great Expounder of the Constitution," when as a matter of fact he was a great perverter of truth. It is true that in his last years, notably in a speech delivered at Capon Springs, Va., in 1851, he completely reversed the position he had maintained in his earlier career, declaring the Constitution to be a compact, a term he vehemently repudiated in 1833. As one writer has said: "He shifted with the breeze of the passing hour, and political expediency and the dazzling prize of the presidency seem to have dominated his great genius." It is unfortunate that his splendid abilities and great eloquence should so long have been given to a perversion of the truths of history. Be it said to his credit, however, that in his closing years, when

darkness was threatening the land, he raised his mighty voice in behalf of "the compact of the Constitution," declaring that all its stipulations should be observed religiously. But it was too late. The tidal wave of fanaticism that his misrepresentations had helped put in motion had attained an impetus whose currents the efforts of his later years were unable to stem.

In the long and desperate struggle which followed the South fought to preserve the Constitution of the fathers; slavery she regarded as a mere incident. We are perhaps in point of time too near the scenes of that mighty conflict to estimate the character and ability of those in control of affairs. We are apt to criticize too severely on the one hand and to eulogize with fulsome praise on the other. The historian who shall calmly, dispassionately, and with equal justice assign each his place has not yet been born. Time permits of my mentioning only a few of our illustrious heroes.

In 1860 the United States Senate contained a galaxy of able statesmen than whom there was none abler, none more patriotic than Jefferson Davis. There in the Senate chamber he defended the Constitution against the assaults of its enemies and repelled the aspersions and calumnies heaped upon the South with the courage of a Caesar and the eloquence of a Mirabeau. His preëminent ability was recognized by men of all political factions. No patriot in any republic has ever been subjected to such indignities and cruelties as were visited upon Mr. Davis by the United States government, all of which he bore with manly dignity and Christian fortitude. And what though he be denied a place in the so-called "Hall of Fame"! When the passions engendered by the war shall have died out, when true history shall have been written, the name of Jefferson Davis will be inscribed high and conspicuous upon the walls of the American Pantheon. But he needs no tablet to perpetuate his honored name, for it is engraved indelibly upon the memory of those for whom he became a vicarious sufferer.

A member of the Confederate Senate who stood close to Mr. Davis in public and in private life said of him in an address delivered soon after the war: "I know Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties, I have seen him by his private fireside, I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions, and I challenge the judgment of history when I say no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot; while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character."

This estimate of Mr. Davis by that eloquent statesman, Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, will constitute the verdict of impartial history.

Much has been said about appeals to the arbitrament of the sword, but the sword has never settled a question where principle was involved. As some one has said: "The sword is but a hideous flare in the darkness; right is an eternal ray."

"The battle is not always to the strong." There is often victory in defeat, and sometimes victory even in death.

"Speak, History! who are life's victors?"

Unroll thy long annals and say.

Are they those whom the world called the victors,
Who won the success of a day?"

You have read how Leonidas and his faithful band of Spartans held the narrow pass of Thermopylæ till, overwhelmed by the swarming myriads of Persians, they found a heroic death. Who were the victors in that desperate struggle, Xerxes and the Persians or Leonidas and the Immortal 300?

You have read of the courage and heroism of the Greek

and Roman soldiery, and history is replete with deeds of valor and renown. The poets have told in deathless song the glorious deeds and mighty achievements of those Titans along the Ægean and Ionian seas. No Homer or Virgil has arisen to sing the glories of the Southern cause; but neither the annals of history nor the pages of mythology will show any more heroic, chivalrous character than the Confederate soldier.

In 1863 a young Confederate soldier was captured within the Federal lines, and on the evidence of certain papers found in his possession was convicted of being a spy and condemned to death. He was offered life and liberty if he would tell where he procured the papers, but he steadfastly refused. The day of execution having arrived, he was escorted to the scaffold, where the offer of life was renewed if he would but divulge the source of his information. There in the gray of that November morning, in the flower of youth, with life in all its beauty and attractiveness spread out before him, his mind filled with thoughts of loved ones at home, he was urged again and again to tell where he procured the papers and thus save his own life. Standing proudly erect, facing the morning sun, with the breath of Eurus upon his noble brow, he replied: "If I had a thousand lives, I would give them all here and now before I would betray a friend or the confidence of my informer."

On our beautiful Capitol grounds there has been erected a statue of this young hero, Sam Davis, that shall stand through the ages a monument to his courage and fidelity and an inspiration to the youth of the land.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity."

On the field of Shiloh, in that maelstrom of death, amidst the roar of cannon and the scream of grape and canister, with victory within his grasp, Albert Sidney Johnston fell. I know not if the destiny of a nation ever hung upon the fate of one man, but I do know that in the death of General Johnston the Confederate government lost one of its staunchest supports and the army one of the ablest generals of modern times. So great was the esteem in which he was held by President Davis that at the beginning of the war Mr. Davis expressed the wish that he by resigning might transfer to Albert Sidney Johnston the presidency of the Confederate States.

I feel that I would be derelict should I fail on this occasion to express my gratification that there are being erected monuments to the women of the South. This beautiful marble shaft before us, erected chiefly through the efforts of our noble women, bears silent yet eloquent testimony to the self-sacrifice and heroic devotion of our Southern womanhood.

When we look about us and see the changes wrought by immutable time, when we observe the furrowed brows of these battle-scarred veterans bowed with the weight of years, we are admonished that the time is not far distant when these loving tributes must be paid by other hands.

Brave Confederate soldiers, you who answered your country's call and survived the perils of that long conflict, you who followed the gonfalon of Lee and Jackson, the Johnstons and Bragg, Bate, Cheatham, and the "Wizard of the Saddle"—to you we turn to-day with all reverence and respect. May the remaining years allotted you here be brightened with the consciousness of duty well performed; and when the death

angel shall draw aside the drapery of your couch, may you hear the welcome acclaim, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" To your comrades who poured out their lifeblood a libation upon the altar of their country, many of whom sleep to-day in unmarked graves, we can only say: Sleep on, brave soldiers, sleep on; sleep till the resurrection morn shall call you forth to the full fruition of a hero's reward.

"Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.
Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how you fell.
Nor wreck nor change nor winter's blight
Nor Time's remorseless doom
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

RADFORD (VA.) MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Promptly at three o'clock on May 30, 1912, the business houses closed and the town gathered at the high school for the parade. The carnival band led the procession, followed by the Veterans, the Daughters bearing flowers, Brotherhood Bible Club, Mystic Chain, the school children, and the citizens.

The old burying ground presented a very peaceful and attractive appearance when the people arrived. After the playing of "Dixie" by the band, Capt. E. F. Gill, who presided, made the opening address. He said: "My friends, under the providence of our Heavenly Father we are again permitted to perform a deed of love in memory of our departed friends. Our action to-day does no good to those buried there; no eulogies that may be spoken will do them good; we alone are the beneficiaries of these deeds. The day, the 30th of May, is not the reason we have met. But it is to quicken our own love for the departed and institute a feeling that willingly carried out will soften our feelings for those now with us and generate in our hearts the knowledge that we are all of a common family. It is the National Decoration Day, and we are thus reminded that we are a part of one great nation and should hallow the nation's dead, be they those who wore the blue or those who wore the gray. We have no local day, as some people have." * * *

After Rev. Mr. Edwards made the invocation, Judge Longley spoke on "The Confederate Soldier."

Captain Gill read the list of Confederate veterans buried in Central Cemetery.

Capt. W. T. Baldwin paid a tribute to the soldiers of the Confederacy and to the women.

Mr. R. L. Jordan spoke for the Mystic Chain, dwelling particularly upon the eventual victory of truth.

Elder Catron paid a tribute to the negro, not the most noble but the most innocent factor in Southern civilization, who should not be forgotten. "You know I plead not for social equality," said he. "I plead for truth and for a fellow feeling."

Judge Cassel said a word for the living. Spare some flowers, some smiles for the man you meet, the man you pass on the street, and he invoked the young people to show respect for the older people, and especially for their parents.

The exercises closed with the singing of the long-meter Doxology and benediction by Elder Catron.

THE LAST ROLL

DEATHS IN PAT CLEBURNE CAMP, WACO, TEX.

W. W. Hampton, Co. F, 6th Tex. Inf., May 19, 1911.
 H. W. Sadler, Co. H, 19th Tex. Cav., June 6, 1911.
 George W. Hewitt, Co. G, 20th Ga. Inf., November 5, 1911.
 John D. Morrow, Co. C, 1st Miss. State, November 14, 1911.
 Dr. W. R. Wallace, surgeon 15th Tex. Inf., Nov. 21, 1911.
 M. C. Stegall, Co. D, 4th Tenn. Cav., November 26, 1911.
 D. D. Noell, Co. D, 4th Arizona Cav., November, 1911.
 B. J. Kendrick, Co. F, 51st Ga. Inf., April 13, 1912.
 A. J. Smith, Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav., April 18, 1912.
 [Reported by Thomas C. Smith, Adjutant of the Camp.]

H. H. HOCKERSMITH.

Comrade H. H. Hockersmith, who served in Company A, 30th Tennessee Infantry, has answered roll call the last time. He passed over the river May 21 in the seventieth year of his age. The last few months of his life were spent in the Kentucky Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky. During the War of the States he was engaged in nearly twenty battles, from Fort Donelson in February, 1862, to Bentonville, N. C., where he surrendered in the spring of 1865.

When his already decimated company went into the battle of Chickamauga, there were twenty-two on the firing line; and when the conflict was over, nine were found dead on the field and nine were wounded, with only four men left to stack arms, and Comrade Hockersmith was one of the four. After the smoke of battle was gone, he engaged diligently in avocations of peace. Much of his after life was spent in the newspaper business, and he was often a contributor to the VETERAN.

He was a good soldier of his country, enduring hardships in the camp, on the march, and in fierce battles. He was no less loyal to his convictions as a soldier of Jesus Christ, and he was ever active in any movement for the betterment of men.

[A. N. White, Co. D, 42d Miss. Regiment, Pewee Valley.]

JUDGE JAMES B. GANTT.

James B. Gantt, for twenty years a Justice of the Missouri Supreme Court, died in Jefferson City May 28, 1912. His death was due to a malady of the liver. The funeral sermon was preached at the family residence by Rev. John Fenton Hendy and the interment was at Clinton, Mo., Judge Gantt's former home. Members of the Supreme Court and State officers accompanied the body to Clinton.

Judge Gantt was born on a farm in Putnam County, Ga., in 1845, and was educated by local schoolmasters. When sixteen years old he enlisted in the 12th Georgia Infantry, and served in the Army of Virginia under Stonewall Jackson. He was in engagements against Banks, Shields, Fremont, and Milroy. Next he was in the seven days' fight around Richmond and on Cedar Mountain. Other service included the second battle of Manassas, Chantilly, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he was wounded twice. While convalescent he went to the front again, and in the battle of the Wilderness he was shot in the left ankle, and later at Cedar Creek he was disabled permanently by wounds.

In 1867 Judge Gantt entered the law department of the University of Virginia, and was graduated later with the degree of bachelor of laws. In 1868 he went to St. Louis and was admitted to the bar, and a year later he moved to Clinton, Mo. In 1875 he became the law partner of United States Senator George G. Vest at Sedalia, the partnership continuing until 1885, when he returned to Clinton. Shortly after resuming his residence there he was elected a circuit judge. In 1890 he was elected to the Supreme Bench, and served without intermission until 1910. For several years he was presiding judge



JUDGE J. B. GANTT.

of Division No. 2. It is said that while a supreme judge he did not miss a call of the docket. Some of his decisions are classed as of the most important in Missouri's judicial history.

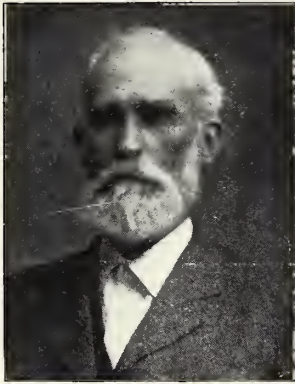
Judge Gantt is revered most by those who knew him best, the attorneys of the State, young and old, and more particularly those who were his intimates in Missouri. Judge Shepard Barclay was a classmate. Christopher P. Ellerbee and former Judge Henry S. Priest were his friends for many years.

Former Judge Marshall, of Missouri, said of Judge Gantt: "I regarded him as an exceptionally well-educated man, particularly in the law. He had a wonderful memory for the incidents and circumstances of a case, and often could tell all about the points involved in them without reference to books. Judge Gantt did not seem to take much interest in matters outside of the law except in affairs of his old comrades, the Confederate veterans. He served his adopted State as Division Commander, and was ever zealous for his comrades. He was at all times a friend of the young, aiding by encouraging words and never repulsing those who were in need of his help. By comparison with others who have held prominent places in Missouri's jurisprudence, he measured up well."

His wife was a daughter of Capt. J. M. Weidemeyer, a gallant Confederate officer, and she is a devoted U. D. C. Mrs. Gantt was President of her State Division, and was nominated for President General, U. D. C., in Richmond last November.

THOMAS W. COBB.

Thomas William Cobb was born June 12, 1844; and died December 11, 1911, at his home in Union, Ala. During the war he served in Company C, 43d Alabama,



THOMAS WILLIAM COBB.

Gracie's Brigade, and later in the Army of Tennessee until disabled by a long spell of typhoid fever. He afterwards joined Forrest's Cavalry, serving till the close of the war. He was a member of Camp Sanders, U. C. V., at Union, and almost invariably attended the reunions.

After the war was over, he taught school, and later he engaged in agricultural pursuits, whereby he successfully demonstrated the dignity of farm life, and from which he gathered a

competency. He was a Church member and was deeply interested in Christian service. His wife, who was Miss Dora Steele, and one daughter survive. (See May VETERAN.)

MRS. KATE MOSS VANMETER.

Mrs. Kate (Moss) Vanmeter, wife of Capt. Charles J. Vanmeter, Chancellor of the Western Kentucky State Normal School, died peacefully after a lingering illness at her home, near Bowling Green, Ky., May 16, in her seventy-sixth year.

Mrs. Vanmeter was of one of Kentucky's most prominent families. Her four brothers were all faithful and gallant Confederate soldiers. One of them, Col. J. W. Moss, who commanded the 2d Kentucky Regiment, was mortally wounded at Jonesboro, Tenn., in 1864. Another brother, Maj. Thomas E.

venerable husband, Capt. Charles J. Vanmeter, who survives her, though bowed down with grief, and now in his eighty-seventh year, entered the quartermaster's service in the Confederate States army in 1861 and so continued until 1865.

Mrs. Vanmeter united with the Presbyterian Church in early life, and was constant in her attendance at worship as long as her health permitted. She retained throughout her simple faith in the Lord and lived a consistent and active Christian, dispensing charity in an unostentatious way, with an eye single to the glory of the Master whom she loved.

As a wife she was truly and devotedly a helpmeet. With her broad-minded, public-spirited, and greatly esteemed husband she was active in educational work, and she coöperated with him in his contributions to the many causes of education and charity.

Mrs. Vanmeter was a woman of great force of character and strong convictions and unflinching courage. What endeared her most, perhaps, to old Confederates and Southern sympathizers was her undying loyalty to the cause of her own Southland—a cause that will never be lost as long as men love liberty and valor lasts. She was a moving spirit and an enthusiastic worker in the Daughters of the Confederacy. She never failed to be present and to take an active part in the decoration of Confederate graves in Fairview Cemetery. Her last letter, written on her sick bed a day or two before her death, was to the President of the local Chapter, U. D. C., reminding her to make arrangements for the decoration exercises on June 3.

In the death of Mrs. Kate Moss Vanmeter the Confederacy has lost one of its most active and loyal Daughters and its old veterans one of their best friends. The memory of her Christian character—her loyal heart and her good deeds—is deeply enshrined in the hearts of all who knew her.

[From sketch by Maj. W. O. Obenchain, Bowling Green.]

JOHN HARL.

The Colusa (Cal.) Sun of recent date announced the death of John Harl, a native of Hardin County, Ky., where he was born July 8, 1828. His father, John Harl, went from Loudoun County, Va., in early days and died when the son was a youth. When the War of the States began, he enlisted on the Southern side with the 2d Kentucky Regiment in Company C, commanded by Captain Sale. This was Gen. John H. Morgan's old regiment, commanded later by General Duke. He remained with them and was in all the engagements of his brigade until near the close, when he was taken prisoner.

Soon after the war the family started West, and after a toilsome journey of six months they arrived in California on the Sacramento River, where they located. It was a long journey with wagons and teams. However, they soon found some good lands near where Leesville now stands, and he and his brother engaged in farming.

Comrade Harl first married Miss Mollie Kinsman, who died in a few years, leaving him a little girl. In 1885 he returned to Kentucky with his little daughter, and on April 9 he married Mrs. Eunice Taylor Frank, of Mead County, adjoining the county in which he was reared. They left immediately for Leesville, Cal., where they resided until November, 1891, when they removed to Colusa.

He has passed a good and useful life, leaving an honest, true name. He was a man without enemies. He joined the Methodist Church in early youth, and died in that faith. In political affiliations he was a steadfast Democrat.



MRS. KATE MOSS VANMETER.

Moss, formerly Attorney-General of Kentucky, died in the Philippine Islands about two years ago. She had survived all her immediate family except one sister, Miss Joe Moss, whose home has for years been at the Vanmeter residence. Her

MANDRID M. MURRAY.

Mandrid M. Murray died at Corbin, La., April 20, 1912, aged seventy-three years. He enlisted in 1861 with the McNair Rifles, of Summit, Miss., which became part of the 3d Mississippi Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Hardcastle, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He was made lieutenant in his company, and took a gallant part in all the campaigns of the army in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia. He was wounded at Murfreesboro and Franklin. He was one of the few of Cleburne's Division that penetrated the Federal lines at Franklin, where he was taken prisoner, but escaped before the enemy got to Nashville.

Lieutenant Murray was a splendid soldier and a thorough gentleman. He was that "noblest work of God," an honest man. Only his comrades knew of his sublime courage in battle and his heroic devotion to duty. He was so modest that he rarely spoke of his four years' service in one of the great armies of the South. He was a bachelor.

[Sketch by W. J. Durbin, of Norfolk, Va.]

P. W. CHASE.

Payne Wingate Chase was born in Natchez, Miss., in 1840; and died at Tyler, Tex., in March, 1912. He had been a resident of that city for many years. He moved to Texas in 1893.

Comrade Chase enlisted with "Adams's Troop," under Capt. W. T. Martin, which company was a part of the Jeff Davis Legion and was in active service with the Army of Northern Virginia. This legion was under command of J. E. B. Stuart, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and M. L. Butler, successively, throughout the entire war. Young Chase was a dashing cavalryman under these illustrious men and a fine soldier.

"Major" Chase was one of the old-style Southern gentlemen so rapidly passing away. Kind-hearted and true, he was much esteemed by those who knew him in every walk of life.

WYLES.—John F. Wyles died at his home, Ward, Ark., on May 24, 1912, at the age of seventy-one years. He was born in Marshall County, Tenn., and served in the Confederate army as a member of an Arkansas regiment.

REV. JAMES BATTLE AVIRETT.

On July 16, 1911, Rev. James B. Avirett died suddenly and apparently without pain at the age of seventy-seven years. He was one of the first chaplains in the Confederate army.

In "War Records," Series I., Volume II., page 954, Col. Angus W. McDonald in a petition to Secretary of War L. Pope Walker wrote: "In order that the demoralizing influences of campaign life, particularly those which attach to a border war, may be counteracted as far as possible, the Rev. James B. Avirett, of the Episcopal Church, has been induced by me to accompany the command as the acting chaplain of the regiment. Already have I seen the good emanating from the regular services and prayers of this clergyman, as we have among us not a few communicants of the Church, and I need not mention to you the good effect upon the popular mind here that the presence of one whose life is devoted to God and his country will have. I ask, therefore, that this gentleman may be appointed chaplain of my command, and that his commission may be issued for the same. I am more anxious for the last-mentioned appointment in that in having a fully commissioned and authenticated man of God with us, aside from the positive good to the command, the charges of 'land pirates' and other unenviable sobriquets already preferred against us as parties to this partisan warfare may be the more fully met

and refuted. For this gentleman, therefore, I ask this appointment." And the commission was at once issued.

Dr. Avirett was born on Lock Katherine Plantation, on Tar River, in Onslow County, N. C., March 12, 1835, the son of James Alfred Avirett and Serena Thomas Avirett. He practiced law in the South before entering the ministry. He served as chaplain with the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the war. He founded the Dunbar Female Seminary at Winchester, Va., where he married Mary Williams, daughter of Philip Williams, of that place. Returning to the active ministry, he held many important parishes until old age and the death of his wife led to his making his home with his son, Col. John Williams Avirett, editor of the Evening Times at Cumberland, Md. He was buried in the family lot at Mount Hebron Cemetery, adjoining the Stonewall Cemetery, which he helped establish, at Winchester on Monday, February 19, after funeral services at Cumberland and in Christ Church, Winchester, where he was married. Turner Ashby Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member, acted as a guard of honor and conducted military services at the grave. His casket of cadet gray broadcloth was covered with the flags of the Confederacy and of North Carolina and Virginia intertwined.



DR. AVIRETT AND BLACK HAWK.

The accompanying picture of Dr. Avirett and of his old colored camp servant, "Black Hawk," was taken at the time of dedicating the monument to the memory of the Lexington cadets who fell in the battle of New Market, Va., on the campus of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Dr. Avirett was the orator of the day. Black Hawk still lives at Woodstock, Va., with the family of Gen. James H. Williams.

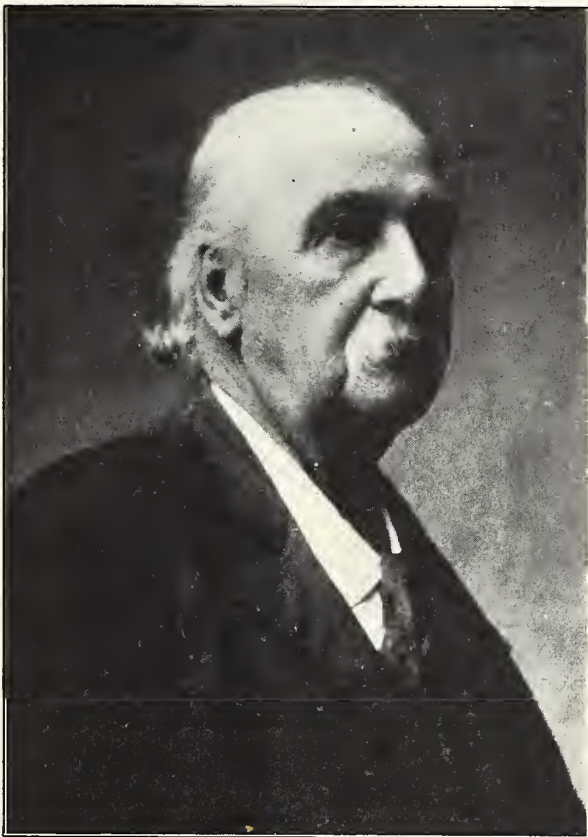
Mrs. G. M. M. Cook.

Mrs. Georgia Matilda Maxwell Cook, State Chairman of the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Florida, whose death occurred on March 11, 1912, will be long remembered for her faithful and loving service by the old soldiers of the Florida Home. The following beautiful tribute by Mrs. E. T. Oltrogge, poet laureate of the Florida Division, U. D. C., fittingly expresses the meaning of such a life as hers:

"Measure life not alone by length of years;
Some die at three-score years and ten and leave
Behind them just a fleeting memory,
With few to miss them, fewer still to grieve.
But measure life by selfless deeds of love,
Fidelity to duty, home, and friends,
True patriotism, loyalty to God,
For these make up the life that never ends.
Such was the life of one whose name shall breathe
A blessed fragrance in our hearts for aye,
Impelling us to nobler words and deeds,
For lives of her example never die!"

DANIEL B. SANFORD.

Daniel Benjamin Sanford was born in the old family home-
stead, near Greensboro, Ga., on April 11, 1839; and died at
his home, in Milledgeville, Ga., on April 11, 1912. The slender
thread of life was permitted, as by a divine providence, to
hold until one minute past the turn of the night of April 10,
and his freed spirit winged its everlasting flight from earth
on his seventy-third birthday, beloved by all who knew him.



CAPT. D. B. SANFORD.

D. B. Sanford witnessed the tumultuous proceedings that
marked the great secession convention in Milledgeville, Ga.,
early in 1861. He resigned a deputy clerkship to the Supreme
Court of Georgia and shouldered his musket as a Georgia
volunteer. In April, 1861, at the age of twenty-two years, he
returned to Greensboro and enlisted as a private in the "Green
Rifles," which became Company A, Phillips's Georgia Legion
of Infantry, DuBose's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Long-
street's Corps, of General Lee's army. Those who served
with him in the ranks and under him when promoted to the
rank of captain bear fond testimony to his soldierly conduct
and undaunted valor. "Captain Dan," as his men affection-
ately called him, never shirked a duty nor quailed in the face
of the enemy.

Ever afterwards the "old boys" sought "Captain Dan" in
coming to Milledgeville. Each survivor left of the grand old
company will shed tears of sorrow and gratitude for his noble
life when he reads in the public print that his old captain
has "crossed over the river" to be with Lee and his men to
"rest under the shade of the trees."

Captain Sanford was twice wounded in battle, seriously at
Sailors' Creek, April 6, 1865, just three days before Lee's
surrender at Appomattox. His left leg was shattered by a
Minie ball. In the awful confusion everything seemed to be
going to pieces. Lee's army had been marching and fighting
for days with nothing to eat except parched corn; they were
starving. There was no time to look after the wounded. They
lay where they fell, with no surgeon to dress their bleeding
wounds and no food or water. That any lived was due to the
mercy of Him who feeds the sparrows. Captain Sanford
lay in that condition on the battle field where he fell, sur-
rounded with the dead and dying, and would have succumbed
had not a Union soldier passing by seen his distress and
given him a raw codfish and a canteen of water. All through
the night he ate and drank from the Yankee canteen.

The next day he was taken to the Lincoln Hospital at
Washington, D. C. Captain Sanford was one of many
wounded Confederate soldiers carried in ambulances through
the streets of Washington when President Lincoln's remains
lay in state, and the ambulances had to be guarded by regi-
ments of Union soldiers to prevent their being stoned.

Captain Sanford was paroled in June, 1865, and he returned
to Georgia with only his tattered gray uniform and his un-
tarnished record. His gray jacket is preserved and cherished.

Judge Sanford was married to Miss Elizabeth Stetson, of
Milledgeville, Ga., in 1868. His wife died in 1886, and two
children, Daniel S. and Elizabeth Sanford, survive him. He
held many positions of trust and honor. He was Ordinary
of Baldwin County, Chairman of County Commissioners,
President of Milledgeville Banking Company, President of
Board of Trustees Georgia Military College, and Commander
of Robert E. Lee Camp, U. C. V.

Judge Sanford was admitted to the practice of law in 1870,
and was a member of the law firm of D. B. and D. S. San-
ford when he died. He was a man of superior courage. In
matters of conviction when principle was at stake he was
immovable. Flattery could not seduce nor threats intimidate
him. He preferred death to the sacrifice of truth.

DEATHS AMONG VETERANS AT SALUDA, S. C.

B. Mathews, Adjutant Camp Mitchell, U. C. V., Saluda, S.
C., reports the following loss in membership during the past
year: Sam Eidson, W. O. Carson (Adjutant), J. W. Ed-
wards, George W. Long, James M. Long, J. B. Roberson.

R. H. WHITE.

The death of R. H. White is reported from Smyrna, Tenn., as occurring on Christmas Day of 1911. He was sixteen years of age when he enlisted in 1861 for the Confederacy, and served with the 20th Tennessee Infantry until the reorganization, when he was discharged as being under age. He then joined Captain Carter's scouts, and was under General Wheeler the remainder of the war. "Dick" White is remembered by survivors for his brave deeds as a soldier.

J. H. BOUKNIGHT.

Joseph Huie Bouknight, the youngest son of William and Nancy (Huie) Bouknight, was born at his father's Mount Willing plantation in Edgefield County, S. C., on November 25, 1840; and died on his own Mulberry Hill plantation in Edgefield County, S. C., on July 3, 1911. He was a student at the Lutheran College, Newberry, S. C., at the Arsenal in Columbia, S. C., and completed his academic education at the Citadel, South Carolina Military Academy, at Charleston, S. C. He was with the corps of cadets in their military service about Salkahatchie and in the coast country of South Carolina, and was one of those who on the reopening of the Citadel were awarded diplomas and ranked as graduates of the institution, this distinction having been denied them in the sixties because of their military service to their State and the suspension of the exercises of the institution for that purpose.

After the war Mr. Bouknight managed for his father their Bouknight's Ferry plantation in Edgefield (now Saluda County) until his father's death. During this period he was an active Mason. He organized and was Master of a lodge at Bouknight's Ferry for years. He also took a dominating part with "Red Shirts" in 1876 in his district, and did his share valiantly in helping to rid South Carolina of her political oppression.

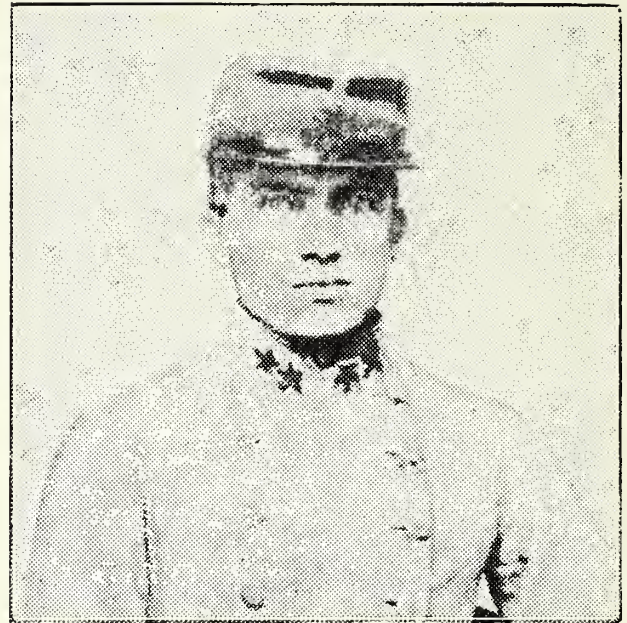
After the death of his father, he spent a year in Charleston making some changes in his business affairs, and in 1881 settled at his Mulberry Hill plantation, near Trenton, S. C., where he resided until his death. He was one of the most active and initiative men of his community; and while planting cotton successfully, he was President of the bank of Johnston for fifteen years, retiring only because of ill health. He was also a director in the bank of Edgefield, the People's Cotton Oil Company, and President of the Johnston Warehouse Company. He was active in real estate matters in the towns of Johnston and Edgefield, and was a willing and helpful taxpayer. His life was ever that of the country gentleman. He was a devoted steward in Harmony Methodist Church, and was chairman of its board of trustees. He was a popular member of Camp McHenry, U. C. V., located at Johnston.

In 1889 he married Miss Emma Bettis, of the Pine House, who predeceased him several years. He is survived by three sons (Benjamin Bettis, Joseph Huie, Jr., cadets at the South Carolina Military Academy, and William Bouknight) and one daughter (Emma Bettis, a student at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.).

He never held political office, but was President of the Harmony Democratic Club, and was keenly alive to the responsibility which comes with citizenship. He was fond of society, and was a delightful companion, full of the joy of living, and with a big, generous heart was ever ready to help the needy and distressed. Many a poor boy was helped in securing an education and many a widow's hard life was aided by his unobtrusive charity. He was an uncomplaining sufferer for two years before his death, and passed away surrounded by his family and mourned by a host of sorrowing friends.

COL. WILLIAM HENRY STEWART.

William Henry Stewart was born at Deep Creek, Va., September 28, 1838. His grandfather, Alexander Stewart, died from exposure in the War of 1812. His great-grandfather, Charles Stewart, was an officer in the War of the Revolution. Colonel Stewart was educated in the University of Virginia.



WILLIAM HENRY STEWART.

In 1859 he engaged in State military service, and in April, 1861, he engaged in the Confederate service. In March, 1862, he commanded a rifle battery at Seawall's Point during the time that the Virginia (Merrimac) did its famous work against the Monitor and other vessels.

Later he served in the 61st Virginia Infantry, became its lieutenant colonel, and participated in its many important engagements, including Rappahannock Bridge, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Brandy Station, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Shady Grove, and Spottsylvania. He commanded the brigade picket line at Hagerstown following Gettysburg, and after his promotion to lieutenant colonel he commanded his regiment until the close of the war in the battles of North Anna River, Hanover Courthouse, Reams's Station, the Crater, Davis's Farm, Burgess's Mill, Hatcher's Run, Amelia Courthouse, and finally at Appomattox Courthouse.

After the war Colonel Stewart resumed the practice of law at Portsmouth. He held the offices of commonwealth attorney and commissioner in chancery. He was also prominently connected with the journalism of Norfolk and Portsmouth. He is the author of an exceedingly graphic account of the desperate battle of the Crater, in which he was a distinguished participant. One of the last works of Colonel Stewart was the publication of "A Pair of Blankets." The book is dedicated to some nephews. In that he gives perhaps the most satisfactory account yet published of the great naval battle between the Merrimac and the Monitor. Persons interested in this book may address Mrs. Stewart at Portsmouth, Va.

Colonel Stewart was probably the best-known citizen of Portsmouth. He was a veteran of the War of the States, and since the war had written many historical papers. He was engaged in newspaper work for a time and was Portsmouth

city editor of the Norfolk Landmark. He was also editor of the Portsmouth Daily Times, resigning in 1880. He was a Vice President and director of the Portsmouth Street Railway Company and President and director of the Port Norfolk Electric Railway from its organization until April, 1897.

Colonel Stewart was twice married. His first wife was Miss Annie Wright Stubbs, of Portsmouth, and one son, Dr. Robert Armistead Stewart, survives from this union. Mrs. Stewart died in 1883, and on September 20, 1888, Colonel Stewart married Miss Sallie Watson Magruder, of Albemarle County, who survives him.

Colonel Stewart was a member of the Virginia Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Past Commander of Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Portsmouth, Past Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans, and a vestryman of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church. He was a member of the State Board of Visitors of Mount Vernon in 1898. His oration on Matthew Fountain Maury was regarded as one of the finest utterances on that famous navigator ever delivered. He conceived the idea of the United Confederate Choirs of America and was instrumental in its organization.

An editorial in the Portsmouth Star states: "The city he loved so well, the State and the South to whose defense in time of war and for whose honor and glory he strove with tongue and pen so many, many years mourn the loss of a noble son, a useful citizen, a perfect and lovable gentleman. His work will enrich the minds and hearts of those who are yet to do their part in the great work of bringing the South into her own. His contribution to history will be of incalculable value in establishing the truth regarding many important matters vitally affecting our Southern country. His devotion to the true ideals of the South was passionate and beautiful. He loved Virginia as a man loves his flesh and blood, and by

lantry in action, and uncomplaining fortitude amid the privations of the camp. In civil life he served his city and State as signally as in the army of Lee. The position he took among men was an honor to his city as well as to the man himself."

An editorial in the Richmond Times-Dispatch says of Colonel Stewart: "Virginia loses in the death of Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, one of the most distinguished and patriotic of her sons. As historian, as soldier, as lawyer Colonel Stewart served his State with distinction and honor, leaving behind the record of a life of fine activity for the public good. His historical and literary work was of a high and permanent order; his contributions to Virginia history are enduring. Easily one of the most notable Virginians of the passing generation, he typified the truth-loving Virginian, devoted to Virginia in war and in peace."

The Confederate Choir at Portsmouth took formal action in which they said: "The swift-winged messenger of death has summoned to the eternal throne the noble spirit of our best and dearest friend, Col. William H. Stewart.

'Such was one friend, formed on the good old plan—
A true and brave and downright honest man!
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude
That by his loss alone we knew his worth
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.'

The members of the Confederate Choir testify their keen appreciation of the loss of such a friend, and each one feels impressed by the death of one so upright and unswerving in all the relations and responsibilities of life. We sympathize with his family in their bereavement and extend our condolence in their hour of grief."

JUDGE JORDAN GRAY TAYLOR.

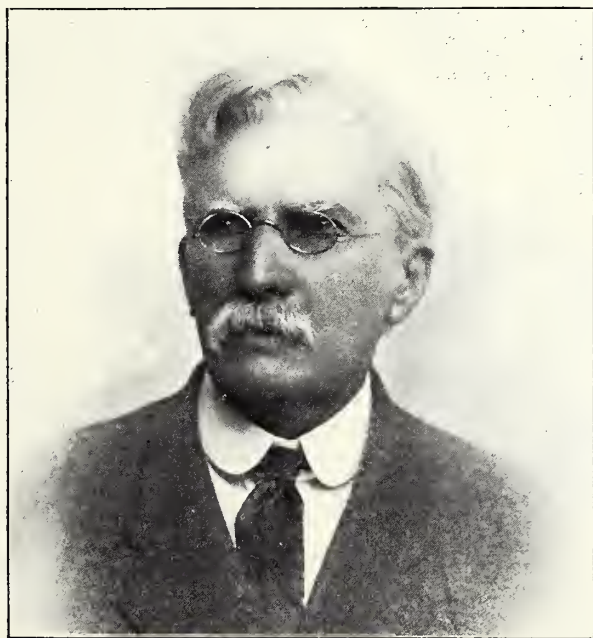
Judge J. G. Taylor was born in Butler County, Ala., October 10, 1837; and died at his home, in Magazine, Ark., March 23, 1912. His parents removed to Union Parish, La., when he was six years old. He graduated from Mount Lebanon College, Louisiana, and in January, 1861, he was married to Miss Sallie C. Lee, who was his faithful companion for more than fifty years and cheered him to the last with her devotion.

Judge Taylor enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 31st Louisiana Volunteers, in 1862; but after six months' service, he was discharged on account of physical disability, and served in other departments until the close of the war. He lived in and near Magazine, Ark., for forty-three years, and was prominent in the community, being a member of the Camp, U. C. V., as well as of the Masonic order there. He was a man of quick perception, ready to give counsel in the right direction. As a lawyer he was dignified and just, and his legal advice was sought by rich and poor alike. As a citizen he was generous and did his duty well.

DEWITT C. LEE.

DeWitt C. Lee was born September 10, 1839, in Mississippi. In 1861 he enlisted for the Confederacy in Company K, 11th Mississippi Regiment. He was captured at Gettysburg and sent to David Island as a prisoner, but was paroled and rejoined the army, serving till the close of the war.

In November, 1867, he was married to Miss L. F. Shaw in Calhoun County, Miss., whose death occurred some eleven years ago. He is survived by two sons and a daughter. "Daddy Lee," as he was called, was a true and tried Christian, having been a member of the Church since early youth.



COL. WILLIAM H. STEWART.

printed word and eloquent speech on many platforms he extolled the glory and devotion of the men who made the South. His record as a soldier was one of duty well done, of lion-hearted courage in time of supremest trial, of dashing gal-

COL. W. C. PARHAM.

On the morning of March 29 the end came to the life of Col. W. C. Parham in the little town of Benton, Ark.—a life well spent in the service of others. He had taught in colleges, in public schools, and in his own private school, and it was perhaps in the latter that he did his greatest work. It was said that he might ride from the State of Kentucky to the Rocky Mountains and on to the Gulf of Mexico and spend every night in the home of his students.

Colonel Parham was born in Virginia in 1838, and was prepared for college under the tutorship of the celebrated George Stone, a classmate of William IV. He graduated at the age of nineteen from old William and Mary College, and later received from that institution the degree of Master of Arts. He moved to Mississippi when a young man, remained there a short while, then moved to Arkansas and afterwards to Texas, but later went back to Arkansas, where he ended a long and useful career. He chose the profession of teaching, and followed it continuously for nearly fifty-five years. * * *

When the War of the States broke out, he offered his services to the Confederacy, but was rejected on account of his physical condition. He was a teacher in St. John's College at Little Rock when the Brooks-Baxter War arose, and was in charge of affairs at that institution and received Governor Baxter and harbored him till the arrival of Colonel Gray, when the Brooks forces drove the Governor from the Statehouse. He was an enthusiastic member of David O. Dodd Camp of Confederate Veterans at Little Rock.

He never accumulated much wealth. He owned some slaves and farms at the beginning of the war, but lost them in that struggle. It is said that he literally kept himself poor by giving all he made to those in need.

CAPT. SAMUEL F. TYREE.

Capt. Samuel F. Tyree, whose death occurred at his home, in Frankford, W. Va., on January 14, 1912, was a native of Fayette County, born in October, 1840, and of a prominent family of that section.

Upon the breaking out of the war in 1861 he volunteered as a soldier in Company E, commanded by his uncle, William Tyree, and was attached to the 22d Regiment. Later on in that great struggle he organized a company of independent rangers, of which he was captain, and with this company he did some very effective service for the Confederacy.

Captain Tyree married Miss Sabina Feamster, a sister of Joseph and Col. S. W. N. Feamster, of Fayette County, and of this union seven children—one daughter and six sons—survive. Captain Tyree had lived in Greenbrier many years, and was well known throughout the county. He was a companionable, whole-souled, generous man, ever ready to do a favor or to help the needy. He was an active member of Camp Creigh, U. C. V., and proud of the part he had played in the war for Southern rights.

REV. JAMES E. POINDEXTER.

Rev. James E. Poindexter, rector of Ascension Church, Highland Park, Old St. Peter's New Kent County, and Lieutenant Commander of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, died in Richmond. He became ill only a week before his death, and his attendants believed that he was improving and expected his speedy recovery, although he was in his seventy-fourth year.

Mr. Poindexter was born in Chatham, Va., November 17,

1838. He attended school in Louisa County, where his father moved when he was a boy, and afterwards was a student at the University of Virginia. He then decided to study for the ministry, and entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, where he was a student when that institution was closed on account of the War of the States in 1861.

Immediately upon the declaration of war he enlisted and was made lieutenant in Company H, 38th Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He was first under fire at Yorktown, and was shot in the battle of Seven Pines on May 31, 1862, his death occurring on the fiftieth anniversary of the day that he was taken to the hospital in Richmond and thought to be mortally wounded. He remained in the hospital for eighteen months, and then rejoined his regiment as captain. He was at Gettysburg, and was wounded in Pickett's famous charge. There he was taken prisoner and incarcerated on Johnson's Island, from which he was exchanged just two days before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox.

After the war Mr. Poindexter taught school in Pittsylvania County and then at Montgomery, Ala. Meanwhile he kept up with his theological studies, and was ordained while in Alabama by Bishop Wilmer. His first charge was at Easton, Md., which he resigned to become assistant to Bishop Randolph, who was then rector of Emmanuel Church, in Baltimore. After that he was rector of a Church at Front Royal, Va., for eighteen years and spent sixteen years at La Plata, Md. He then went to Warrenton, N. C., and removed to Richmond in the fall of 1906. He spent much time in literary pursuits, especially as regarded the Civil War.

Mr. Poindexter is survived by his wife (who was Miss Katherine Wallace), one son (Gordon W. Poindexter, of Richmond) and one daughter (Mrs. W. W. Taylor, of Warrenton, N. C.); also by a brother and sister.

WILFORD LEE WHITE.

Wilford Lee White was born January 29, 1839, in Howard County, Mo.; and died at Rock Lake, Wash., April 7, 1912. He was laid to rest in Walnut Grove Cemetery at Booneville, Mo., beside his wife.

He was the eldest son of James and Mary White. His mother's maiden name was Lee, being closely related to Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame. While a small boy his parents moved to Cooper County, and settled on a farm near Lone Elm, where he lived until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted for the cause of the South and served under General Price. His health failing, he was given an honorable discharge from the army, and in company with one of his brothers he crossed the plains, and they engaged in the mining industry. After a few years of toil he returned to Cooper County and, his father helping, settled on a splendid farm near Pilot Grove, Mo.

In 1867 Wilford White was married to Bethiah Julia Talbot, daughter of William Talbot, of LaMine, Mo. This marriage united two of the oldest and most prominent families in Cooper County. Death came to this comrade as a passing into sleep. He is survived by a son and daughter.



WILFRED LEE WHITE.

THAT COLUMBIA COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY.

BY ADELIA A. DUNOVANT, HOUSTON, TEX.

[Miss Dunovant was Historian of the Texas Division, U. D. C., from 1899 to 1902, Chairman General Historical Committee 1901 and 1902, President of the Texas Division 1902.]

"Nor can we by our *silent* presence be faithless to the memory of our dead." (Bishop Wilmer.)

To the lover of history the Columbia College prize essay, "Opposition to Secession in the South," comes as a lamentable evidence of the failure of the author of that historical paper to recognize the true nature and intent of history.

History requires that in the discussion of any political or governmental question there be shown "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure;" and when, as in the present case, the dark problems of political existence and the marshaling of intellectual forces claim attention, the requirement becomes a peremptory demand that the "pervading soul" of history look through "the bearings and the ties, the strong connections, nice dependencies, gradations just" of principles—their workings and effects—of which action is only the result.

That the author of the essay has not met this requirement admits of no question. And that the subject (secession) charged with the question of the preservation of constitutional liberty or of submission to its destruction, with the conflicts of duty and self-interest, of patriotic devotion and self-love—that such a subject demands a deeper examination than can be obtained under the mere light of vote records and detached quotations will not, I think, be questioned.

To the errors that mar (some of so grave a nature as to destroy) the historical value of the paper and to the defects arising from presenting the subject in the oblique rays of prejudice, I proceed to call attention.

There is a noticeable suppression of facts that justified and finally induced secession. There is an absence of criticism of the North, but much of the South. A few examples of the comments of Miss Meares: "The 'paramount right' is not the right of *peaceable* secession, but simply the right of *rebellion*—the right to be styled a patriot like Washington if successful and to be called a *traitor* and cast into chains like Jefferson Davis if unsuccessful." "Secession was the triumph of *sectional* loyalty rather than the unanimous conclusion of *reason and real desire*." "Violently in favor of secession." "Calhoun had been *stirring up resistance to the extreme*," etc.

I turn to the examination of the claims to acceptance of the above-cited comments and to several other erroneous statements. May the words of the venerable Bishop Wilmer that head this review lend to these pages alike the sanctity of a moral obligation and the disavowal of a controversial spirit, the sole object being the vindication of the truth of history.

"The 'paramount right' is not the right of *peaceable* secession, but simply the right of *rebellion*—the right to be styled a patriot like Washington if successful or to be called a *traitor* and cast into chains like Jefferson Davis if unsuccessful" is the announced opinion of Miss Meares. Was ever more specious attempt through the subtlety of sophism to shift from the North to the South the responsibility for a most unholy war treacherously begun ("The Lincoln government began the war by a signal act of treachery," Percy Greg, "History of the United States") and barbarously prosecuted ("War Records," *passim*) and to transfer the odious epithet "Traitor" from Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Davis ("His—Lincoln—acts like Robespierre's and the acts of all men of like char-

acter," Alexander H. Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 455)? It is an instance where delusion

"Quite unravels all the reas'ning thread
And hangs some curious cobweb in its stead!"

The fallacy of claiming that "the 'paramount right' is not the right of *peaceable* secession, but simply the right of *rebellion*," was exposed by a no less conspicuous Republican than Mr. Greeley in an editorial of his own paper, the Tribune, issued on the 9th of November, 1860: "The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent." "Those who rushed upon it (secession) to defy and defeat it would place themselves clearly in the wrong." (Greeley, "American Conflict," Vol. I., p. 359.) McClure in his "Lincoln," page 292 *et seq.*, says: "Nor was Greeley alone in these views. Not only the entire Democratic party with few exceptions, but a very large proportion of the Republican party, including some of its ablest and most trusted leaders, believed that peaceable secession might reasonably result in early reconstruction." Mr. Lincoln himself on the 12th of January, 1848, in the House of Representatives made a speech in which he characterized secession as "a most valuable and sacred right." "If it be a 'sacred right,' *even* in the view of its being a revolutionary right, how can there exist any logical or moral right anywhere else to prevent its exercise? There cannot be two antagonistic rights!" (Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. I., pp. 520, 521.) Mr. Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. Adams, the United States Minister at London: "The President willingly accepts it (the right of secession) as true. Only an imperial or despotic government could subjugate. * * * This Federal Republican system of ours is of all forms of government the very one most unfitted for such a labor." (Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia.) What changed Mr. Lincoln's conviction of the right of peaceable secession to denunciation of the "Rebellion?" The answer is found in his remark: "Where will we get our revenue if we let the South go?" Alas! the dollar was the lever that plunged him into dishonor.

The Senate of the United States no longer recognizes that there were any Confederate "rebels." In McCumber's pension service bill the designation, "War of the Rebellion" has been by unanimous vote changed to "Civil War." This is gratifying, but "War between the States" is the designation that correctly represents the character of the war. The North is recognizing more and more the Confederacy's true place in history. Shall the Daughters of the Confederacy accept assertions that keep her out of her true place?

The essayist's attempt to show an analogy between the Revolutionary War and the War between the States ("the right to be styled a patriot like Washington if successful and the right to be called a traitor and cast into chains like Jefferson Davis if unsuccessful") is consigned to the category of imagined resemblances by the following extract from a letter written by the gifted L. Q. C. Lamar shortly after the death of General Lee: "Both Washington and Lee were patriots, but Washington stood before the world an avowed revolutionist. The movement he led was an acknowledged insurrection against established authority. He drew his sword to sever the connection between colonies and their parent country, between subjects and their legitimate sovereign—a connection that rested on historic foundation and undisputed legal rights. But there was *not in Lee or his cause one*

single element of revolution or rebellion. Conservative in his nature and associations, unswerving in his loyalty to the power which was for him paramount to all others, the cause in defense of which he drew his sword was founded upon historic rights, constitutional law, public morality, and the inviolable rights of free and sovereign States, many of whose constitutions were established and in peaceful operation while that of the United States lay unthought of in the far-off years of futurity."

A few words in regard to the expression, "paramount right," which seems to have been confused with paramount authority by the Alabama "Unionists" and their exponent, Miss Meares. The paramount authority or State sovereignty resides with the people of the several States *separately*. From it all political power emanates, consequently the right to secession is derived from it, the element of right entitling its peaceable exercise and making interference criminal.

In reference to the attitude of Governor Houston, of Texas, we find Miss Meares asserts: "He condemned the disunionists and said that the election of Lincoln did not justify secession." We will let Governor Houston speak for himself and through so authoritative a channel as an official paper, his message to the legislature convened in called session on the 21st of January, 1861. I quote from that message: "While *deploring* the election of Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin, the Executive yet has seen in it no cause for the *immediate* and *separate* secession of Texas." How those three words, "deploring," "immediate," "separate" change the attitude! Again, in another paragraph: "Nor can he [using the third person to designate himself] reconcile to his mind the idea that our safety demands an *immediate* separation." "Believing, however, that the time has come when the Southern States should co-operate to devise means for the maintenance of their constitutional rights and to demand redress for the grievances they have been suffering at the hands of many of the Northern States, he has directed his efforts to that end." Not a word of "condemnation of the disunionists" appears in the message. Yes, General Houston "loved the Union," but not as a fetish; his intelligence forbade that. He loved the only real Union, the Union *under the Constitution*, as did all men who had contributed to its honor and prosperity, as did the secessionists, there being only this difference: he failed in immediate realization of the ulterior object of the centralists, misnamed Republicans. When he saw the compact broken and despotism rise upon the ruins of a federative republic, he gladly fitted up his son to be a soldier and said in a speech to a Confederate regiment: "If I had a hundred sons, I would send them to the ranks to fight for their country." (Clement A. Evans, "Confederate Military History," Vol. XI., p. 33.)

Another erroneous statement: "The well-known Union speech of Stephens so attracted Lincoln's attention that he entered into a correspondence with Stephens in an effort to avert secession." The *facts* as shown by the full text of the correspondence (Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., pp. 267-270) are as follows: Mr. Lincoln wrote a note of six or eight lines to Mr. Stephens simply requesting a copy of his speech. When complying with the request Mr. Stephens wrote, gratuitously calling Mr. Lincoln's attention to the "great peril the country was in" and that "no man ever had heavier or greater responsibility resting upon him than he (Lincoln) had in the momentous crisis." To this Mr. Lincoln replied: "Do the people of the South really entertain fears that a Republican administration would, directly or indirectly, interfere with the slaves or with them about their

slaves? If they do, I wish to assure you as once a friend and still, I hope, not an enemy, that there is no cause for such fear." But *conspicuously at the head of this letter is the injunction, "For your own eye only."* Was that "an effort to avert secession?" How could an assurance that he would not "interfere" with the South possibly have any effect with the interdiction that "no eye" but Mr. Stephens must read that assurance? Mr. Stephens then wrote again to Mr. Lincoln reasoning with and appealing to him to "save our common country." To that letter Mr. Lincoln made *no reply*. Thus the correspondence plainly reveals not only the utter groundlessness of the assertion that Mr. Lincoln entered into it "in an effort to avert secession," but it also shows that he did not even avail himself of the opportunity offered by Mr. Stephens's correspondence and that he turned a deaf ear to the appeal to "save our common country." It remains to be added: "Mr. Lincoln's injunction in his second letter [which I considered as applicable to the whole correspondence] was strictly observed until the close of the war." (Mr. Stephens in "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 266.)

Only a very limited and confused knowledge of the origin and history of the forces in operation anterior to secession could have betrayed the author of the essay into the assertion: "The final outcome (secession) marked the triumph of *sectional* loyalty and patriotism rather than the unanimous conclusion of *reason* and *real desire*." The historic fact is that secession was "the outcome" of the "sectional" legislation of the North and of the fanaticism of a Union-hating, "sectional" party at the North. From a mass of testimony that a "sectional party" had its genesis and its exclusive domicile in New England I select that of a citizen of one of the New England States, the great Webster, than whom a truer patriot never lived. The Hon. George Ticknor Curtis, a bosom friend of Mr. Webster, gives the following account of his last political utterance: "Calling me to his bedside by my Christian name, he said: 'The Whig candidate will not be elected. You love your country and you think its welfare involved in Whig success. This has been so; but let me warn you as you love your country to give no countenance to a *sectional, geographical* party. The Whigs after the election will break up, and upon the ruins of our party a *sectional* party will arise. The stability of the Union will hereafter depend upon the *Democracy*.'" ("Old Guard," Editor's Table, January, 1866.)

Now let me turn to the other member of the sentence, "rather than the unanimous conclusion of *reason* and *real desire*." That allegation is a near neighbor to Greeley's assertion about secession having been carried by a violent, terrorizing minority overawing a majority and, like it, "is nothing but bald and naked assertion which cannot be maintained against the facts of history. The question was as thoroughly discussed as any ever was before the people." "It is true that a large minority in all these conventions save one and in all these States were opposed to secession as a question of policy; very few in any of them questioned the right or doubted their duty to go with the majority. But after Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of war, after his suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, *no people on earth were ever more unanimous* in any cause than were the people of the Southern States." (Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 14.)

The above extracts from Mr. Stephens's annihilation of Greeley's untenable assertion and which have a likewise demolishing effect upon Miss Meares's neighborly assertion also furnish reply to her kindred comment: "It is impossible to think that extreme action was forced upon the leaders by

a wave of popular sentiment." "The great vote throughout the South," she continues, "for Bell and 'the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws' is a denial of such overpowering sentiment in favor of secession." Why, so far from being "a denial" it is an *explanation* of the "overpowering sentiment in favor of secession" in this way: When Bell, who represented "the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws," was not elected and his antithesis, Lincoln, the candidate of the party who declared, "What we preach is disobedience," was, the logical sequence was secession.

Not "reason and real desire!" The South had been foremost in statesmanship, in valor, in wealth; the reason and eloquence of her sons only equaled by their fortitude and generosity. She to whom the Union owed its establishment, its fame, its territorial expanse—she with this proud record acted without "reason!" Go read the "Declaration of Causes" of each sovereign State, and then ask if there were no reason for secession. Turn to the responses of the Governors of the border States to Lincoln's call for troops, and dull would be the apprehension that did not there behold reason keen as a swung blade blocking the path of usurpation and despotism. "No real desire to secede!" *Indeed!* The men of the South were not of a fiber to be either cajoled or overawed. Then how or why was it that they quit the Union? The answer is: They were too self-respecting to "desire" to remain in company with those who had repeatedly and publicly denounced the Union as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell;" too orthodox to accede to the demand for an "anti-slavery God, an anti-slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery Constitution;" too intelligent not to know that to remain in company with Constitution breakers, oath violators, and law defiers would be *particeps criminis*; therefore they withdrew in order to save the principles of the Constitution and to *perpetuate* them. The Confederate Constitution was studiously modeled upon that of the United States, with some undoubted improvements. For example: The Confederate Constitution absolutely prohibited the oversea slave trade; that of the United States did not. The New York Herald of March 16, 1861, published the Confederate Constitution in full and on the 19th recommended its acceptance as the basis of peaceful reunion. (J. L. M. Curry, "The Southern States of the American Union," p. 207.)

"Rationally Virginia never left the Union," asserts Miss Meares. Not "rational!" Well, maybe so. Of course the *millions* cannot know as well as *one*! So, people, sit down.

As preceding paragraphs in this review touching upon the attitude of the Southern States have application to Virginia, the necessity for further discussion is reduced to one or two questions which will be given as briefly as possible. No one with knowledge of Virginia's record would for a moment suppose that she entertained any desire to cling to the Union other than by constitutional guaranties. "Virginia will insist on her own construction of her rights as a condition of her remaining in the present Union," declared the President (John Janney, of Loudon) of the State Convention called by an act of the legislature of Virginia to express the "sovereign will of the people of the State upon their Federal relations." What adds to the significance of that declaration is that it was from one "distinguished for his devotion to the Union." (Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 366.) In referring to Virginia's "Peace Conference" Miss Meares quotes South Carolina's answer to the invitation, "No further interest in the Constitution of the United States" (of course not; she had seceded six weeks prior), but makes no refer-

ence to the emphatic declaration of Mr. Chase to the assembled Peace Conference that the North *would not* comply with her acknowledged *obligations* under the Constitution. Neither is there any mention of Mr. Lincoln giving no satisfactory reply to the delegation sent by the Virginia Convention to confer with him. Furthermore, in her lengthy paper she does not find space for the significant statement that *every* compromise for preserving the Union was deliberately and with foreintention *defeated by the North*.

The reproduction in the essay of an extract from a personal letter written by Mr. Stephens denouncing the "seceders" from the National Democratic Convention in 1860 is to be regretted, because its reference to "the secession movement," as Mr. Stephens characterized the split in the convention, may in a hasty, careless perusal be supposed to mean the secession from the Union. Why a letter relating to the matter, if not extraneous to the subject of the essay at least has no direct bearing upon it, should have been introduced is not necessary to inquire; but it was, I think, incumbent upon the essayist to throw more light on a letter which, if not clearly understood, would be a discredit to Mr. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy. It should be distinctly understood and explained that Mr. Stephens's denunciation was directed at the introduction of another plank into the party platform, the disastrous *result* of which was foreseen by him—the *election of Lincoln*. "I considered Mr. Lincoln's election as nothing but the result of the unfortunate rupture of the Democratic party at Charleston in 1860. It was not in any proper sense an indorsement of the principles of his party by a majority of the people of the non-slaveholding States." (Stephens, "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 271.) "The Reconstructionists and Centralists could have been again easily defeated if by wiser statesmanship the supporters of the Union under the Constitution on the basis of the compromise of 1850 and as carried out by the legislation of 1854 had been brought as they might have been to act in concert in that election." (*Ibid.*, p. 259.)

The author of the essay quotes Lowell, a man whose total disregard for truth and exhibition of coarse malignity in his "Biglow Papers" should debar him from recognition by any author whose object is truth. Hear him:

"Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pen to cram with slaves.
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At jedgment where your meanest slave is
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez dripping red ez your'n, Jeff Davis!"

Is it not the abandonment of "reason" to seek one who revels in the companionship of calumny upon the peace conference or, indeed, on any other subject?

"As near (in the thirties) as *impetuous* South Carolina could bring herself to a definite policy of conciliation or retardation she had been foremost in *fostering* the secession movement," and "had been *least tolerant* of compromise." "John C. Calhoun had been busy *stirring up* the spirit of *resistance to the extreme*" and "had promulgated the doctrine of nullification together with that of secession." I hear in all this the grating note of filial criticism that comes with a depressing power, disturbing traditional conceptions of the love and reverence due one's venerable mother, the State. And when with a rapid mental survey I behold that once proud State crowned with the light of noble thought and sacrificial deed, her valiant son, Calhoun, lifting her to that

pinnacle of fame reached only by truth, honor, and duty; when I behold this and then see *in the day of her defeat* "impetuous" inscribed across her noble front and find the expression, "stirred up," transferred from the John Browns of history to him who ranks with Aristides and Cato, silence would be a wrong not only to myself as a member of an association obligated to vindicate the truth of history, but also to the author, whose errors are chiefly attributable, I must think, to the books that have fallen in her hand—such books as Alexander H. Stephens characterizes "fiction called history" in which category nearly all histories belong if we accept the statement of J. L. M. Curry, a man and writer of unassailable integrity: "History as written if accepted in future years will consign the South to infamy." (Introduction to "Southern States of the American Union.")

Replying in detail to the above-quoted comments of the essayist, "South Carolina the *earliest to oppose compromise*," let us see. "Be it remembered," says Bancroft, "that the blessing of Union is due to the warm-heartedness of South Carolina." (Bancroft, "History of the United States," Vol. II., p. 372.) "A remarkable and sensitive regard for the rights of others" characterized South Carolinians. (J. L. M. Curry, "Southern States of the American Union," p. 24.) In response to Clay on the compromise of 1833, Calhoun said when agreeing to the compromise: "He who loves the Union must desire to see this agitating question brought to a termination." (Niles's Register, Vol. XLIII., p. 416.) "Impetuous South Carolina!" (For reply see the book of Revelation, chapter iii., verses 15 and 16.) "Calhoun had been busy *stirring up* the spirit of *resistance* to the extreme," and "had promulgated the doctrine of nullification together with that of *secession*." In his debate with Mr. Wilkins on "Nullification" Mr. Calhoun said: "South Carolina has never contemplated violent resistance to the laws of the United States." (Niles's Register, Vol. XLIII., Supp., p. 53.) And in his speech against the force bill he said: "It has been said that South Carolina claims the right to annul the Constitution and laws of the United States. Nothing can be more erroneous. Her object is not to resist laws made in pursuance to the Constitution, but those made without its authority and which encroach on her reserved powers." (From full text of the speech given in "The Life of Calhoun" by John S. Jenkins, p. 253.) "State interposition as advocated in 1828-32 was in no sense a disunion measure. * * * The best preservative of the Union is a faithful adherence to the Constitution." (J. L. M. Curry, "Southern States American Union," p. 180.) "Nullification" was a false nomenclature. The ingenious doctrine of the great political scholar of his times—John C. Calhoun—was eminently conservative and directly addressed to *saving the Union*. * * * He proposed that in cases of serious dispute between any State and the general government the matter should be referred to a convention of all the States for its final and conclusive determination—a measure that might have long extended the term of the Union." (Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia.) "I would, but ye would not," found echo in the breast of this great patriot. And now he is nailed to the cross of detraction.

The attitude of James L. Petigru, to whom Miss Meares refers twice as "firm in devotion to the Union," furnishes an example of the unwisdom of measuring a man by one or two utterances or acts unless his stability and sincerity are established. His biographer, Grayson (the same whom Miss Meares quotes, relates (p. 83) that Mr. Petigru knocked a

man down for calling him a Federal. The indifference with which Mr. Petigru listened only a few moments before to "foul epithets lavished on him" by this same fellow was afterwards explained by him: "I incur no injury from being abused as a rogue, for nobody believes the charge; but I may be thought a Federalist readily enough and be proscribed accordingly, and so I knocked the man down by way of protest against all current misconstructions." Mr. Stephens in his "War between the States," Vol. II., p. 52, reproduces this incident in full with the comment: "It is truth when told to one's disadvantage which generally ruffles temper the quickest."

"The anti-secessionist viewpoint," remarks Miss Meares, "was not popular in the South at any time, and especially during and since the war has the tendency been to look upon it as a contemptible lack of patriotism and loyalty. Justice, I think, demands a different attitude." In the very act of protesting against the popularity of secession from the North she proclaims herself a secessionist from the South. That basic principle so dear to all Southerners—the right of each State "to judge for itself"—she would blot out, because, forsooth, she does not think the people should think as they do, but should let her be the interpreter of what "justice demands." Miss Meares will permit me to remind her that "the critic must expect to be criticized, and he who points out the faults of others to have his own pointed out." Is not this assertion of the honor in which secession was, and still is, held proof conclusive of its recognized righteousness? Is it not evidence that the secessionists were looked to "to save a sinking land?" Think you not that the secessionists would have been condemned if they had been responsible for "an agitated and sinking land?" Think you not that the anti-secessionists would have been turned to if they could have "composed an agitated and sinking land?" Have justice or right or reason ever prevailed against the unleashed powers of darkness? Can justice be appealed to when it lies prostrate beneath the heel of avarice and cunning? Did not the secessionists try it only to be contemptuously rejected? Did not the anti-secessionists try it only to be spurned? Did not thousands and thousands of the peoples of the Middle and Western States try it only to be "cast into prison by thousands?" (Rhodes, "History of the United States," Vol. IV., p. 230.) Did not Greeley, "shuddering at the prospect of new rivers of human blood," try to stay Lincoln's despotic hand? (Nicolay and Hay, "Life of Lincoln," Vol. IX., pp. 184 to 200.) Greeley called this letter to Lincoln "the prayer of twenty millions of people." ("Life of Hamlin," p. 437.) Ida Tarbell in McClure's Magazine for 1899, p. 276 *et seq.*, says: "Much bitter criticism was made of his (Lincoln) treatment of peace overtures." Do not these historic facts give to criticism of the South a complexion most unpraiseworthy?

The war is gone by; the earth, like a tender mother, has hidden the scars. But the principles which it emblemed still live; the cause which it represented was not lost. Patriots still fight with the ignorance that elevates the Union above its creators, the States; still draw inspiration from the secessionists. The secessionist was the incarnation of law, the laureate of duty, the exponent of reason. In him patriotism was alive as with the old Roman stir; all thought was quickened by a sense of the dire necessity, the responsibility bequeathed by a proud ancestry. No other ever had so large a measure of heroic virtue, no other pulses ever beat so true to the instinct of the Anglo-Saxon race, none ever pressed so close to honor's side.

EXERCISES AT CAMP CHASE ON JUNE 2.

Before the largest audience ever assembled on a like occasion Rev. James M. Magruder, of Covington, Ky., discussed the race question as the outgrowth of the War of the States at the annual memorial exercises at the Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery, near Columbus, Ohio. Two thousand persons were present. After the services, the firing of a salute, and the sounding of taps, ropes of Southern moss and sprays of cape jasmine and magnolia blossoms were placed on the graves of the 2,260 Confederate soldiers who sleep there.

The somber green of the old trees that shade the rows of marble stones were brightened with flashes of silk. The national flag waved from the top of the monument, while the Confederate flag fluttered in a less conspicuous place. To the north a speakers' stand had been erected, wrapped with ropes of gray Southern moss. Here and there were tottering men in gray uniforms. They were the heroes of the occasion. All made way for them.

Opening a lane through the crowd and between the stones, J. W. Kidwell and a few other veterans led the way for the Trinity Choir boys, who in full vestments threaded their way among the graves, chanting as they went a processional. Throughout the exercises the full Episcopal rites were observed. With bowed heads men and women, young and old, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and in succession joined in the hymns "America," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and, finally, "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

Rev. H. H. D. Sterrett, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, read the responses and the lesson, after which he introduced the speaker of the afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Magruder said he was not present to stir the embers of smoldering passion, but to lay a wreath of laurel and of bay upon the graves of those who fell defending what they believed was right. "The problem that remains after the war," he said, "is how best to do with that race that is with us, but not of us. The race must help to work out its own salvation. The South loyally has accepted the arbitrament of the sword, has spent millions on the education of the race; yet it is being impressed on the minds of all that the negro is no more an essential part of the country than he was fifty years ago. The victory of the abolitionist has been supreme. The South to-day would no more consider the re-introduction of slavery than would Ohio. But the Anglo-Saxon is not willing to risk his civilization of one thousand years by amalgamation with the African or the Mongolian."

Rev. Mr. Magruder paid a glowing compliment to Col. W. H. Knauss for his part in assisting in the decoration of the graves of Southerners. Colonel Knauss, who occupied a seat on the platform, arose and grasped the speaker's hand warmly and in a few words touching the reunion of the once opposing forces presented Rev. Mr. Magruder with a silk flag. At this the audience cheered and Rev. Mr. Magruder, holding it aloft, said it was the emblem of liberty everywhere.

The exercises of the day were under the direction of the local Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, of which Mrs. W. B. Sells is President. Colonel Dodge, of the Columbus barracks, sent a squad of regular soldiers to fire the salute at the graves and also a bugler to sound taps.

[The foregoing was taken from a Columbia paper. The Southern people should maintain an active interest in Camp Chase. Union veteran friends have done all that should be expected of them, and the U. D. C. Chapter there deserves help every year.]

FALSE HISTORY SHOULD BE STOPPED.

BY DR. Y. R. LE MONNIER, 1224 NORTH GALVEZ ST., NEW ORLEANS.

Of course we Confederate veterans demand first of all that justice be done to our Southland and, above all, to the Confederate cause. In the *VETERAN* of June, 1912, page 279, I read: "Francis Trevelyn Miller, the eminent American historian and projector and editor in chief of the great ten-volume 'Photographic History of the Civil War,' commends the *VETERAN*." Mr. Miller's remarkable series of semi-centennial articles that have been appearing in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the *New Orleans Picayune*, etc., have created wide interest. Yes, the writings of Mr. Miller have with us of the South through their unfairness and misrepresentations created wide interest, compelling some of us not only to write in the *Picayune* denying these misrepresentations, but to call on that respectable sheet and with facts in hand ask that it stop publishing the writings of this ex parte historian, teaching our children a false history of the War of the States written by a Northern man.

I and others were about to subscribe to the "Photographic History of the Civil War;" but when we learned that Francis T. Miller, the historian, was its editor in chief, we decided not to do so. * * * You have always been the worthy champion of our school children by denouncing false histories, and never have I failed to approve you.

General Hatton's statue was fittingly used on the Lebanon monument, as he was the only general Wilson County furnished the Confederacy, unless Gen. A. P. Stewart should be so considered since he lived in Lebanon for quite a while.

STARS AND BARS IN SPARTA, WIS.—Frazier W. Hurlburt, of Sparta, Wis., has two old flags, one a Confederate and the other a Union flag, in his possession. The former flag has only eight stars, while the Union has thirty-four. The former flag was carried by the ensign of a North Carolina regiment during the war. Mr. Hurlburt was in the United States secret service.

[The above is from a Sparta newspaper. There is evidently a mistake about the "eight" stars. The regulation flags at first contained seven and later thirteen stars.]

George C. Pendleton, of Temple, Tex., inquires for the army comrades of A. Z. Givens, of Joe Miller's company, Brooks's Cavalry Brigade, Arkansas troops. He was paroled at Washington, Ark., at the close of the war as being of Captain Holman's company. He also desires to hear from comrades of Joe Wood, who enlisted from White County, Ark., in 1863, and served in Captain McCoy's company, B, Jackman's Missouri Cavalry Regiment. These men are trying to get pensions from their State and need the testimony of comrades as to their records.

INTEREST IN ARLINGTON REPORTED FROM CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. W. N. Perry, of Los Angeles, Cal., submitted to the last State Convention of the California Division, U. D. C., an earnest and patriotic appeal for the Arlington Monument Fund, and reports receipts of \$181.09 from various Chapters for the fund. Mrs. Perry and her husband are both natives of Tennessee, and in going to the far-away Pacific slope they maintain their undying devotion to the Confederate cause. Mr. Perry was a valiant, faithful soldier, as he has been a useful citizen since.

MEETING OF NEW ORLEANS CHAPTER, U. D. C.

There was a large attendance of the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., held on June 10 at Memorial Hall, with Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President, in the chair.

Mrs. Vaught, President of the Chapter, reported:

"I call your attention to a communication from Major General Shaffer, commanding the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., in regard to the position of Commissioner of Louisiana Confederate Military Records and the great necessity for the continuance of this office and of properly financing it. I have been brought into close knowledge of the extreme value of these records both for history and for ascertaining the true record of those desiring pensions and admission to the Soldiers' Home. In our own work the assistance given us through the commissioner's office here has been invaluable both for applicants to membership in our Chapter and in our relief work, which is intended only for needy Confederate soldiers and their families.

"Our beautiful cross of honor work is coming to a close, but we owe a debt of gratitude for the help we have had in that. Had the commissioner been able earlier to obtain access to the rolls in the War Department at Washington, the work would long since have been completed; but he has after years of persistent effort only lately obtained access to these records and permission to photograph them. I have seen some of the wonderful photographic copies of the rolls, and I hope the legislature will see its way again to create that office and appropriate the very reasonable sums deemed necessary for its maintenance. I will name Mrs. J. B. Richardson, Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, and Mrs. W. P. Harper as a committee to prepare resolutions which we will convey to the proper parties."

The committee set forth the following:

"The office of Commissioner of Confederate Military Records, created by act of the Louisiana Legislature in 1908 to authorize and enable the proper officer to collect original rolls of Confederate regiments and companies and obtain certified copies of others, was provided and provisioned only for the period of four years; and said office having expired, the New Orleans Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, knowing by observation and experience the great value of this office as a means of establishing the claims of worthy Confederate soldiers and their families, to assistance and honors from their comrades, their State and the Daughters of the Confederacy, and also a protection against fraudulent claims, do hereby earnestly advocate and urge the recreation of this office and the appropriation for its maintenance of the modest sum deemed by competent judges to be sufficient.

"For many years the general order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has by every argument at its command urged upon its members the securing and preserving of these rolls, and this Chapter hears with consternation the suggestion that this work, now so thoroughly organized and so well advanced, should be arrested and discontinued."

The motion was carried and the resolution adopted.

A scholarship of free tuition at Loyola University, New Orleans, valued at \$80 a year, has been generously given this Chapter by Rev. Father Biever, S. J. It will be open September 15. The Chapter invites applications from the State, and requests the U. D. C. State Committee of Education to assist in the selection of a nominee. Miss Mary Rawlins, 1563 Constance Street, will represent the Chapter in this work.

Mrs. H. J. Seiferth, Chairman of the Crosses of Honor Committee, reported on the successful celebration of June 3, and

stated that, owing to many belated applications for crosses having been received, another bestowal of an informal character would take place September 25.

Miss L. Ruffier, Chairman of the Design Committee, reported having carried to the Davis monument on June 3, birthday of Jefferson Davis, a handsome wreath and silk Confederate flag.

Miss Lise Allain, Chairman Relief Committee, reported final relief work for the flood sufferers to the amount of \$3,741.50.

Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Chairman of the Beauregard Monument Fund Committee of New Orleans Chapter, reported having inspected the model recently exhibited with some other members who had been invited to criticize and make suggestions. The Beauregard Memorial Association Executive Committee, as a recognition of the Chapter's work in having aroused public interest in the work and having contributed \$5,750 to the fund, elected Mrs. Vaught and Miss Gautreaux members.

Upon motion of Mrs. E. C. Schnabel, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the Chapter unanimously and enthusiastically decided to invite the general order, U. D. C., to hold its 1913 Convention in New Orleans.

Delegates were elected to the State Reunion, U. C. V., and Convention, U. D. C., which will take place at Baton Rouge October 1, 2 and 3.

The Chapter, learning of the death of Miss Sophie B. Wright, which had just occurred, was deeply grieved and expressed its feelings by a little memorial service at the moment of receiving the news.

The President read an appropriate psalm and said a few words about Miss Wright's noble life and invaluable services to the community and to all humanity. All stood a few moments in silence with bowed heads.

DON'T FAVOR CONFEDERATE BALLS.—A. D. Betts, Chaplain North Carolina Division, Confederate Veterans, writes: "We do not think it is well to give public balls for the entertainment of Confederate veterans." Three bishops in North Carolina, twenty-one presiding elders, and nine editors of the religious papers of the State have signed the above statement. Let the dancers stay away from our meetings. Let us veterans talk, sing, and pray and help each other toward God and heaven."

FAKERS AND THIEVES ARE EVERYWHERE.—Rev. H. H. Sturgis, of Detroit, Fla., writes: "I hope the future Reunions will not have such a mess of catchpennies as the Macon Reunion. It is a disgrace to have a Reunion for the benefit of fakers and thieves. I lost all my baggage from my tent Friday morning. Call attention to this subject before the Chattanooga meeting. We old vets get very little enjoyment except to meet our comrades. They fed and sheltered us all right, but some of the people looked upon us as lawful prey."

John S. Gilmore, who enlisted in the Confederate army at Montezuma, McNairy (now Chester) County, Tenn., in September, 1861, in Company C, 31st Tennessee Regiment, seeks a certificate from comrades who know of his service. He was first under Col. A. H. Bradford, then Captain Cason, who was succeeded by Captain Clayton. He seeks a pension. Address him care W. H. Wright, Esq., West Blockton, Ala.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Ohio, took an active part in honoring the memory of Dr. Thomas P. Shields, who was a leading Confederate in that State. They took part in the funeral and passed fitting resolutions.

THE PHRASE "CIVIL WAR."

BY REV. S. A. STEEL, JACKSON, TENN.

You have done well to debar the use of the words "New South" and "lost cause" from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Now, in the interest of history and out of respect for the honor of the South so admirably upheld by the VETERAN you ought to debar the phrase "Civil War." A civil war is a war between citizens of the same State contending for the control of the same government. The war between the North and South was the war of the North against a separate government, that as long as it lasted was a *de facto* nation, exercising all the powers of an independent government.

The phrase "Civil War" concedes all that the North ever claimed, makes us guilty of treason, and is untrue to the facts in the case. The true name of the struggle should be the "War for the Union." That is what it was. Mr. Lincoln distinctly declared that to be the object for which the North took up arms. It was fought to a finish on that issue, and that is what it accomplished—it made a loose Confederacy into a consolidated Union. This name is fair to the North and South alike; but the term "Civil War," while incorrect as a simple definition of the struggle, does a gross injustice to the South by degrading her struggle for a national existence into a partisan conflict. I never use it and mark it out of every book where I find it. Let history tell the truth.

POWERS KILLED ON THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Dr. J. D. Pierce, 5139 First Avenue, Birmingham, Ala., writes the VETERAN: "I served in the Union army during the War of the States, and on the Atlanta campaign in looking after the wounded, etc., I had charge of a Confederate who was mortally wounded and died near Acworth or Big Shanty, Ga. He gave his name as Powers, and said he had a widowed mother and two sisters living in North Carolina and that he was a lawyer. He was a small man, a blonde, nice and trim-looking. In his delirium he would give orders as to a brigade. I have often wished that I knew his people so I could tell them of his end. I had my arms around him when he died."

"ABOLITION CRUSADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES."

BY GEN. ROBERT WHITE, WHEELING, W. VA.

Our fathers left for posterity a government of law and order with a Constitution which recognized State sovereignty and home rule. At this day how far, O how far have we "progressed" from the principles of our fathers' government!

It is well for our older people, who grew into manhood more than fifty years gone by, to refresh our memories of the great events through which we passed. It would be better for the middle-aged and younger men of this day to study and become familiar with the true history of that past and that our children's children should learn the very truth of history.

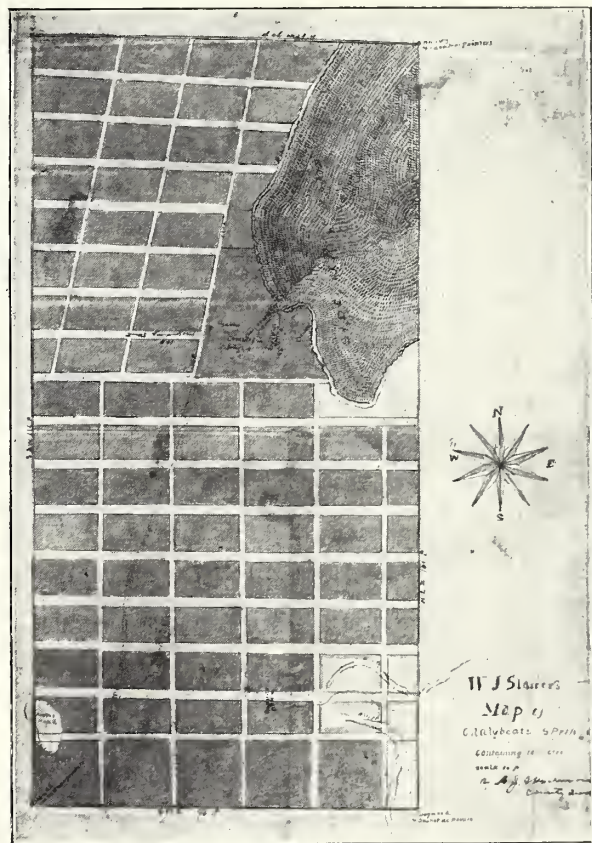
These thoughts are suggested by a recent work published by the Scribners, coming from the pen of Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's time, entitled "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences," which I have read with great interest and much profit and which has deeply impressed me as I recall the events spoken of by the author in this book. The author has thoroughly considered the many published accounts bearing upon the subject of his work, thus giving aid to his own personal memory and enabling him to give a most thorough and impartial account of the events and subjects about which he writes.

I hope that it will be read and studied by those now living, because it contains within small compass truth of history written by an impartial pen. It might well be adopted as a textbook in the colleges and schools of the land, so that thereby our children may learn the history of their country aright.

THE KEITH SPRINGS PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The map is designated as W. J. Slatter's. The property comprises one hundred acres less one acre sold to Franklin County, Tenn., for school purposes. The left side states S. 2 degrees, W. 180 poles, and the right side states N. 2 degrees, E. 180 poles. The springs and house are near the side of the mountain as indicated. The land is half as wide as long, 90 poles by 180 poles.

The public school acre is near the center and in third square from the bottom, while a chalybeate spring is in white ground near lower right-hand corner. The Winchester road enters



the land near the lower left-hand corner and passes to the left of the bluff near upper right-hand corner. About three-fourths of the land is tillable. The soil is not rich, but produces fairly good corn, is good for vegetables, and would make a fine fruit farm.

The location is on top of Cumberland Mountain. The two strongest springs, chalybeate and white sulphur, are in the upper white space and near the bluff. The price of this property is \$1,000. It would be a good investment, but is not offered to a veteran of either army without being seen by him. The mountain is about 2,000 feet high, and at present the ascent is rough.

Address the owner, S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., or Maj. W. J. Slatter, Winchester, Tenn.

ATLANTA CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The conference of the Children of the Confederacy Chapter adjourned June 13 to convene again June 20, 1913. Miss Elizabeth Hanna, Director of the Julia Jackson C. of C. Chapter, was named as State Director, subject to the approval of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their next convention and will be asked to create the office and approve the choice of the conference.

Both sessions were devoted to the business of the conference, and the following topics were discussed:

1. "How to Promote Interest in C. of C. Chapters among the Children and Their Parents." Valuable suggestions were made which may be adopted by the Chapter.

2. "What Scholarships Have Been Offered by the Children of the Confederacy and How to Make Them More Available." The following list of scholarships was read: Vassar College, scholarship in full, valued at \$500 (this year competed for in Georgia only); free tuition University of Alabama, valued at \$60; Lucy Cobb, scholarship in part, valued at \$190; Washington Seminary, Washington, D. C., scholarship in full, valued at \$100; Alice Bristol, scholarship in full, valued at \$100; Higbee High School, Memphis, Tenn., valued at \$100. A telegram was received from Miss Mildred Rutherford, who was to have discussed this subject, regretting her unavoidable absence.

3. "How to Guard against the False Statements Concerning the South and Southern History So Often to Be Found in Children's Literature." Miss Elizabeth Hanna opened this discussion by saying that misstatements in this class of literature were more to be guarded against than those found in histories and other textbooks and needed more careful revision. As proof of this she read a criticism on "The Children's Hour," which contained a beautiful collection of literary gems, which, however, gave but scant recognition to Southern authors and contained much that is offensive to Southern readers. Summing up the discussion, Miss Vivian Mathis offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the study of Southern literature shall be considered a part of the regular C. of C. work; that they shall labor to promote interest in Southern authors to create in the South a demand for Southern books."

The views expressed by the members of the conference were fully concurred in by Miss Zebulon Walker, Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee on Textbooks. She promised that her committee would give the matter careful attention.

The fourth topic was the library work of C. of C. Chapters. Mrs. Owens Jackson gave an interesting account of the books, scrapbooks, post card collections, valuable documents, and pictures of war heroes which had been acquired by the Julia Jackson Chapter.

Mrs. John J. Simpson, Registrar of the Chapter, spoke feelingly of the delays and difficulties attending the filling out of applications for membership, and after some discussion a resolution was approved to the effect that the signature of the U. D. C. member should be considered sufficient where that of a veteran could not be obtained.

Mrs. McDowell Wolff made an interesting talk on the origin and history of children's Chapters in the South. Mrs. Wolff is the founder of this organization, which dates as far back as 1896. The minutes of the State U. D. C. of 1898 so acknowledged her and directed that her name as founder should be mentioned whenever the officers of the Chapter are named.

During the two days' session interesting talks were made

by Mrs. McD. Wilson, Mrs. Helen Plane, Mrs. Williams McCarthy, Prof. B. M. Zettler, Dr. J. T. Derry, and Judge Rodgers.

Mrs. McCarthy offered a banner helpful to the C. of C. work, this to the Chapter doing the things must be decided by vote of the Chapters represented at the next conference, the contest to begin in September, 1912.

Upon adjournment the members of the conference visited the Soldiers' Home, and were charmingly entertained on their return at the residence of the President, Mr. Derry Stockbridge.

Mrs. Allen Porter, 3601 Central Street, Kansas City, Mo., desires to communicate with some member of the families of the early settlers of Tennessee, Virginia, and Kentucky, of whom she mentions the following: Stanley Reasons, who married Mary, daughter of Harris Avant, of Sumner County, Tenn.; William Stanley Owen, of Hawkins County, Tenn., who married Elizabeth Creed, of Alexandria, Va.; Vachel Clark, who married Miss Adams; Henry Clark, who married Patience Dillingham; Joseph Russell, who married Elizabeth Williams, and lived in Barren County, Ky.

"O for a drink from the old oaken bucket!" exclaimed the early boarder. "Where is it?" "The old oaken bucket was unsanitary," explained the farmer. "We have supplied individual drinking cups instead."

"THE MEN IN GRAY"

BY R. C. CAVE

"The Men in Gray," cloth-bound, 143 pages, contains:

1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. One of the Virginia papers said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury. . . . It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been."

2. "A Defense of the South," a paper which refutes the misrepresentations of the social conditions existing in the South before the war and briefly, sharply, and convincingly states the real issue in the controversy between the sections which culminated in secession and war.

3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government, and shows how the spirit of the one was manifested by the South and the spirit of the other dominated the North.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "After a careful examination, I most heartily indorse 'The Men in Gray,' by Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It is a most admirable defense of the South, and is unanswerable. I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.' No Confederate who desires to have an intelligent appreciation of the great Civil War and its causes and the character of the men who engaged in it on the Southern side can afford to be without Dr. Cave's book. In its way and along its lines it is the best publication since the war. It deserves and should have an extended circulation."

Every Confederate soldier who wishes his children to understand clearly what he fought for and truly honor him for fighting on the Southern side should place this little volume in their hands. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Commanders of Camps are requested to write for particulars.

Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Judge J. W. Moffett should write to the Adjutant General of Virginia, at Richmond, for names of soldiers of Companies E, G, and K, 49th Virginia Infantry.

J. M. Cartmell, of Jackson, Tenn., has some back numbers and volumes of the VETERAN which he would like to dispose of. Write him and send list of those you need.

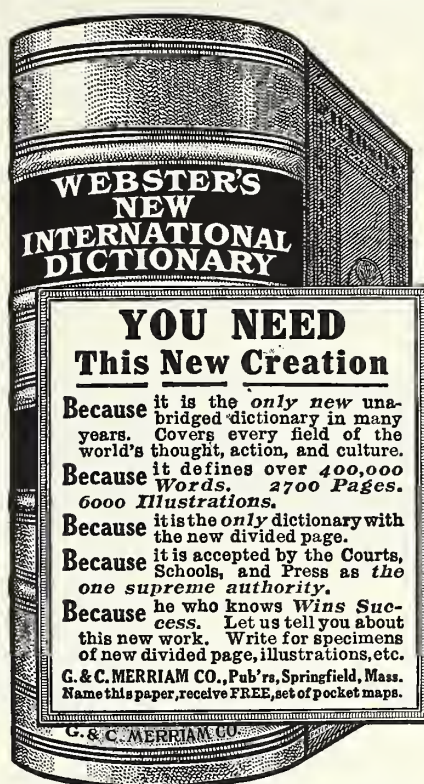
Mrs. W. A. LeVan (Route No. 4, Box 8), Paducah, Ky., wishes to hear from some one who knew W. N. LeVan, of East Tennessee, who was under Captain Brewster in the Confederate army.

C. A. Caloway, of Wilhite, La., wants to find some comrades who were with him in Company K, 43d Mississippi Regiment, as he needs their testimony to prove his record in applying for a pension.

J. S. Pogue, of Mayslick, Ky., Box 32, wishes to get a copy of the "History of the Orphan Brigade," by Ed Porter Thompson. Any subscriber having a copy which he will dispose of will confer a favor by writing to Mr. Pogue, stating condition and price asked.

Thomas Peek, of Lawrenceburg, Ky., seeks to establish the war record of his father, Robert F. Peek, who was born in Union, S. C., and who entered the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of Company I, Gregg's 1st South Carolina Regiment. In September of that year he was transferred to McBeth's Artillery, and served to the close of the war. He died in the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., in January, 1912.

In order to become a member of the U. S. C. V., C. F. Cork, of Alabama, Wash., desires to secure the war record of his grandfather, Dr. William Henri Farner, who was regimental surgeon of Riley's 4th Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Corps. Dr. Farner was taken prisoner at the battle of Tesche, where the regiment was broken up. He was paroled by special arrangement and placed in charge of the post hospital at Galveston. It is hoped that this information may be secured from some reader of the VETERAN.



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D. J. McDaniel, of Bennettsville, S. C., Company G, Ward's (7th) Battalion South Carolina Troops, Blanchard's Brigade, was beside a small man or youth by the name of Frank Johnson, from Williamsburg County, S. C., who was shot down and was helped by McDaniel to a place of safety. McDaniel would be glad to know if he (Johnson) got home safely and if still living.

E. S. Bishop, of Artesia, N. Mex., wishes a copy of the poem on the incident of General Lee's being told to go to the rear.

J. R. Gibbons, of Beauxite, Ark., needs Volumes I. and II. to complete his file of the VETERAN. Write him in advance of sending, stating condition and price.

Mrs. E. H. Adams, of Ann Arbor, Mich., wishes the address of any relative of Col. Frank Wolford, U. S. A., now deceased, who commanded a regiment of Kentucky cavalry during the war.

John A. Payne, of Palmer, Tex., would like to know the address of a Miss Laura Keith, who was a young lady in 1862 and refugeeed to Jacksonville, Ala., with her parents from Tennessee.

Inquiry is made for several books of which the VETERAN does not know, and any information of them will be appreciated. They are: "Hampton and His Cavalry," "Butler and His Cavalry," "The Last Ninety Days of the War." Any subscribers who know of them or can supply them will kindly write this office.

Valentine Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving comrades who were in the battle of Franklin and shared his experiences afterwards. He was taken from there to Camp Douglas; was sent out on the 4th of May, 1865, and exchanged on the Red River; from there they were sent to Shreveport, and there learned the fate of the Confederacy. He walked from Shreveport to his home in Yorktown, Tex.

Mrs. G. A. Grammar, 211 W. Baltimore Street, Jackson, Tenn., wishes to hear from some of the survivors among her husband's comrades. He served with the Warren Light Artillery, a company organized at Vicksburg, Miss., whose officers were Capt. Charles Sweet and Lieuts. James Oslin, H. Shannon, and Thomas Haven. They were mustered into service by Capt. John H. Crump August 17, 1861. Her husband kept a diary throughout the war, in which he tells of the tragic death of Lieutenant Haven.

J. C. Witcher, of Bells, Tex., lost his Confederate cross of honor at the Southern Depot in Macon, Ga. The finder of this treasured relic will kindly communicate with him.

John W. Taylor, of Burnside, Ky., Box 498, who served in Company A, 28th Tennessee Infantry, Murray's Regiment, Zollicoffer's Brigade, would like to correspond with some of his old comrades or their descendants.

W. W. Coleman, of Allen, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1, would like to locate the flag of the 24th Alabama Regiment, which was lost on Sunday morning at the battle of Chickamauga. It seems that the color bearer deserted and carried the colors to the enemy.

Mr. James F. Farrell, of Winder, Ga., who served in the 12th Louisiana Battalion, Company D, from 1861 to 1863, when he was captured and confined in prison at Fort Delaware, wishes to hear from some surviving comrades who can testify as to his record. He was in prison until May, 1865.

S. C. Turnbo, of Jenks, Okla., would like to hear from any surviving comrades of William Breeding, who is supposed to have served in a Missouri regiment that was sent to the east side of the Mississippi River and with which he continued to the close of the war. He died in the early seventies near Locust, Ozark County, Mo.

Rev. William Arnold Greene, of Geddes, S. D., writes of a Bible in possession of an ex-Federal soldier out there, on the fly-leaf of which appears the name of "Hattie Hamlin." The book was taken from the knapsack of a dead Confederate soldier. It is hoped that some friends or relatives of the donor or owner may respond to this, as it is desired to return the book.

J. E. Gaskell, 1429 Missouri Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., who was a drummer boy of the Confederate army, wants to learn something of a German lad, W. A. Seufferheld, of the 101st or 103d New York Infantry, whom he knew as a prisoner down in Louisiana. He was so small that no uniform would fit him, so the "Johnny" divided clothes with him, and now he wants to know the fate of the boy he befriended.

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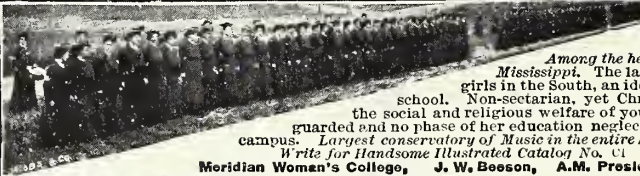
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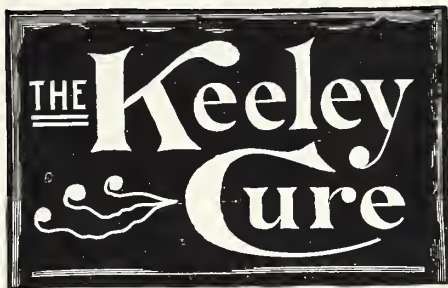
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J. Herbert, LL.D.

Colonel in the Confederate Army, former Congressman, and
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TWENTIETH YEAR

AUGUST, 1912

EIGHTH NUMBER



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C. C. McCorkle, of Van Alstyne, Tex., would like to hear from any survivors of his old company, E. 1st Missouri Cavalry, Gates's Regiment. He was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 12, 1865.

Capt. J. M. Polk, now of the Confederate Home, Austin, Tex., has a little book called "The North and South American Review" which he thinks would make you feel good. It is sold at thirty cents per copy.

Mrs. C. L. Barton, of Dixon, Tenn., wishes to find out in what division of Morgan's command—what company and regiment—her husband, Charles Lincoln Barton, served and in what State he enlisted; also the names of some of the officers under whom he served.

Volumes I. and II. of the VETERAN are wanted by several patrons of the VETERAN. Those who are willing to dispose of them will kindly write as to condition and price asked. The following numbers of the volume for 1905 are also wanted: May, June, August, September, October, and December.

Information is wanted of the war record of Edwin L. Sweaney, who enlisted from Houston, Tex., and died from the effect of measles at Mansfield, La., after a forced march to that place. Any one knowing of his service will kindly write to Mrs. J. J. Oglesby, Gainesville, Ga., giving his company and regiment.

Messrs. Lyon & Lyon, Attorneys, Evans Building, 1420 New York Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., make inquiry for the relatives of Capt. Charles E. Farrand, late United States army, who was a son of Ebenezer Farrand, at one time commander in the United States navy, from which he resigned in June, 1861, and was later commander in the Confederate States navy. He was a native of New York and appointed to the C. S. N. from Florida.

T. J. Roop, of Gulnare, Ky., is trying to establish the war record of Moses Harrill, who was reared in North Carolina and entered the service in a regiment from that State in the C. S. A. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He went to Pike County, Ky., after the war and made that his home until death. His widow seeks a pension from the State, and any information of his record that surviving comrades can give will be appreciated.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1912.

No. 8. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

TWO DISTINGUISHED MEN.

WOODROW WILSON AND THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

A guest of the University Club at Nashville was Woodrow Wilson. The writer met, heard, and liked him very much. He was impressed with his independence and conciseness of expression. As a Jerseyman it was not expected that his Virginia rearing would be so conspicuous. In private conversation he was charmingly agreeable while earnestly emphatic. Governor Wilson has a brother in Nashville, Mr. Joseph R. Wilson, a modest but forceful journalist, and better acquaintance was fondly anticipated.

Later on the Richmond Times-Dispatch contained adverse criticism of a statement in one of his histories concerning the engagement between the Merrimac (Virginia) and the Monitor by the late Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., who witnessed the fight. To it Governor Wilson replied:

"My Dear Mr. Cunningham: I was very much grieved to learn of the strictures uttered by Col. William H. Stewart. I of course am very much mortified if I made a mistake in the brief reference I made to the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor. I am perfectly willing to accept, of course, the authority of such men as Colonel Stewart, and can only say I repeated what seemed to be the accepted version of the fight in a history written upon an extended scale. I had not the opportunity to consult original authorities. It never occurred to me for a moment that the account involved anything to the discredit of the officers who were in command of the gallant Virginia. Cordially yours, WOODROW WILSON."

In the early part of last year the Editor of the VETERAN, having resolved to pay tribute to Col. Richard Owen, went to Indianapolis to ascertain the sentiment that might prevail in regard to it and to secure the modest privilege of placing a memorial tablet in commemoration of the noble man who was in command of the prison there in 1862. He selected that particular time because the legislature was in session—the closing days—and because a monument was to be dedicated to Robert Dale Owen, a brother of Richard Owen, by the women of Indiana. It happened that the leader of that movement, Mrs. Ruth S. Conklin, was a good friend, and that the Governor of the State was on the VETERAN subscription list. This fact, with letters of cordial introduction, caused

prompt and generous attention by the Governor, Thomas R. Marshall. He sent for a member of the House of Representatives, Hon. William W. Spencer, a college student of Colonel Owen's, and asked him to prepare a joint resolution to be submitted to the House and Senate authorizing the Governor to place such a memorial in the Capitol building, on the Capitol grounds, or at the great State monument in Indianapolis. The resolution was adopted by unanimous vote, and the mission was all that could have been desired.

Governor Marshall is a quiet man who does things without parade. Two visits have been made to him this year, the first to select the place and a second with Miss Belle Kinney, who has the order to make the monument. After going about the Capitol and through its grand hallways, and indicating the place that he regarded the most prominent and suitable (a superb niche between the elevator and the Governor's office), he said: "Mr. Cunningham, you may place it where you desire."

Those visits to Governor Marshall are of delightful memory. No wonder he is so popular with the people generally of his State. While reared in Indiana, he typifies the culture, the refinement, and the dignity of his Virginia ancestry in a charming way. He is very happy in his marriage, though without children; and whatever may be his lot in life, the people of the United States will esteem him the more the better they know him.

Governor Marshall seems to be the pride of Indiana; and while a lifelong Democrat, he is esteemed by his people generally. Although he had not been discussed for second place on the national ticket, it was early apparent that Governor Wilson was the favorite for President; so the writer sent the following brief telegram to United States Senator Luke Lea, member of the Tennessee delegation to the Democratic Convention, Baltimore, Md., on June 27, 1912: "Anticipating Governor Marshall's prominence for the vice presidency, knowing his merit and strength in Indiana, commend him anxiously."

Senator Lea replied from Washington: "Your telegram was received by me at the Convention, and, like yourself, I believe Governor Marshall will be a very strong man on the ticket." Later he wrote: "You and the Democratic Convention seem to have been of the same mind." The date of the telegram shows that the first say was from Nashville.

In the Baltimore Convention, while New York was voting

solidly for other candidates, the Editor recalled a letter from W. G. McAdoo, one of the delegates, who wrote him on February 2: "I also hope that you are doing all you can for my friend Governor Wilson. He is a great man and the only Democrat, in my opinion, who can be elected. Help him if you can; he deserves it." McAdoo is the Tennessean who has done more for New York by putting tubes under the rivers for railway trains than any man in any generation. He is vice chairman of the Wilson and Marshall campaign, while William F. McCombs, the chairman, was an Arkansas boy and educated largely in Tennessee.

VALUABLE AID IN WAR RECORDS.

BY GEN. MARCUS J. WRIGHT, WAR RECORDS OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

If John S. Gilmore, C. A. Caloway, Thomas Peck, C. F. Cork, Valentine Hart, Mrs. G. A. Grammar, and James F. Farnell, who ask for certain records through the July VETERAN, will each write me, giving the command (company and regiment) in which the parties served and the object of asking the information, whether to apply for pension or join some Confederate society, I can have official statement of the records sent them. No records can be furnished unless the command in which the party served is given.

[Of course the foregoing suggestion applies to all who seek such information. The War Records office is a very busy place, and requests for information should be clear and concise so as to give the department as little trouble as possible. As stated, it is all-important to give the company and regiment to which the soldier belonged.—EDITOR.]

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM

JUNE 7 TO JULY 7, 1912.

Georgia: Walter A. Clark Chapter, Hephzibah, \$1; Cochran Chapter, \$2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, \$10.

Missouri: R. E. Lee Chapter, Kansas City, \$25; C. M. Goodlet Chapter, C. of C., Kansas City, \$10; Brown Rives Chapter, Richmond, \$15.50; K. K. Salmon Chapter, \$5; Emmet MacDonald Chapter, Sedalia, \$25; Dixie Chapter, Slater, \$2.50; George E. Pickett Chapter, Kansas City, \$10.

South Carolina: St. Matthews Chapter, \$2; Batesburg Chapter, \$8; Butler Guards Chapter, C. of C., Greenville, \$3.25; Michael Brice Chapter, Blackstock, \$2; S. D. Lee Chapter, Starr, \$1; Maxey Gregg Chapter, Florence, \$5; Charleston Chapter, \$15; Cheraw Chapter (extra), \$2; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, \$5.50; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, \$2; Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, \$5; Frances Marion Chapter, Bamberg, \$7; Edgefield Chapter, \$10; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, \$5; J. K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, \$2.50; Moses Wood Chapter, Gaffney, \$1; Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, \$5; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, \$5; S. D. Barrow Chapter, Rock Hill, \$2.50; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia, \$2; St. George's Chapter, \$3; Moffett-Grier Chapter, Due West, \$5; Greenville Chapter, \$5.15; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, \$3; Mrs. A. T. Smythe (personal), Charleston, \$10; Lee picture sold by S. D. Barrow Chapter, \$2.50; Confederate banners sold by J. K. McIver Chapter, \$2.

Interest, \$61.93.

Total collections since June 7, \$289.83.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$14,587.05.

Total collections to date, \$14,876.88.

Amount refunded Dixie Chapter, Montgomery, Ala., \$7.48.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$14,869.40.

THE VETERAN FOR JUNE AND JULY WANTED.—The editions for June and July, 1912, having been exhausted, request is made of subscribers who do not preserve their copies to return the numbers for June and July to the VETERAN office. Credit on their subscription for two months will be given gladly. Only copies that are clean and in otherwise good condition are requested. Send card when mailing the copies, stating that they are being sent. The July number is especially needed. Good copies for May, June, September, October, and December of 1905 are also needed, and credit will be given for these in the same way.

DEATH OF REV. JAMES BATTLE AVIRETT.—In the notice of the death of Rev. James Battle Avirett appearing on page 336 of the July VETERAN an error was made as to date of death, which was February 16, 1912.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

Sentiments of gratitude are extended to contributors for the memorial to Col. Richard Owen. Those who contribute depend mainly upon representations in the VETERAN as to the absolute merit of the undertaking. These statements are true without exaggeration, as verified by every known witness, comprising more than four thousand men through a period of fifty years. Then the moral effect in reconciliation of the spirit that induced the men of the colonies to fight and make other sacrifices for seven years exceeds any movement that has ever been inaugurated. The memorial is to be as fine and as durable as it is possible to make it with the funds contributed. Donors to this memorial will constitute an honor roll that should be preserved in history to the lasting honor of those who contributed of their substance. The work is under way, and all who desire to help are requested to report at least their names and the amount that they will give. Persons interested who are not thoroughly familiar with the movement can have data for the asking.

Mr. J. M. Warden, of Wardensville, W. Va., sends a contribution to the Richard Owen Memorial and states: "I take great pleasure in contributing to a memorial to that humane Federal officer for his kind treatment of Confederate prisoners of war at Camp Morton, Ind. Had this noble man's example been followed by other Federal officers who had charge of the prison camps, what suffering and how many lives would have been saved God himself only knows."

James H. Baker writes from Pittsburg, Pa.: "I inclose herewith \$1 to the Colonel Owen Monument Fund. While I was not a prisoner at Camp Morton, I was twice confined at Camp Chase, Ohio, and once at Fort Delaware, and my experience was such as to see the great difference in the spirit of different commanders of prisons. I consider this effort to be morally one of the finest the world has ever witnessed, and I wish that every ex-Confederate could contribute something toward it."

Rev. Edgar E. Folk, Editor and Proprietor Baptist and Reflector: "Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the VETERAN, is engaged in an enterprise which is as laudable as it is unusual. During the war he and other Confederate soldiers were held as prisoners at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, for several months. The commander of the prison was Col. Richard Owen. He was so kind and courteous to the prisoners that they all came to respect him very greatly, and now Mr. Cunningham proposes that they shall erect a monument to his memory in the shape of a bronze bust of Colonel Owen to be placed in a niche in the wall of the Capitol at Indian-

apolis. The following is the suggestive inscription: 'Col. Richard Owen. Tribute by Confederate prisoners of war at Camp Morton in 1862 and their friends for his courtesy and kindness.' Mr. Cunningham has already received many subscriptions to the monument, but not yet enough. * * * Whenever before in the history of the world was a monument erected to a man by his former foes, and especially his prisoners and their friends?"

REV. LEWIS POWELL, OWENSBORO, KY., A CONTRIBUTOR.

I have read with sincere pleasure the articles on the Col. Richard Owen Memorial, and my heart swells with pride and gratitude for our own sunny Southland, for I am sure that this beautiful sentiment will strike a responsive chord in every genuine heart to pay tribute to that noble scholar and soldier in the North of fifty years ago for his kindly treatment of our Southern soldiers in prison at Camp Morton.

I like your design and inscription. * * * This memorial too will speak the generous and chivalrous spirit of the South and be a real contribution to the rapidly growing spirit of amity between the two sections of our great country.

My own father gave four of the best years of his natural manhood to the Confederate cause, and he lost all his material belongings; but if he were here, he would join in this tribute. I want to contribute my mite to this enterprise in his name—a man who stood foursquare to every wind.

This movement to honor the memory of Colonel Owen recalls Longfellow's poem, "The Arrow and the Song:"

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

A Friend	\$ 5 00	Gilfillan, J. H., Omega, La.	\$ 2 00	Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.	\$ 1 00
A Friend, Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W.	1 00	Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.	1 00	Gilmer, Peachy, Breckinridge	1 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.	1 00	Camp, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.	5 00	Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville,	5 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.	1 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone,	2 00	Tenn.	
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phis, Tenn.		Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.	1 00
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Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville,	6 00	Harris, Miss Emma S., Mebane,	1 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S.	1 00
Mo.		N. C.	1 00	C.	
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.	1 00	Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
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Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.	5 00	Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna,	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.	1 00	Miss.	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Boger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs,	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.	1 00	Colo.	1 00	Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex.	50	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington,	5 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00
Brooke, St. George T., Charles-	1 00	D. C.	5 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, Ohio.	2 00
town, W. Va.		Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
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Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	10 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City,	1 00
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	25 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson,	1 00
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Va.		Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando,	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50
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Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
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Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.	5 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	Stones, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.	2 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.	1 00	Lester, John H., Deming, N. Mex.	1 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.	10 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Corser, Lieut. E. S., Minneapolis,	5 00	Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
Minn.		Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.	50	McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch, Miss.	1 00	Thompson, R. H., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.	50	McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.	1 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis,	1 00	Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.	2 00	S. C.		Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green,	5 00
Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.	5 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati,	10 00	Ky.	
Davidson, H. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Ohio		Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Means, James, Columbus, Ohio.	1 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	1 00	Warden, J. M., Wardsville, W.	3 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.	5 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	5 50	Va.	
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.	1 00	Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla.	10 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V.,	5 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville,	1 00	Warrensburg, Mo.	2 50	Whitehead, Miss Florence, Cleve-	1 00
Tenn.		Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	1 00	land, Tenn.	
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahatche,	1 00	Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky.	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Tex.		Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C.,	2 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.	1 00	Savannah, Ga.	
Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	1 00
Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.	2 00	Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balti-	10 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville,	1 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00
more		Fla.		Total to date, \$362.	
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.	1 00	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00		
Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00				

CONFEDERATES SHOULD REMAIN UNITED.

OPPOSITION TO THE MOVEMENT IN ARKANSAS AND MISSOURI.

Gen. J. Kellogg writes what was "unanimously adopted:"

"Whereas it has come to our knowledge that the Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197, United Confederate Veterans, of Houston, Tex., has adopted resolutions favoring the secession of the Trans-Mississippi Department from the general federation, and has transmitted a memorial to the different Camps in this Department urging their coöperation in that movement; and whereas the reasons given by said Camp for its action are trivial and unimportant; and whereas the men who were good and true soldiers in the Confederate army, having endured the trials, hardships, and sufferings incident to the War of the States, fighting for principle, and having stood together as a band of brothers all these years since the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, and since they are so rapidly passing off the stage of action, and as it will be only a few years distant when they will all have answered the last 'roll call,' therefore

"Resolved: 1. That Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, United Confederate Veterans, does not approve of the action of said Dick Dowling Camp, and deplores its effort to foment discord and promote the secession of the Trans-Mississippi Department from the general federation.

"2. That this Camp pledges its loyalty to the general federation of Camps and its efforts to discourage any movement for a dissolution of the federation.

"3. That we appreciate the active measures taken by Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in his efforts to discourage the movement inaugurated by Dick Dowling Camp, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to him and also to Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief."

Gen. Jonathan Kellogg, when interviewed by an Arkansas Democrat reporter regarding the proposed withdrawal from the U. C. V., said:

"There can be no good reason for such a movement. The fact that a Commander in Chief has never been elected from the Trans-Mississippi Department is certainly not a good reason for such action. So far as my recollection goes, we have but once presented a candidate for that position. At the Macon Reunion Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth, Tex., asked his friends not to present his name. Then the fact that the Reunion has been held three times in this Department and on two of these occasions (at Dallas and Little Rock) they were more largely attended than on any other convinces me that the veterans east of the Mississippi feel very kindly toward us.

"The Department of North Virginia could with as good grace as this one also favor secession, for I believe no Commander in Chief has ever been elected from that Department, and it has had the Reunion only three times.

"If this Department should withdraw and hold a separate reunion, it would prove to be a tame affair. Each State has its annual reunion or convention now, and there is nothing to prevent each Department from having a reunion now. By all means let us stand together to the end, which is not very far off. The name of our federation, United Confederate Veterans, means something. Then let us remain united to the end."

GENERAL TOWSON ON SEPARATE ORGANIZATION.

While I have known of the action of that fine old Texas Camp, Dick Dowling, I am pleased that you gave space to

matters connected therewith and read them with interest and concern in the July VETERAN.

I am particularly gratified to note the patriotic position taken by that splendid old soldier, General Van Zandt, for love of whom and in whose interest some dissatisfaction arose at the late Reunion. Now, I do hope that the "incident is closed." Subdivision in the U. C. V. means disintegration—the beginning of the end—and I do not believe Missouri will ever consider it seriously.

COMMANDER ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.—Dr. W. A. Brown, of Monticello, Ark., writes the VETERAN: "Please correct an error that appeared in the July VETERAN. Judge Charles Coffin, of Batesville, Ark., is the Major General commanding the Arkansas Division, U. C. V. Owing to his inability to be at the Macon Reunion, by order of Lieut. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, I was made temporary Commander of the Division."

[It is singular that the Editor of the VETERAN did not detect this error, for he well knew that Comrade Coffin was Commander of the Division, and he apologizes.]

DID GEN. PAT CLEBURNE GIVE HIS BOOTS?

The story has been told repeatedly (and the VETERAN would be pleased at its verification) that Gen. P. R. Cleburne required a barefooted soldier to don his boots, and that he went on to his death barefooted. Col. J. A. Watrous, of the United States army, quotes a report of it as follows:

"General Cleburne died barefooted. While riding along his division from Spring Hill a few hours before the battle of Franklin, where he was killed, General Cleburne saw several soldiers trudging along with nothing on their feet. Coming to one who was leaving blood in each track, the General stopped, swung his right foot to the side of his left, and said: 'My man, take off my boots.'

"'Why, General?'

"'Never mind why; take them off.'

"The private with bleeding feet obeyed his general's command reluctantly.

"'Put them on; you need them more than I do,' said the division commander.

"'And you go barefooted, General?'

"'Do as I tell you, and at once, and catch up with your command.'

"Gen. Pat Cleburne, of Cheatham's Corps, Hood's army, fought his division in his last battle barefooted and died, with his men, at the forefront in that awful battle of Franklin, where seven general officers were killed or wounded.

"It is said that General Cleburne had a premonition that he would be killed in that battle."

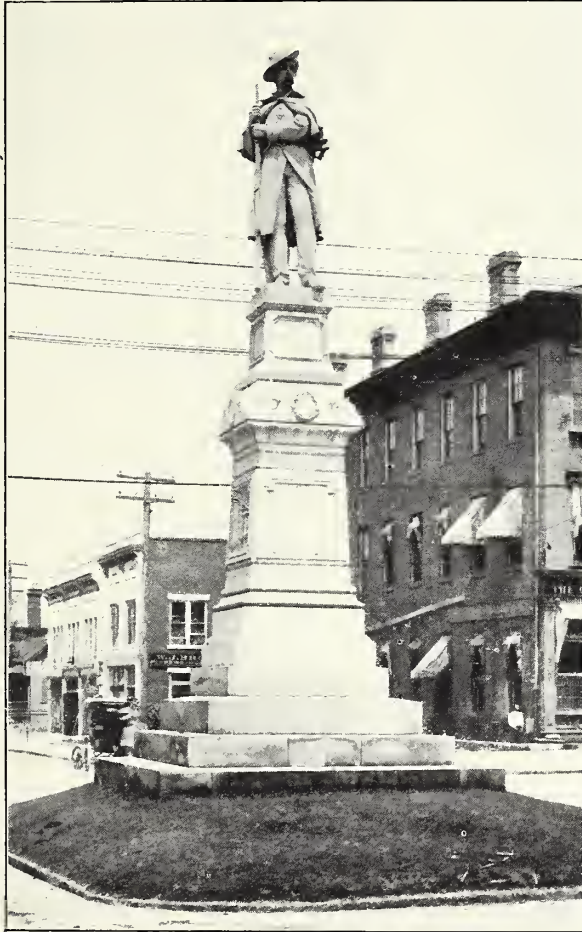
A reply to the statement where the subscription has been furnished since October, 1910, is as follows: "Please discontinue my subscription from this date, July, 1912." Not a word more. Now an account must be sent to him, and he may not respond to that.

A woman writes: "I will write you that my husband is dead, and I am not able to pay for the VETERAN. He was sick a long time, and I am left penniless."

Another: "I should have written to you before now, but a cancer came on my hand about two years ago and my lower arm has been amputated. I will pay you as soon as I can. I am seventy-three years old to-day. I was a Confederate soldier and regret to part with the VETERAN."

MACON (GA.) CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The Confederate monument at Macon was greatly admired by multitudes at the Reunion. There is not in all the Southland a more pleasing and satisfactory one. The first issue of the *VETERAN* ever printed (January, 1893, page 9) contained the following account of it: "Macon, Ga., has a superb Confederate monument in the most prominent street crossing in the city. It is of very white Italian marble, is thirty-seven feet high, including the statue of a private soldier ten feet, six inches. The base is of Stone Mountain (Georgia) granite.



The inscriptions are: 'Great seal of the Confederacy, by copy belonging to Charles Herbst, a Kentuckian, but "resident of Macon almost long enough to be a native," to quote from the Irishman.' Then it is ornamented with the coat of arms of Georgia, cannon, and other implements of war. It is decorated on all Memorial Days by the ladies and cared for constantly by Mr. Herbst. It cost \$4,500. Hon. John P. Fort, of Macon, paid the expenses of its dedication in 1878—\$500."

The great seal referred to above is the one from which was made the engraving on the title-page of the July *VETERAN*.

REMINISCENCES OF MACON REUNION.

Maj. Gen. J. William Towson, Commander of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., in a letter dated at Shelbyville, Mo., states:

"Comrades: Our national Reunion is over and Macon is quiet again. This beautiful city of Georgia opened her doors in true Southern style and entertained us handsomely. The Confederate colors were everywhere in evidence, and our mem-

ory went back to the stormy days of the sixties as we marched through her streets in serried ranks to martial music. Missouri's lovely women and brave men had their share of attention and applause.

"When the delegates assembled for business, they elected Gen. Bennett H. Young Commander in Chief. He is a fine type of the Southern soldier and gentleman, a Kentuckian and a lawyer living in Louisville. He has for years commanded one of the Departments, the Army of Tennessee, and has been active, generous, and is capable. Give him your loyal support. Chattanooga was selected as the place of the Reunion next spring.

"Your Commander believes that social events are worth much to every Camp. Get the boys together in your parks or in the country for a day's outing, and take your families that you may keep in touch with each other; and when death comes, lay not your comrade away without token or comment. Let the community see that we are really interested in each other and that "Comrade" is not an empty name. Invite any Camps of the Sons of Veterans in your neighborhood to your meetings and interest them in every possible way. Put them in a position to tell the story of your lives after you have crossed 'the divide.'

"Every comrade should take the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. S. A. Cunningham, its Editor at Nashville, Tenn., will send you sample copies. It is devoted to the interests of the U. C. V., and is our only mouthpiece. If you desire to read it and do not feel able to pay, write me and I will 'do the rest.'

"Next year there will be a great peace jubilee upon the Gettysburg battle field. Lee led his victorious legions into Pennsylvania in the early days of July, 1863, and a bloody and desperate battle was fought there. On its fiftieth anniversary the Confederate soldier is invited to be present as guest. The first day's program is entirely in the hands of our own Commander, General Young, and the Commander of the G. A. R. A statue of our beloved Lee, the soldier without a peer and the Christian gentleman beyond compare, will be unveiled. This is to be an extraordinary occasion, a patriotic event that will draw a vast crowd from the Southland as well as from every other section. The government and the State of Pennsylvania have each appropriated large amounts, and all will be handsomely entertained and cordially welcomed."

Comrade Towson was born near Williamsport, in Washington County, Md., in 1839. He came farther South in August, 1862, with a young attorney, A. C. Trippe, of Baltimore, working his way through the Federal lines. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee until its surrender at Appomattox. He belonged to the noted "Black Horse Troop" under J. E. B. Stuart, the superb cavalry commander, Gen. Fitz Lee being the division officer. He was taken prisoner in an engagement near Warrenton, Va., in May, 1863, was exchanged in June, and was with the army again on its march into Pennsylvania. He was in the battles of Brandy Station, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Coal Harbor, Trevilians Station, Yellow Tavern (where Stuart fell), and many other engagements, the siege of Richmond and the last retreat to Appomattox.

Comrade Trippe, with whom he came through the lines, is now the chief officer of the Confederates of Maryland. He went to Missouri over forty years ago, locating at Shelbyville. He is a Presbyterian, a Mason, Knight Templar, and Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

NO REWARD FOR DOING DUTY.

Will T. Hale, in the Nashville Banner: "A few days ago I contributed to the Banner an article on the lack of Tennessee in the matter of magazines. When I said we have not one in its boundaries, of course I meant literary publications strictly. 'What of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN?' I have been asked. That is a historical magazine. While it is artistically gotten up, and is more interesting and valuable than any literary magazine published in America, according to my notion, it was not thought of by me as being properly classed among the purveyors of fiction and poetry. Its publisher, Mr. Cunningham, has been busy getting up monuments to worthy Americans. Reserved and modest, he does not realize that as a benefactor of the South—toiling for twenty years that the truth may be preserved regarding her glorious struggle for the right—he deserves a sky-reaching memorial himself."

No, no. The founder of the VETERAN asks no honor. He is simply doing his best in a cause so sacred that he asks nothing for himself. He doesn't expect any other reward than that of the consciousness of having done what he could. He is thrilled with the obligations that have been so confidently placed upon him, and he grieves at the lack of a coöperative spirit on the part of so many thousands who ought to act unstintedly in establishing the truth concerning the Southern people for a half century. This lack of coöperation he deplores. A multitude of personal friends should become aroused in behalf of the cause. He has for nearly two decades been diligently at work and absolutely unstinted in sending sample copies, and many express gratification for them; but they seem never to think that it is their duty to subscribe. He has gone on these twenty years without personally soliciting a subscription, but in that he must have been wrong. At any rate, after these many years of unstinted approval by noble men and women even unto death, he might consistently tell Southerners of their duty. But what could one man do? It is a work for thousands. Good people who do not realize the truth consider that "it stirs strife." Tell them to ask a thousand Union veterans who take and approve it as a fair, conscientious record. Let every person who knows it do missionary work before the night cometh.

The VETERAN is more interesting than the average history, it is so diversified. Then it is doing a work for veterans and widows that cannot be done by any other periodical in existence, and every Southern man or woman who bears personal friendship ought to contribute at least the subscription, while thousands who are strangers take the VETERAN and make payment at a sacrifice year after year. The urgency of the cause is apparent as with no other publication. In a brief time those who know the story the record of which it seeks to lengthen and to strengthen cannot help passing out of this life. How can a family whose membership was involved fail to coöperate? The memory of men who went down to death and whose families suffered war's perils should animate all descendants to learn what they can of that history.

With profound gratitude to those who are steadfast in their patronage, the fact is admitted in humility that something must be seriously lacking in presenting its cause.

The founder would not assume to lecture fellow comrades and their families. He realizes that it is not nearly as good as it should be; but through the unstinted support of many thousands for nearly twenty years, comprised of soldiers of all arms of service in every section, besides zealous support of many who live North, he realizes it to be his duty to demur to indifference. Now that a steadfast patronage of more than twenty thousand has been established for years, the influence of the VETERAN might be augmented fourfold within a short while. Patrons who have been steadfast for many years could augment its usefulness, as every friend could secure another. Many venerable comrades do not influence their families to become interested; and when they die, what they owe even is lost, and their families are not enough interested to have a record made in the Last Roll. This is wrong.

Pleas like the foregoing would be humiliating but for the responsibility of vindicating the hundreds of thousands of men and women whose sacrifices are without parallel in all history. Instead of the publication being for the fast-failing survivors, every man and woman whose parents suffered ought to be diligent in its maintenance. The veteran who reads it, does not pay for it, and does not enlist others fails of his duty. Such patronage is a serious hindrance.

Many younger than the founder write of retiring from life's active duties as if they feel that they have done enough. He contemplates no vacation until the sound of "taps." Indeed, he would kindle a new fire of patriotism whereby the generations would give a new tone that would ring on through the ages in accord with the highest and purest ideals of mankind.

The following letter has been sent to patrons in arrears:

"It is presumed that all names on the VETERAN list represent men and women who are friendly to it. For nearly twenty years the VETERAN has been sent to any who request it, presuming that all such are honest. Many of them are busy persons who simply neglect renewing, while indulgence is necessary to some who are deeply concerned in what it contains and for its welfare. This rule has been gratefully appreciated by many, and will be maintained as long as practicable. But so many comrades are dying, whose representatives are not interested enough to give notice to discontinue, that much loss results, which is unjust to patrons, for the VETERAN is made as good as possible with its receipts.

"Comrades who take the VETERAN, please ask some one else, if you have no family, to give notice in event of your death, and to send some data for record in the VETERAN. Its founder is so grateful to every comrade-patron that he is anxious about this. Let friends help."

The following note illustrates the rule of many to whom notices have been sent: "I am sorry to inform you that my father departed this life on June 12 and you will please discontinue the VETERAN." That ended the relation of the family with the publication. If data of the father's life had been given in brief, the record would be made in the VETERAN, which will be preserved through coming generations and referred to by the children's children and would tend to make them more and more gallant and patriotic. Then if the VETERAN was "good enough for father," it ought to be "good enough for me." Every VETERAN should be diligent to promote this sentiment, for "the story of the glory" redounds to every principle that exalts the race.

THE CADETS AT NEW MARKET, VA.

BY HENRY A. WISE, CAPTAIN COMPANY A, CORPS OF CADETS.

In the spring of 1864, when Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanding the Confederate forces in Southwestern Virginia, concentrated the troops under his command at Staunton to check the advance of Maj. Gen. Franz Sigel, who was proceeding up the Valley of Virginia with a large Federal force to destroy the railroads leading to Richmond from the west, the hospitals, and supplies for the army stored at Staunton and Lynchburg, and then to attack the left and rear of General Lee's army operating in front of Richmond, the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, under the command of Lieut. Col. Scott Shipp, was ordered by the Governor of Virginia to report for service to General Breckinridge.

Although in command of a much smaller force than General Sigel, General Breckinridge assumed the offensive from the beginning and, rapidly concentrating his scattered forces at Staunton, gallantly advanced against the Federals.

When the two armies were near each other, Sigel declined battle for a time, retiring to New Market, where Breckinridge succeeded in engaging and defeating him. The cadets were helpful in the accomplishment of this result, and it is the purpose of this article to relate briefly what came under my observation during the battle.

Captain Wise commanded Company A, and when Colonel Shipp was wounded and compelled to retire from the field the command of the battalion devolved upon him. The battalion of cadets—placed in reserve in the rear of Echols's Brigade when Breckinridge's line of battle was formed at about half past eleven o'clock a little to the southwest of the town of New Market as Breckinridge's troops advanced, driving Sigel steadily before them, though subjected to the fire of the enemy's artillery, which did it considerable damage—did not come within range of the fire of the Federal infantry until it was thrown into some disorder occasioned by having to break ranks to enable it to pass the Bushong house and outbuildings, but it reformed promptly under the fire of the Federal infantry and artillery and continued to advance.

Afterwards the battalion was ordered to lie down in or just beyond an apple orchard near a fence north of the Bushong house. The fire of the Federal infantry and artillery was intensely severe at this point. At this stage of the fight Colonel Shipp was wounded, struck in the breast by a spent Minie ball, and compelled to retire to the rear, the command of the corps devolving upon the captain of Company A.

At this the most critical period of the battle, certainly in this part of the field, the center, the Confederates to the left and front of the cadets, who had been very strenuously opposed by the force in their front, many having been killed or wounded during their long-continued skirmishing and fighting against heavy odds since about one o'clock in the morning, were held in check by the advantageously posted force of the enemy on elevated ground in their front.

Wharton's Brigade, with Edgar's Regiment on their left, constituting the left echelon of the Confederate line of battle, had borne most successfully and gallantly the brunt of the engagement in this part of our advancing line, and had rendered invaluable assistance in paving the way to the success finally achieved by the Confederates.

While this was the situation at this stage of the engagement of the troops to the left and front of the cadets, the troops on the right, Echols's Brigade, constituting the echelon

on the right of Breckinridge's line of battle, after gallant and severe fighting, driving the enemy before it, its left was confronted and held in check by a superior force of Federal infantry strongly posted in a ravine wooded with a thick growth of scrub oaks and small cedars.

The Federal force immediately in front of the cadets consisted of artillery supported by a large force of infantry occupying an elevated ridge somewhat circular in shape extending from east to west. The fire of these troops was very destructive to the Confederates. It was therefore decided after Colonel Shipp was wounded to move the cadets forward to reestablish the center of Breckinridge's line of battle, which had been broken, and to the support of a regiment, the 51st (?), about seventy yards to the left and front of the cadets; but before this movement could be executed this advanced regiment fell back—very properly so, too—for it was unsupported and exposed to a terrific fire of artillery and infantry. An act of bravery occurred at this time which is worthy of mention. The color bearer of Colonel Fosberg's Regiment, the 51st Virginia, in rallying the men after they had fallen back advanced to the front, planted the staff of the colors in the ground, and in tones that secured obedience ordered the men to reform preparatory to advancing on the enemy. Several cadets in their letters about the battle speak in high terms of the judgment and bravery of Frank Lindamood, color sergeant of the 51st Virginia. After this the order was given to the cadets to advance upon the enemy, and they moved forward promptly and most spiritedly, driving the enemy in their immediate front from the field, capturing guns and prisoners.

After the Federal infantry and artillery stationed on the high ground in front of Wharton and the cadets had been defeated by the united efforts of the left echelon (Wharton) and the cadets, assisted very greatly by the cross fire of Breckinridge's Artillery stationed on the east side of the turnpike, the body of Federal infantry posted in the ravine, thickly wooded with scrub oaks and small cedars, to the right of the battalion of cadets opposing the troops constituting the right echelon (Echols) holding their left in check, finding that the cadets were turning their right flank and attacking their rear, cried out, "We are flanked!" and at once began to retreat. They suffered greatly from the front and flank fire of the Confederates, and many of them were captured. Sigel was defeated on every part of the field and the battle was won.

MILITARY SERVICE OF THE CADETS DURING THE WAR.

A detachment of the Corps of Cadets was sent to Harper's Ferry in 1850, and constituted a part of the military force assembled there by the State of Virginia at the time of the John Brown raid.

On April 17, 1861, the corps, under the command of Maj. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, was ordered to Richmond to drill troops at Camp Lee. They remained at this camp of instruction, some of them at Ashland, for some time engaged in drilling companies preparatory to their going to the army. The members of the corps, though, left one by one to join the armies in the field. In the meantime the institute was reopened at Lexington. A few of the old cadets returned, but in the main the corps was composed of a new body of cadets. In view of the value of the school in training young men as officers for service in the army, Col. Francis H. Smith was ordered to return to the institute and resume the duties of superintendent.

In the spring of 1862 the corps was ordered to proceed to McDowell to aid General Jackson during his valley campaign in his operations against the Federals under General Milroy.

In March, 1863, General Averill, of the Federal army, began his series of cavalry raids in Western Virginia, and the Corps of Cadets was ordered out by the Governor of Virginia to assist the Confederate forces operating in that section in opposing him. In the summer of 1863 they were sent to Goshen to assist in repelling a Federal cavalry raid. In the fall of 1863 two companies of cadets were sent out to capture deserters who were said to be encamped southwest of Lexington. On May 11, 1864, they were sent to General Breckinridge and took part in the New Market campaign.

After this the corps was stationed on the lines below Richmond until they were sent back to Lexington to assist in opposing General Hunter. When General Hunter advanced up the Valley of Virginia and burned the institute buildings, including barracks and the residence of Ex-Governor Letcher, the cadets joined the Confederates under General McCausland and proceeded with them to Lynchburg, serving there with the army until the Federals were defeated by General Early and made their retreat through Western Virginia.

Next called into service about September 8, 1864, they were stationed on the lines below Richmond until October 11, when they went into winter quarters at the Richmond Almshouse and resumed academic duties. During the winter of 1864 they were ordered out to assist in repelling a Federal cavalry raid. On April 1, 1865, they were stationed on the outer lines below Richmond until the evacuation. It has been estimated that the Corps of Cadets was in service about twelve months during the war.

MANY ESCAPADES NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

BY JUDGE JOHN H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, I was on duty near Danville, Va., and had under me quite a large company gathered from various commands to aid in guarding Danville from Federal raiders. The Confederate Cabinet was then assembled. We also assisted in clearing the road between Danville and Greensboro of Federal raiders in their attempt to destroy the road and bridges. When I got to Greensboro, my men left me, and I reported to General Breckinridge, who was at the time Secretary of War, stating that my own company had been surrendered at Appomattox and that the men whom I had under me had all left, and asked him for an assignment to duty. He called up Major Riely and instructed him to give me an order to report to Gen. A. R. Wright in Georgia for duty, the original of which I now have in my possession and of which the following is an exact copy:

"ADJUTANT INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, GREENSBORO,
April 14, 1865.

"SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 86.

"The following-named officer will report to Maj. Gen. A. R. Wright for duty in Georgia: Capt. J. H. Martin, Company D, 17th Georgia Regiment.

"By command of the Secretary of War.

JOHN W. RIELY, *Assistant Adjutant General.*"

I left Greensboro on the 14th of April for the purpose of carrying into effect the order given me. I had to go through a part of Sherman's army. I crossed the Catawba River at Land's Ford, and found that I was surrounded by the Federal soldiers and could not escape by taking any of the public roads

without being captured. I went through the woods as the Federal cavalry came down the public road; and when I emerged from the woods into a road, I met a gentleman mounted with whom I engaged in conversation. Not knowing who he was, I at first attempted to play off as a Federal scout, when he broke out in a big laugh and told me I need not do that, for he knew me personally; and although he did not know my name, he knew that I was captain in Benning's Brigade. He then told me that he belonged either to the 5th or 6th South Carolina (I think it was the 6th, and I have forgotten his name) and was at home on a furlough, wounded, and lived only two or three miles from where we were. I asked him the prospects of my getting through, and he said they were very slim, as the Yankees had all the roads guarded and there was but one way for me to get out. I would have to cross a creek (I think it was Fishing Creek) near a mill which was in possession of the Yankees, and that I would have to cross at a ford just below the mill. He said the creek was so boggy that it could be crossed only at this particular place, and it was within one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of where the Yankees were stationed; but if I desired to take the risk, being familiar with all that country, he would pilot me to this ford, which he did, and I succeeded in crossing without capture. If he is still living, I should like to hear from him, for I should like to make a record of his name.

I succeeded in passing through the Yankee lines, although I was right in among them at Winnsboro, S. C. The night after getting through Winnsboro I stopped at a gentleman's house (I think a Mr. Carter; should like to know) in Fairfield County near Broad River, and he told me that he was a refugee from Norfolk, Va., and that some of his barns had been burned by Sherman. I got to his home in the night; and when he learned that I was a Confederate soldier, he agreed to take me in, but told me that there were some Federal soldiers in his house at the time. He took my horse and placed him in a chicken coop and carried me into his house from the back way, introduced me to his wife and family, and gave me a good supper. I then went around on the front piazza with him and saw the Federal soldiers sitting up in his parlor and was in a few feet of them, but they did not see me.

The next morning before day he aroused me and got me off before the Federals were up and directed me how to avoid the guards in crossing Broad River. After getting across, I was out of the Federal lines. From Land's Ford to this gentleman's place I had dodged the Federal troops all day. I asked him what distance I had traveled from Land's Ford, and he told me that it was at least seventy-five miles.

I reported to General Wright in obedience to the order given me by General Breckinridge. General Wright then ordered me to report to Colonel Barden at Albany, Ga.; but when I got near Albany I found that the Federal General McCook had possession of the place and had stations along from Albany to Tallahassee, Fla. I got through his lines without capture and went as far as Bainbridge, Ga. I had started west, but "the bottom dropped out" over there, and I remained at home without ever having surrendered or being paroled.

Just before I got to Winnsboro, after passing through the woods to avoid the Federal cavalry, I came out into the road and ran up with a Federal. He and I rode together some distance without ever speaking a word, he with his hand on his pistol and I with my hand on my pistol. We rode together a short distance, when I looked ahead and saw that we were going right into a Federal cavalry camp, where the horses

were tethered out. I wheeled off and remarked that I would go across and strike another road to mislead him, and as soon as I took to the woods again he put spurs to his horse and dashed up toward where the Yankees were camped. I immediately turned around, recrossed the road, and went in another direction as rapidly as my horse would carry me. If this soldier is living, it would afford me much pleasure to hear from him and to know exactly who these three men were.

FIRST CHAPTER, U. D. C., OUT OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. MARGARET JOHNSTON PRICHARD, SAN FRANCISCO.

At the Richmond Convention both the New York Chapter and the Dabney Maury Chapter, of Philadelphia, U. D. C., claimed the honor of being the first Chapter organized outside of the Southern States. This honor—and it is a great one—belongs to the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, U. D. C. We intended to state this at the next convention, but I notice in the *JUNE VETERAN* that Mrs. James T. Halsey reiterates the claim; so we are asking that the correction be made in the *VETERAN*. We are willing to accord the Maury Chapter all honors for being early in the field. We know how hard it was for them to gain a footing and make people understand. We had the same difficulties, and we appreciate fully their good work under adverse circumstances; but the honor of being the first to answer the call of our people for help in our great work is very precious to us. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter was organized August 8, 1896, and we celebrate this year our sixteenth birthday.

Our Chapter number is 79, the New York Chapter 103, and the Dabney H. Maury Chapter, of Philadelphia, 177; so the honor is undeniably ours. There was only a few months' difference, and we say, All honor to the other two Chapters. But we, away off on the rim of the United States, were the first to respond to the call.

MEMORIAL DAY AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS BY PARK MARSHALL, JUNE 3, 1912.

I deem it an especial honor to be the first person not a sharer of your toils and military glory to address you on an occasion of this kind at this place. But in a sense I comprehend your feelings and the dangers of forty-eight years ago. I was born here at Franklin, and as a small boy I visited this battle field the next morning when the smoke had scarcely disappeared, and impressions of that morning are still deep in my memory. I was present at this cemetery soon after it was dedicated and heard the address of Gen. G. W. Gordon, late Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. Memorial Day was a great occasion then, and I am pleased to see a return to that custom, as is evidenced by the large gathering here to-day. Continue to come here as this day recurs through respect to the flag that is furled, the history of the locality, and the memory of those who gave up their lives on this field.

Without exaggeration I may say that the severest battle of modern history was fought on these very plains. In the forefront of that battle were not over twenty thousand Union troops and not over fifteen (certainly not seventeen) thousand Confederates. Yet the killed on one side was greater in two or three hours than occurred on any one day on one side in any other battle of the War of the States except Antietam, though there were eighty and one hundred thousand men in many of those battles. I believe that in proportion to the size of the army involved more men actually died here in

two hours on one side than were killed in any battle in an equal time in five hundred years of the world's history, at least in cases where the losses occurred by attack in an open field. If the conception of glory be not effete, the Confederacy certainly here expired in a blaze of glory. Seven dead generals were brought and laid together on this porch.

Yet another thing. I have been one of those who have been endeavoring to get the government to map and mark this battle field. It ought to be done, and the military affairs committee of Congress has seemed to favor it; but certain circumstances have so far prevented action looking to that end. Now, why can't the people of this vicinity do it themselves, temporarily if need be, if the government continues to delay action? The places are fading from memory and the aspects are being changed by roads, streets, and houses. Strangers come from afar and ask with interest questions about the battle field which you cannot answer satisfactorily. You can get markers and mark the cut by the L. & N. Railroad, the gin house site, the angle in the works near it, the crossing of the Columbia Pike, the site of the locust thicket, Wagner's position in front, Merrill's Hill, Fort Grainger, Winstead's Hill, and the places where Cleburne, Granberry, Strahl, Gist, Carter, and Adams fell, leaving his dead horse on the very crest of the breastworks, one of the most heroic pictures of the war.

Much has been done about this cemetery. Col. John McGavock dedicated the ground, and the bodies were removed to it from the battle field, where they were first interred and where "contrabands" stole many headboards, thus causing the present number of "unknown." Miss Gay raised the fund for the iron fence here, and Captain Murdock, of Missouri, raised a fund for repairs after the storm some few years ago. With funds graciously supplied through the efforts of the Bivouac these headstones and monuments have been placed. A well-bound book has been made containing a true record of these graves and placed in a secure place, a monument has been erected on the Public Square in Franklin, and Mr. Shelton, who owns this residence and farm, has contributed most liberally the right of way, fixing the width at thirty feet. An association holds the title to the cemetery and boulevard.

Now, do the one thing lacking and mark these places. Outside of sentiment of the direct motive people respect communities that respect their own history. You have a Commercial Club here. If they should join with the ladies and others (while I would not suggest commercialism in such a matter), they could easily put this through. More persons than you realize come from afar to see this battle field, and many more would come if these places I have mentioned were well marked and our own people educated by a map and a booklet to better understand them. Such markings are of actual value, and among many other properties are suggestions to the youth which will in time turn the course of many a life to higher and nobler aims.

SARCASTIC PRAISE; IT IS GIVEN AS HUMOR.—Some Northerners were boasting of Grant's military character in the presence of Colonel H—, a Confederate, who thought the limit had been reached after one Grant enthusiast declared him to have been the greatest general the world ever saw. Alexander, Charlemagne, Napoleon—none could compare with U. S. Grant. "Yes," said the Colonel; "this must be true. He captured Gen. Robert E. Lee with 13,000 Confederate soldiers; yes, Confederate soldiers, gentlemen, and he had only 130,000 Yankee soldiers to capture them with!"

INCIDENT OF A BOY CONFEDERATE.

[Mrs. Adeline E. Brown, in the Pocahontas (Va.) Times.]

A stranger came to my house recently whom I had not seen for forty-eight years. On November 3, 1863, General Averill's army of more than ten thousand men passed through Greenbank, Va., on their way to Droop Mountain, where they defeated the Confederates. They camped at Traveler's Repose on the night before, but we knew nothing of it at Greenbank. About eleven o'clock we heard a great hallooing and shooting, and when we ran to the door a young boy in Confederate uniform dashed by, and right right close after him came a great troop of Federal cavalry, whose pistols and guns were smoking from their shots. I am now seventy years old, and I never saw so cruel and thrilling a sight in all my life as when I saw all those men trying to kill that one boy.

The boy in Confederate uniform who made the dash to escape in order to carry the news of the advance of General Averill's army was John A. McNeill, and he is now living in Lexington, Va.

[Comrade McNeill writes that while engaged in some geological research in West Virginia and adjacent parts of "old" Virginia he called at the home of an old lady, and was about to introduce himself when she interruptingly said, "I know you; I saw you once when my heart bled for you," and then she related the story as given above. He writes that he was desperately hurt after getting away from the Federals by his horse falling. He lay for three months, and was not able to walk without crutches until after the war.]

A FEDERAL VETERAN'S EXPERIENCE IN FLORIDA.

BY JAMES I. DOIG, GAINESVILLE, FLA.

In 1886 there was a considerable influx from the North to this section of Florida, and it included a family named Robinson from Evansville, Ind., which seemed to have been in good circumstances. They located about two miles from town, where they secured some old negro quarters. I was passing the place with an old Confederate comrade, and we spoke to Robinson as we passed. My friend remarked that he looked like one of the guards at Rock Island Prison, so I suggested that we go back and ask him. He told us that he was, and my comrade was pleased to meet him, saying that he gave the prisoners more privileges than the other guards.

I was afterwards informed that his family were all sick, and that a daughter had died and was buried by the negroes of the neighborhood. No white people had gone there. I mentioned it to my wife, who was a Southern woman and had suffered hardships from Sherman's army, which burned their home and appropriated what food they had. We went to the place and found the wife and two boys and two fine Jersey cows that were starving. The cows were so poor that they had to be helped up, as they were not used to our Florida grass. When I approached the old man and told him that I wanted to do what I could for him, the tears ran down his cheeks. I took my wagon and moved them to my house and got a doctor. I paid his bills and loaned him money to go back to Evansville. He afterwards sent for his wife, but they left the two boys with me for several years. I got one of them in a large grocery store here. The other boy I placed with a banking house in Ocala, Fla., where he gained distinction as one of the best employees until his death. The other boy returned to Evansville and is with his mother.

I write this to show that sectional feeling has no place when there is opportunity to help a one-time enemy.

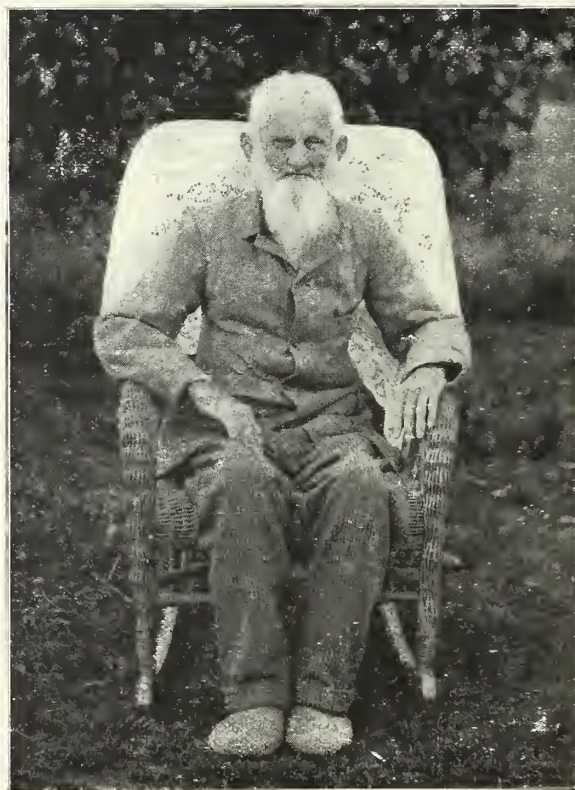
WAS TOO OLD TO GO TO WAR—W. M. DOXEY.

William Mathias Doxey departed this life March 9, 1912, at the ripe age of ninety-five years, five months, and four days, as he was born October 16, 1816. He was a native of Carrituck County, N. C., but moved to Hinds County, Miss., in 1837. In 1843 he moved to Grand Cheniere, Cameron Parish, La., where he passed the remainder of his life.

On September 25, 1847, he was married to Miss Mary E. McCall, sister of J. M. McCall, of Brownwood, Tex. Of this union there were nine children, four boys and five girls. His devoted wife crossed "over the river" August 1, 1893, and his last remaining son, J. A. Doxey, with whom he made his home for a number of years, died April 11, 1911. He survived them all but two daughters—Mrs. J. B. Rogers, of Calcasieu Parish, La., and Miss Jessie May Doxey—who were a comfort to him in his declining years.

At the opening of the war William Doxey was one of the largest slaveholders of Louisiana; and while he opposed the ordinance of secession, when his adopted State withdrew from the Union he tendered his services with all his possessions to sustain the Southern cause. Although too old for active service, and having been afflicted with rheumatism for years, he did a great work. Every volunteer who went to the front from that community had the assurance of Comrade Doxey and his noble wife "that their loved ones left behind should not want for anything they could supply," and these promises were faithfully kept. His word was his bond. Colonel Breaux, the enrolling officer of that district, detailed him to the work of assisting the soldiers' families in those gloomy days, and many a family lived to bless this venerable Christian gentleman and his noble wife for their many kindnesses.

[Contributed by Comrades J. M. McCall, E. B. Gordon, and T. E. Gee, former residents of Cameron Parish, La.]



W. M. DOXEY.

INQUIRIES BY AND ABOUT VETERANS CONCERNING PENSIONS AND OTHER INFORMATION.

J. Stokes Vinson, of Hiram, Ark., inquires for Col. George W. Pease, who was drill master for the 50th Tennessee and later lieutenant colonel of that regiment. Early after the war he traveled for some hat house.

Old and in need, Mrs. R. B. Hatcher, of Corbin, Ky. (Box 563), requests that comrades of her husband furnish her with information of his service that will enable her to get a pension. He was Robert B. Hatcher and served in Company K, 10th Virginia Cavalry.

Mrs. D. H. Middleton, 1219 Elgin Avenue, Muskogee, Okla., inquires as to the name of the commander and the regiment with which Sam Johnston, of Maury County, Tenn., served. He was first lieutenant of a company from Maury County until the captain was killed, when he was made captain of the company. He died at Vicksburg, Miss.

Miss Emily J. Raymond, 301 East Seventh Street, Newton, Kans., desires to learn through some comrades of her grandfather, William Stephens, who was in some camp in Florida at the time of his death in 1862. Her uncle, Franklin Swanner, is supposed to have been killed in the battle of Nashville. Both were from Coffee County, Ala., but she does not know the commands with which they served. Any information of their service will be appreciated.

Mrs. C. L. Barton, of Dickson, Tenn., is anxious to hear from surviving comrades of her husband who know his war record, as she seeks a pension. He served under Gen. John H. Morgan, and at the time of enlisting he lived at Greeneville, Tenn. She remembers that he was in a cavalry company, B, but doesn't know the regiment nor any of the officers under whom he served. Comrades who can give her information will kindly write to her direct.

Will N. LeVan, Jr., of Henderson, Ky. (Box 55), requests surviving comrades of his father to assist in establishing his war record. The father ran away from his home at Cedar Springs, near Sparta, Tenn., and enlisted under the name of William Pickett (not being of age), and served in Forrest's Cavalry, but the company cannot be recalled. He was discharged under the name of Pickett at Tracy City, Tenn., but this discharge cannot be found. The widow seeks a pension.

Mrs. Myrtle George Deason, of Shawnee, Okla., desires to hear from any comrades of her father, Dr. John George, who enlisted with Company G, 1st Missouri Regiment. He was cut off from his command in the battle of Champion Hill, Miss., which command was later captured at Vicksburg, Miss. Soon after this he was put on detached service and made guns at Marshall, Tex., and he was at or near Tyler, Tex., at the time of the surrender. She is especially anxious to hear from some one who knew him in Texas.

H. L. Howell, 1320½ Franklin Street, Tampa, Fla., seeks testimony in regard to his father, A. J. Howell, who enlisted in Company E, 1st Georgia Battalion, April 17, 1861, and served one year, when he was discharged. He reenlisted in Company E, 9th Mississippi, with which he served until the surrender. While with the 1st Georgia Battalion his name was given (by mistake of the clerk) as H. W. Howell, and so remained while he was with that command. It is hoped that surviving comrades can give the testimony needed.

James H. Baker, 316 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., who served in Company O, 7th Virginia Cavalry, writes that Mr.

I. K. Campbell, one of the county commissioners there and a Union veteran, desires the address of the family or descendants of the colonel of the 55th Virginia, C. S. A., who was mortally wounded and died in the hands of the enemy in Eastern Virginia. His effects, including his sword, are still in the hands of Mr. Campbell and friend, who assisted in alleviating the sufferings of this Confederate colonel, and they would gladly return them if the family could be found. [The field officers of the 55th Virginia Infantry were: Col. Francis Mallory, Lieut. Cols. R. H. Archer, William S. Christian, and Evan Rice, and Maj. Thomas M. Burke, R. B. Fauntleroy, Charles N. Lawson, Andrew D. Saunders, and William N. Ward. The officer mentioned must have been one of these.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

Mrs. M. C. Spencer, of Boonsborough, Ark., seeks to know the command under whom R. L. Spencer served at Pea Ridge and at Prairie Grove in the fall of '61. The command was ordered to Little Rock, Ark., to winter, but was soon sent across the Mississippi. By sickness he was cut off from the command, and went to Texas on a furlough and never could get back to his company, so he joined Captain Shannon's company in Stand Watie's command. His first captain was Earle. She writes: "I am now seventy-five years old and have been a widow for twenty-two years, and I need a pension." [Service in his first command is unimportant, as those comrades would not know of his parole.—ED. VETERAN.]

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING JUNE 30, 1912.

Beauregard Chapter, No. 1102, U. D. C., Washington, D. C., \$50.

Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, Director for Maryland, \$65.50. Contributed by Ridgely-Brown Chapter, No. 1347, U. D. C., Rockville, Md., \$25; Harford Chapter, No. 114, U. D. C., Belair, Md., \$18; Mrs. Herman Stump, \$10; Mrs. James Wheeler (through Miss Georgia Wright), \$10; collection by Mrs. John P. Poe, \$2.50.

Mrs. I. S. Faison, Director for North Carolina, \$161.02. Contributed by R. F. Hoke Chapter, No. 78, U. D. C., Salisbury, N. C., \$110.10; Rockingham Chapter, No. 586, U. D. C., Reidsville, N. C., \$6.07; Cape Fear Chapter, No. 3, U. D. C., Wilmington, N. C., \$25; Brierfield Chapter, No. 1157, U. D. C., Thomasville, N. C., \$10; King's Mountain Chapter, No. 1277, U. D. C., King's Mountain, N. C., \$1; Faison-Hicks Chapter, No. 539, U. D. C., Faison, N. C., \$1; Norfleet-Harrill Chapter, No. 1234, U. D. C., Murfreesboro, N. C., \$5; Joshua Vick, Children's Auxiliary, Selma, N. C., \$2.85.

Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, Director for Texas, \$29. Contributed by Mrs. W. P. Baugh, San Antonio, Tex., \$1; Frank Lubbock Chapter, No. 550, U. D. C., Yoakum, Tex., \$2; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 105, U. D. C., Austin, Tex., \$10; Mrs. W. H. Aldridge, El Paso, Tex., \$5; Hannibal Boone Chapter, No. 323, U. D. C., Navasota, Tex., \$5; John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 329, U. D. C., Huntsville, Tex., \$1; Marshall Chapter, No. 412, U. D. C., Marshall, Tex., \$5.

Mrs. John Miller Horton, Buffalo, N. Y., \$25.

Receipts for June, 1912, \$330.52.

Balance on hand June 1, 1912, \$19,501.17.

Total to be accounted for, \$19,831.69.

Balance on hand July 1, 1912, \$19,831.69.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer.*

UNION VETERAN TO JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME.

[Hot Springs (Ark.) Sentinel-Record.]

Col. S. W. Fordyce, ex-Federal soldier, a Past Commander of the Loyal Legion of Missouri, and a member of the Lincoln Monument Association, received a communication from the Jefferson Davis Home Association of Louisville, the communication being in the usual form and sent out usually to those considered friendly to the work.

Of course Colonel Fordyce wasn't an ex-Confederate soldier, even if he does affiliate with the old followers of the stars and bars. But he is solicitous of preserving their beloved landmarks as well as in the welfare of the old warriors; and when he was given the opportunity to subscribe to the Jefferson Davis Home fund, he responded just like he did when the Lincoln Home fund made a call.

The fund is for the purpose of setting aside the birthplace of Jefferson Davis that there may be immortalized the part he played in the War of the States and in public and private life previous to the war. Colonel Fordyce responded, and later may supplement this with some memoirs or incidents of the war to be preserved along with all the history of the period.

On July 6, 1912, he wrote to Capt. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Ky.:

"My Dear Sir: Your recent letter received. I take pleasure in handing you my check for the amount named as the limit you have placed on the sum for each subscriber to this fund. As an ex-Federal soldier, a Past Commander of the Loyal Legion of Missouri, and a member of the Lincoln Monument Association I feel honored by the opportunity you have kindly given me to become associated with so many of my old ex-Confederate friends in a cause that ought to be dear to the hearts of all native-born American citizens, North as well as South.

"Mr. Davis sacrificed his all for a cause he believed to be just; and now that both have gone down in death and defeat, I can see no good reason why even an ex-soldier of the Union army does not honor himself by aiding in perpetuating the memory of one of America's illustrious soldiers and statesmen.

"Whatever of generosity, chivalry, and magnanimity was displayed in either army or section of the country during our unfortunate war is now, and should be, our common heritage. Knowing Mr. Lincoln personally in life, of his nobility of soul, his lofty patriotism, his utter lack of prejudice, his high hopes and confident expectations of seeing his country again united in bonds of brotherly love and affection, I feel that I but utter the sentiments which while living were his last and best convictions and which would be could he speak to us now: 'All honor to those who fought that the Union might be preserved as well as to those who fought that it might be dismembered.'

"Again thanking you for bringing to my attention this worthy object, I beg to subscribe.

"Very truly yours,

S. W. FORDYCE."

In a personal letter to the Editor of the VETERAN Colonel Fordyce mentions the remittance, which is so like this generous, patriotic man who "was in the Union army during the war and in the Confederate since." In 1866 he was married to Susan E. Chadick, whose father, William D. Chadick, was major and lieutenant colonel of the 26th Alabama Infantry during the war. This successful Federal officer has never had to raise the white flag. In "War Records" Colonel Chadick's name appears in Volume XI, reporting the battle of Shiloh, pages 444-446, and in Volume XXXI, page 638.

Colonel Chadick held an important station at Guntersville, Ala., in November, 1863. He was an eminent minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and was recommended as chaplain by the Secretary of War; but there seemed to be the greater need for him as a commander, so he was advanced from the ranks to the command of his regiment.

The VETERAN uses this opportunity to thank Colonel Fordyce publicly for unstinted favors in railway transportation very helpful to the VETERAN. He stated in a letter last January: "If I had my way, you should have transportation on every railroad in the United States and aeroplane privileges."

BOSTON G. A. R. TO NEW ORLEANS CAMP.

While most of the American people seemed to be enjoying prize fights on the Fourth of July, the old Confederates at the Soldiers' Home were displaying patriotism in raising the United States flag, with forty-eight stars, representing forty-eight States, on the great flag pole at the Home. They not only raised the flag with the new stars for the first time in Louisiana, but they listened to the national salute, sang songs, and heard addresses. The flag was presented by E. W. Kinsley Post, No. 113, of Boston, Grand Army of the Republic, and after the raising the old soldiers ate a dinner provided with \$113 given along with it by the Boston Post members.

It was a doubly historic event. First, the flag of the nation was raised over the Confederate Home, where the pelican and the Confederate flags had floated; and, secondly, the flag had the forty-eight stars for the first time since the last two States were admitted to the Union. It is a beautiful flag, and an old soldier who stood watching it as its folds spread out in the breeze exclaimed: "It's the most beautiful flag in the world!"

The venerable Col. W. G. Vincent, through whom Kinsley Post presented the flag, was present and had asked Judge Frank McGloin, who had served under him in the war, to deliver the address in presenting the flag.

The band of Jerusalem Temple played selections. Captain Lord in introducing Judge McGloin said: "This is the day that all thoroughbred, patriotic Americans love to celebrate." He explained regarding the flag and the dollars and the sentiment which caused Colonel Lewis, of Boston, after a visit here, to propose the presentation.

The donation was officially sent by J. D. Leatherbee, Commander of Kinsley Post. His letter stated that at the regular meeting of the Post the money had been voted for the purpose of providing a "collation for our disabled comrades of the Confederate Home recently visited by Comrade John B. Lewis, of this Post." Comrade Lewis reported that he was deeply indebted to Colonel Vincent and other Southern comrades for the many courtesies shown him during his stay in New Orleans.

The letter explained that the "Old Glory" and the donation had followed "as an earnest of its good will and esteem," ending with sentiments of friendship for all Americans who fought conscientiously for what they believed was right.

Judge McGloin said before presenting the flag to Captain Lord: "The good will of our Northern friends of Kinsley Post did not satisfy itself with furnishing only this handsome emblem of our great republic. Accompanying the flag and from the same source came a purse containing \$113, \$1 for every member of the Post. This sum was supplied in order to enable our comrades of this Louisiana Home to celebrate here with proper observance and with due festivity to-day's auspicious event."

George H. Vennard, an inmate, received the flag for the veterans of the Home. He said that the eloquent words which Judge McGloin had addressed to the Confederate veterans and members of the Confederate Memorial Association and Daughters of the Confederacy gave assurance of the kindly thought and the sincere friendship of the veterans of the North whose names ornament the roster of E. W. Kinsley Post, No. 113, Grand Army of the Republic, at Boston, Mass., which prompted them to bestow this beautiful American flag on the Soldiers' Home of Louisiana, accompanied by the check.

After the salute Mrs. H. J. Seiferth read beautifully the poem by Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire, "Old Glory." She was heartily applauded, showing the appreciation both of the poem and the reading.

WOULD PUT CONFEDERATE FLAG OUT OF SIGHT.

M. H. Ingram, proprietor of the Winamac (Ind.) Democrat-Journal, states in a leading editorial: "A Union veteran writing from Pennsylvania to the National Tribune says that Rebel flags, etc., should be kept out of sight. This 'old veteran' probably belonged to the 497th Pennsylvania Home Guards, and he doubtless was careful to 'keep out of sight' of a 'Rebel rag' on the field of action. Why, bless his old heart, the editor of the Democrat-Journal, who followed this 'emblem of treason,' has a Rebel flag hanging in his office; but it is not considered by the old fighters around here as any sort of a menace to the supremacy of Old Glory."



ARKANSAS MONUMENT TO CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

In sympathy with the general movement inaugurated by the general federation, U. C. V., for the erection of monuments throughout the South to the women of the Confederacy, who bore so noble and heroic a part in the War of the

States, 1861-65, the Arkansas State Convention, U. C. V., several years ago selected a committee to raise the necessary funds to erect one in Arkansas. The committee tried by various methods to accomplish this, and met with partial success. They finally had a bill passed by the last legislature appropriating \$10,000 for the purpose and the appointment of a committee with authority to select a design, construct a pedestal, and erect it on the grounds of the new State Capitol.

The committee advertised for designs to be submitted on a certain day. In response twenty-eight designs were submitted, and many of the sculptors or their representatives were present to exhibit their models or sketches. They were admitted one at a time to the committee room, and the committee heard each upon the merits of his design. The committee selected the one designed by J. Schweizer, and the contract was awarded the McNeel Marble Company, of Marietta, Ga. It is a group of four life-size figures in bronze resting upon a base of Winnsboro blue granite, standing nearly fifteen feet above ground. It represents a woman of the Confederacy sitting in a chair bidding good-bye to her young son who is going to war. A daughter, somewhat younger, appears in grief with her head resting on her mother's shoulder, and a boy four or five years old, too young to realize anything but the glamour of war, is beating a toy drum at the side of his mother, who has already sacrificed her husband on the altar of his country. There is no suggestion of the tumult of war in the structure. It is feminine and speaks silently but eloquently of the grief and self-sacrifice of the women of that period in giving up their husbands, sons, and brothers for the cause of the South.

Mr. J. Kellogg concludes a description: "In every line there are tenderness and expression. There is nothing in the group that should not be there, and anything else added would mar its beauty."

The monument is to be completed and erected within this year, and it will probably be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies either late in the fall or early next spring.

WORK OF A TENNESSEE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Johnson City, Tenn., sent recently a box of presents to the Confederate Soldiers' Home near Nashville. It is the fifth and most elaborate box they have ever sent, and by which every wish expressed by the members of the Home was gratified. The value of the box is about \$150, and the money was made largely at an entertainment by the Daughters under the direction of Mrs. W. B. Johnson, assisted by local talent, and which was called an "Evening under Southern Skies." The result was a success financially, but not enough money was made; so the ladies drew on their treasury for the balance.

The old veterans were asked to express a desire for what they wanted, and one hundred and ten of them did so, the wants ranging from a collar button to suits of clothes, and every wish was gratified. They sent nineteen pairs of all-wool pants, six pairs of shoes, five coats, nine shirts, two caps, twelve hats, collars, socks, handkerchiefs, pocketknives, safety razors, underwear, dressing gown, candy, six boxes of good cigars, and other things too numerous to mention. The ladies deserve much credit for the achievement; and, as one of the old men expressed it the last time they sent a box, "it was just like writing a letter to Santa Claus and getting what you asked for." The Southern Express Company generously delivered the boxes free.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

At the thirteenth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, held in Macon, Ga., in 1912, it was decided to appoint a press committee to supply the *VETERAN* with such items as would interest those who are still devoted to the women of the Memorial Associations. The *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* is our official organ and messenger, as through its columns we wish to send interesting and valuable historical items to all parts of this great country. Through the work of our press committee we hope to keep our friends posted as to the efforts of the memorial women to preserve the memories of those who gave up their lives for their homes and firesides. The secretaries of Memorial Associations are urged to send to the chairman of the press committee all notes of interest, Memorial Day observance, historical and educational work, etc. Such matter should be written in as condensed a form as possible and should be in the hands of the chairman by the first week of each month. The members of the press committee are: Mrs. Nettie S. Whitfield, 25 East Gonzales Street, Pensacola, Fla., chairman; Miss M. A. Ault, Knoxville, Tenn., and Miss Mary A. Hall, Augusta, Ga., associate members.

Mrs. W. J. BEHAN, *President*.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF AUGUSTA, GA.

During the first year of the War of the States the ladies of Augusta, early foreseeing the need, banded themselves together with the noble and unselfish purpose of caring for the wounded and sick soldiers as they were brought in from the battle front or camps. This organization was known as the Ladies' Relief and Hospital Association, and did much work for the benefit and uplift of those brought to them.

With the close of active hostilities the necessity for the Relief and Hospital Association ceased and the organization went out of existence. But the war had brought about conditions in our Southland whereby the banding together of sorrowing hearts was necessary.

Many thousand patriots who had shed their blood for the South were lying in their graves; many of them marked "Unknown." So with mellowed love for the heroes who had died for the Confederate cause these same ladies now organized with the sacred intent of honoring the dead and caring for their last resting places. And so from the echoes of the Relief and Hospital Association there was organized the Ladies' Memorial Association in 1868 to care for the graves of the Confederate dead and to properly decorate them on annual Memorial Days. Mrs. John Carter was elected President; Mrs. H. H. Steiner, Vice President; Mrs. John T. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Association was organized amidst distress of broken fortunes and depressed business conditions, but these noble women set determinedly to work. Thus it is that these many years after the Confederate dead are annually honored and the principles for which they fought and died are being taught to the sons and daughters; so the memory of those awful days is being fostered as an inspiration to the younger generations.

Soon after the organization had been effected sorrow invaded the ranks, as the Grim Reaper took from us both our President and Vice President. However, while mourning the loss thus sustained, other leaders were chosen and the Association lives on.

During the first five years of its existence the Association collected the sum of \$458.12, and the entire amount was expended in caring for the graves and grounds in the soldiers'

section of the City Cemetery. The section was inclosed with stone coping, grass was planted, and in the center a fountain was placed. This made the section very pretty and attractive, and it was a source of much pride and gratification to the Association members.

Another desire moved these ladies, which was to erect a monument in the city. Various plans were employed to raise the necessary funds, and in three years the ladies of the Association collected \$17,331.34. This amount added to an amount previously accumulated made a total in hand of \$20,934.04, and as a result of the untiring efforts of the devoted women of the Association there stands to-day on Broad between McIntosh and Jackson Streets one of the handsomest monuments to Southern valor in the entire country.

In the year 1873 the Association elected for its President Mrs. M. E. Walton (now Mrs. F. A. Timberlake), for Secretary and Treasurer Mrs. John T. Miller, and the Vice Presidents were selected from among the members of the different Churches in Augusta.

In later years Mrs. C. A. Rowland was elected President, the Vice Presidents were selected as before from among the membership of the Churches of the city, and Miss Mary A. Hall was elected Secretary and Treasurer, which office she held until 1903, when she was elected Historian of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

The Ladies' Memorial Association is at this time in good condition and has a large, enthusiastic membership. Each year on the 26th of April the annual memorial exercises are held at the City Cemetery under the auspices of the Association. The officers of the Association at this time are: Mrs. Charles A. Rowland, President; Mrs. John W. Clark, Vice President; Mrs. Leila Raines Smythe, Secretary; Mrs. W. Hale Barrett, Treasurer. Each of the officers is zealously interested in promoting among the youth and childhood of the South the principles and interests for which our forefathers gave their all save honor.

M. A. H.

TRIBUTE TO A SOUTHERN BOY AT ANTIETAM.

"I never have forgotten an incident of the battle field of Antietam," said Gen. A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., "and each Memorial Day it presents itself with increased appeal. On my way back to the field surgeon's hospital for treatment (I had been wounded twice) I saw one of our doctors applying restoratives to a wounded Confederate. He was a mere boy of fifteen, and I was but eighteen. He also had been shot twice, so there were things in common between us. But it was his courage, his unflinching, unyielding spirit that impressed me most. As he lay there, horribly mangled, his eyes were as steady and his manner as cool as though he were idly lounging in his own home. His nerve was not broken, nor was the fear of death on him. He seemed grateful for the attention, but not humble. 'Thank you, gentlemen,' he seemed to be thinking; 'but when I get well, I'll be at you again.' 'If there are many like him in the Southern army,' I thought, 'we are certainly in for a long, hard struggle.' I have wondered many times since what became of that boy, whether he lived or died on the battle field."

General Greeley says he made two attempts before he was allowed to enlist. "You get out of here; we don't want babies; we want men!" was the objection of enlisting officers. Finally he found one who passed him. He served throughout the entire war, and was the first enlisted man in the Union volunteer army to attain the grade of a general in the regular army.

BATTLE FIELD MAPS IN GEORGIA.

BY MAJ. WILBUR F. FOSTER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

[The manner in which the field maps were prepared for the use of the Army of Tennessee in the historic Dalton-Atlanta Campaign of 1864, and which were so greatly relied upon in the various strategic movements of the army commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, has been given by Major Foster at the request of the VETERAN.]

On November 1, 1863, the writer, then captain of engineers, C. S. A., on duty with and reporting directly to Lieut. Gen. S. B. Buckner, received an order from General Bragg through his chief engineer, General Ledbetter, to organize a suitable force and "take charge of a reconnaissance to Atlanta." Personal explanation of this order indicated its purpose—to wit, to make a thorough examination and map of the country from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta and Rome for a width of at least ten miles on each side of the Western and Atlantic Railroad.

Fortunately the State of Georgia was covered by government surveys, and section lines and corners were generally well known and easily located. Maps of the government surveys were on file at the State Capitol in Milledgeville; and although generally but little more than skeleton sketches, they were yet of great value as a basis for the work done on reconnaissance, and for that purpose copies were made for our use.

Four officers having reported for duty, work began at once (November 3) without waiting for the government maps, and was then pushed with the utmost vigor without intermission until and even after the opening of the great campaign, May 5, 1864. The method in detail was as follows: Each officer was assigned to the examination of a certain section or part of a section, and an enlarged copy of the government survey of that section was furnished him on a sheet prepared for the purpose. This sheet he would fill in from personal examination of the country, using a pocket compass for direction,

counting the steps of his horse for distance, and platting his work on the prepared sheet with protractor and scale as he proceeded. For test of accuracy his work must check with section lines and with the work of the officer in the adjoining section. The skilled officers engaged became very expert, and their combined work was remarkably accurate. All streams with their bridges and fords, roads, houses, hills and valleys, fields and woodland were carefully noted, and especially the character of the roads or even bridle paths leading to practicable fords or mountain passes.

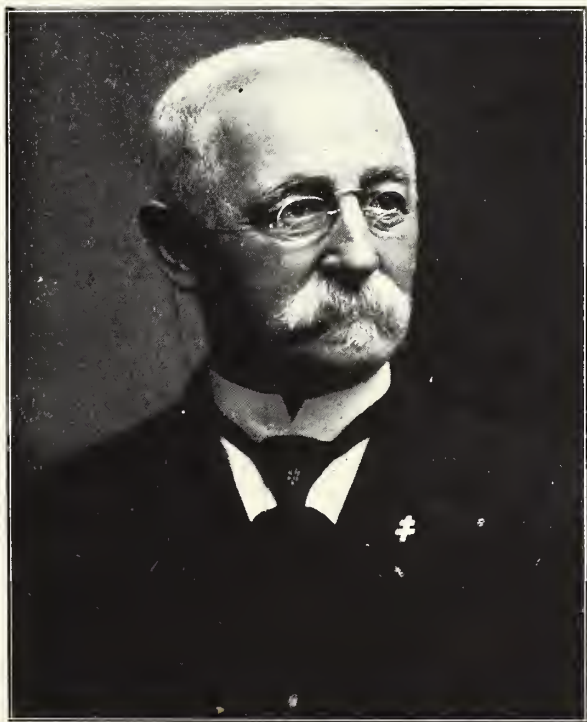
As soon as the work of a section was completed and checked a copy of the field officer's work was made by himself or by the draftsman in camp and forwarded to the chief engineer at army headquarters, and later another copy to the engineer's office in Atlanta or Macon for transfer to the general map and for photographic duplication.

Most of the officers reporting for this duty were not commissioned, but were serving by appointment or detail as "assistant engineers," with constructive rank and pay as captain or lieutenant; and to these men, remarkable for their intelligent skill, faithfulness, and zeal, is due the credit of this detail of vital importance in the successful maneuvers of that memorable "hundred days." Their work was repeatedly commended not alone by officers of this army but by others as well, including even President Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, and General Beauregard.

Further, this was no "bomb-proof" service, secure from danger or interruption. Much of it was done in close proximity to the outposts of the enemy and in territory frequently visited by their scouting parties. Being entirely without escort, these officers were peculiarly open to bushwhacking or capture. When the work was almost finished, one of the most expert officers of the party was captured far outside of our lines by a Federal scouting party, and spent the remaining period of the war in a Federal prison. Another had a ride for his life, and escaped by the merest scratch. One of the most annoying features was the frequent arrest of these officers while diligently at work by our own outposts and scouting parties, involving a ride under guard to headquarters and a serious interruption to the work. Even when at work in the rear of the army these officers were frequently regarded with great suspicion. One officer was held up by a party of six zealous citizens, who had been watching his motions for some time and who insisted upon escorting him about twenty miles to army headquarters, two in front, two in rear, and one on each side, with guns ready for action. The officer, however, calmly continued to take his notes as he went along, and was allowed that privilege.

While this work was in progress this writer received his commission as major of engineers, dated March 17, 1864.

The following are the names of the officers comprising this corps, the States from which they came, and the dates when their service began. Some of them have been very prominent in civil life since the war. The list is probably complete, although deficient in the initials of some of the names: Valentine Herman, Louisiana, November 3, 1863; Felix R. R. Smith, Tennessee, November 3, 1863; Napoleon B. Winchester, Tennessee, November 3, 1863; — McGuire, —, November 3, 1863; A. H. Buchanan, Tennessee, November 6, 1863; Frank Gaines, Tennessee, November 27, 1863; John F. Steele, Alabama, December 12, 1863; Henry C. Force, Alabama, December 12, 1863; J. K. P. McFall, Tennessee, December 12, 1863; William W. Fergusson, Tennessee, December 12, 1863; J. H.



MAJ. W. F. FOSTER.

Humphries, Tennessee, January 2, 1864; James D. Thomas, Tennessee, January 19, 1864; James H. Allen, Tennessee, March 3, 1864.

Charles Foster was draftsman with the party in the field from November 6, 1863, to January 20, 1864. J. Louis Tucker performed a like service from January 20 to April, 1864.

In April or May, 1864, the depot of engineering supplies was transferred to Macon, Ga., in charge of J. C. Wrenshall, assistant engineer, where a very admirable general map was made by Mr. Tucker and where photographic copies of our field maps were made by Mr. Riley, photographer, and forwarded to the front for use of general officers.

Some of the officers above named are still living and may be induced to furnish additional facts or incidents and to correct any statement in this article which may be in error.

EXPERIENCE AS A SPY IN AND ABOUT CORINTH.

BY D. J. HYNEMAN, CORINTH, CO. H, 12TH MISS. CAV.

After the battle of Shiloh, the Southern forces under General Beauregard retreated to Corinth, where they intrenched themselves preparatory to an attack from the Federals, who were in close pursuit. Instead of attacking, however, the latter established their lines a few miles out east and northeast of the town, where they remained for the next thirty days. During this time there was no general engagement, but there were almost daily sharp engagements between reconnoitering parties between the lines.

General Halleck was in command of the army after the battle of Shiloh. Beauregard quietly folded his tents and marched away, establishing his base at Tupelo, some forty miles south of Corinth. The Federals moved in, took possession of Corinth, and established themselves in comfortable quarters, remaining there for the next ninety days. Both armies remained inactive all summer. Of course the scouts of both armies were active in keeping their commanders posted as to the movements of the enemy.

About the time of the battle of Shiloh there was organized in Corinth a company of scouts, composed mostly of men who had enlisted at the beginning of the war, served twelve months, and instead of reenlisting in the infantry organized a company of cavalry. This company was commanded by Capt. (afterwards Maj.) G. L. Baxter. I became a member of it and served in it to the end of the war.

The company being made up at Corinth, it was natural that the commander of the army, General Bragg, who had assumed command after our retreat to Tupelo, should expect good service from them in obtaining news. Almost daily our scouts were penetrating the lines of the enemy, sometimes capturing straggling parties, scouts, or picket posts, but no couriers, which they wanted most. Such was the status for quite a while, when one day General Bragg told Captain Baxter that he wanted him to open up communication with his agent in Corinth. It seems that Bragg had been getting reports through the enemy's lines; but those communications had been cut off, and he directed Captain Baxter to re-establish the line. Of course Baxter was overanxious to make good, but he realized the difficulty of the undertaking. We all were anxious to help him. I volunteered to make an effort to get through the line, and I believed I could make it. I saw that he did not like to risk so perilous an undertaking to a green boy, but it was "Hobson's choice," and he consented for me to go.

At that time I was seventeen years old, small for my

age, and looked younger than I really was. I was considered well able to take care of myself under any circumstances. Just at that time Baxter was making his headquarters around Ripley, and it was arranged for a scout to accompany me as far up from there as it would be safe for him to go, so that I could leave my horse with him.

As we entered Hatchie we fell in with an old gentleman, Jack Tabscott. He invited us to go home with him, and said he would show my partner where he could hide out with but little risk. At that time almost daily scouting parties from the Federal lines came into the neighborhood, but always returned to Corinth before night. We got to Mr. Tabscott's during the night. I arranged with him for an old plow horse, got a suit of clothes from one of the boys on the place, and next morning early mounted my old horse and struck out for Corinth. Before reaching the Federal outpost, which was at Polk's Levee, four miles from the town, I fell in with an old man and his wife who were carrying a bale of cotton to Corinth in an ox wagon. I told them that my people were inside the lines, and that I had been run off and was trying to get back to them. They readily consented for me to go with them, and promised to assist me in finding them. We soon reached the outposts and were passed in without any trouble. There were then more than one hundred thousand troops in and around Corinth.

As soon as I got to Corinth I gave my friends with the cotton bale the slip and started out to find my man. Captain Baxter had told me that I was to see Dr. Stout, who had been our family physician since before I was born. When Captain Baxter told me whom I was to see, I balked. I told him that I was afraid of Dr. Stout, for it had come through the lines that he was a spy for the Yankees; but Baxter said he had it from General Bragg that Dr. Stout was perfectly reliable, that he was his agent, and that there was no risk in approaching him.

When I reached Corinth, I went to Dr. Stout's house. He was not at home, but his wife said that he would be soon. I told her that I was sick and would be at the home of his neighbor and wanted him to see me. I then went to the home of his neighbor and arranged with him to stay that night, fed my horse, and went into the house and went to bed about sundown. The lady was very kind. She bathed my head and offered to give me medicine, but I told her that Dr. Stout would be to see me soon. In a short time the Doctor arrived and began his examination. As soon as the lady was out of the room I told him my mission. He seemed much surprised and doubtful of the wisdom of committing himself on so grave a mission to a mere boy. I told him that I was direct from General Bragg, and that he had cautioned me against talking or mentioning Dr. Stout's name to any one, but to see him, get my news, and get away from him as quickly as possible. The Doctor became convinced, told me to get back to General Bragg as soon as possible, and tell him that the army at Corinth was on the eve of a general break-up; that they would move in a very few days, and that they were going back into Tennessee and Kentucky instead of going farther south. General Bragg and Dr. Stout had agreed that all their communications should be verbal, as the Doctor refused to commit himself on paper.

When I got home after the surrender, I learned that Dr. Stout had been to my father's house and left word for me to see him as soon as I reached home. I called and he seemed delighted to see me and impressed upon me the great impor-

tance of never mentioning what had passed between us. He said that, as we had lost, his relations with the Federal commanders had been such that if they found that he had been giving out information to the Southern army he might be tried as a spy and probably executed. Of course I never mentioned it as long as he lived. He died a few years later, leaving the impression among most of his old friends that he was a Yankee spy, when in fact he was as loyal to the Southern cause as the best of them.

Up to this time I had no apprehension of trouble in getting out. I knew that citizens had no trouble in passing back and forth through the lines. So the next morning early I applied to the provost marshal for a pass. You can imagine my surprise when he told me he had just received orders not to issue any more passes. I told him that I came in the day before with my folks with a bale of cotton, that I had gotten lost from them, and that they had returned home without me. He told me that it made no difference; that General Pope, then in command of the army, was the only one who could give me a pass. That they had ceased to issue passes confirmed my report from Dr. Stout and made me most anxious to get out. General Pope's headquarters were some five miles away on the Rienzi road, and I decided to try him. I found him in his quarters, just where Salem Church now stands. I dismounted and, walking up to where a lot of officers were sitting around, inquired for General Pope, and was pointed to a fine-looking, heavy-bearded man. I approached him and gave him the same spiel I had given the provost marshal. He spoke very kindly to me and said that he was sorry for me, but that there would not be any passes issued for a few days. I realized then that if I ever got through the lines I would have to do it on my own hook.

I knew there was a chain of guards all along Tuscumbia Creek; so I went back to Polk's Levee, where I had come in, hoping some of the guards would recognize me and let me through, but no such good luck awaited me; different men were on duty. Then I started up the creek reconnoitering the lines, looking for a place where I might slip through at night. I found the pickets about two hundred yards apart. Later in the evening I found, six or seven miles from Corinth, a family in which were some boys. I hitched my horse and engaged in play with the boys. I got them down around the picket line, and while with them found a place where I thought I might slip through on foot. I then made arrangements to stay all night with the boys, intending to slip through the lines as soon as it got dark.

It was a little while till night, so I got on my horse and rode up to a camp, a few hundred yards off. When I got there I found that it was an Ohio regiment on outpost duty. I inquired for the colonel, and was shown to a pleasant-looking young man. I told him that I lived about two miles on the opposite side of the creek; that our cows had strayed off, that I had tracked them up the bottom and into his camp and then lost them, that I wanted to get back home, and that his soldiers would not let me through the line. He asked me if there were many blackberries out there, and I told him the woods were full of them. Then he told his cook to bring him a bucket. Handing the bucket to me, the colonel said that if I would bring him a bucket of ripe blackberries the next morning he would give me a dollar for them. He called an orderly and told him to go down the picket line and have them put me through. I was a happy boy then. I crossed the creek, and as soon as I was certain that I was out of sight of

the pickets I went to the right through the woods and struck a bee line for my friend Tabscott's. I got there about nine, found my scout awaiting me, and after supper struck out for Baxter's camp. We got there about 3 A.M. I waked the captain and made my report. He took an orderly with him and went at a double-quick toward General Bragg's headquarters. A few days after both armies were on the move in the direction of Chattanooga. Captain Baxter got a major's star for his service—my work. But while Baxter got the commission, the praise I received from the boys was more to me than even a major's star.

MEMORIAL DAY AT FRANKLIN, TENN.

JUDGE HENRY H. COOK'S ADDRESS AT MCGAVOCK CEMETERY.

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The Confederate soldiers of Williamson County and the Daughters of the Confederacy have had this cemetery incorporated under the name and style of "The McGavock Confederate Cemetery." We have provided that it shall remain a perpetual monument to remind the coming ages of the courage, virtue, and patriotism of the Confederate soldier. It is not only a monument to those who sleep here, but also to remind us of all our comrades who gave their lives for the Southern Confederacy, the grandest and purest government that ever rose or fell. It was established from necessity to protect and preserve constitutional liberty. It sought no injury to others, but only to protect the people of the South.

On July 6, 1911, the Legislature of Tennessee appropriated \$200 per annum for a period of two years, making \$400 in all, to the McGavock Confederate Cemetery at Franklin for the purpose of building roads and maintaining the cemetery. We hope to interest the different States and greatly to beautify this place and have the name of the soldier with date and place of birth carved on each headstone.

In 1861, when our war began, the South had no government; it had to create one. It had not a soldier and not a dollar; it had to raise an army, organize, equip, and feed it. It had no arsenals, no powder, and but few guns. The enemy had twenty-four millions of people to our six millions. They had an army and navy organized. They had an overflowing treasury and ready access to the outside world, from which they drew recruits and supplies of every kind. They put nearly 3,000,000 soldiers in the field, while we managed first and last to put into line about 600,000.

This is Decoration Day. It is the day and month upon which Jefferson Davis was born in 1808. I have been requested to make special mention of him, the first and the last President of the Southern Confederacy. A history of Mr. Davis is a history of the Confederacy, and a history of the Southern soldier is a history of Mr. Davis. Samuel Davis, the father of Jefferson Davis, was a captain of Georgia troops in the War of the Revolution, and Jane Cook, of South Carolina, was his mother. Mr. Davis was born in Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808. His parents were members of the Baptist Church. He became a member of the Episcopal Church, and was intensely religious by nature and education. He was educated at West Point and was colonel of a regiment (armed with the percussion rifle) in the Mexican War.

His heart was as tender and sympathetic as a woman's, yet he was resolute and fearless, with a heroic courage that no danger could quell. Take him as an orator, statesman, scholar, writer, and soldier, there has been none other like him. He wrote a book that fully vindicates the South. We

acted fully within our rights. It has been the custom of the enemy to praise R. E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson and abuse Jefferson Davis.

All of these were types of the South and leaders of the Southern Confederacy, the greatest Christian civilization that ever existed upon the earth. No vindictive, cruel, or inhumane act was ever authorized or sanctioned by the Confederate government. We have heard much of the treatment of prisoners of war, and some vindictive persons of the North charged Mr. Davis with responsibility; but the truth is, the Washington government was responsible for all the sufferings of prisoners on both sides. There never were any prisoners of war treated with harshness or cruelty by order or sanction of the Richmond government; but all was done that could be done to lessen the severity of prison life. In the midst of our distress and extreme want we treated prisoners of war in our hands better than did the North. As proof of this the records show that the death rate of Southern prisons was nine in each one hundred men, while the death rate in Northern prisons of Confederates was twelve in each one hundred men. Mr. Davis and General Lee did all in their power to better the condition of prisoners of war; and when the Washington government had rejected every proposition, Mr. Davis proposed to return all sick and wounded Northern prisoners in our hands if the Washington government would send for and receive them. This proposition was made in August, 1864, and no notice was taken of it for at least four months. General Lee told Mr. Davis that he should not grieve so much over the matter, as he had done all in his power to better the condition of prisoners of war. I was one of the six hundred Confederate officers selected at Fort Delaware for the purpose of retaliation. We were under fire of our own guns on Morris Island off Charleston the latter part of August, 1864.

"On August 27, 1864, General Grant ordered that the six hundred should not be exchanged. He preferred to feed Southern soldiers to fighting them, however much his own men might suffer in Confederate prisons, where there was not sufficient food to give them. The government at Richmond made every effort to relieve the condition of the prisoners of war, but the Washington government rejected every proposition. At this time the Confederate government was offering to return all sick and disabled Federal prisoners without exchange. The Washington government had only to send ships to receive from Southern prisons all of their sick and disabled."

Some have said it was fortunate that we failed, fortunate that we were overpowered and crushed. We think it was a great misfortune to the South. We were reduced to poverty and have been kept in poverty. Under the Jewish economy God promised to bless them in temporal matters.

We submitted to defeat because we could not help it, not that we thought it a blessing. We surrendered in good faith and have at all times been willing to assist in establishing and maintaining good government equal and just to all men and all sections. We took up arms with an intelligent understanding of our reasons and our purposes, and the vindication of our motives may be left to the verdict of history.

We would have our children taught the truth of the case as it stood in 1861; not that they may be less loyal to the Union, but that they may properly respect us for what we did then and are doing now, and may realize that it is those who are loyal to the memories of the past who prove truest

to the responsibilities for the present. We abide the issue of arms, but would neither apologize for our course nor recant our faith. We should not dishonor our heroic leaders and brave comrades who died for our cause.

The last year of the war was a hopeless struggle. Only the brave, the resolute, and the patriotic could remain true, but these were a large per cent of the South. We were exhausted. My company, I, 44th Tennessee Regiment, Bushrod Johnson's brigade, had only six surrendered at Appomattox; the others were in hospitals, in prisons, or in their graves.

When we meet on this beautiful spot and place flowers upon these graves, we pay homage to the truest and bravest of the South.

GEN. BENNETT YOUNG AT CAVE HILL CEMETERY.

On Memorial Day at Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., was the principal speaker. The *Courier-Journal* quotes as follows:

"We have come in obedience to the dictates of love and affection to strew flowers upon the graves of our deceased comrades. War's richest spoils rest beneath these mounds.

"We care not whence they came,

Whether unknown or known to fame;

Their cause and country all the same,

They died, they wore the gray.

Gather them one and all, from the private to the chief;

Come they from hovel or princely hall,

They died for us, and for them shall fall

The tears of the nation's grief."

"To the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy it means much to have among us men who followed Lee and Jackson and the Johnstons and the Hills, Beauregard and Bragg and Kirby Smith and Morgan and Forrest, Wheeler, Stewart, and Hampton, and hundreds of others whose courage and genius won undying fame for the armies of the Confederacy.

"The sword in and of itself never made any cause right, and the outcome of battles does not affirm the truth of political or even religious questions. We of the South accepted the result because we could not help ourselves. Defeat does not change our political views. The men who composed the Southern armies surrendered none of their convictions at Appomattox or Greensboro. They acquiesced wisely, honestly, and philosophically when powerless to resist further. They did not admit the incorrectness of their interpretation of the Constitution. The defeat of their armies, the triumph of their foes changes neither their faith nor the belief in the Southern mind that secession was an inalienable right of States.

"Our love of our country does not dim or tarnish the love for our Confederate nation. The Confederate States lived only four years, and they occupy on the pages of human history more space than any other nation that ever lived for the same time. We are not ashamed of what they did. We rejoice in what we suffered. The glory and grandeur of the character of the Confederate soldier we shall maintain for all time. We have nothing to say derogatory to the courage, valor, and patriotism of our countrymen who sleep on the other side of the avenue beneath the stars and stripes, and whose graves are kept green by a nation's gratitude and love; but we affirm that no nation of equal numbers, with the limitations of a large population of slaves, enlisted proportionately so vast a number of men under its standards or ever undertook to defend so vast a territory. We contend that no army of equal

numbers ever fought so many battles in so brief a period or suffered such tremendous losses. One man in every three who wore the Confederate uniform died on the battle field or from wounds received in conflict or in the hospital. History details no account of such a vast percentage of mortality or such tremendous sacrifice. These losses proclaim the incontestible valor of the Confederate soldiers, and no people who ever engaged in war inflicted upon their enemies such vast damage and injury.

"War at best is a hateful business. To go forth to kill men because they differ from you about the interpretation of the Constitution and because they deny the right of a State to sever its relation with the general government looks cruel, heartless, and brutal; but mankind justifies war, and there comes a time in the histories of nations when nothing else will meet the requirements. There were at least two campaigns in which for every Confederate soldier killed or wounded there was an average of more than one man on the other side. * * *

"We also contend that no nation or country has ever shown such universal regard to the memory of its soldiers nor builded proportionately so many monuments to voice their heroism and their valor. Measured by the length of years or number of survivors, the extent of monumental construction of the Southern people surpasses all previous annals.

"In years to come the Civil War will be known as 'the great war.' There is something in the magnitude of the mortality, of the sacrifice of the Confederate war that appeals to the pride of the Southern heart.

"Some may ask us why we are here forty-seven years after the close of the struggle to speak of these things of the past. We answer that we are here because we are neither cravens nor cowards. To cease to glory in the character and achievements of the Confederate soldier on the part of the Southern people would be cowardly. The Confederacy has left a precious record to mankind of manly courage and patriotic duty. Of the great host that was marshaled under the stars and bars, only about one-tenth remain. Sixty thousand survivors are all that are left of that great Anglo-Saxon host that arose in their might and power to defend the right of self-government. Their services and their graves are holy in the hearts and lives of the Confederate people, and with our souls quickened by the splendor of the achievements of the men of the South we are here again to lay beautiful flowers—nature's offering—upon these hillocks which stand over the sepulchers of our beloved dead.

"No officers of distinction rest in this little plot so sacred to the Confederate hearts. It is the humble soldier who sleeps here. He was just as brave, just as loyal, just as patriotic, just as gallant as the men who held the highest offices.

"General Lee's fame does not altogether rest upon his achievements as a great military leader. It was the men who carried the guns, the chivalrous sons of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Florida, that made General Lee's greatness possible. The man who carried the gun with the proper spirit was just as essential in that mighty conflict as the man who directed armies and who laid out the campaign which shows such transcendent genius, and we come to lay highest stress on the courage of the Confederate private, who was, after all, the man who did the larger part of the service, who won such marvelous fame for the armies of the Confederacy."

[The proceedings included music and much else of interest.]

TRIBUTE TO ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

In response to the inquiry for a copy of the old song referring to the death of Gen. A. S. Johnston, the following comes from Dr. E. E. Folk, of Nashville: "It may be of interest to say that the song was originally written in the North—by whom I am not informed—and was dedicated to Ellsworth, who was killed while tearing down a Confederate flag. The song was entitled 'At the Dawning of the Strife.' It was such a beautiful quartet that after the death of Albert Sidney Johnston the name of Ellsworth was changed to Johnston by my cousin, Mrs. Belle Estes, of Orysa, Haywood County, Tenn., and the quartet was sung by her and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Callie Gates (wife of Col. Robert Gates, of Nashville), Dr. Louis P. Estes, of Orysa, and Frank M. Estes, later of St. Louis. I have frequently heard them sing it, and it is beautiful. I procured the words from Mrs. Estes, who was unable, however, to furnish the music, as it has been so long since she tried to play it.

"Dead! Dead! Dead! At the dawning of the strife,
Dead! Dead! And late so loyal, brave, and true.
When high hopes entered in his life
And fond eyes had his fame in view—
Johnston, Johnston, Johnston, the noble, brave, and true!
Enfold him in the stars and bars;
He will not dim its brightest beam;
His blood will tinge the crimson bars,
Add richer luster to its gleam.
Brave men, behold your fallen chief,
Whose love our hearts will keep in trust!
Our tears will mingle with your grief;
Strike down the traitors to the dust!
Then let no word of censure fall;
Let those who scorn the world's applause
Know well he went at duty's call,
And perished in his country's cause.
Sleep on, brave heart; the flag you bore
Through all the land at last shall wave;
Your bold comrades, when war is o'er,
Will plant that banner o'er your grave."

ABOUT MURFREESBORO AND LEBANON.—A. S. McCullom, of Baconton, Ga., writes: "I was a private nineteen years of age, a member of Company C, 2d Georgia Cavalry, under General Forrest. On Saturday, July 12, 1862, we left camp at Rock Martins, on the Caney Fork. On July 13 we surprised and captured General Crittenden and his brigade at Murfreesboro. We lost eighteen men killed, and we killed one hundred and six. In this battle a party of us went to the jail and rescued William Richardson (now Congressman from Alabama), who had been condemned as a spy and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise in the morning. After the fight we were retreating with two thousand prisoners from a large force of the enemy, and were pursued two days. A short time thereafter we made a similar entry into Lebanon, Tenn. We captured the pickets and rushed into the town, but the garrison had fled. At Lebanon in July, 1862, the quartermaster was ordered to go and buy a horse to remount me, my splendid roan mare having given down. A splendid large black horse was furnished me, and several friends of General Hatton asked me to call him 'Bob Hatton,' which I did. I was taken prisoner in the battle of Stone's River, and 'Bob Hatton' was secured by the 3d Ohio Cavalry."

SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR AT MACON.

[Extracts from address by Gen. Samuel Griffin, of Bedford City, Va., who served on that occasion as "substitute."]

Candor compels the admission that I appear as a "substitute." With the old soldiers this will, I fear, deprive me of the sympathy and good will that I might otherwise expect. In the army honors coming to a substitute were unexpected.

During the war I came in contact with but one substitute. He was more than sixty years of age. His most noted good quality was his care for his horse. When the regiment went into bivouac or camp, no matter how hard the march nor how dark the night, no matter how severe the rain or snow or blizzard, he would fold his feed sack under his arm and start out on foot in search of feed for his horse. He excited the pity of younger comrades, one of whom ventured to warn him that he was wearing himself out in his attentions to his horse. His reply well illustrated the character of a substitute: "Young man, you do not know what you are talking about. This horse is my best friend, my only dependence in time of battle. When he sees the first puff of smoke and hears the first crack of the enemy's rifle, he wheels about face and with all speed he takes me to a place of safety." Such a horse might be useful to me to-night as I face this great audience without having had time for reflection as to what line of thought I shall follow.

I share fully in the general regret that the distinguished Virginian who was to have performed this function is kept away by the serious illness of a daughter, one who on former occasions like this has graced Reunions by her presence. When it was found that he could not be here, I was ordered by our beloved Commander in Chief to take his place. A soldier's duty is to obey. I am here, however, without the beautiful bouquets he had no doubt culled and arranged for these the loveliest and most charming daughters of this Southland of beautiful and dutiful women.

Matrons, sponsors, and maids of honor, although I may be entitled by reason of years, of which, however, I do not boast or speak in this presence, to offer you some counsel as to what you should do and what you should be in the race of life, which might be useful in this period when there seems to be a tendency to desert the old and hallowed paths and to wander off into new and untried ones that lead to what is sought to be made more attractive by the alluring name of progressiveness, I intend, however, to assume no such unnecessary task. I know from whom you are descended and the pure atmosphere in which you were nourished; I know the happy and holy influences that controlled and blessed you in your Southern homes; I know the purity and elevated character of the mothers whose gentle and devoted lives have been and will, I trust, ever be an inspiration to you; I know the examples they set, the lessons they taught, and I declare to you what you will hear with willing and eager ears that these women, whose children you are so proud to be, were as great and virtuous as any of whom history tells; yea, the very noblest of God's creation! These mothers of the Southland! God bless and keep green the memories of the immortal dead; God bless and cheer those who are living; God bless their worthy daughters here and everywhere and grant that they, fully appreciating the heritage left them by such example, may strive to emulate them and to reach the high standard to which they attained. The daughters of such mothers will not fail to appreciate the praise that comes to them in being told that they are just like mothers.

Comrades, sons of these mothers, are we not a little slow in providing a fitting memorial of our appreciation of these devoted women by erecting a monument in their honor grand enough to testify to the patriotic impulses which animated them and the constant though willing sacrifices they made for us? The names of the men whose blood as with a halo of glory made red this Southern land of ours are enrolled and will be preserved imperishably. The names of our mothers, who wore out their precious lives in ceaseless efforts for our comfort or in an agony of prayer for our safety and the success of our cause, are nowhere written. But they shall not be forgotten, for they are enrolled indelibly upon the tablets of our hearts. Our very hearts are set on fire with adoration and gratitude when we think of what they were and what they did for us in the days that tried men's souls and in the long night when oppression almost drove out hope from our hearts.

Matrons, sponsors, maids of honor, and members of the Southern Memorial Association, what higher praise can be bestowed upon you than to say truthfully that you are worthy of such mothers and are to-day exhibiting those distinctive qualities that made them such a blessing to all around them and an honor to the race to which they belonged? Let me say to you, dearest treasures of our Southland, that you need not look or seek for anything beyond their examples to benefit or adorn your lives. You may be and you are being constantly invited to other fields for the exercise of your talents and for the improvement of your condition. But tell me, fair daughters of the Southland, are you willing to exchange the graces and virtues of your mothers in their refined and hospitable homes and in the wider circles in which they moved for all the newly discovered "rights" that invite to a different though perhaps wider field of influence or power?

It has been my privilege to attend many of these Reunions and to look admiringly upon the brilliant and enchanting scenes presented by the chosen women of the South, and I have been struck with their somewhat uniform appearance; but they are always selected from a class distinctly by itself and unapproached by any other. If there is any difference to-night, it consists of a larger number of gracious and beautiful Southern women than have at other times met my gaze. To the sons of veterans who are here and yet remain "unblessed" I suggest that in this charming group may be found and won the greatest prize that life can bestow.

And to you, matrons, sponsors, and maids of honor, I venture this closing thought and sincere wish that with the aid of all that your mothers have left you by precept and by example you will continue to cherish your own ideal of Southern womanhood, realizing it to the extent of your power and showing to the world how divine a thing a woman may become.

THE MONUMENT AT COVINGTON, VA.

A magnificent monument erected as a loving tribute to the soldiers of Alleghany County, Va., by the Alleghany Chapter, U. D. C., was unveiled at Covington last September with imposing ceremonies. The monument stands in a corner of the courthouse green, and is a beautiful shaft of Georgia marble forty feet high and surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier standing at "parade rest."

The program for the unveiling was preceded by a grand parade led by Ensign Baker, of the old Stonewall Brigade, followed by the sponsors, maids of honor, garland bearers, speakers, and officers of the Chapter. Next in order were the secret societies, the fire department, and citizens in automobiles.



COVINGTON (VA.) MONUMENT, C. S. A.

The unveiling exercises proper, which were interspersed with music by the Citizens' Band of Covington, began with "Dixie" sung by more than three hundred children who formed a Confederate battle flag. After the invocation by Rev. S. F. Chapman, of Mosby's command, Judge George K. Anderson introduced the orator of the day, Col. R. E. Lee, Jr., a grandson of Lee the Great. Colonel Lee was greeted with an ovation by the thousands who had gathered to witness the ceremonies of the occasion. In the course of his eloquent address the speaker presented a masterly vindication of the cause for which the veterans fought. He was listened to with close attention; and when the applause at the conclusion of his speech died away, the children of the human flag sang with ringing voices the "Land of Lee," a Virginia State song.

Mr. Robert L. Parrish, on behalf of the Daughters, presented the monument to the veterans, paying a fine tribute to their valor and heroism. The monument was unveiled by Misses Mary Kyle England and Louise Hammond, granddaughters of Capt. Thompson McAllister, of the Alleghany Roughs, and Lieut. Col. George W. Hammond, of the 60th Virginia Regiment, Breckinridge's Division. Mr. William M. McAllister accepted the gift for the veterans in an appropriate speech, after which "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung by thirteen young ladies, who were charmingly attired in costumes of bonnie blue.

Brief speeches were made by other prominent speakers, all of whom united in praise to the Daughters, whose noble self-

sacrifice, untiring energy, and loyal devotion in the face of many obstacles had raised such a splendid monument to the heroes of the county.

It is an interesting and illuminating fact that Alleghany County furnished more soldiers to the Confederate cause than she had voters during the years 1861-65. "They fought for liberty, home, and those they loved. Their names are borne on honor's shield and their record is with God."

W. B. TATE CAMP, NO. 725, U. C. V.

[U. D. C. Member in Morristown (Tenn.) Gazette.]

Thinking a sketch of the history of W. B. Tate Camp, United Confederate Veterans, might prove interesting, the writer through the courtesy of Mr. R. C. Crouch, Commander, gives the facts in regard to its organization and history.

The Camp was named in honor of William B. Tate, of Grainger County, a brave Confederate soldier, who served throughout the war, and his loyalty to the cause was attested in many hard-fought battles. At Shiloh, when the late Capt. J. C. Hodges was severely wounded, Mr. Tate exposed himself as a target for many bullets by carrying Captain Hodges away from danger.

After the war, returning to his home in Grainger County, he resumed work on his farm. He was frugal and industrious, and accumulated considerable property. A few years prior to the organization of the Camp he donated to the Confederate soldiers of the First Congressional District twenty thousand dollars, the stipulation being that those who had lost an arm or a leg or who were totally blind should be the beneficiaries. The distribution of this money was made in Morristown by Cols. O. C. King and George P. Yoe, trustees of the fund.

The Camp was organized August 24, 1894, with about thirty-five charter members, and has never missed a regular meeting. The first Commander, Col. George P. Yoe, served from August, 1895, to December, 1896. He was succeeded by Dr. Thomas J. Speck, who served to April, 1910; and after his death Mr. Crouch, the present Commander, was elected.

Dues of fifty-six members are paid to the Grand Encampment, while one hundred and sixty-eight members have been enrolled since August, 1895.

Gradually but surely the call is being made, and silently some veteran folds his arms and passes over to the great beyond to the "bivouac of the dead." Through this never-failing messenger the Camp has lost fifty-six members.

ATLANTA IN WAR TIMES—THE TROUT HOUSE.

Mrs. Wylie in the Atlanta Journal writes that for many years Mrs. Alfred Austell has been identified with the social and religious life of Atlanta. She was in the very heart of the political and social center during the entire progress of the War of the States, and did not leave the city until Sherman arrived upon the scene.

"The Trout House was the place where much of the beauty and chivalry of the Old South gathered," said she when asked to relate some of the happenings of the almost forgotten days of the brave little town. "Before the war, as well as during the war, it was the center of social, political, and military life. The Trout House was situated on the northeast corner of Pryor and Decatur Streets, facing the city park, which was a plot of ground between Decatur Street and the Union Depot. This park was beautifully laid out with winding walks, ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, and it was within its fragrant inclosure that the fashionable society peo-

ple of Atlanta spent the summer afternoons, enjoying the cool shade and social meetings. The hotel was a large structure with an iron colonnade extending across the entire front at the second story. From the colonnade the public speaking took place, and many brilliant and daring speeches were made to the great throngs that would congregate on the streets below.

"My husband bought the Trout House in the fifties, and when we moved to Atlanta he leased it to Mrs. Starr, of Augusta, who was the most celebrated hostess in the South at the time. When Mr. Austell purchased the hotel, we took up our residence there and remained until 1864, when we moved into my present home, on Marietta Street.

"As the foremost people of the South stopped at the Trout House, I had a rare opportunity to meet the most brilliant leaders along all lines of greatness that came to Atlanta. It was during that period that I met Stephen Douglas and his lovely bride and heard Mr. Douglas speak. He was introduced by Luther Glenn, Mayor of Atlanta. Jefferson Davis, who had just been elected President of the Confederacy, was also a guest of the Trout House, and I shall never forget the impression his personality made upon me during his stay in Atlanta. Mr. Davis's visit occurred when the capital was changed from Montgomery to Richmond. Mr. Davis also spoke to the people during his visit, making a clear-cut, spirited speech. Judah P. Benjamin was another distinguished-looking and celebrated guest of the house.

"It was during those times that the dashing, intrepid Gen. John H. Morgan came to Atlanta after his escape from prison and was the guest of the hotel, having a fine suite of rooms and a private dining room. He was accompanied by his beautiful wife and her brother and sisters, besides thirty of his men. General Morgan had his recruiting station out in Decatur, and every morning he would ride out from the hotel with his party, including his wife and sister-in-law, Miss Reedy, and Mr. Reedy, on horseback, returning at noon. This party added much to the charm of the society life at the hotel, for General Morgan was an adept in the art of gallantry and Mrs. Morgan was beautiful and sang with a voice of unusual melody. She and her sister were charming and cultured women.

"General Bruce and Gen. Basil Duke and his wife were at the hotel, and many delightful people from Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Nashville, Columbus, and other Southern cities refugeeed to Atlanta and took up a residence at the Trout House, thereby making many a charming and brilliant gathering within its walls. The Trout House was also a Mecca for brides, there being six at the hotel at one time, all of whom were prominent and well known throughout the State. Among the brides whom I remember was Mrs. R. F. Maddox, the mother of Mr. Robert F. Maddox, of this city. * * *

"For several years before I moved to Atlanta to live I resided in Campbell County. My physician was Dr. Thomas Glover, a fiery secessionist, who was one of the first to organize a company of soldiers. One morning he came to the Trout House with one hundred and twenty-five men and asked me to cover the canteens for the soldiers. I went down to Mr. Silvey's store and got some cassimere; and having invited a number of my lady friends to come to the hotel and assist me, we set about to make the covers and put them on. The work had to be completed by evening, as the regiment was to march on at night with one hundred and twenty-five more men who had been recruited. Out of the two hundred and fifty, seven surrendered. All were killed in Virginia but

seven. Among the survivors was a cousin of Mr. Austell's who had enlisted as orderly sergeant. His name was Bradley Kimbro; and as the officers were killed, he succeeded to the command. An interesting story is told of him to the effect that near the close of the war he captured an entire battalion with his own seven men by making them believe he had his whole regiment waiting for his signal to take them prisoners or kill them. Anyway, the Yankees stacked their guns, and when they found how they had been trapped into surrender they were very furious, and the captain said that if he had known how few they were he would have worn out a hickory on every one of them. He also told Bradley Kimbro that he had broken every rule of military tactics and disregarded the ethics of war. I never heard what was done with the Yankee soldiers of that incident, but suppose they were paroled, as there was no way to get them to prison at that time. It always seemed to me a very sad thing that so brave and fair a body of young men should have to sacrifice their lives; but it was war, and war means death.

"In 1864," continued Mrs. Austell, "we bought the home I am now occupying. I have resided in it since that year and have seen many changes going on around me. I did not leave Atlanta during the war, as many did, but remained in the city throughout the bombardment and until Sherman came. I left then on the last train going out of Atlanta and made a visit of several weeks to my mother in La Grange, until the war was over. Travel in those days was not pleasant; and when it was announced at Macon that Sherman had left Atlanta, everybody crowded into the cars. We got into the coach through a window.

"Before we left Atlanta the town was bombarded. I could see the shells high in the air, exploding and carrying death and destruction with them. Of course the streets were more or less deserted, and the greater number of killed were among the soldiers. Sometimes we retreated into the "bomb-proof" Mr. Austell had had dug in the back yard, and there we remained until the danger passed. The "bomb-proof" was a large square hole dug deep and half filled with straw. The cover was made of heavy logs and such other protective timbers as we could get at hand. The citizens from the center of town found shelter in the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, and during the most severe fighting the soldiers moved the cushions of the pews into the basement and slept there. I remember that during the battle of the 22d of July I looked out of the front of the house into Marietta Street, and the whole face of the street looked blue, there were so many Yankees there, Yankees that had been captured."

GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY MRS. MARY B. CLARK, HISTORIAN MUSADORA C. M'CORRY
CHAPTER, U. D. C., JACKSON, TENN.

The great seal of the Confederacy has been a theme of discussion for nearly half a century, and there has been much speculation concerning its origin and possible fate. Everything which has a tinge of mystery connected with it becomes an interesting study. We have undoubted proof that the great seal was provided for by the joint resolution of the Confederate Congress April 30, 1862, at Montgomery, Ala. The seal is said to have been designed by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of the Confederate States. The design was intrusted to Hon. James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, who placed the design and order for the seal with the firm of Wyon, her majesty Queen Victoria's chief engravers.

Wyon engraved and completed the seal in London in July, 1864, at a cost of \$600.

This seems to be proof positive that the great seal was not lost, as has been so often stated. There appeared not long since in the Atlanta Constitution a communication from Judge Robert L. Rodgers. He writes: "It does not appear that the press and materials were ever delivered in Richmond, and the whole outfit must have been lost, strayed, or stolen by blockade runners. Now, what did become of them? To whom and when did Lieutenant Chapman deliver the seal? Has anybody ever seen any impression of it on any Confederate States official document or order or President Davis's official proclamation?"

On a recent visit to Texas I wrote to Mrs. H. A. Cline, State Historian of the U. D. C., and whose home is at Wharton, the home of Lieutenant Chapman, asking her to give me any information she could on the subject. She very kindly responded in a lengthy letter, from which I quote as follows:

"As a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and feeling a deep and abiding interest in all things Confederate, I submit herein a statement penned by Lieutenant Chapman of his connection with the transportation of the great seal of the Confederate States (designed by the Sculptor Foley and made by the great artist Wyon), from which it will be seen that the seal was faithfully guarded by this trusted emissary and conveyed from the hands of Commissioner Mason in London, who had received it from the maker, Wyon, to Wilmington, N. C., where unfortunately Lieutenant Chapman was taken sick. Being too ill to proceed, and anxious to place the seal in the hands of Secretary Benjamin as soon as possible, he turned it over to Lieutenant Campbell to be delivered to Secretary Benjamin, which Lieutenant Campbell declares that he did.

"Lieutenant Chapman was for many years a member of Buchel Camp, U. C. V., of Wharton County, and we of the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., delighted to honor him in life for the valuable service he rendered the cause as we honor his memory. After the fall of the Confederacy, Lieutenant Chapman located in Wharton and engaged in the practice of law until his death, which occurred three years ago. Although reticent and modest concerning his own deeds, he remained true to the Confederate cause and held sacred its principles. When called upon by a committee from the J. E. B. Stuart Chapter a short time before his death, he was pleased to present the satchel in which he brought the great seal from London to Wilmington with this statement, a copy of which, together with the satchel, was forward to Richmond to be placed in the Texas Room in the Confederate Museum. The statement is as follows:

"In the summer of 1864 I was ordered by Hon. James M. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner to England, to bring the great seal of the Confederate States and deliver it to Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of the Confederate States at Richmond, Va. I had a valise made in London for the purpose of bringing it over, and put a number of pounds of lead in the valise in order that there might be no doubt of its sinking in case I should be on the point of being captured by the Federals. I brought it safely over, but at Wilmington, N. C., I was taken sick, and ordered Lieutenant Campbell to take it to Richmond and deliver it to Mr. Benjamin, which he said he did.

"Lieutenant Campbell had a large valise and could not carry two; so I took the seal from the valise it came over in

and put it into the one belonging to Lieutenant Campbell, with orders not to allow the valise to leave his hands until he delivered it to Mr. Benjamin. I have had the valise ever since, and have intended to write to the Daughters of the Confederacy at Richmond and let them know I had it, but have neglected to do so. Two ladies, Mrs. Huston and Mrs. Outlar, called on me a few days ago and asked if I would give it to the Daughters of Texas. They said they wanted it to go to the Texas Room at Richmond. I told them certainly I would give it to them, but first to write to the State President and ask if she would see that it was sent to Richmond. They said they would do so, and that when they heard from her they would come and get the valise. R. T. CHAPMAN."

"This may have been the only report Lieutenant Chapman ever made, as the records show that he became ill when he reached Wilmington. It might have been possible that something happened to Lieutenant Campbell after the seal was delivered to him; but it is extremely improbable that such was the case, because Lieutenant Chapman was sufficiently concerned in its safe delivery to have known of the fact, and he had Lieutenant Campbell's word that it was safely delivered. Lieutenant Chapman fully realized the importance of his commission, and it is improbable that after successfully evading spies and blockade runners and reaching his own country with his precious burden he would have become so indifferent as not to have known whether or not his orders were carried out. No one who knew Lieutenant Chapman would doubt for a minute that when he said over his signature that the seal had been delivered to Secretary Benjamin he knew it to be a fact."

The seal of the Federation of the U. D. C. is said to be a reproduction of the great Confederate seal, with the exception of the inscription on the seal of the U. D. C., which says, "United Daughters of the Confederacy," on the under rim, while that of the great seal of the Confederacy is said to be: "The Confederate States of America, February, 1862."

WILLIAM B. SMITH IN RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH, MAY 19.

The story of the removal of the seal from Richmond and its preservation through many years, with every person acquainted with its whereabouts pledged to secrecy by the most solemn Masonic oath, has been unearthed from the voluminous records of the Library of Congress in Washington, and the seal itself was located in possession of Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., retired, now living in Washington, who readily agreed to part with it for a consideration, expressing his approval of a plan for bringing it back to Richmond and its perpetual preservation in some suitable institution. The seal is now in the vault of the Jefferson Hotel. It has been carefully examined by many persons, and bears every indication of genuineness. * * *

The fact now appears to be fully authenticated that the seal, together with a large number of official papers of the State Department, was taken from Richmond on evacuation by William J. Bromwell, a clerk in the Confederate State Department, or his wife. The papers were sold to the government by Bromwell through Col. John T. Pickett in 1872 for \$75,000, and Captain Selfridge (now Rear Admiral) was the government agent who examined and received the papers at Hamilton, Ontario. In recognition of his services Colonel Pickett presented the seal to Captain Selfridge, who has since had it in charge.

In an interview published in the Times-Dispatch on October 15, 1911, Judge Walter A. Montague, formerly of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, who had been in Washington for more than a year, traced the possession of the seal to Bromwell. Judge Montague states: "There is at present sufficient evidence to show that Admiral Selfridge secured the seal in 1873 from Col. John T. Pickett, the first Confederate commissioner to Mexico."

Personal papers of the late Colonel Pickett have been acquired by the Library of Congress which prove the contention of Judge Montgomery that Pickett acted as Bromwell's attorney and not for himself in the sale of the State Department papers to the government, and that the seal was presented to Captain Selfridge in recognition of his aid in that transaction.

In disposing of the great seal to Messrs. Hunton, White, and Bryan, Admiral Selfridge has given a letter certifying to its genuineness and offering the purchasers a period of eighteen months to make every test before the transaction is closed. The seal will be sent to England this summer in charge of a special messenger to be examined by its makers. It was examined at the Jefferson Hotel by a representative of the Times-Dispatch, and the seal bears on its margin the inscription: "Engraved by J. S. Wyon, 287 Regent Street, London." The whole is of massive silver and is surmounted by a heavy ivory handle and inclosed in a leather box, and that in a wooden box, both of which are said to have been the genuine inclosures in which it came from its maker.

Recently the Pickett papers and their references to the great seal of the Confederacy came to the attention of Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress in Washington, who became convinced that the great seal had been in the hands of Admiral Selfridge. Mr. Hunt got into communication through Lawrence Washington with Eppa Hunton, Jr., of Richmond. Mr. Hunton is undergoing treatment in a hospital, and associated with himself are William H. White, President of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, and Thomas P. Bryan, who had further correspondence with Mr. Hunt and who went to Washington and secured the great seal, bringing it back with them to Richmond.

Mr. Hunt has furnished the purchasers a statement of the records now in the Library of Congress, serving to prove the authenticity of the seal, his statement being accompanied by copies of a large number of official papers and manuscripts:

"At the third session of the First Congress of the Confederate States of America a joint resolution was passed, which was approved April 30, 1863, establishing a 'seal for the Confederate States.' The device was to be a representation of the equestrian statue of Washington in the Capitol Square at Richmond, surrounded by a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat, and rice) and having around the margin the words: 'The Confederate States of America, twenty-second February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.'

"On May 20, 1863, Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy, sent an instruction to James M. Mason, envoy of the Confederacy at London, informing him of the law, inclosing a photograph of the statue and asking him to have the seal made in England. On February 18, 1864, Mr. Mason, informing Secretary Benjamin of the progress of the work, said that the seal was being cut in silver, because that

metal was less liable to rust than steel. The artist was J. S. Wyon, maker of the great seals of England.

"On April 12, 1864, Mr. Mason reported that he had instructed Mr. Wyon to pack the seal, the press, and other appliances and put them in charge of Mr. Hotze, confidential agent in London of the Confederate government. On July 6, 1864, Mr. Mason wrote his government that he was sending the seal to America by Lieutenant Chapman, C. S. N. * * * Cost of seal, press, wax, and other appurtenances was \$122 10s.

"When Richmond was evacuated by the Confederate government in April, 1865, those records of the State Department which Mr. Benjamin had not destroyed and the great seal were taken in charge by Bromwell. The records were concealed by him at first in a barn near Richmond, and his wife secretly carried the great seal out of Richmond hidden in her dress. Later she brought it to Washington.

In 1868 Col. John T. Pickett, a lawyer in Washington, sometime commissioner of the Confederate States in Mexico, and an officer in the Confederate army, on the staff of General Breckinridge, offered to sell to the government of the United States as agent for a person whose identity he refused to disclose the archives of the Confederate State Department, the archives being, he said, in Canada.

"He made other and unsuccessful efforts to dispose of them to private individuals. After prolonged negotiation, the government appointed an agent to go to Canada and inspect the archives in April, 1872.

"In 1873 Pickett borrowed the seal from Captain Selfridge and had one thousand electrotypes made from it by S. H. Black, an electrotypist in New York, who was sworn to secrecy. The impression was general that Colonel Pickett himself had the seal, and he did not deny it; but after the electrotypes were made, it was restored to Captain Selfridge.

"Some question having been raised relative to the genuineness of the seal from which the electrotypes had been made, Pickett sent one of the electrotypes to J. S. and A. B. Wyon, of which firm the engraver of the seal had been a member, and received assurance from them of its genuineness.

"The fact of the seal's having been in possession of Bromwell, of its having passed from him to Pickett, and from Pickett to Captain Selfridge were revealed from the personal papers of Pickett, which were acquired by the Library of Congress within the past year. Of all the people concerned in the history of the seal, Thomas O. Selfridge is the only survivor. Acting in a personal and unofficial capacity, I opened negotiations with him to obtain possession of the seal in order that it might be restored to the Southern people, as I consider it to be the most precious relic in existence of that separate American sovereignty which endured for so short a time and left memories which are so lasting. I invoked the assistance of Lawrence Washington, Esq., who communicated the facts of the discovery of the seal to Eppa Hunton, Jr., Esq., of Richmond, and Mr. Hunton associated with himself William H. White and Thomas P. Bryan, Esqs., also of Richmond. These three public-spirited gentlemen have generously acquired the seal, it being agreed on the part of all the persons concerned in the transaction that it is to be placed in a public institution in Richmond, formerly the capital of the Confederate States.

GAILLARD HUNT,

"Of the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., May 14, 1912."

Among the exhibits is a copy of the act of the Confederate Congress ordering that the seal should consist of a "device rep-

resenting an equestrian portrait of Washington after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capitol Square at Richmond, surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy." The act is signed by Thomas S. Bocock, Speaker, and Alexander H. Stephens, President of the Senate. Further exhibits are copies of correspondence between Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy, to James M. Mason, agent of the Confederacy in London, in which Mr. Benjamin says: "It is not desired that the work be executed by any but the best artists that can be found, and the difference of expense between a poor and a fine specimen of art in the engraving is too small a matter to be taken into consideration in a work that we fondly hope will be required for generations yet unborn."

The seal was brought to this country on the Cunard liner Africa from Liverpool to Halifax and from Halifax to the Bermudas on the steamboat Alpha; and while running the blockade to enter the South, Lieutenant Chapman was constantly prepared to throw the seal overboard in the event of capture by the enemy.

An interesting letter throwing light on the manner in which the seal was taken from Richmond is that of Theodore J. Pickett, a son of Col. John T. Pickett, now living in New York City, to Gaillard Hunt, dated May 3, 1912, having been secured since Mr. Hunt began his investigation. It says: "Referring to our conversation about the Confederate seal, I remember very well Mrs. W. J. Bromwell's saying she carried the great seal of the Confederacy in her bustle out of Richmond when the Confederate government evacuated that city when the Union forces took possession. Later in 1865 she brought it to Washington herself, as she said. William J. Bromwell was an officer in the Department of State of the Confederacy. Mrs. Bromwell survived her husband for a number of years. He died in London and Mrs. Bromwell died in Washington, about two years ago. She had been a clerk in the Navy Department for many years. Her father was a distinguished officer in the United States navy."

Col. Thomas H. Pickett's letter book now in the Library of Congress shows a number of letters to Captain Selfridge. One of them to Captain Selfridge, dated May 24, 1873, says: "There is no danger of the 'aforesaid' being known to be in your possession. In the public notice of it which I shall make when my electrotype shall be ready it is my purpose to create the impression that I still hold the article. By the way, the electrotyper is Masonically pledged to secrecy."

"The Life of James M. Mason," by his daughter, page 403, gives the same correspondence alluded to between Commissioner Mason and Secretary Benjamin, with a full description of the seal, which tallies in every detail, even to the position of the date line.

In the interview published in the Times-Dispatch on October 15, 1911, Judge Walter A. Montgomery, after showing that the story of the negro James Jones was a pure hallucination, traces the seal directly to Admiral Selfridge. He shows that Jones was not in Richmond at the time of the evacuation, and he quotes the statement of Col. Burton Harrison in the Century Magazine for November, 1884, who asserted that he left Richmond on the Friday before with Mrs. Davis and party, together with maid and coachman, James Jones: "In July, 1872, the papers were bought by the United States government, by special act of Congress, for \$75,000. By the agreement of sale the papers were to be delivered in Canada, and

Lieut. Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., was commissioned to receive them from Pickett. They were secured by Lieutenant Selfridge, and are now in the Library of Congress."

WITH ARMISTEAD WHEN HE WAS KILLED.

BY D. B. EASLEY, SCOTTSBURG, VA.

While renewing my subscription I thought I would write of the death of General Armistead, as he fell at my feet.

I was a sergeant in Company H, 14th Virginia Infantry, and before starting in the charge our captain specified three or four men who were habitual "play-outs" and instructed the file closers to "take them into that fight or kill them," he didn't care which, and if we killed them he would be responsible. I selected an old schoolmate, as he had done more talking and less fighting than any one in the company. We did not go far before he claimed to be wounded; but when I insisted on seeing the wound, he got up and ran. Finally he dived through the space between the 14th and 57th Virginia and ran down the front of the 57th. I saw Sergeant Garner cock his gun and run down the rear of the 57th Regiment.

Ours was the left company of the 14th Regiment. The order was, "Guide center!" and just before I caught up they crowded too much to the center, and the right company of the 57th lapped behind our company and cut me off. I saw a gap in our line to the right and hurried through it and ran to the front, looking back to locate my company, and unexpectedly I ran into a whole line of Yankees. I brought down my bayonet, but soon saw that every man had his arms above his head; so I crowded through them with no other idea than to locate my company. By the time I was through them I struck the stone fence in a battery of brass pieces. I mounted the fence and got one glance up and down the line, while General Armistead mounted it just to my left, with only a brass cannon between us.

I forgot my company and stepped off the fence with him. We went up to the second line of artillery, and just before reaching those guns a squad of from twenty-five to fifty Yankees around a stand of colors to our left fired a volley back at Armistead and he fell forward, his sword and hat almost striking a gun. I dropped behind the gun and commenced firing back at them till they located me and poured another volley. They shot my ramrod off where it entered the stock. I then ran back to the stone fence to get another gun. General Armistead did not move, groan, or speak while I fired several shots practically over his body; so I thought he had been killed instantly and did not speak to him. I have since learned that he lived till next day.

I am not claiming any credit for being there, and acknowledge that I was out of my place, for General Armistead was killed on the left of the 14th in a space between it and the 57th.

[The reflection in the foregoing upon a few soldiers for flickering in battle illustrates a case that was unusual. The writer recalls a man in his company who attracted much attention by telling of his hand-to-hand conflicts and hair-breadth escapes after a battle. He attracted attention by these marvelous stories; so when on Hood's Tennessee Campaign a battle was expected at Decatur and the captain of this man's company directed the sergeant to detail three men to see that this soldier did only his part in the contemplated fight. The next seen of the fellow he was in a Federal uniform, and when asked why he deserted said: "I had to do something for a living."]

HOW FORREST WON OVER STREIGHT.

BY MRS. C. A. MITCHELL (MEMORIAL DAY), LAFAYETTE, GA.

I can see the little home now where we had the pleasure of entertaining Gen. N. B. Forrest and his staff on May 3, 1863, a day made memorable by one of the greatest Southern victories during the War of the States. We were living temporarily thirteen miles south of Rome on the old Alabama road, my husband, Judge Thomas E. Williamson, having sold his river bottom farm, Glen Willie, seven miles below Rome on the Coosa River.

While at breakfast Sunday morning Maria, the maid, came in saying that a soldier was at the gate calling for buttermilk. He was invited in to breakfast, but declined, asking only for milk. Before he was supplied a comrade joined him, and yet another, until quite a number had collected at the front gate. Maria appeared the second time, saying: "The buttermilk is all gone." She was ordered to give the milk in the churn, which she did, and that soon disappeared. Later I went to the front door and bade the men good morning, not noticing the absence of guns nor the color of uniforms, so dust-soiled were they. One soldier looked up and said: "We had the biggest fight yesterday, and I'll tell you we gave the Yankees h—." I answered, "I wish you had given them more," not knowing that they were captured Federals. [It may be recalled that they were paroled.—EDITOR.]

They then rode on toward Rome. Others were passing all morning. Upon finding that they were bluecoats, we put our valuables out of sight as well as we could. Gathering up the silver and gold, Maria and I went to the henhouse, removed an old speckled hen, and deposited our treasures underground, carefully replacing the nest and persuading the hen to resume her occupation. The soldiers quietly passed on. Horace, the groom, had brought the carriage, but we did not go to Sunday school that day.

Everyone was excited, the neighbors going from house to house. While at my sister's home near by I was called to come home and bring the keys to the sideboard, where the wines were kept. On my arrival the house was full of soldiers, both the blue and the gray. I thought the whole army was upon us and said to my guest: "O, Mr. Choat, let your prayers ascend on high!"

I was introduced to Generals Forrest and Streight, and wines were passed to the exhausted officers. [Forrest was not in the habit of taking any beverage.—EDITOR.]

General Forrest was a brave and noble general. Streight's forces had been sent out for the purpose of reaching Rome, destroying railroads and bridges, liberating the Federal prisoners, and taking the commissaries, thus cutting off communication with Bragg's army and the supplies of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Forrest was ordered to pursue Streight and save Rome. The armies had been skirmishing four or five days. Near Gadsden Streight and his men crossed Black Creek, burning the bridge behind them. Forrest, arriving a few hours later, found himself cut off by the high waters, and inquired of a family the best place to ford the creek. While the lady, Mrs. Sanson, was giving directions, Emma, the eighteen-year-old daughter, offered to show him the "shallows," where she had driven the cows across. Taking her behind him on his horse, she piloted the way, his brave men following. She was sent back to her home in safety. Some years after Emma Sanson was granted a section of land by the State of Alabama and the Governor presented her with a medal properly engraved.

Before finding the "shallows" Forrest shouted across the stream that he would give one thousand dollars to the man who would take the news to Rome that Streight was on the way. John H. Wisdom volunteered, saying that he would go, but did not want any reward. The citizens of Rome years after presented Mr. Wisdom with a silver service in recognition of his deed. He died four years ago at his home, Hoke's Bluff, Ala.

Forrest was known as a strategist, never endangering the lives of his men when it could be avoided. His forces had been reduced to a part of a regiment, about five hundred men, with but two field pieces; while Streight's number was nearly two thousand, as we understood.

There was a knoll around which the soldiers had to pass, and, knowing that sentinels were watching, Forrest's men were made to go round and round many times to show their "vast numbers."

While Forrest was demanding Streight's surrender, couriers were dispatched from various directions asking for General Forrest's headquarters and announcing that reinforcements were arriving. Forrest seemed not to notice their coming, directing his attention to the opposing general. Streight reluctantly surrendered, deeming it unwise to enter a battle with such odds against him. When the ruse was discovered, Streight wept with disappointment.

Their arms were stacked a half mile from our house, and the hungry men poured in. The large gate was opened in front of our house and wagons and tents were taken into the grove. Every negro on the place was put to work with pot, oven, and skillet cooking for the exhausted soldiers. I continued till midnight serving one table after another. The advance guard who had passed in the morning were turned back by a fabricated report that the cannon had been planted on the hills of Rome, and that the Confederates were ready to meet them. This story was told them by Mrs. Meyers, whose husband was a Confederate soldier and whose father, Curtis Bailey, was at her home hidden in a thicket.

Among Forrest's men were the late Col. Moses Clift and W. T. Skelton, whose families still reside in Chattanooga.

In the fall of 1863 we moved to a large plantation six miles north of Rome, taking with us more than a hundred negroes, with horses, mules, and cattle, to cultivate a very large farm. For eighteen months we were undisturbed. Many of our neighbors refugeeed, but Mr. Williamson remained, quietly pursuing his agricultural interests.

Sherman's campaign began the last of November, and while stationed at Rome two Federal officers rode up to our house



MRS. CAROLINE MITCHELL.

one day and discovered our well-stocked farm, full cribs, etc. Then the foraging began, and for six months, excepting two weeks, army wagons came every day, taking away to their camps the corn and meat, oats, fodder, potatoes, and, lastly, the green corn in the field. I stood on the porch and saw them take twenty-five horses and mules to recruit their army. There was left only a yoke of young oxen, and some wanton soldier was careful to shoot them. However, the oxen recovered, and I asked a Federal officer to give me protection for them to haul our firewood the next winter. A little slip of paper served the purpose; and although frequent attempts were made, no one molested my property, and the next spring we rode to church in an oxcart, thankful for our lives.

Some negroes reported that we were hiding Confederates in a cave on our place, and two officers came to investigate. Mr. Williamson went with them and showed them the empty cave. They dined with us. Before leaving, one of them remarked that they had looked for a spy, but found a gentleman.

Not only our home but the whole country was devastated. Mr. Williamson never recovered from the shock, but died six years later. Somehow I was given the strength to withstand the loss better than he, and for my children and my country I have done my best.

CAPTURED THE COLORS OF A REGIMENT.

In April or May, 1864, in Cherokee County, Ala., Federal troops came down the main road leading from Rome, Ga., to Gadsden, Ala. The Confederates attacked them from both sides and forced them to retreat the way they came into the valley. This threw the colors into the rear. The Confederates pressed the retreating enemy, and while passing the brow of a hill on which stood the house of the widow Hudson the color bearer was wounded. His horse falling, he threw the colors into the corner of a fence near by.

Sammie Bell, about eleven years old, son of the widow Hudson, ran out as soon as the firing ceased and took up the colors and carried them into his house. About an hour later a small Confederate force came up, and Sammie gave the colors to the officer in charge. The soldiers went off yelling with joy at the capture of the colors, and this was the last the boy ever saw of them.

Samuel B. Hudson, now a man of sixty, would like to know to what regiment these colors belonged and what finally became of them. If any of the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN know about the affair, he would be gratified to hear from them. Mr. Hudson is Superintendent of the City Water and Light Plant, Ashburn, Ga.

[Data sent by Rev. W. E. Towson, of Ashburn, Ga.]

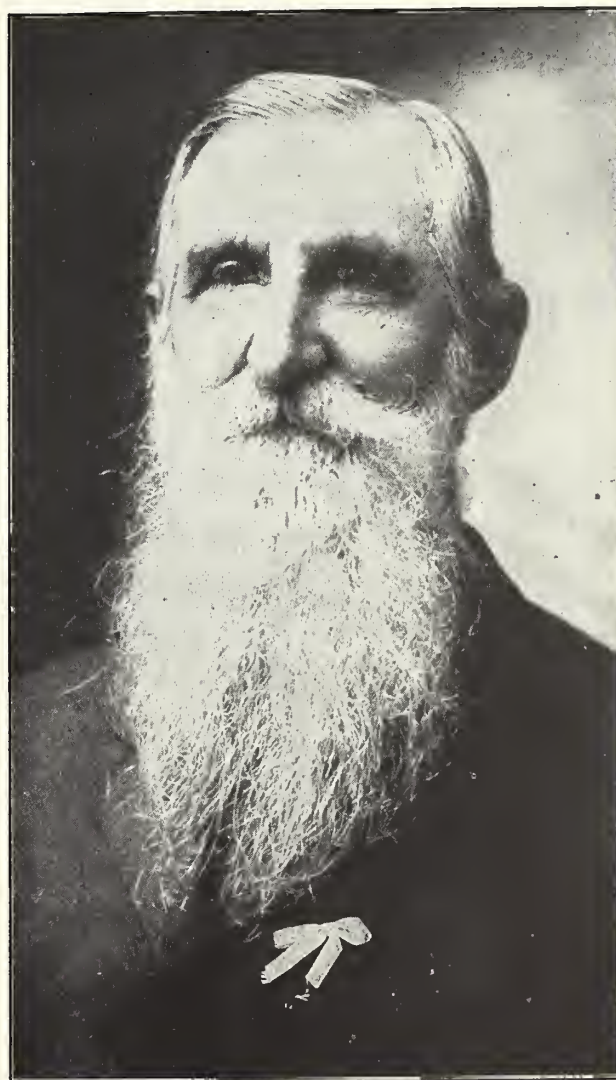
Dabney W. Collier, of Memphis, Tenn., refers to an inquiry about a company known as "The Southern Guards," of which he says: "It was a fine old company, organized here before the war, and belonged to the famous old 154th Senior Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, as well as militia. The company went out with the 154th, but were promptly transferred to a battery of heavy artillery commanded by Captain Hamilton. Later, if I am not mistaken, they were disbanded and the members all joined other commands, some going to the cavalry and others back to the infantry, of which several went to the old regiment. It was a splendid body of men, including some of the best citizens of Memphis. This is all from memory. The company to which I belonged was known as the 'Bluff City Grays' and then Company B, 154th; but it was

transferred to Forrest's old regiment of cavalry as Company A and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala."

J. R. Gilchrist, of Malvern, Ark., writes in behalf of the widow of James H. Taggart, who enlisted at Port Caddo, Tex., early in the war, serving with Company A, 3d Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. He was serving under Van Dorn when the latter was killed, and later was transferred to a battalion of scouts operating on Big Black River.

INDIAN AGENT UNDER PRESIDENT DAVIS.

This faithful Southerner, of Oklahoma, was appointed by President Jefferson Davis as agent for the Seminole Indians, and served as such until the close of the war. He served under the Secretary of the Interior as substance agent for



J. S. MURROW, A VENERABLE SURVIVOR.

refugee Indians of various tribes who were camped along Red River. He was intrusted with large sums of money and the making of large contracts, where bribery offers of various kinds were made; but he is proud now that he always drove the tempter away. In the early part of the war he served in Albert Pike's brigade, and he was in the battle of Elkhorn.



MEMORIAL TRIBUTE BY LEE-JACKSON CHAPTER, REEDVILLE, VA.

The following are the names of Confederate veterans who have died since May 10, 1911, and for whom memorial exercises were held on May 10, 1912, by Lee-Jackson Chapter, No. 1284, U. D. C., of Northumberland County, Va.:

Horace L. Ball, Co. D, 9th Va. Cav.
 Robert L. Clark, Co. C, 40th Va. Inf.
 James B. Dungan, Co. C, 40th Va. Inf.
 Frederick Lieb, Co. F, 40th Va. Inf.
 Henry Myers, Co. A, 40th Va. Inf.
 Noah Pittman, Co. F, 40th Va. Inf.
 Thomas J. Marsh, Co. A, 40th Va. Inf.
 Rev. A. D. Reynolds, Co. D, 9th Va. Cav.
 Philip Swift, Co. F, 40th Va. Inf.
 Albin D. Tapscott, Co. D, 9th Va. Cav.
 Atway Webb, 40th Va. Inf.
 Joseph T. Yerby, Co. D, 9th Va. Cav.

Dr. S. Kitching, who was with General Cabell in the Trans-Mississippi Department, but who died in Northumberland County.

ANGUS SHAW.

Camp Ryan, No. 417, Maxton, N. C., lost an honored member in the death of Angus Shaw in July, 1911, aged seventy-three years. He was in school at the University of North Carolina when the war opened, and from there he enlisted in the Confederate army, and he was a faithful soldier to the end. He was a member of Company D, 1st Battalion Heavy Artillery, and was captured at the fall of Fort Fisher in January, 1865, and kept a prisoner until June, 1865. He was married in 1875 to Miss Mary McLean, of Maxton. Their four children, two sons and two daughters, are all living.

W. C. PRICE.

W. C. Price, who died at Jasper, Tex., on the 3d of May, 1912, aged seventy-seven years, was a Tennessean by birth. He went to Texas in 1853 and settled at Jasper. He enlisted in Company E, Whitfield's Texas Legion, Ross's Brigade, early in 1862, and served until the end. This brigade, as is well known, was in the Army of Tennessee, and was in most of the battles of that army.

Comrade Price was a good citizen, a good soldier, and a Christian gentleman. One of his daughters, Mrs. Kittrell, now lives in Columbus, Ohio, and is a prominent member of the Daughters of the Confederacy there.

FRANK FITZHUGH.

F. C. Fitzhugh died in May, 1910, at the age of seventy-two years. He was living in Charlottesville, Va., in 1861, and promptly volunteered in Company F, 13th Virginia Regiment, but the surgeon, Dr. William F. Grymes, refused to pass him. He returned home, but soon afterwards he joined an artillery company made up in Charlottesville under Capt. W. T. Carrington. He participated in many battles in Virginia and Maryland. In that of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864, his battery

was captured with Johnson's Division. Fitzhugh escaped, with a few others, when General Gordon recaptured three lines of works. He returned with the infantry and helped to fire his gun as long as the ammunition lasted. He stayed with the infantry all day; but on the next day he, with a few of his company (Captain Carrington having been captured), joined another company of artillery, in which he served until the surrender at Appomattox, where he was paroled.

Comrade Fitzhugh was always loyal to the cause for which he fought, and enjoyed talking over the battles of those stirring years. He was a consistent member of the Church.

GEORGE S. BERNARD.

Mr. G. S. Bernard was born in Culpeper County, Va., August 27, 1837. He received his education in Petersburg, Va., and at the University of Virginia. He taught school for a short time, and in 1859 was admitted to the bar in the city of Petersburg.

At the outbreak of the War of the States, in April, 1861, he enlisted in the Petersburg Riflemen. The battalion of Petersburg volunteers to which he belonged soon was sent, under Maj. D. A. Weisiger, to capture the navy yard at Gosport.

Mr. Bernard was discharged from the army in the fall of 1861 because of fever with which he was suffering. By the next March he had recovered and reenlisted in the Neherrin Grays, from Greenesville County, Va. This company later became a part of the 12th Virginia Regiment of Gen. William Mahone's brigade. He served in the campaigns of 1862 around Richmond and in Maryland and was wounded in the battle of Crampton's Gap on September 14, 1862. He returned to the Petersburg Riflemen in 1863, and served with them to the end, participating in all of the principal engagements of Mahone's command. In the battle of Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865, he was wounded again.

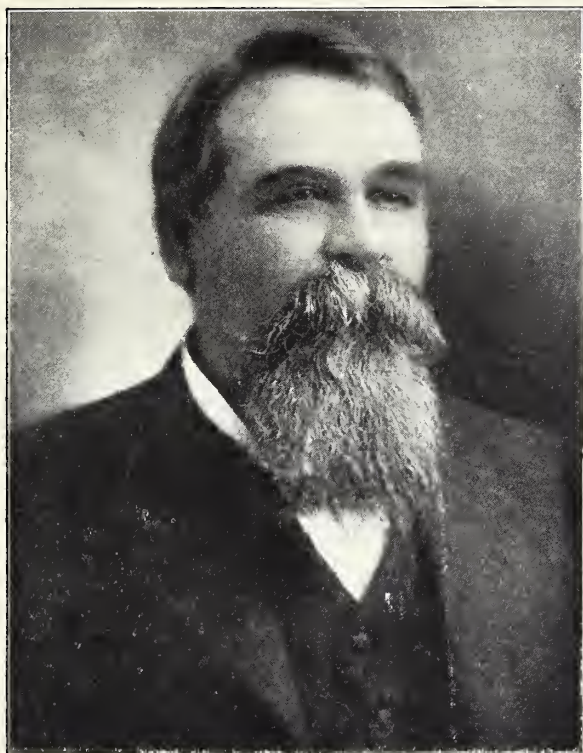
Mr. Bernard engaged in newspaper work after the war and contributed much to civil service reform. He was the author of "War Talks by a Confederate Veteran." This work was based upon an accurate notebook and diary which he kept during the war, and it has met with a wide sale. He was in active legal practice up to the time of his death. He served in the Virginia Legislature.

When the A. P. Hill Camp, of which he was Commander, visited the G. A. R. Post at Springfield, Mass., he was the principal speaker from the Confederate side at a banquet which was given by Northern veterans.

J. W. HOWARD.

James W. Howard was born in Starkville, Miss., April 9, 1842. He joined the Columbus Riflemen, Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry, early in the war. Contracting rheumatism, he was sent to the hospital in Columbus, Miss., for some time, and while there was discharged from service. He later reenlisted in Company B, 43d Mississippi Infantry, and was in the siege of Vicksburg and the battles of Franklin and Nashville. He was captured near Nashville and imprisoned at Camp Douglas until after the close of the war.

KIRK.—Lewis H. Kirk was born in Columbus, Miss., August 24, 1843. He joined the Columbus Riflemen, Company K, 14th Mississippi Infantry, at the outbreak of the war, and served throughout the entire four years. He was captured at Fort Donelson and kept in prison nine months. He died at his home in Miami, Fla., on February 4, 1912.



HON. LUCIUS LAMAR MIDDLEBROOK.

Hon. Lucius L. Middlebrook passed away at his home, in Covington, Ga., January 22, 1912, after an extreme illness of four days, though he had been in failing health for months.

At the age of fourteen Lucius Middlebrook entered the Confederate service, enlisting September 25, 1862, in Lee's Battalion of the 4th Georgia Regiment. He served at Atlanta twelve months, until the time of his enlistment expired, when he reentered the service upon the organization of State troops, and was second lieutenant of the company from Newton County, with which he remained until the close of the war.

At the age of nineteen he went to Central America, and remained a year in Honduras. He was admitted to the bar in 1871, and in public office he was City Treasurer for several years, Chairman of the Board of Education, Mayor of Covington in 1890-91, and an Elector for the Democratic party from his district in 1896. He represented Newton County in the legislature for ten years and was four years in the Senate.

Colonel Middlebrook was prominently associated with the U. C. V. for many years, having served on the staffs of Gens. Stephen D. Lee and Clement A. Evans, also as a Brigadier General, U. C. V. At the time of his death he was Adjutant of the Camp in Covington, Ga., and was always deeply interested in Confederate matters. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

DEATHS IN CAMP CABELL, U. C. V., VERNON, TEX.

Between April 1, 1911, to the same date in 1912 the following of this Camp have been added to the last roll:

Rev. Peter Smith, Co. A, 31st Tex. Inf., September 28, 1911.

D. L. Holt, Co. G, 2d Tex. Inf., October 5, 1911.

J. G. Wood, Co. C, Phillips's Legion Cav., October, 1911.

H. Feely, Co. B, 20th Ga. Inf., May 1, 1911. He was also a

veteran of the Mexican War, and was ninety-three years of age. He walked 150 miles to join the army to Mexico.

G. B. Kelly, another Mexican veteran, died May 9, 1911.

Shem E. Hatchet, Co. C, 7th Ark. Inf., June 13, 1911.

J. A. Lance, who served in the 6th Ga. Inf.

DR. JOSEPH WILLIAM PERRY.

Joseph W. Perry, son of Rev. Dow Perry, was born October 1, 1830, in Lagrange, Ga.; and died at Paul's Valley, Okla., February 13, 1912. He was buried at Terrell, Tex.

Reared in a Christian home, he early united with the Methodist Church, in which he lived and died. In 1859 he was married to Miss Eliza Wilson, who, with three sons and one daughter, survives him. One son preceded him to "that better land."

Dr. Perry graduated from the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia, and was engaged in the practice of medicine when the war began. He enlisted in the Confederate service, and was made lieutenant in Company G, 45th Alabama Regiment, but failing health caused him to resign before the war ended. He removed from Alabama to Texas in 1867 and resumed the practice of his profession. He lived near Fort Worth, Wills Point, and also Terrell, Tex., before moving to Oklahoma. As father, brother, husband, physician, or citizen he was loved and respected by all alike.

Dr. Perry leaves two sisters, who live in Texas, and two brothers, Rev. O. S. Perry, of the Alabama Conference, and C. S. Perry, of Los Angeles.

[From sketch by J. A. N. Granberry, a devoted friend.]

CAPT. J. T. HANNAFORD.

After two years of ill health, death came to Capt. J. T. Hannaford on April 8, 1912, at his home in Morrilton, Ark. The home of his parents was Suffolk, Va., but they moved in 1838 to Shelby County, Tenn., near Memphis, where this son was born.

He entered the Confederate army on May 1, 1861, from Lexington, Miss., serving in the 17th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Lee's Army. He was in the first battle of Manassas, in the seven days' battle around Richmond, also in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg. He was with Longstreet's Corps at Chattanooga, Petersburg, Gettysburg, and in the last battles around Richmond, surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse. He lost two brothers during the war, one at Chattanooga and the other at Belmont, Mo. The Confederate cross of honor was one of his most prized possessions.

Captain Hannaford engaged in business at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1870; but in 1874 he went to Morrilton, and had since lived there. He was very successful in business, and was highly esteemed. His first wife was Miss Juliet Dowdle, who died in 1898. In 1900 he was married to Mrs. Emma Sayle, who survives him. In early life Captain Hannaford became a member of the Church, and ever remained faithful to its teachings, serving as a loyal and constant official.

DEATHS IN CAMP JOHN B. GORDON, SPRING PLACE, GA.

The Grim Reaper in his visits to John B. Gordon Camp at Spring Place, Ga., in 1911 captured seven of its members—viz.:

W. R. Black, Chaplain, was born in 1846; and died March 1, 1911. He served in Company A, 39th Georgia Regiment, and surrendered April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

S. C. Churchman was born in 1838; and died May 7, 1911. He belonged to Company D, 22d Georgia Regiment, and surrendered at Appomattox C. H., Va., April 9, 1865.

J. B. Brindell was born July 14, 1827; and died July 21, 1911. He was a member of Company C, 11th Georgia Regiment. He was a good and faithful soldier until discharged because of age and failing health.

F. M. Kilgore died February 27, 1911. He was in Company A, 39th Georgia Regiment, and surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

J. B. Springfield died January 8, 1911. He belonged to Company C, 11th Georgia Regiment.

J. D. C. Laughridge died January 8, 1911, on the same day of his comrade Springfield, who was of the same company.

A. L. Keith died December 5, 1911. He belonged to Company A, 39th Georgia Regiment, and surrendered April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, Ala.

The following were not members of John B. Gordon Camp:

R. R. Love died August 7, 1911. He belonged to Company H, 8th Georgia Regiment.

J. M. Robinson died March 14, 1911. He belonged to Company C, 8th Georgia Regiment.

H. A. McCullom died May 17, 1911. He was of Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment.

M. R. Prichard died October 2, 1911. He belonged to Company C, 22d Georgia Regiment.

J. F. Petty died July 22, 1911. He belonged to Company F, 20th Georgia Regiment.

[Commander B. W. Gladden, Adjutant Thomas J. Ramsey, and L. F. Peeples, Committee.]

CAPT. J. A. LEFTWICH.

The death of Capt. J. A. Leftwich at Mount Vernon, Tex., on June 4, 1912, removed one of the old landmarks of Franklin County. He was born in Bedford County, Va., June 1, 1833, and emigrated to Texas in the year 1858. He entered the Confederate service at Sulphur Springs, Tex., and at his own expense equipped a company for service. He was captain of Company F, 6th Texas Infantry, Maxey's Regiment, Chalmer's Brigade. Resigning as captain during 1862, he went to the Trans-Mississippi Department of service, and was engaged in the ordnance department for Gen. E. Kirby Smith, serving to the close of the war.

Captain Leftwich was First Lieutenant of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., of Mount Vernon, and devoted to the interests of Confederate survivors.

GEORGE B. SYDNOR.

George B. Sydnor was one of sixteen children born to William B. Sydnor and Sarah T. (née Austin) Sydnor at Meadow Farm, Hanover County, Va. He was born February 20, 1842; and died at Corder, Lafayette County, Mo., September 30, 1911. For several months previous to his death he was a great sufferer; but he bore his sufferings with Christian courage, and was most considerate of those who ministered to him.

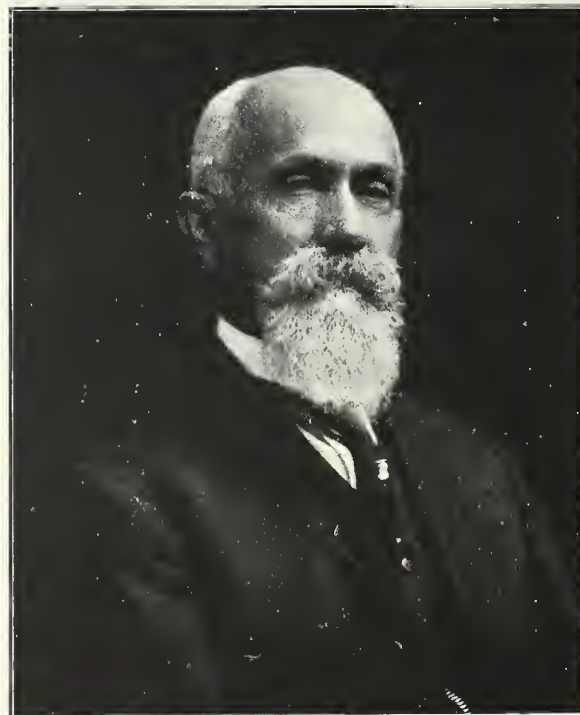
He was living in Galveston when that State seceded, and joined the Texas troops that captured Fort Brown, near Brownsville, Tex. In the summer of 1861 he returned to Virginia and joined the Hanover Troop, Company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, and continued with that company till the end of the war. He was with Stuart on his famous raid around McClelland's army in June, 1862.

In the charge at Kelley's Ford he was in the first set of

fours on March 17, 1863. His horse was killed under him, and he received two saber cuts and one pistol wound and was taken prisoner. Though suffering greatly from shock and loss of blood, he made his escape early the next morning. This battle was said to be the first in which the Federal cavalry ever crossed sabers with Stuart's Cavalry.

At the close of the war Mr. Sydnor returned to his native county and engaged in farming. In 1870 he located in Lafayette County, Mo., and except for a few years continued to make that county his home until his death.

Six of the Sydnor brothers bore arms for the stars and bars. In the tests of picket, vidette, and scout, as well as on the field, his coolness, courage, and sagacity were conspicuous.



GEORGE B. SYDNOR.

Such soldiers have ever been modest while liberal in the praise of others. He accepted the results of the war and met his subsequent civic obligations successfully with courage and intelligence. As a citizen he had high ideals, and ever conducted himself consistently with them; yet his heart was so filled with that charity which "thinketh no evil" that he was one of the last to impute improper motives to others. In his judgment of men and measures he was quick and discriminating, and he always had an open hand for those in need. Measures for the public welfare always commanded his earnest support; yet he was uncompromising in his opposition to unworthy methods. He was cordial, sympathetic, and enjoyed the companionship of his family and of his friends. Indeed, to an unusual degree he enjoyed all of the blessings which God had given him. His wit and humor were delightful, and he was charming with his pen.

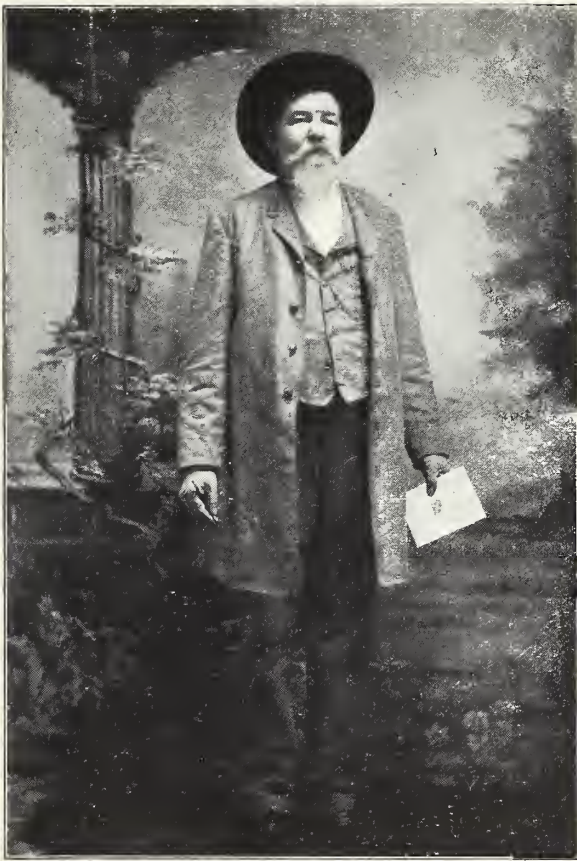
In 1875 he married Miss Addie L., daughter of Mr. Frank S. Burton, one of the most esteemed citizens of that good county. His widow and three sons survive him.

For years he was a devoted member of the Baptist Church. He requested that notice of his death be sent the VETERAN.

HENRY D. PEARCE.

Gloom hangs over our Chapter. The Daughters of the Confederacy realize that their strongest advocate has passed to eternal rest. The hearts of our veterans are bowed in sorrow.

H. D. Pearce organized the A. V. Winkler Chapter, No. 1104, U. D. C., and approved our historical work. His soul was attuned to all that was broad and great and good. He would say in adoring tone, "Our Confederacy." He organized many of the reunions. At San Angelo in 1911 he was made secretary for life, but death soon overtook him. Brave-hearted and with courage to the end, he surrendered December 8, 1911.



HENRY DAVIS PEARCE.

Henry Davis Pearce was born June 4, 1845, in Adams County, Ill. He went to Grayson County, Tex., in May, 1856, joined a company made up by Capt. D. W. Self, called the "Sabine Rebels," in August, 1861, and was sworn into service at New Orleans September 3, 1861. About three weeks later the company was mustered into Company B of the 17th Louisiana Infantry. In January, 1862, while at Corinth, Miss., he was taken sick with pneumonia and sent to the hospital at Oxford, Miss., and remained there six or seven weeks, and so missed the battle of Shiloh. He was discharged December 17, 1862, and returned to Grayson County, where he reenlisted in Company D, 16th Texas Dismounted Cavalry. The regiment was camped at Hempstead, Tex., when the end came.

While in Houston on a furlough the news came that his regiment had been mustered out. On learning this he reported to Gen. J. B. Magruder for duty, being the only one of his regiment left, by whom he was given discharge May 22, 1865, while "true to his colors to the last."

He moved to Runnels County with his family January 13, 1880. There he served three terms as justice of the peace, belonged to the Runnels Baptist Church, helped organize Runnels County, and was postmaster at Runnels seven years. He moved to Coke County in the year 1907, and resided there until the time of his death.

[Sketch by Mrs. J. D. Davis, President A. V. Winkler Chapter, 1104. It has been unavoidably delayed.]

JAMES M. COTTON.

James Madison Cotton, a "business pioneer" of Houston, Tex., died at his residence there on June 19, 1912, surrounded by the members of his immediate family. He was a member of the S. O. Cotton & Bros. Insurance Company. He was also a director in the William A. Wilson Company, and was interested in a number of other Houston enterprises. He had been prominent in the business affairs of Houston since 1875.

Mr. Cotton was born October 14, 1845, at Oglethorpe, Macon County, Ga. He served in the War of the States, and later moved to Houston, Tex. He is survived by his widow, his niece (Mrs. W. B. Munson, of Angleton, Tex.), and five nephews. He is also survived by two nieces by marriage, Miss Hallie Todd and Mrs. F. P. Berry. He was a member of the First Methodist Church and took a leading part in Church work. He was well known to the other members of the congregation. He was a member of the Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., and had always taken an active part in the affairs of that organization. He was also a member of Gray Lodge, No. 329, Masons. The funeral was held from the residence.

F. M. DAGGETT.

Sergt. F. M. Daggett died at West Point, Miss., June 11, 1912. I knew Fred from childhood, and we were classmates in school until the war began, enlisting at the same time with the Pontotoc Minute Men, which became Company C, 2d Mississippi Infantry. We were messmates in the army and were captured at Gettysburg and in prison together at Fort Delaware. I never knew him to miss a roll call or shirk a duty. He was true in every sense.

While at Fort Delaware he wrote to an aunt for some money. She replied that if he would take the oath of allegiance to the United States she would send him as much as he wanted. He answered her that he took an oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States, and as long as there was a Confederacy he expected to keep that oath.

I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Mobile Reunion for the first time in nearly forty years. We had both grown old and gray, and were grandfathers. Of course we were glad to meet again, but didn't recognize each other at first. He wrote me soon after he got home, and that was the last I heard of him till I saw an account of his death in the VETERAN. He has gone to meet the majority of that gay company of over one hundred young men who left their homes on a bright April day in 1861.

[From sketch by C. W. Earle, of Dodd City, Tex.]

HANE.—C. L. Willoughby, Adjutant of the Camp at Lakeland, Fla., reports the death of another member of that Camp, Urban H. Hane, who died on January 12, 1912. He was born in South Carolina May 12, 1838. He enlisted in the 10th Florida Regiment in April, 1862, and was discharged April 9, 1865. He was wounded at St. John's Bluff, Fla., and at Petersburg, Va.

WILLIAM HENRY TAYLOR.

Died of pneumonia March 29, 1912, at his home, near Coleman's Falls, Bedford County, Va., Mr. William Henry Taylor, in his seventy-third year. He was born in Amherst County, near Mead's Chapel, January 12, 1840, the son of Capt. Alfred Taylor and Mary Mead, and a grandson of Rev. Stith Mead. When eight years old his parents moved to Lynchburg.

In April, 1861, at the beginning of the War of the States, he enlisted in Company A (Rifle Grays), 11th Virginia Infantry. He was engaged in many battles, and was severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines. Rev. Asbury Christian states in his book, "Lynchburg and Its People," that he saved the life of his colonel, Maurice Langhorne, at the peril of his own life.

Just before the war closed he was in prison at Newport News. He and two of his comrades escaped by bribing the guard with gold sent to him by an aunt living in Missouri. They walked all the way to Lynchburg before hearing that the war had ended.

On March 31, 1912, he was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of the Cove, of which Church he had been a faithful steward for twenty-five years. The pallbearers were his sons and sons-in-law.

He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Henrietta Perrow, of Amherst County, and nine children, as follows: Dr. Ashby Mead Taylor, of Elsberry, Mo.; Mrs. W. J. Bassette, of Henry County, Va.; Mrs. R. W. Walker, of Paducah, Ky.; Mrs. J. B. Field, of Roanoke, Va.; Mrs. W. E. Elliott, Mrs. J. D. Lancaster, Messrs. J. P. Taylor, P. R. Taylor, and William H. Taylor, Jr., of Bedford County, Va. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of Norfolk, Va., and Mrs. H. C. Rees, of Hampton, Va.

When a boy Mr. Taylor united with the Methodist Church, and was ever unswerving in his allegiance to every duty of that sacred relation. Honest and unflinching in his principles, optimistic, and cheery, he won the esteem of all who truly knew him. The beautiful hospitality of his home was enjoyed alike by friends and strangers, but the host was never so joyous as when he welcomed some minister of God within its walls. A godly man has gone to his reward.

[From sketch by Mrs. Marie Henson Battelle.]

W. G. MYERS.

W. George Myers died at his home, near Landerneau, La., on June 30, 1912. He was born in Livingston, Ala., May 17, 1840, and moved to Louisiana just prior to the war. From there he enlisted in the Confederate army at Waterproof, La., in 1861, and served with distinction in Company K, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, until the close of the war. He never missed a fight in which his command was engaged, and they were many, but was never wounded. He was paroled near Gainesville, Ala., May 13, 1865. He was a true patriot, a brave soldier, a warm friend. Just before death he requested that a small battle flag of the Confederacy be placed across his breast that he might die with the flag he loved so well. Devoted sons will maintain his honored name.

[Sketch by L. D. Sugg, of Mayersville, Miss.]

GEN. W. H. JEWELL.

The city of Orlando was grievously startled on Friday afternoon, January 2, 1912, by the news that Gen. W. H. Jewell had with scarcely a moment's warning suddenly died. For two years he had been in failing health, but last summer he and Mrs. Jewell went North, hoping for relief. They returned early in the fall, however, because the General insisted that

he must arrange for the Confederate Reunion of October 25 in Orlando. He was its manager in chief, and he attended faithfully to his duties.

He went uptown and arranged for the funeral of Daniel O'Rourke, of Chuluota, a comrade, arriving home about noon. About three o'clock he became faint, and soon without a word his spirit slipped away while his wife was by his side reading to him. Often he had said he would like to go instantly without pain, since he was ready.

The funeral was a great State pageant, the Presbyterian church being filled to the doors. The central part of the church was occupied by representatives of the Grand Chapter Knights Templar, the Knights Templar and Blue Lodge of Orlando, and Confederate veterans, and delegates from other



GEN. W. H. JEWELL.

places and sons of veterans and daughters of veterans were also largely represented. The Orlando bar attended in a body, while many citizens attended to pay their last tribute.

General Jewell was born February 26, 1840, in Wakefield, Mass. At the age of eight years he went to Vicksburg, Miss., and naturally he grew to manhood with Southern proclivities and espoused the Southern cause, going to battle in 1861 with the 21st Mississippi. In 1862 he was placed on staff duty. In 1864 he served under Gen. Wade Hampton. He was editor of a paper in Memphis, Tenn., and also at Vicksburg. In 1876 he went North and served as minister of a Church in Bangor, Me. Afterwards he preached in South Dakota.

In 1879 he married Miss Carrie L. Stowell, of Athol, Mass., and went to Florida in 1886. He practiced law in Orlando from that time onward, and was one of the founders and editors of the Orlando Star. He served two terms in the State legislature, fifteen years as city attorney, and three terms as Mayor. In 1910 he decided not to stand for reelection.

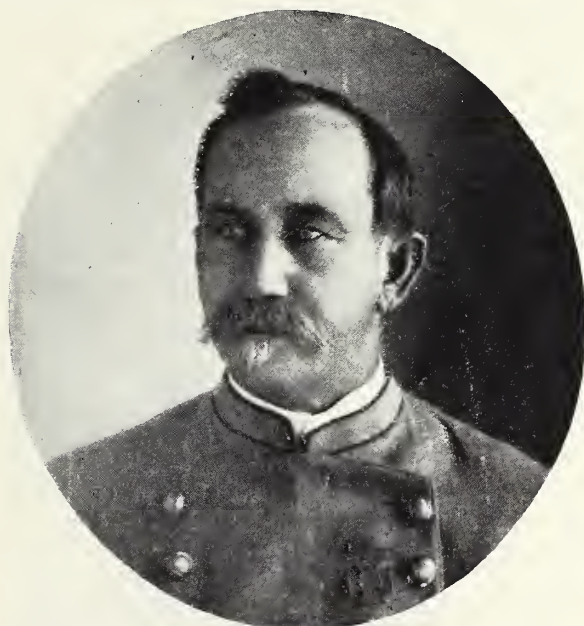
As a Mason he had been Grand Commander Knights Templar, Grand High Priest of Grand Chapter, Grand Orator of Grand Lodges. As a Confederate veteran he held about every

important office, and in 1906 he was elected Major General, commanding the Florida Division of Confederate Veterans. In all these important stations he was held in high esteem. Orlando owes to him the beautiful Confederate monument standing in Courthouse Square, all fully paid for. He was ready. His work was done.

[The foregoing is by the editor of an Orlando paper who held General Jewell in high personal esteem.]

LOUIS HILGER.

Louis Hilger was born and reared in White County, Ark. His parents came from Germany. He served with the 32d Arkansas Regiment, under Col. Lucien C. Gause, in the Trans-Mississippi Department, all through the war. He died at his home in Cleburne County, Ark., on March 23, 1912, aged seventy-three years. Surviving him are his wife, four daughters, and two sons. Comrade Hilger served in the legislature of his State.



ROBERT H. RICE.

The long roll has again been beaten and another comrade has answered "Present." Robert H. Rice, an estimable man, sincere friend, and gallant Confederate soldier, one who rode with the mighty Forrest in the War of the States, has joined that mighty host of heroes who since the day of Appomattox have been "passing over" in review by our great dead commanders.

Comrade Rice was born in Copiah County, Miss., and served in Company F, 4th Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry. Although but fourteen years old, his comrades testify that "he was a good soldier and did his duty to State and cause manfully," a consoling eulogy to sorrowing relatives and friends. When the last one of us who wore the gray has closed the circuit, let this epitaph appear: "He was a good soldier."

DR. J. S. BLACK.

Dr. J. S. Black was born near Atlanta, Ga., March 28, 1845; and died at Lannius, Tex., June 12, 1912. He enlisted in Company K, 13th Alabama Regiment of Infantry, serving in the Army of the Peninsula at Yorktown. He was in the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines and all the other battles of his regiment except when disabled by wounds. Gettysburg

was the only important engagement in which he did not take part. He was shot in the left arm at Sharpsburg, in the right shoulder at Chancellorsville, in the left foot at the Wilderness, and at Petersburg he received a wound in the right arm which put an end to his active service. He had three brothers in the Confederate service, one of whom was killed at Seven Pines by the side of Dr. Black, one was wounded at Sharpsburg and died in Texas, and the other was captured at Gettysburg and died in prison at Fort Delaware.

Dr. Black was of well-rounded Christian character and took an active part in everything pertaining to the work and welfare of his Church. He was a good husband and father and a splendid neighbor.

ROBERT HAMILTON WELCH.

Robert H. Welch, whose death occurred at Annapolis, Md., in April, 1912, was the eldest son of Charles S. and Anne Welch, and was born in Anne Arundel County, near Annapolis, on October 12, 1843. He was being educated at St. John's College, and left that institution to join the Confederate army shortly after the declaration of war. He was nineteen years of age when he crossed the Potomac and joined the 1st Maryland Infantry, under the command of Col. James R. Herbert. He participated in many important battles, and was taken prisoner at Gettysburg and confined at Point Lookout until a short time before the close of the war. He was married in 1872 to Miss Alice Claytor, and afterwards made his home in Annapolis.

Mr. Welch was popular and beloved. He was for twenty-one years Deputy Circuit Court Clerk, and was also City Clerk and Justice of the Peace. He was a most charitable man, spending his substance to relieve the necessities and wants of those in need. He was one of the few Confederate veterans of Annapolis, and is sincerely mourned by many friends.

JAMES L. WHITESIDE.

J. L. Whiteside, said to have been the oldest native resident of Hamilton County, died on July 6, 1912, at his home in Chattanooga. Mr. Whiteside suffered from a lingering illness for four months. He spent his entire life in Chattanooga. He was born April 17, 1845. When sixteen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army, and served throughout the war. He is survived by his wife, one son (Claude Whiteside), two brothers (Glenn and William), and two sisters (Mrs. Barnes and Miss Florence Whiteside).

His was for over half a century the best-known family in that section of Tennessee. His father was an eminent jurist and public man, and his mother was without question the ablest business woman in the State. A sketch of her remarkable career may be seen in the VETERAN for March, 1903, pages 129 and 130.

CONFEDERATES BURIED NEAR WHITE PINE, TENN.

Rev. James W. Caldwell reports the following Confederate dead who were buried in Westminster Cemetery, two miles north of White Pine, in Jefferson County, Tenn. These soldiers were killed on the dates named:

D. K. Bannaman, First Sergeant, Co. K, 8th Tex. Cav., January 17, 1864.

R. I. Caulder (or Calder), Lieutenant Co. H, 8th Tex. Cav., January 13, 1864.

J. J. Setzler, Co. F, 3d Ala. Cav., December 31, 1863.

H. Thomas, Co. E, 8th Tex. Cav., January 13, 1864.

[Reported by Adj. Gen. John P. Hickman, Nashville.]

THOMAS H. WARE.

Comrade Thomas H. Ware was born in Talladega, Ala., March 20, 1846, and with his parents moved to Arkansas before the War of the States. He enlisted in the Confederate army, Company A, 4th Arkansas Cavalry, on July 4, 1861, being in his sixteenth year. He was wounded but once. He was captured near Red Fork in the summer of 1864, but soon afterwards made his escape. Later he served with Col. R. B. Carlee until the close of the war, and much of his service was within the Federal lines. Colonel Carlee reports that he was delicate; and though at times sick, he was anxious to engage the enemy, and always showed himself as brave as the best. He surrendered at Little Rock in May, 1865, after the close of the war, and was paroled there.

While quite young he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and served continuously in that vocation during life. For many years he was a presiding elder in the Church, and was in charge of the Camden District at the time of his death, which occurred on June 7, 1912. He was a courageous soldier, serving faithfully to the end.

In the United Confederate Veterans organization he served two years as Chaplain on the staff of the Commander of the First Brigade, and subsequently one year on the staff of the Division Commander. He was faithful in the discharge of every trust committed to him. It is said by one who knew him intimately: "His manliness appealed to me. His keen wit and his rich fund of anecdote and reminiscence fascinated, while his invincible logic overwhelmed me. In argument he was irresistible, in repartee instantaneous, and dangerous to his opponent. He knew men; his flashing, fearless eyes looked through all disguises. A good man had no cause to fear him, but a mean man would cower in his presence. With the judgment of a diplomat he appreciated men's weak and strong points. With the heart of a lion he could rebuke a brother in fault, and then with a Christian spirit forget the fault. He never took an unfair advantage, and would not scheme for his own promotion. Honors came to him unsought. Because of his interest in public affairs he was admired by business men and politicians. His ability and fearlessness as a debater led men to urge him to run for Governor and Senator; yet he steadily refused to be turned from his sacred calling."

He was a trustee of Hendrix College for twenty-three years, and for two years he was a member of the General Board of Education of his Church, and for a number of years he was a member of the General Conference. Comrade Ware was true to the last as a soldier, faithful as a friend, affectionate and devoted as a husband and father.

He is survived by his second wife (Mrs. Fannie Cook Ware, of Arkadelphia) and his five children (Mrs. Walter J. Terry, of Little Rock; Mrs. Norman Haskell, of Oklahoma City; Mrs. Laurence Calander, of San Dimas, Cal.; Robert L. Ware, of Claremont, Cal.; and E. M. Ware, of Newport, Ark.). His body was brought to Little Rock and buried in Oakland Cemetery beside the mother of his children.

A committee composed of Jonathan Kellogg, A. J. Snodgrass, and George Thornburgh prepared the following:

"Resolved, That we cherish his memory as a comrade and member of Omer R. Weaver Camp and direct that suitable space be set apart in the record of this Camp, that this memorial be engrossed thereon, and that a copy thereof shall be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the Last Roll, and also that a copy be sent to each member of his family."

MAJ. WILLIAM J. GOODING.

The William J. Gooding Chapter, U. D. C., at Brunson, S. C., sorrow in the death of Major Gooding, for whom the Chapter is named. They state in regard to him as follows:

"Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our midst our beloved friend and honorary member, Maj. William James Gooding, for whom our Chapter was named; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That while we bow in humble submission to the will of God, we feel that our Chapter has lost a most loyal and faithful friend.

"2. That we extend to the family our heartfelt sympathy and pray that the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father may rest upon each of them in their sad affliction.

"3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent each of them, that a page in our minutes be dedicated to his memory and a copy be spread thereon, and that a copy be published in the county paper and the VETERAN."

[By Misses Hattie Gooding and Hettie Lightsey.]

BYRD DOUGLAS.

Byrd Douglas, President of the Nashville Grain Exchange, a leading bank director, and one of Nashville's most highly esteemed citizens, died suddenly December 3, 1911, at his home in Nashville. His death was a sad surprise to his family and to the public. The end came almost without apparent suffering. A week before his death he had a slight attack of the heart; but he was looking after business on Saturday, the day before his death, and spent the evening quietly at home.



BYRD DOUGLAS.

On Sunday morning while in bed he ruptured a blood vessel while coughing, and death ensued at once. His wife (Mrs. Adelaide G. Douglas) and his sons (Samuel G., Lee, and Byrd Douglas, Jr.) were present.

Byrd Douglas was born in Fayetteville, Tenn., September 12, 1845, the son of Martha Bright and Byrd Douglas. His ancestry was Scotch, his grandfather being Dr. Patrick Hume Douglas, and his grandmother being Evelyn Byrd

Beverly, of Virginia. In his boyhood the family moved to Nashville. When the War of the States began, he was attending the Western Military Institute at Nashville. Shortly thereafter, although but a stripling, he left school for the military service of the South, but was refused regular enlistment on account of the loss of one eye, which occurred in his childhood. Yet in February, 1862, he joined Baxter's Tennessee Battery, with which he participated in the battle of Shiloh, and during the siege of Corinth was attached to Gen. Bushrod Johnson's command. When the army under Bragg was transferred from Tupelo to Chattanooga, this battery, under Capt. S. L. Freeman, was with Murray's Brigade, and he was in the skirmish at Bridgeport, the capture of Fort McCook with a large amount of valuable stores, and the engagement at Stevenson August 27-31, 1862. The command remained at that post two or three months, during which time Captain Freeman detailed Mr. Douglas to obtain recruits for the battery in Middle Tennessee, making his headquarters at Fayetteville. He was so engaged for about three months, and he secured a considerable number of men for the battery, which later was assigned to General Forrest's cavalry command, with which it was identified the remainder of the war.

At the close of the war Mr. Douglas entered Forest Academy, near Louisville, where he completed his education. In illustration of his close application and standing while at this school, the family has preserved a report (1865) showing the young student's marks to have been perfect in all his studies and indorsed by the head master, under which is written: "Give me one hundred such boys." Such a record was consistent with his after life.

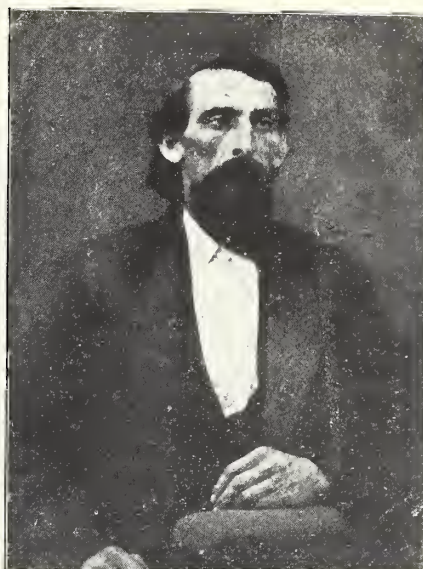
Mr. Douglas began his business career in Louisville with his uncle, Hugh Douglas, who conducted a large dry goods business. Later he came to Nashville, where he became a partner in the business of H. B. Douglas & Co. In 1874 he entered the grain and storage business in partnership with his father and brother under the name of Douglas Bros., which firm continued until 1902, when the late Bruce Douglas retired. Then the firm was changed to Byrd Douglas & Co., the son, S. G. Douglas, becoming a partner. The Douglas Warehouse was a noted enterprise of Nashville. In 1907, when the large warehouse was totally destroyed by fire, Mr. Douglas retired and gave his attention to other interests.

During a period of nearly forty years, in which he was engaged in the grain business here, he was very successful. He was a director for many years in the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, and a director of the American National Bank, and was long an important counselor. Ten years ago the Nashville Grain Exchange, including nearly all the grain dealers of this city, was organized. Mr. Douglas was then elected and was continually chosen President, and was forceful in its interests.

From his youth he was a devout Christian and a liberal contributor to charities of the city and to his Church. At the age of twenty he joined the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, where for forty-six years he had been an active and consistent member. At the time of his death he was the ruling elder and was one of its trustees. He was married twice, and is survived by his wife (Mrs. Adelaide Gaines Douglas) and five children (Mrs. Walter Cain, of Washington, D. C.; Sam G. and Lee Douglas, of Nashville; Beverly, a sophomore at Princeton; and Byrd Douglas, Jr., a Vanderbilt freshman).

Mr. Douglas was unassuming, modest, and courteous in all his dealings, and was esteemed by the business men with whom

he had dealings for his high integrity and sound judgment. His steadfastness as a Confederate was consistent with his service in the army—faithful to the end.



WILLIAM S. GAMBILL.

William Stewart Gambill was born in Bedford County, Tenn., August 25, 1833, a son of James and Martha Stewart Gambill, who were of early settlers in that section from North Carolina. He died at his home in Farmington, Tenn., June 25, 1912. He was married to Miss Fannie Ellen Ramsey, of Farmington, in May, 1875. They became the parents of six daughters, four of whom are living, and one, the youngest, is married. A little granddaughter gave him much comfort. His wife was of a pioneer family also from North Carolina, her father having settled in early days in the old town of Farmington. Lieutenant Gambill was a Mason for forty years, a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for forty-one years, and a ruling elder for thirty years.

Early in the war Billy Gambill enlisted with the Editor of the *VETERAN*, who was ten years his junior; and as the families were neighbors, Comrade Gambill was his diligent and heroic champion.

The surrender of Fort Donelson included the entire regiment, and in the early days of prison life in Camp Morton, before the generous-hearted commandant, Col. Richard Owen, could procure sufficient supplies, Orderly Sergeant Gambill had the disagreeable task of distributing the scant allowance. There was so much dissatisfaction that he resigned the service, and that duty was placed upon John B. Nance, who was utterly indifferent to complaints and so fully satisfied with his justice to each that he was amused rather than annoyed at complaints. After exchange these two were made lieutenants of the company, Gambill first and Nance second lieutenant.

Illustrative of Gambill's faithfulness and courage, mention is made of a hard march of eleven miles in the hot sun in May, 1863, when the writer was taken sick early in the day and was almost completely exhausted in the afternoon (the ambulances were ahead). Lieutenant Gambill stayed back with him and carried his baggage. When the officer of the rear guard caught up with us, he ordered that the sick soldier "move on." Lieutenant Gambill explained that the boy was ill and moving as fast as he was able. Soon

again the commander of the rear guard demanded faster marching, when Lieutenant Gambill turned upon him, all out of patience, and said: "If you touch him, I will cut you with my sword." He was a true soldier and a true man to all the obligations of his various and honorable professions.



MRS. JOSEPHINE E. ELLIS.

The death of Mrs. Josephine (Towson) Ellis, which occurred at her old home at Hartsville, Tenn., on June 6, 1912, was a sad event. Although seventy-eight years of age, according to report, it seems incredible, considering her vivacity and her active interest in her friends and in public affairs. About a year previous she happened to an accident by falling in a car at Tullahoma, Tenn. She had returned from Atlantic City, and changed cars at Tullahoma to visit Miss Carrie Sims at Faulkner Springs. The injury was not regarded as very serious at the time, but she was never able to walk afterwards except poorly on crutches. The injury was evidently more serious than supposed by her attendants. She went to her old home at Hartsville, Tenn., and remained several weeks, then came to Nashville to her old quarters in the Maxwell House, where she seemed to improve, so that in returning to Hartsville for another visit she dismissed her trained nurse. Ere long, however, she suffered a stroke of paralysis from which she never recovered, not even consciousness and ability to express herself.

Mrs. Ellis as Josephine Towson was the daughter of Jacob Towson, a leading citizen of Hartsville; but he resided on the Brazos in Texas at the time of her birth, though she was reared in Tennessee. Possessed of abundant means through her father and husband, Mrs. Ellis, while economical and practical, in a sense was bold and liberal in the public weal, giving money without stint when the cause appealed to her. She was an ardent Confederate Daughter, and attended many of the Conventions of Veterans and Daughters. An interesting interview was had by her with President Lincoln in behalf of Captain Ellis which may appear later.

She had many friends who were devoted to her, of whom were Misses Ida Hood and Susan Heron, of Belmont College. Mrs. Andrew Marshall and Mrs. Hotchkiss attended the funeral at Hartsville on June 8. It was a beautiful day, and the attendance was very large. The service was in the Christian church, and was gratifying in the worthy tributes to the

distinguished woman. Rarely has a body been more beautifully robed. It was of silk draped in white *crepe de chine*, with the corsage trimmed in rose point lace, and white satin slippers, the scene perfected by beautiful floral tributes. (The same order of robing was followed for the burial of Mrs. Mary I. DuPre, the sister-in-law of the late United States Senator W. B. Bate, who died two weeks later. The two women were devoted friends.)

Mrs. Josephine Towson Ellis was descended from prominent Colonial and Revolutionary stock. Her great-grandfather, William Towson, came from London to the English Colonies sometime before 1700, and owned all the country for ten miles north of Baltimore, embracing what is now Towson. Before leaving England, William Towson married Katherine Allen, the great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell. Many of his descendants were Revolutionary soldiers. Mrs. Ellis's grandfather, William Towson, though quite young, was in the service, and often told his children and grandchildren stories of General Washington. Gen. Nathan Towson, distinguished in the War of 1812, was a descendant of William Towson I. Mrs. Ellis was a member of the Campbell Chapter, D. A. R., Nashville, Tenn.

Capt. H. C. Ellis won the lovely Miss Towson as his bride, and the two lived together over fifty years. Captain Ellis was born in 1818, and served gallantly in the 9th Tennessee Cavalry under Gen. John H. Morgan. He was captured on the Ohio raid and imprisoned at Columbus when his chief escaped from that prison. He was successful in business, owning a large farm by the Cumberland River, and was president of a bank from its organization, in 1884, until his death, which occurred in Hartsville in October, 1908. He and Mr. Moscow Wright were long associated in the Bank of Hartsville,



CAPT. H. C. ELLIS.

ville, and the latter succeeded Captain Ellis as President. Captain Ellis left a will, and Mrs. Ellis dictated a will also to Dr. A. G. Donohoe, designating two cousins, the widow of the late Maj. James R. Crowe, of Sheffield, Ala., and the wife of Dr. J. Owen Campbell, son of Governor Campbell, of Lebanon, Tenn., with Mr. R. M. Potts and wife, as legatees.

GENERAL CONFEDERATE OFFICERS FROM TEXAS.

BY W. L. LEIGH, WAXAHACHIE, TEX.

Being Adjutant of Camp Winnie Davis, No. 108, U. C. V., at Waxahachie, I have been asked how many general officers there were in the Confederate army from Texas. I have therefore carefully prepared the inclosed roster, taken from the "War Records," which no doubt is as complete as we can hope to procure. The date is that of confirmation:

General: Albert Sidney Johnston, August 31, 1861.

Lieutenant General: John B. Hood, February 4, 1864.

Major Generals: John A. Wharton, February 4, 1864; Thomas L. Rosser, February 20, 1865.

Brigadier Generals: Ben McCulloch, March 11, 1861; Louis T. Wigfall, December 20, 1861; Joseph L. Hogg, February 14, 1862; Hamilton P. Bee, March 6, 1862; Sam B. Maxey, March 6, 1862; Henry E. McCulloch, March 18, 1862; John C. Moore, April 11, 1863; William R. Scurry, September 26, 1862; Allison Nelson, September 26, 1862; Matthew D. Ector, September 27, 1862; John Gregg, September 27, 1862; William Steele, October 3, 1862; Elkanah Greer, October 8, 1862; Jerome B. Robinson, April 22, 1863; Thomas Green, January 25, 1864; Thomas N. Waul, June 10, 1864; John W. Whitfield, January 25, 1864; Lawrence S. Ross, February 5, 1864; James E. Harrison, January 6, 1865; Walter P. Lane, March 18, 1865; William P. Hardeman, March 18, 1865; Richard Waterhouse, March 18, 1865; Richard M. Gano, March 18, 1865; Hiram B. Granbury, May 11, 1864; Felix H. Robertson, appointed July 26, 1864, not confirmed; Walter H. Stephens, January 17, 1865; William H. Young, February 20, 1865; Thomas Harrison, February 18, 1865.

Accordingly Texas furnished the Confederate army a full general, a lieutenant general, two major generals, and twenty-eight brigadier generals.

[Comrade Leigh was a private in Company H, 32d Texas Cavalry Dismounted, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.]

BORDER WARFARE IN OLD KENTUCKY.

BY A. A. NORTH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The writer resided in Northern Kentucky near the Ohio River during the War of the States. It was the policy of the Federal government to encourage the organization of home guards in the towns by furnishing arms and equipments. The invincible prowess displayed by some of these companies in the drill exercise was marvelous when no "Rebels" were near. The little town nearest my home had one of these "valiant" companies who bade defiance to Confederates on drill days.

By and by a report got circulated that the Rebels were surely advancing to capture that company. All hands got busy to load the guns in wagons and start them North at a rapid gait. In fact, there were no Confederate soldiers in a hundred miles of them.

At Maysville, a town of about six thousand inhabitants, there were four or five hundred of these home guards, with two gunboats anchored in the river to command the approaches on near-by hills. It so happened that General Morgan's plans made it expedient to threaten Maysville. Accordingly Capt. Peter Everett was ordered to make the diversion, which he did with a hundred men, heralding himself as the advance guard of Morgan's army, a "short distance in the rear." As soon as the report gained circulation our gunboats raised anchor and steamed for parts unknown, and Captain Everett was denied even a glance at them. He, however, received a prompt surrender of the town without a gun's

being fired, held it an hour or so, and left undisturbed. He could have been surrounded and captured easily.

Augusta, Ky., twenty miles below, had a company with more valor than discretion. Gen. Basil W. Duke, in command of a division of Morgan's Cavalry, decided to capture that town. At the news of his approach the provost marshal, against the advice of a trained military officer, sent to the country and pressed into service every man that he could, many of whom were strong Southern sympathizers. Some of them were killed in a battle that followed, though refusing to fire a gun. There were the two regulation gunboats also which fired one or two shots, and, finding that Duke's men had the range on them, raised anchor and steamed out of danger. The valiant home guards took refuge in the houses, which necessitated firing the town to dislodge them, but not until from fifty to one hundred had been killed and wounded. This was the only real battle that occurred in that section.

The following day about five hundred home guards from Ripley, Ohio, composed of volunteers, conscripts, regulars, irregulars, and ragtag generally, came over intent upon demolishing Duke's army; but it is said that "fortune favors the brave." They went in one direction while Duke was going in another, and they never got as close to him as they were when they started, and evidently they were glad of it.

While there was little real fighting, there was much annoyance from raiders, horse traders, and horse thieves who represented both sides in the trade.

My father-in-law, Rev. Hiram Baker, was preaching on one occasion in a small town when his congregation became so nervous that he stopped to inquire the cause, and he was told that Morgan's men were coming and they wanted to save their horses. He told them to go and he would trust his to providence. Morgan's men came and exchanged with him, leaving a worthless horse in place.

The sentiment was fairly divided in that section. About as many soldiers served on one side as on the other. Many of our boys were captured and sent to prison and some were executed. The writer, though a mere youth, could appreciate the serious and ludicrous sides of the situation.

Near the close of the war, as the Federal lines extended farther South, their vigilance relaxed to some extent. Yet we were compelled to exercise great caution in aiding our Southern boys with such things as they needed. Of course they were contraband articles, and this was done at peril.

LIVING MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATES.

Mrs. Mary A. Mell Lambright, widow of Veteran James E. Lambright, of the engineering department, provisional government, C. S. A., is the mother of Veteran James T. Lambright, who was a private in Troop G, 5th Regiment Georgia Cavalry, and Commander of Camp Jackson, No. 806, U. C. V., Brunswick, Ga. She was married in 1842. She had nine children (three sons and six daughters), of whom one son and five daughters are living, together with thirty-one grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. Her home is in Brunswick, Ga., where she is loved by all who know her.

Mrs. Margaret Lasserre, aged ninety, is the mother of Veteran Joseph F. Lasserre, of Company A, 26th Regiment, Lawton-Gordon-Evans Brigade, member of Camp Jackson, No. 806, U. C. V., Brunswick, Ga. Mrs. Lasserre lives in Fernandina, Fla. Two of her three sons are living, as are six of her nine daughters, also twenty-three grandchildren and thirty-two great-grandchildren.

[Other sketches of these noble women desired.—EDITOR.]

ALEX POSTON A HERO OF FORT DONELSON.

Mr. A. C. Burnett, of Cadiz, Ky., writes that the young man who so gallantly fell while in front of his command at Fort Donelson, as reported by Mr. D. W. Fogg, of Mitchellville, Iowa, on page 308 of the July *VETERAN*, was Alexander Poston, of Cadiz, and that a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was named for him. Mr. Burnett writes that he was the first Confederate killed who went to the war from that town, and adds: "A gentleman now living here was in the same company with this boy and saw him lying dead in the road while the fight was at its height, but next day went back to get his body and it was gone. This confirms the fact stated by the Missouri man that he was buried. The photo shows the boy with a drawn sword. This is how that came about. Just before the war a local company of boys was organized here, and this boy was made captain. He went to a local blacksmith shop and had made for himself an old iron sword, and this is what he had when the photo was made. Two men are still living here who were in this boy's organization, and they give this account of how the sword appears in the picture. While not positive of the picture, as it has been over fifty years, they firmly believe it to be Alex Poston, as they remember the circumstances of the sword, of how he was killed, and that his friends never could find his body. Two sisters are yet living, and we want to locate them and submit this photo to them. We hope that the owner of this original photo will send it here. Something connected with the old photo might refresh the memory of those who knew the boy when he lived here. His sisters and friends would be gratified to get this photo."

THE HARLAN FAMILY REUNION.

On Wednesday and Thursday, August 21 and 22, 1912, the Association of the Descendants of George and Michael Harlan in the United States will hold in Richmond, Ind., its twelfth national reunion. This reunion will celebrate the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the landing of its ancestors, George and Michael Harlan, on the shores of America and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the family's organization.

Every person bearing the name of Harlan or who traces to a Harlan ancestry is cordially invited to be present.

Address A. H. Harlan, Secretary, New Burlington, Ohio.

"NEW MARKET CAMPAIGN, MAY, 1864."

The above book is by Edward Raymond Turner, Professor of English History in the University of Michigan. It is 12mo and has two hundred and three pages, maps, and engravings. It is published by Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. The price is \$1.50 net; postage, 15 cents.

Dr. James Power Smith mentions this book in a careful review as a contribution to war history, "attractive and deeply interesting." He mentions it as "a masterly study of the campaign in the Valley of Virginia which culminated on May 15, 1864, in the battle of New Market." The book is well made, printed accurately in good type, and very tastefully bound, with maps and illustrations, etc. In a careful review Dr. Smith refers to the notable skill and energy of the Confederate leader, General Breckinridge, the unity of action on the field, the courage and gallantry of officers and men of all commands, the part taken by the boys of the V. M. I. Cadet Corps, and the signal victory of the Confederate force against somewhat superior numbers and at a time of general depression and discouragement. * * *

The engagement, which lasted through the day, was most

vigorously fought, with changes in the lines and formations and with advancing positions until in the evening victory perched on the battle flag of the South and the Federal force withdrew from the field. It was not a great battle as to the number engaged, but was important in holding in check the Federal campaign for the possession of the Shenandoah Valley, of Staunton, and of the railroad which brought the supplies of Western Virginia to the support of Richmond and the Army of Northern Virginia. The story is one of the most thrilling in all the narratives of minor and separate campaigns.

Gen. John Cabell Breckinridge directed and led in the engagement with consummate skill and energy. With him were General Imboden, of the Valley, and Generals Echols and Wharton from the Southwest. And under them were the gallant Cols. Edgar and George Smith and Derrick, and with the Cadet Battalion was Col. Scott Shipp, with the artillery Major McLaughlin, and staff Maj. Stoddard Johnston.

The part taken in this battle by the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute has given to the whole engagement a peculiar and pathetic interest in Virginia and the South and in the North as well. It was a battalion of boys numbering about two hundred and eighty in four companies, too young to be enlisted in the army. Suddenly called from the barracks and lecture rooms of their school, unused to the march and the field of battle, they went into the fire of battle with the veterans of many fields, and held their alignments like regulars and moved steadily forward from one position to another, leaving some dead and many wounded behind, until in the closing struggle they were in the center of the force which charged and secured the victory of that day.

After midnight the sleeping battalion was called from the wet ground into line, and at Colonel Shipp's suggestion Capt. Frank Preston, of Company B, offered prayer to God that all might do their duty well and yet their heads be covered with the honors of battle. It was the purpose of the general commanding to hold the Cadet Battalion in reserve and use it only in action should there be great need. But through the changes in formation and the new alignments the cadets moved steadily onward, gradually going to the front, until in the center of the Confederate advance they passed on two sides of the Bushong house and charged through the orchard and seized the guns that were sweeping the field, and so, breaking the center of the Federal line, compelled its retirement, and the day was won.

The V. M. I. cadets were the only heroes of the field of New Market. The 26th Virginia Battalion, under Col. George W. Edgar, on the extreme left of the Confederate line, fought with such courage and steadiness and ultimate success that history will not fail to record its fame. In all arms of the command there were signal displays of soldierly courage and gallantry, and "there is glory enough for all." This book is a chapter of interest in the history of that war.

EDWARD WATERMAN'S SONG BOOK.—Mrs. M. W. Wilson, of Philippi, W. Va., writes: "I have a thin cloth-back song book, 4x6 inches, picked up in a deserted camp during the War of the States. It was sent evidently by a mother to 'Edward Waterman, Macon, Ga., January 17, 1860.' I would gladly send it to the rightful owner."

"THE CRADLE OF THE CONFEDERACY."—This is a book written by Hodge, of Mobile, that the *VETERAN* would like to find. Those having copies to sell will please write, stating binding, condition, and price asked.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS FROM MAY 1, 1912, TO JUNE 27, 1912.

Chapters.

Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Wilmington, Del., \$5;
Robert E. Lee Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal., \$25.

Individuals.

Alabama: W. S. Wiggins, Monroeville, \$2; H. C. Davidson, Montgomery, \$1; C. S. McDowell, Jr., Eufaula, \$1; William C. Crumpton, Evergreen, \$2; J. J. Davenport, Letohatchee, \$1; Mrs. T. T. Hillman, Birmingham, \$25; James A. Woods, Birmingham, \$1; J. B. Powers, Demopolis, \$1; John Parr, Demopolis, \$1; Dr. C. N. Lacy, Demopolis, \$1; Col. N. G. Winn, Demopolis, \$1; I. B. Ullmer, Demopolis, \$1; a friend, Demopolis, \$1; L. Folda, Demopolis, 50 cents; Lee Sanders, Demopolis, 50 cents; C. E. Michael, Demopolis, 50 cents; W. E. Michael, Demopolis, 50 cents; Warren George, Demopolis, 50 cents; A. C. Acton, Birmingham, \$1; Mrs. G. T. Turner, Huntsville, \$1.

Arkansas: W. H. Ramsey, Argenta, \$2; T. E. Helm, Little Rock, \$1; W. T. Pierce, Hope, \$1; Thomas H. Sims, Texarkana, \$1; V. Y. Cook, Batesville, \$25; J. A. Reeves, Camden, \$1; Dave Felsenthal, Camden, \$1; John W. Bird, Camden, 50 cents; James E. Lide, Camden, 50 cents; George W. Newton, Camden, 50 cents; Col. S. W. Fordyce (Federal), Hot Springs, \$25.

California: Arthur L. Darby, Downey, Cal., \$2.50; E. C. Dozier, Oakland, \$20; Mrs. C. C. Clay, Oakland, \$10; William B. Richard, San Francisco, \$1; Lafayette Yates, Elsmore, \$1; California Veteran Association, Los Angeles, \$5; Col. J. P. Brock, Los Angeles, \$1; Albert McKneely, Los Angeles, \$1; Mrs. J. T. Griffith, Santa Rosa, \$1; Rev. M. M. Moore, Santa Barbara, \$1; Mrs. E. C. Hardaway, Los Angeles, \$1.

Colorado: Mrs. J. A. Gallaher, Denver, Colo., \$2.

Connecticut: Mrs. Louisa T. Palmer, New London, \$10; Miss Virginia Palmer, New London, \$5; Miss Theodora Palmer, New London, \$5; Mrs. Matilda Townsend Palmer, Middletown, \$10.

District of Columbia: John H. Lewis, Washington, \$1; Duncan M. Fletcher, Washington, \$5; Mrs. R. L. Townsend, Washington, \$1; M. J. Knight, Washington, \$1; Orville J. Moot, Washington, \$1; William G. Brantley, Washington, \$5; C. C. Calhoun, Washington, \$5.

Florida: E. G. Porter, Apalachicola, Fla., \$2; P. L. Durisoe, Conner, \$1; H. L. Grady, Apalachicola, \$2; William S. Thayer, Jacksonville, \$2; F. C. Brent, Pensacola, \$10; John C. Blocker, St. Petersburg, \$1; John C. Blocker, Jr., St. Petersburg, \$1; Miss Nina M. Blocker, St. Petersburg, \$1; Miss Nellie M. Blocker, St. Petersburg, \$1; J. W. Young, Tampa, \$1; John C. White, Tampa, \$1; James F. Jaudon, Miami, \$5; Mrs. Mary McK. Nash, Pensacola, \$1; Mrs. Marion B. Knowles, Pensacola, \$1; John F. Cox, Lakeland, \$1; D. J. Jones, Chipley, \$1; J. Baxley, Chipley, \$1; C. B. Dunn, Chipley, \$1; C. V. Royster, Chipley, \$1; Charles E. Wilson, Chipley, \$1; John Roberts, Chipley, \$1; J. J. Stokes, Jr., Chipley, \$1; P. B. Calloway, Chipley, \$1; J. R. McKolskey, Chipley, \$1; J. J. Williams, Chipley, \$1; S. A. Alford, Chipley, \$1; John B. Glenn, Chipley, \$1; A. A. Myers, Jr., Chipley, \$1; W. O. Butler, Sr., Chipley, \$1; W. O. Butler, Jr., Chipley, \$1; E. N. Dekle, Chipley, \$1; A. D. Campbell, Chipley, \$1; H. H. Wells, Chipley, \$1; E. J. Stokes, Chipley, \$1; M. R. Ballantine, Chipley, \$1; Dr. F. C. Wilson, Chipley, \$1; J. T. Britt, Chipley, 50 cents; J. D. Campbell, 50 cents; Dr. W. E. Coleman, Chipley, 50 cents; William McMullin, Chipley, 25 cents; James F. Tucker, Tampa, \$1;

C. L. Willoughby, Lakeland, \$1; W. H. Clifford, Lakeland, \$1; Samuel Pasco, Monticello, \$1; H. H. Duncan, Tavares, \$2; W. A. Miller, O'Brien, \$2; Robert Lilly, Fort Myers, \$1; J. S. Jennings, Gonzales, \$1; Benton M. Leary, Madison, \$1; B. F. Moseley, Madison, \$1; J. P. Hill, Seffner, \$1; H. J. Winpiger, Seffner, \$1; J. W. Brown, Seffner, \$1; S. D. Kyle, Seffner, \$1; R. J. Blanton, \$1; T. F. Parramore, Seffner, \$1.

Georgia: Robert J. Lowry, Atlanta, \$5; Dr. John L. Branch, Cedartown, \$1; Richard Johnson, Gray, \$1; J. W. Stafford, Barnesville, \$5; Mrs. F. A. Howard, Columbus, \$10; T. E. Shaffer, Cuthbert, \$1; W. T. Martin, Thomson, \$1; J. H. Sibley, Union Point, \$1; J. E. F. Matthews, Thomaston, \$1; H. D. Watts, Americus, \$1; S. B. Adams, Savannah, \$5; C. R. Woods, Savannah, \$5; A. R. Tinsley, Macon, \$2; J. O. Verne-doe, Valdosta, \$5; William B. Stephens, Savannah, \$5; Andrew J. Cobb, Athens, \$1; J. L. Kleckley, Oglethorpe, \$1; R. K. Reaves, Athens, \$1; Mrs. Raphael Semmes, Savannah, \$10; F. H. Bozeman, Hawkinsville, \$1; Alvan D. Freeman, Newnan, \$1.10; Dan Gillis, Julia, \$1; W. F. Snyder, Columbus, \$1; Leo Loewenherz, Columbus, \$1; L. H. Mitchell, Columbus, \$1; John C. Cook, Columbus, \$2; John T. Davis, Columbus, \$1; E. W. Swift, Columbus, \$1; C. M. Woolfolk, Columbus, \$1; John T. Fletcher, Columbus, \$1; F. U. Garrard, Columbus, \$1; Mrs. O. E. Horton, Doraville, \$2; R. C. Mallette, Hazlehurst, \$1; W. H. Tondée, Lumpkin, \$1; J. G. Singer, Lumpkin, \$1; Dr. M. P. Alexander, Maysville, \$2; T. T. Key, Norcross, \$1; J. L. Sweat, Waycross, \$1.

Illinois: W. G. Cline, Morrisonville, \$1; H. J. Barrow, Gibson City, \$2.

Kentucky: Miss Nannie Nutt and sisters, Versailles, \$4; Mrs. Jennie E. Stuart, Fairview, \$100.

Missouri: A. E. Asbury, Higginsville, \$5; Jerome Twichell, Kansas City, \$5.

North Carolina: Isaac Hardeman, Charlotte, \$5.

Oklahoma: Gen. John Threadgill, Ardmore, \$25.

Additional Contributions through the Veteran.

Mrs. J. B. Wilson, Waxahachie, Tex., \$5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Paducah, Ky., \$1; Armstead Carpenter, Lincoln, Ala., \$2; D. C. Sample, Fresno, Cal., \$5; Judge J. H. Martin, Hawkinsville, Ga., \$1.

ORIGINAL PURCHASES PAID IN FULL.

Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Association, writes on July 17: "Recently we received \$800 from the State and placed the amount to the credit of the Jefferson Davis Home Association. This was the appropriation intended to pay the balance of the purchase money of the Home, and I am glad to say now that this has been done. Every dollar of indebtedness has been paid with interest, and the little nucleus that we have now left on hand I hope will be a nest egg that will grow until it reaches considerable dimensions."

Two Kentucky brothers were in love with the same Kentucky belle in the early sixties, as were many others. The rivalry, however, was sharpest between the two brothers. One of them hied away to Dixie and became a gallant Confederate soldier; the other anticipated making headway during that dark period, but after the war was over the returned soldier in the sunshine of his old Kentucky home won the fair maid.

Inquiry is made for the war record of Creed Haskins Bennett, who was a member of the 11th Texas Cavalry, enlisting at Tarrant, Tex. He was a prisoner at the close of the war. Any comrade who remembers him will please address Mrs. Helen E. Bennett, Hopkinsville, Ky.

"THE BOYS WHO NEVER CAME BACK."

BY ANNA ROBERTSON NOXON.

[Brady, the war artist, among other heart-touching scenes, has one of the first young men who fell in the opening of the War of the States, beardless boys, pulled to one side of a dense wood, with white, upturned faces staring sightlessly at the blue skies of May. Mr. Brady labeled this picture "The Boys Who Never Came Back," which is the subject of this poem.]

In many a lonely thicket,
Far from life's beaten track,
Are scout and guard and picket—
The boys who never came back!

By many a brawling water,
Near a mill wheel's noisy clack,
They lie where they sank in slaughter—
The boys who never came back!

Death did not choose or single
His mark on each busy day;
In serried ranks they mingle—
The flower of the blue and gray.

They died where the cannon's thunder
Made savage pulses thrill,
That the flag they battled under
Might wave o'er freemen still.

It is well to be brave and tender
And wise to a country's needs;
When she calls for a quick defender,
It is then that valor bleeds

But up from that gloomy border
And the vales of the holocaust
Must arise a newer order
For the sake of the ones we lost.

O sweethearts, wives, and mothers,
Stand for the gift God gave;
Send not your sons and brothers
To a soldier's unknown grave.

At the sepulcher first was woman,
And her woes will never cease
Till the world has been made human
By the dawn of eternal peace.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX IN AMERICAN JOURNAL-EXAMINER.

The men of the Southern States have always been famed for their gallantry, especially toward the fair sex, of no matter what age or condition. There is an opportunity for this reputation to be materialized into action. Something like twenty years ago a Southern woman made for herself a place in the literary parlors of New York by her mental and physical charms. She wrote delightful bits of verse, she recited Southern dialect with irresistible charm, and she was beautiful to behold. Fifteen years ago this lady met with a trolley accident. At the same time she was nursing an anvalid husband, and when he died it was too late to cure the injury to her spine. Besides, she had no means. From that day to last autumn she grew poorer in health and purse, and by mere accident old friends found her in a semicharitable institution, occupying a bed in a room with five other old lady invalids. Health and youth gone, suffering continually with her spine, yet the wit and good cheer of her nature survived. A few

good friends combined to send her to Dr. Sahler's sanitarium at Kingston-on-the-Hudson. Her spine is being treated, and she is assured of remaining until May. After that it will be necessary to enlarge the fund.

Anna Robertson Noxon was born in Tennessee. Her father died fighting for the Confederacy, and he was a Mason. Surely between the Masonic order and the gallantry of the Southern men the needed fund for the support of this brilliant and gifted woman should be raised without difficulty. Mrs. Noxon has written two poems while at the sanitarium which have been taken by New York editors. Her wit and optimism in the midst of her poverty and pain have caused her to be the favorite of the medical staff and the other patients of the sanitarium.

Will not our well-to-do Southern people take this matter in hand? Will they not do as much as the Northern people have already done for this gifted and unfortunate woman? Mrs. Noxon is a widow, childless, homeless, ill and penniless, and sixty-four years old; but her bright mind and good heart are both active.

The above verses indicate her mental ability, but with her telescoped spine and advancing years she is not able to make literature a paying profession. The woman who in loneliness can write such lines ought not to become an inmate of an almshouse. She should find friends among Southerners, who consider it a privilege to raise a fund for her maintenance. No contributions must be sent to this writer or this paper. Send directly to Anna Robertson Noxon, care Dr. Sahler, Kingston-on-the-Hudson, New York.

In connection with the above Comrade W. H. Davis, brother-in-law of the late Governor Marks, writes from Cuero, Tex.: "The inclosures speak for themselves. Mrs. Noxon is a cousin of mine. Her father was colonel of a Missouri regiment of cavalry, and was commanding a brigade in the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn, Ark., when he was killed, being pierced by twenty-seven bullets. When Mrs. Noxon was about thirty years old, she was writing for the New York Mercury and St. Louis Republic. Besides her father, she had two brothers in the Confederate army. One of them was captured somewhere in Tennessee and incarcerated in the dungeon of the penitentiary at Nashville for forty days, which so wrecked his health that he died soon after the war. Her other brother died about twenty years ago. No doubt the Masonic fraternity would respond to Mrs. Wilcox's petition if they realized Mrs. Noxon's real condition."

[Mrs. Noxon's father, Dr. Hugh Robertson, was a descendant of Gen. James Robertson, of pioneer fame in Tennessee. The VETERAN varies from the rule in favoring direct donation. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who makes the appeal, is very careful on this point. She has had money for a long time to donate when she realized that the cause is worthy. Our Southern people ought not to wait for her to help from this sacred fund.]

DEFICIT ON THE LEBANON MONUMENT.—Mr. A. J. Casey, of Lebanon, Tenn., Chairman of the Hatton Monument Committee, reports a shortage of \$190.25 in the fund. He will be glad to have the assistance of friends who have not yet contributed to this memorial in meeting this deficit. He reports that this deficit occurred through the failure of the late Senator Taylor, on account of ill health, to deliver a lecture from which it was expected that more than the amount would be raised. This unexpected misfortune becomes at least a mute appeal for help.

MEMORIAL DAY IN MARYLAND.

BY MARY E. WHEELER, BALTIMORE, MD.

Calmly at Loudon Park gather our own,
 Making each sixth of June worthy those flown;
 Even if going means losses and pain,
 Ever the cause before personal gain,
 For they cannot abandon the truth that they love;
 It is part of their being affianced above.

Softly the band plays the death marches o'er,
 Bravely the banners advance as of yore,
 Slowly the thin gray line charges the hill,
 Aged and poor, may be wounded and ill;
 Those who followed the flag when their footsteps were light
 Come in age to confirm that their conflict was right.

After the veterans, vanquished by years,
 Fade 'mid the trees as gray smoke disappears,
 Widows of heroes from near and afar
 Thrillingly tread where their hearts often are;
 Then like dew come the young with their hearts beating high
 With the honor of going where glory glides by.

Round the Confederate standing in stone,
 Typing the strength that his people have shown,
 Row after row of their comrades are grouped,
 Lying all lowly with fresh flowers looped.
 There are names they have known in the heyday of youth
 Amid names of the stranger that stir only ruth.

Living and dead, they have shown no affright;
 Liberty, home life, and history's might
 Called them and armed them and nerved them of old
 E'er be their motive and suffering extolled.
 'Tis a rung in the ladder that freemen must climb
 Till the world swings aloft in the fullness of time.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee" sung by us all,
 Nearer each other our throbbing hearts call.
 Babies are there where the soft breezes blow,
 Learning from heroes how grandly to grow.
 That the ages to come in the sweetness of youth
 Learn that what we defended was freedom and truth.

Fondly the veterans stroll about near;
 Greetings from comrades fall sweet on the ear.
 Anecdotes flash, reminiscences fall,
 Leaders are storied with glory for all.
 For the blood of the brave and the prayers of the saints
 Are the parents of freedom, whate'er our complaints.

Grand the oration that calls from the tomb,
 Fifty years sealed, the four years of our gloom.
 Nation-wide State rights are lasting applause
 Won by our darling, our paramount cause.
 And the maiden who raises her voice to recite
 Is a symbol of womanhood sweetening might.

Solemn the hush when the prayer rises high,
 Only the trees interrupt and the sky;
 Young man or veteran, bowed is his head;
 Sweetly the oriole pipes for the dead.
 Unto God be the glory for men like our own;
 May our sons reach the stature these giants have shown!

Holiness ever is part of their fame;
 Fighting or starving, they righted their name.
 Heaven bends near, when to all gathered there
 Tenderly trembles the taps on the air.
 O'er the hill sleep in line their strong foemen of old
 Till by reveille roused, by one Captain controlled.

DIANA SMITH, ONE OF THE SOUTH'S HEROINES.

A friend has kindly furnished us with some interesting particulars in the history of Diana Smith.

"She was born and reared in the county of Jackson. Her father is a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was leading a quiet, peaceful, and useful life until his country was invaded, when he called his countrymen to arms and raised the first company of guerrillas, which he commanded until captured last fall, since when he has been confined in a loathsome dungeon at Camp Chase, Ohio.

"Diana, his only daughter, is a beautiful girl. She was tenderly reared and well educated. She is also a member of the M. E. Church, and has lived an exemplary life. She is descended from a race of unflinching nerve and satisfied with nothing less than freedom. Although a tender and delicate flower, she has been five times captured by the Yankees and marched sometimes on foot in manacles a prisoner, once a considerable distance into Ohio, at which time she made her escape. She too has been in service; she was in several battles in which her father engaged the enemy and where blood flowed like water. Her trusty rifle has made more than one Yankee 'bite the dust.' She left her home in company with Miss Duskie, who has earned the proud distinction of a heroine. On one occasion she was surrounded by five Yankees and Union men, when she went rushing through their ranks with a daring that struck terror to them. With her rifle lashed across her shoulders, she swam the west fork of the Kanawha River and made her way to the Mountain Rangers, preferring to trust her safety to these brave spirits, well knowing that her sex would entitle her to protection from these brave mountaineers. These young ladies have lain in the mountains for months with no bed but the earth and no covering but the canopy of heaven. They have shared the soldier's rough fare, his dangers, and his hopes."—*Wytheville (Va.) Dispatch*.

NARRATIVE OF FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

BY MAJ. GEORGE B. GUILD, ADJUTANT, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I have about completed a narrative of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment (commanded by Col. Baxter Smith), Wharton's old division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. I am now engaged in making out the casualty list. Many of the eleven companies have responded fairly well in furnishing a list of the members of their company killed in battle, in which battle, and date they were killed. I also request the names of the wounded in battle and such as died of disease during the war. I have the names of one hundred and six who were killed, and a few names of such as were wounded or died during the war, and I will publish such as I can procure. Every survivor of a company should remember those of his comrades who were killed in battle. This being furnished, he can approximate the number of wounded, as five wounded to one killed is the accepted ratio in all armies.

I have no report from Company D (Captain Phillips), Company F (Capt. J. R. Lester), and Company L (Capt. J. I. Parton) except a few names that I as adjutant of the regiment happen to remember. Captain Parton was killed at Chickamauga, and Captains Phillips and Lester died after the surrender. The few survivors of these companies have been unable to furnish me many names. I personally know that they were as good companies as the others and are entitled to as large an average list of casualties. It will be a great favor to have response at once.

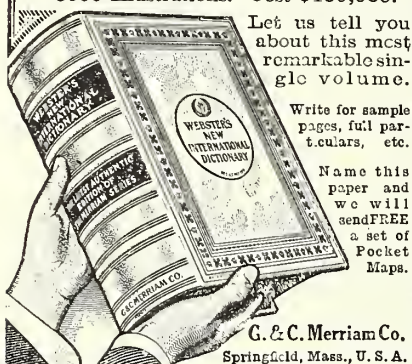
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Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., inquires for any one who can give evidence of the service of James Russell Hill, who enlisted in 1862 at Eufaula, Ala., in Captain Robert's company. His widow, eighty years of age, is helpless and needs a pension.

Mrs. R. Virginia Hull, of Tacoma, Wash. (care Whitehall), wishes to secure the record of her father, Frank Quinn, who served as a messenger under Major Green, of a Virginia regiment, which was formed at Salem, Roanoke County, Va. This regiment was under fire at the battle of Manassas. She also inquires as to the regiment of one Major Mack.

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DEVOTION TO "MY MASTER."

Two soldiers in the churchyard
Lay sleeping side by side,
Still spurred and cloaked and sworded,
As on their final ride.

No warning bugle woke them

Or summoned to the fray;

They held a truce eternal,

The blue coat and the gray.

Memorial morning thither,

With feeble step and slow,

There came an aged negro

Whose wool was white as snow.

Twin wreaths of damask roses

He bore with tender care;

Beside each grave he halted

And laid a garland there.

"Why do you deem," I asked him,

"Alike the Gray and Blue?"

He touched with reverent fingers

The blossoms bright with dew.

"One was," he said, "my master

'Way down in Tennessee,

And one a Union soldier

Who died to set me free."

—Leslie's Weekly.

Mrs. James Montgomery, of Ghent, Ky., would like to hear from any comrades who remember her husband as pilot on the gunboat Jackson, thought to have been the first gunboat leaving New Orleans. He was afterwards on the McRay, Commodore Hollins's flagship, and was also on the Arkansas Ram when her officers deemed it necessary to blow her up to prevent her falling into the hands of the Federals. At the close of the war he was in Texas under General Ma-gruder.

Comrades of the 2d Georgia Regiment who remember Daniel F. (Bud) Griffin, who enlisted at Adairsville or old Cassville, will confer a favor by writing to C. E. Brown, Bellevue, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 1. This information is wanted by his daughters.

The State Library at Austin, Tex., needs Volume I. (1893), the first three numbers of 1894, and February, 1896, to complete its file of the VETERAN. Any who wish to donate these numbers or to dispose of them will kindly write to the librarian.

Sam A. Jones, of Anadarko, Okla., Box 455, wishes to get a copy of the poem used for Memorial Day, each stanza ending with "Why don't you put flowers on papa's grave?" Some of our patrons may be able to supply a copy of this poem.

Mrs. Mittie Hanks, 21 Wallace Avenue, Covington, Ky., is trying to secure the war record of her late husband, Cyrus Hanks, who was enlisted in an Arkansas regiment and with Kirby Smith's command. Surviving comrades will kindly write to her.

Mrs. Emily Fawbush, 321 Adams Street, Louisville, Ky., makes inquiry for comrades who can testify to the service of J. B. Epperson, who enlisted in Richmond, Va., and was in the 38th Battalion of Pickett's Division.

Mrs. Fannie Young, of Sylvester, Ga., daughter of Jackson Marion Hancock, who belonged to Company B, 10th Georgia Battalion, under Capt. Daniel Henderson, is anxious to ascertain his present whereabouts if living, as he left his home in 1866. He was a great violinist.

C. E. Heath, of Rockwall, Tex., wants a copy of an old song in which appear these lines:

"They'll never subdue us, and that you'll all see,

While we have Bragg, Beauregard,
Johnston, and Lee."

James T. Buck, of Chillicothe, Tex., is compiling a history of the Buck family, and is anxious to communicate with any members of this family. The descendants of the Rev. Richard Buck, of the Jamestown colony, are especially requested to write to him, as are all the Bucks of Virginia and North Carolina.

B. L. Wynn, of Charleston, Miss., would be pleased to hear from any member of the Signal Corps of the 2d Army Corps, A. N. V., known as T. J. Jackson's signal corps.

Mrs. Annie Toney, of Ocilla, Ga., would like to hear from some one who was with her husband, Sidney S. Toney, of Forsyth, Ga., at the time of the surrender. He was a member of Company D, 5th Georgia Reserves. She needs this information to complete her pension application.

E. P. Hudson, of Greenville (R. F. D. No. 2), S. C., wishes to learn of any Confederates who may have nursed his father, P. W. Hudson, of Company F, 16th South Carolina Regiment, who, on Hood's retreat from Nashville, was left at Pulaski, Tenn., and died on February 12, 1865, in the hands of the Federal army. Any information will be appreciated.

Ed C. Hill, 4581 Ferdinand Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., has in his collection of curios a knife of the old-fashioned buck-horn pattern which was recently found near Marshall, Mo. On the knife is a silver plate on which is engraved: "Presented by Capt. Thomas Harris to J. H. Davis." Mr. Hill will be glad to find the rightful owner of the knife and its history.

Mrs. R. M. Quisenberry, of Hickory Grove, Ky., Route No. 2, will appreciate any information of the service of W. C. Quisenberry in the Confederate army, especially as to his discharge or parole, what prison he was in, and where his company and regiment were surrendered. The same information will be appreciated by Mrs. R. M. Thompson, of Louisville, Ky., as to her husband's service. Both wish to apply for pensions.

Mrs. L. M. Piper, 1222 Monroe Street, Spokane, Wash., is very anxious to find out whether her brother, Hugh Dickerson, survived the war or not. It seems that he was left sick at Memphis, Tenn., as the troops passed through, and that he recovered sufficiently to be removed to the home of a friend, Jim Early, at Arkadelphia, Ark. The news came that he had died there and was buried by the kind-hearted Mrs. Early, but the sister hopes to learn something more of him.

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The heroine of the story is a Nashville girl and very attractive. All the characters are natural. The incidents are stirring, and the book is written in the kindest spirit. As a work of fiction it is both instructive and very entertaining. The first limited edition is exhausted, and the second will be on sale soon.

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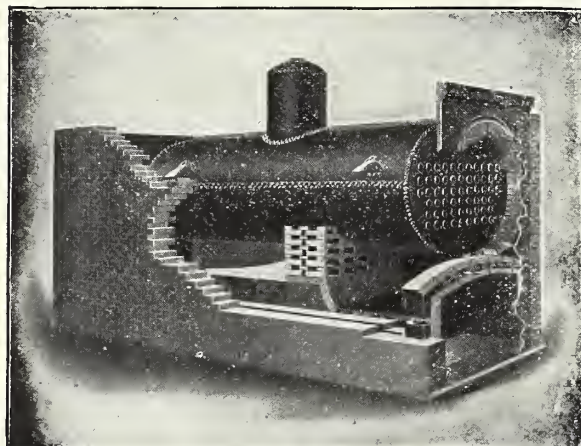
Alexander Patterson, of Beattyville, Ky., writes in behalf of the widow of Clifton Beach, who served in a company or regiment raised in Charleston, W. Va., an officer of which was named Hampton, and who afterwards lived at

Ashland, Ky. He thinks this was Stewart's Battery, and he will appreciate hearing from any survivors who remember the service of Comrade Beach and can give the information that will help the widow secure a pension.

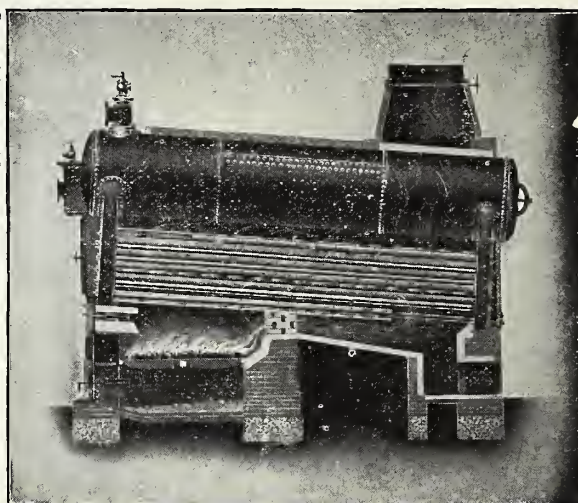
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"WE WORE THE GRAY."

BY COL. W. R. DANIEL, DALLAS, TEX.

(To the Confederate living and dead.)

How grand and noble was the sight

When men who wore the gray

Stood side by side with bayonets bright

And eager for the fray!

We left our homes in sixty-one,

Our young hearts light and gay;

'Twas in that year the war begun;

'Twas then we donned the gray.

We donned it at our country's call,

Our Southland to defend;

We donned it, though brave men must
fall,

Till cruel war should end.

We wore it on the battle field,

We wore it in the camp;

We wore it till compelled to yield

And homeward had to tramp.

We wore it in the summer days,

In winter's chilling blast;

We wore it in the burning rays,

We wore it to the last.

We wore it in the snow and sleet,

We wore it in the rain;

We wore it too with bleeding feet,

Our country's cause to gain.

We wore it then, we wear it still;

We wore it though we fell;

We loved it then and always will,

The gray we love so well;

We wear it still and always will

As long as life shall last;

We'll wear it on and on until

Our weary days have passed.

The years are gone and time has passed,

Our country now at peace.

We hear no more the bugle blast,

Nor wish for war to cease.

When life is o'er and we at rest,

Our forms are laid away,

It will be said: "They did their best;

They wore the Dixie gray."

We stand beside the lonely grave

And drop a silent tear;

With heads bowed down for men so
brave

We breathe a fervent prayer.

No more they hear the bugle call,

"To arms," at reveille;

So now we let the curtain fall

On those who wore the gray.

And now, dear comrades, one and all,

Life's journey soon must end.

We soon will answer to the call,

Our souls to heaven ascend.

Kind friends will lay us gently down

'Neath mother earth and clay.

Above our forms a little stone

Will tell: "We wore the gray."

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. {
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. {

VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1912.

No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER B. WHITE, PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Only two months remain in which to help your Division or your Chapter not in a Division to win the "certificate of merit" that I offered last December for the largest increase in membership. As advised then, this will be rewarded not only for increase in general membership to new Chapters and Children's Chapters, but for the number of Chapters represented by credentials in the Washington convention and by the *per capita* tax paid. Several Divisions are working enthusiastically for this certificate. Each one of you can help your State President win it. In your zeal for new members, however, do not gather in members regardless of their eligibility, but accept only desirable members with good, clear Confederate records.

All reports in regard to the certificate of merit must be sent me by Division Presidents by November 1, so do not postpone this work; also remember that the books of the Treasurer General will close thirty days before the convention.

No crosses of honor will be issued after November 1; so make it your duty to see that no veteran or descendant who deserves and desires a cross shall fail to receive one. See that notices go in your local papers and that all applications are sent in promptly.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Washington, with the assistance of all the Confederate organizations of the District of Columbia, have made beautiful plans for the convention in November, and I hope many of you will attend and participate in our deliberations and pleasures. The New Willard will be headquarters, and the sessions of the convention will be held in the ballroom of that hotel.

The corner stone of the Arlington monument will be laid on Tuesday afternoon of convention week, the convention opening Tuesday evening, November 12. After our feet have pressed the hallowed soil of Arlington and we have seen that desolate white-columned mansion that silently recalls happy days of the long ago and great deeds and grand lives, and after we have participated in those impressive ceremonies, we shall be satisfied with nothing less than a magnificent Arlington report. Therefore I urge you in the next two months to make Arlington your watchword and to raise all the money you can for this monument fund. Not much more than half the required amount is in hand, and we must not let this matter rest thus; the balance must be raised soon.

Neither forget that the work for the Shiloh monument is calling unto you for help. You have done much during the past year, but much more must be done to crown this great work with success. How eagerly are the veterans looking forward to the completion of this monument while they are still with us to see it! Don't disappoint them by postponing its completion for want of the needed amount. Think of the six long trenches at Shiloh and that this monument will commemorate the deeds and devotion of the entire Confederate army.

Send orders now for Shiloh post cards and U. D. C. seals.

Copies of the "revision" of the U. D. C. constitution and by-laws will be sent to every Chapter. Do not cast them aside, but study the "revision" closely and carefully that you may be prepared to discuss and to decide intelligently upon what shall be the fundamental law of our organization for several years. This is most important.

REVISION OF CORRESPONDENCE IMPORTANT.

There ought to be a radical revision in contributions to the VETERAN. The men who were most capable of writing about battles are nearly all dead. Private soldiers could tell very little in a general way about what occurred. Besides, the "War Records" contain the leading features of the great battles. There is, however, a more important kind of service that comrades can give—viz., what they saw and experienced. The VETERAN asks for items and personal experiences. Every living Confederate can furnish some interesting thing, humorous and pathetic. Write it or have some one do so for you.

Send very brief notice for the Last Roll of the veterans and the noble mothers who die. There is no expense except when engravings are made, and that expense is but \$2. The VETERAN does more gratuitous service than any periodical. Do your part. See that \$1 a year is paid for it and preserve the copies. It is published in the interest impartially of every man and woman who served through the tragedies without partiality as to command, rank, or section. Do your duty now and it will console you in the "Well done" at last.

MISS RUTH WALKER SECURES A SCHOLARSHIP TO VASSAR.—A Vassar College scholarship goes to Miss Ruth Walker, of Cartersville, Ga., under the auspices of the U. D. C. in Georgia. Miss Walker is eighteen years old. She graduated from the La Grange Female College with the A.B. degree, and secures the Vassar scholarship over thirteen competitors.

COL. RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

COMMENT BY CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FUND.

From Hon. J. M. Dickinson, formerly Secretary of War, the following comes with a contribution to the memorial: "Owing to long absence from home, my attention has just been called to the proposal to erect a memorial to Richard Owen. It is a worthy cause and it is a privilege to contribute to it. Inclosed please find my check for five dollars. If contributions should lag, I will cheerfully give more. I hope that the Southern people will be swift to render this tribute and in a manner honorable to themselves."

Dr. John A. Wyeth Appreciates Colonel Owen.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York City, sends a contribution to the Richard Owen Memorial, and writes: "If there was so noble and kind a man in charge of the prison when

you were there, it is a tribute well deserved. Would to God he had been there from November 1, 1863, to February 23, 1865, for I spent sixteen months of discomfort and wretchedness due chiefly to neglect and cruelty from those in immediate charge of Camp Morton. I know you will see that the memorial we dedicate to a generous foe will not be construed as in any manner suggesting that the later administration of this prison was honorable or humane. I felt it my duty to give to the world the true story of Camp Morton years ago in the Century Magazine."

[Dr. Wyeth's story referred to created a widespread sensation. It was so near the Reconstruction period that the bitterness of reply is a painful memory both South and North. He was one of the first of our Southern writers to emphasize the truth about prison cruelties at the North, and his contribution created a vindictive spirit such as has not been exhibited since. The VETERAN is much pleased to add Dr. Wyeth to the list of contributors.—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL TO DATE.

A Friend	5 00	Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.	2 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, N. C.	1 00
A Friend, Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W. Va.	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
A Friend, Nashville	1 00	Gilmer, Peachy, Breckinridge Camp, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn.	1 00
Addison Harvey Chapter, U. D. C., Canton, Miss.	5 00	Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.	1 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone.	2 00	Pleasants, Edw., Richmond, Va.	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.	1 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark.	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.	5 00	Granberry, J. A. H., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00	Powell, Rev. Lewis, Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.	1 00	Hammer, M. R., Newton, Iowa.	1 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.	1 00
Anderson, S. B., Mineola, Tex.	1 00	Hammer, M. R., Newton, Iowa.	1 00	Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss.	1 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Springs, Miss.	1 00	Harbaugh, T. C., Casstown, Ohio.	1 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.	2 00
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Memphis, Tenn.	25 00	Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky.	1 00	Harris, C. I., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville, Mo.	6 00	Harris, Miss Emma S., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.	1 00	Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.	1 00	Rosenberg, Mrs. M. R. Macgill, Galveston, Tex.	5 00
Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.	5 00	Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.	5 00	Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.	1 00	Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Boger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington, D. C.	5 00	Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.	1 00	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00
Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex.	50	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.	2 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, Ohio.	2 00
Brooke, St. George T., Charlestown, W. Va.	1 00	Hinson, Dr. W. B., Charleston, S. C.	2 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.	1 00	Holiday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00	Shaifer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00
Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria, Tex.	1 00	Hopkins, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.	1 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00
Brusie, C. A., Plaquemine, La.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	25 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.	1 00	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City.	1 00
Byers, H. C., Sidney, Ia.	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga.	1 00
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W. Va.	1 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson, N. C.	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.	1 00	Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.	1 00
Carr, Gen. Julian S., Durham, N. C.	1 00	Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex.	1 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelousas, La.	1 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.	2 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va.	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Lee, W. F., Piedmont, S. C.	1 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.	5 00	Lester, John H., Deming, N. Mex.	1 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.	1 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Stones, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.	1 00	Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.	10 00	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Corser, Lieut. E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.	5 00	McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.	50	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.	50	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio.	10 00	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.	1 00	Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50	Thompson, R. H., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.	2 00	Means, James, Columbus, Ohio.	1 00	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.	10 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	1 00	Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Davidson, H. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	50	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green, Ky.	5 00
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00	Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla.	10 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.	5 00	Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	250	Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W. Va.	3 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.	1 00	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W. Va.	3 00
Dickinson, Hon. J. M., Nashville.	5 00	Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky.	1 00	Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvidere, Ill.	1 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.	1 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn.	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie, Tex.	1 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00	Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex.	1 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Wild, Tenn.	1 00
Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Parker, Arthur, Abeville, S. C.	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Baltimore	10 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.	1 00	Winnie, Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga.	2 00
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.	1 00			Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	1 00
Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00			Wray, C. F., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
				Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York City.	5 00
				Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00
				Total to date, \$599.	

B. F. RAY, KOSCIUSKO, MISS., WAS IN CAMP MORTON.

Inclosed please find \$1 for the Richard Owen Memorial Fund. I was a member of Jamison's company, K, 4th Infantry, and was captured at Fort Donelson, was sent to Camp Morton Prison, and was there under Col. Richard Owen. I remember his kindness to me personally. He gave me a Testament and told me to read it, which I did and brought home with me. I had a brother, two cousins, and one nephew who were also prisoners there. They were sick and in the hospital, and all died there except my brother. Colonel Owen let me go often to see my sick kinsmen.

I wonder if the Editor of the *VETERAN* remembers the day that Governor Morton drove into the prison with W. G. Brownlow, who was to make a speech to the prisoners. A bugle sound caused the prisoners to gather around the stand, and soon a large crowd assembled. Governor Morton then introduced Brownlow to us prisoners, and he started off abusing the South and the prisoners and said the South was about out of soap. [Yes, the Editor of the *VETERAN* was in that crowd and recalls Brownlow's first sentence: "I tell you that your Jeff Davis Confederacy is about out of soap."] The prisoners yelled: "Look at his big ears!" "Take him down!" "Hang him to a limb!" Then two companies were ordered in in double-quick time, but before they got to the stand Governor Morton and Brownlow got into their carriage and drove away and the prisoners retired to their quarters.

Another incident that I remember quite well shows Colonel Owen's good nature and kindness. By some means a shy-looking dog got into the inclosure, when the boys began stamping their feet and slapping their hands at him. The dog, already frightened, started on a run, but more slapping of hands and stamping of feet greeted him at every turn, until he was nearly run down, when he ran into Colonel Owen's office. The Colonel turned him out of the back door, which opened outside the prison, and said: "Boys, let the poor dog go; you have had fun enough." The Colonel seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the boys until the dog turned to him for protection.

I would not have written had I not wanted to be a contributor to the Richard Owen Memorial. I have been a *VETERAN* reader for fifteen years, and am in my seventy-first year.

W. D. Peak, of Oliver Springs, Tenn., who belonged to the 26th Tennessee Regiment, Buckner's Brigade, writes that he was one of the Fort Donelson prisoners who landed in Camp Morton Prison in February, 1862, and remembers well how kind Colonel Owen was to the prisoners. "They all loved him," he says, "and I think it nothing but right that we should do something to show our appreciation of his kindness, so I send a contribution to the memorial to that good man."

Mrs. Mattie R. Macgill Rosenberg sends ten dollars for the Jefferson Davis Home Association, also five dollars for the Richard Owen Memorial with this comment: "It gives me pleasure to be able to add my mite to both memorials."

Gen. Julian S. Carr writes from Durham, N. C.: "I am deeply ashamed that I have been so slow in making my contribution to the Richard Owen Memorial. I inclose \$10."

INFORMATION SOUGHT OF YOUNG MAN.—William J. Walker, of Atlanta, Ga., left his home for St. Louis on June 4, 1911. He was an expert silk salesman in a department store. His mother, Mrs. R. M. Baker, R. F. D. No. 6, Peachtree Road, Atlanta, will be most grateful for information about him.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
JULY 7 TO AUGUST 7, 1912.

Arkansas: Nannie A. Duley Chapter, De Queen, \$2.10.

California: Commission on sale of "Heroes in Gray," \$1.32.

Georgia: Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordsville, \$1.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, Chicago, \$25.

Kentucky: May Faris McKinney Chapter, Springfield, \$20;

May Faris McKinney Chapter, Springfield, post cards, \$2;

Mrs. J. M. Arnold (personal), Covington, \$15.

Missouri: John Marmaduke Chapter, Columbia, \$10; post cards sold in Division, \$6.

Virginia: Manassas Chapter, \$5; Rawley Martin Chapter, Chatham, \$5; Portsmouth Chapter, \$5; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, \$2; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Falls Church, \$5; Alleghany Chapter, Covington, \$1; receipts from song "Virginia," \$8.75.

Interest: \$12.73.

Total collections since July 7, \$131.90.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$14,869.40.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$15,001.39.

COMMENT BY COMRADES.

Col. W. W. Folsom, proprietor of the Hope (Ark.) Gazette, writes the *VETERAN*: "I find the inquiries always interesting. Through them I have been enabled to bring some old comrades together and made pleasure for both."

Comrade Folsom refers in his letter to the errors committed by many in writing the name of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston frequently given by men of distinction as Johnson. There were four Generals Johnson, C. S. A., Bushrod R. and Edward, major generals, with Adam R. and George D. as brigadier generals; while there were two full Generals Johnston, Albert Sidney and Joseph Eggleston.

CORRECTION ASKED BY J. S. PEDRICK, MORRISTOWN, FLA.

In the July *VETERAN* a slight error occurs in the Last Roll sketch of James Battle Avirett. He was born near Catharine Lake and not Lock Katherine Plantation, on New (not Tar) River, in Onslow County. He was the son of John (not James) Avirett.

I only volunteer to make this correction because I think so much of the dear old *VETERAN* that I believe all that is in it. I am two years older than James B. Avirett. Both of us were born and reared on Catharine Lake, N. C. We went to school together and were close associates until the war broke out. The last time we met was at Winchester, Va., while he was, I think, chaplain in Colonel Ashby's cavalry.

Now, if you wish, I will tell you of our march from Winchester to Fredericksburg, and how we put General Burnside out of business on December 13, 1863.

[Yes, venerable comrade, tell as briefly as you can of the march from Winchester to Fredericksburg.—EDITOR.]

SEEKS THE DONOR OF TESTAMENT.—William Robison, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., who served in Company B, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, has a Testament found among the effects of J. N. Johnson at the battle of Mansfield, Va., August 7, 1864. On the flyleaf of the book appears the following: "To J. N. Johnson from Alice." In another part of the book is the name "A. Simons." Mr. Robison would be glad to return the book. He thinks Johnson must have been an officer, judging from his accouterments and fine horse.

REQUEST OF PRESS COMMITTEE OF C. S. M. A.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association Press Committee requests all Associations to send to the Chairman, Mrs. W. W. Whitfield, 23 E. Gonzales Street, Pensacola, Fla., all items of interest, happenings and plan of work on educational lines, etc., to be published in the *VETERAN*. Please bear in mind that "brevity is the soul of wit," as space is very valuable in our *VETERAN*.

SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H., VA.

It is with sincere pleasure that we record the affiliation of the Spottsylvania C. H. (Va.) Association, one of the oldest of the Memorial Associations, with the C. S. M. A. We would welcome a letter from this Association. Other Associations from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia are in correspondence with officials of the C. S. M. A. with a view of affiliating. We heartily welcome all.

The Recording Secretary, Miss Daisy Hodgson, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La., would like the minutes of 1906-09 of the C. S. M. A. to bind in one volume comprising our minutes from 1900 to 1911. Please send them to her; we shall appreciate the kindness. "Whosoever will."

PENSACOLA (FLA.) MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Pensacola Memorial Association was organized August 16, 1890. A magnificent monument stands in Lee Square as the result of the indefatigable labors of the Association. Mrs. F. R. Mallory was the first President and Mrs. W. D. Chipley the next President. Mrs. H. L. Simpson is the third and present President. The Association observes Memorial Day on April 26 and is gathering historical data.

Later the name was changed to Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association. They have just finished putting in the Florida window in the old Blandford church in Petersburg, Va., and it was unveiled on June 24, 1912, all expenses, several hundred dollars, having been met. A more extended notice of the unveiling will be reported later.

The Association fittingly observes Memorial Day by an address and by decorating the monuments and graves of our noble heroes.

Mrs. H. L. Simpson, President; Mrs. T. V. Kessler and Mrs. S. A. Mareno, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Francis Wilson, Secretary and Treasurer.

FLORIDA WINDOW UNVEILED IN BLANDFORD CHURCH.

Mrs. Ella Risque Ward Caulkins, of Pensacola, Fla., has just returned to Pensacola from Petersburg, where she attended the unveiling exercises of the Florida window in old Blandford church, acting as chaperon for little Miss Julia Maxwell, aged eight years, great-great-granddaughter of the first rector of that old historic Church, Miss Julia Maxwell being selected as the most appropriate one to do the unveiling. Mrs. Caulkins also represented the Memorial Association of Pensacola, Fla. A beautiful and eloquent address was delivered by the Hon. Emmett Wilson, of Pensacola. Mr. Wilson is to be the next Congressman from West Florida.

A letter from Madisonville, Ky., states: "My husband has been dead the past eighteen months, and the reason I did not write you to stop the *VETERAN* was because I knew it was against the postal laws to send out magazines after subscriptions expired, so I thought you would stop it accordingly."

"So one by one into the morning light,
Whilst yet late watchers gaze upon the sky
And wonder what the heavens prophesy,
The shining stars pass silently from sight."

REPORT FROM DENVER CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The Margaret Howell Davis Hayes Chapter, U. D. C., of Denver, is the recipient of a steel engraving entitled "In Memoriam," a gift from Maj. Charles S. Semper, the oldest member of Beauregard Camp, U. C. V., of Denver, and the only living veteran who went from Colorado to enlist in the Confederate army. Inclosed in the frame across the top of the picture is a piece of the flag which was surrendered at Vicksburg. In each lower corner with the engraving is a card bearing the following: "Presented to the Daughters of the Confederacy by Charles S. Semper, Sergeant Major First Louisiana Artillery."



MISS EULA SPIVEY,
Sponsor for U. S. C. V. of Arkansas.

TRUTH WAS CRUSHED TO EARTH.—Collier's Weekly makes this worthy admission: "Twenty years ago a large proportion of the party politics of the Republicans in Congress consisted of waving the bloody shirt, of supporting force bills, and in general acting toward the South with that same vindictive hate which made the Reconstruction the most detestable episode in American history. To-day there remains but one United States Senator who acts toward the South other than with respect and consideration."

Poor Heyburn! He must feel lonesome. But it is better to be alone than with the small element that approves him.

John B. Wilkes, of Pulaski, Tenn., bought in a local store a pocket Bible with the following written on the flyleaf: "John R. Bugg, 3d Rich., 1st Virginia Artillery, Fort Delaware, June, 1864."

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS BIRTHPLACE.

MEETINGS HELD IN FAIRVIEW AND HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

On August 13 an interesting meeting was held at Fairview, Ky. Maj. John H. Leathers, the Treasurer, General Young, the President, and S. A. Cunningham, another official of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, were present. Dr. E. S. Stuart was made Chairman of the meeting and Mr. J. R. Wiles Secretary.

Major Leathers made a fine patriotic address and gave an account of the financial condition of the Association. He announced that the property was now free of all claim and encumbrances of any kind, the Association has under control something over five thousand dollars, and it was proposed to carry on the work at once. He stated that he had sent out from his office something like forty thousand circulars, that the sentiment is growing to make a memorial worthy the distinguished character born there, and that an appraisement of \$11,000 had been raised from voluntary contributions which had come from all parts of the country and in many instances quite liberally from people north of the Ohio River. He congratulated the people of Christian County upon the consummation of this enterprise at Fairview which will make it one of the prominent places on the map of the United States and which will continue and be visited by thousands of people who revere the splendid character of Mr. Davis. The State of Kentucky has already appropriated \$7,500 for beautifying the home, eighteen hundred dollars of which is to be used for constructing a fence around the premises and eight hundred dollars to finish paying for the property. This leaves \$4,900 of the State's funds to be spent for building a memorial hall or monument to Jefferson Davis.

Major Leathers told of how Mount Vernon was precious to the entire country, and also Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. He reported the memorial at the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and that it was both fitting and proper to properly mark the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, the only President of the Confederate States. He said that however people may look upon Mr. Davis's life, some saying the principles he adhered to were right and others wrong, politics was eliminated entirely, and no other county or place in the world could boast of possessing the birthplace of Jefferson Davis. He stated that whatever the differences that led to the war, when an impartial history of the great struggle between the South and North is written, Jefferson Davis will stand out as a man of the grandest courage, of the highest integrity, and of the noblest patriotism, and that all he did was along the lines of the noblest ideas of duty and devotion to his country.

Major Leathers said that he was constantly receiving remittances from people who differed from President Davis in his views but who believed he was sincere in his motives.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham said that he felt honored in having been one of the promoters of the movement to secure the property and build on it something that would show the world that Mr. Davis's sacrifices and sufferings for the South had been appreciated. He spoke of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Davis, how pure and noble his character and sublime his dignity. He also suggested that there be organized in the County of Christian a park club to include adults and children of Fairview and vicinity, and that its first purpose should be to place the town in readiness for the park. This suggestion met with hearty and apparently universal approval.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, the President, made a brief resumé of the situation and told what has been done in three years.

The Association started with nothing but sentiment. It has secured about \$18,000 for the great work in hand, and after its payment for the property there is in cash \$5,600 ready to begin the memorial. He said the "sentiment" was connected with the birthplace of Mr. Davis; that it was a great treasure for any county or section to have such a sacred spot within its limits; that hitherto the people of Christian County had been called upon for nothing; but now since outsiders mainly have secured enough to assure the erection of a memorial, Christian County would doubtless do the handsome thing to show her appreciation of the conditions and their pride in the fact that Jefferson Davis was born in the county. As President of the Association he declared that nothing should stop the work; that a stone wall inclosing the park would certainly be erected this fall; that the large house on the grounds would be moved to the rear of the lot for a caretaker's residence; that it would be gratifying to all to be able to build a memorial hall, but if this could not be done that there is in safe prospect sufficient funds to erect such a monument as would be a pride to the people of Christian County. He said that Jefferson Davis is the most prominent figure in history who was born in Christian County. He told of the great highway which had been named for Jefferson Davis which comprises 365 miles of road, the center and heart of the birthplace of this eminent statesman and soldier.

MEETING IN HOPKINSVILLE.

A meeting was subsequently held at the courthouse in Hopkinsville, where the fiscal court of Christian County had assembled. All of the officials returning from Fairview made addresses. They were followed by the county attorney, county judge, and all the magistrates, and all expressed their sympathy with the movement and assured the officers of the Jefferson Davis Home Association that Christian County either through public or private subscription would do its full share in carrying out this splendid work. Wherever it was discussed before the people there was sincere and profound interest manifested.

General Young's address produced a profound impression; and when the tentative vote was taken by the court on the appropriation to be made at a future meeting of the court, every member present voted earnestly in a favor of the county's voting a liberal sum for it.

The officers of the Association spent a most pleasant day at Hopkinsville and Fairview, and were entertained at dinner in the elegant home of Capt. C. F. Jarrett, one of the Commissioners of the Jefferson Davis Home Association.

Mr. E. K. Yeatman, of Catonsville, Md., sends a contribution to the Jefferson Davis Home Association, and writes: "I knew Mr. Davis and his family well. I taught his daughter Winnie to read, and gladly contribute to the memorial."

LIVING MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

George H. Reid, of Bishopville, S. C., writes: "Mention in the VETERAN for August of two venerable mothers of Confederate soldiers who are still living at an advanced age reminds me of another who is a resident of this town, Mrs. Abbie DuRant, widow of the late John O. DuRant. She is ninety-one years old. She has been the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom are still living. Mr. David E. DuRant, a veteran of the war, still lives at the age of seventy-one. Another son, James A. DuRant, died in service. Mrs. DuRant has one hundred grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. She is in good health."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

EXPLANATORY RATHER THAN APOLOGETIC.

It is humiliating and very expensive to be obliged to send reminders that subscriptions are due. These statements are in as courteous and grateful a spirit as it is possible to phrase them, and yet some persons become offended by the "dun." Those who do not renew promptly are of two widely different classes—one of big-hearted wealthy men and women ever ready to pay, which fact makes them careless; and the other, sad to state, are hard-up generally and wait through necessity. If families of deceased veterans who receive the mail would give notice, it would be helpful, as in this way much is lost through the men whom it is especially desired to favor.

It is grievous to confront readers who pay promptly in advance with complaints in space that should entertain and profit them, but conditions are so unusual that to adopt the cut-off rule with many would be a deprivation. A typical letter from such as it is desired to favor contains the following: "I dislike to have to inform you that I can't send you a dollar until October, when I will get my pension. I am seventy-one years old. I never was intoxicated, never gambled, and never lost in trading; but I have had three providential losses, one by water, another by fire, and still another by wind and water. This last caused a loss of \$5,000, including money. I was left without even a good suit of clothes. I have taken the VETERAN a long time and hope to continue to do so."

The serious trouble is in the failure to give notice. It is not right to fail. The failure to respond on the part of the rich, with plenty, causes severe loss in the general assumption that others who are dead and their representatives have not the interest to give notice. Everybody who reads the VETERAN could remedy this calamity at once by responding. It will be sent to any veterans or widows of such in the comforting faith that they appreciate it and will try to pay. If those who need indulgence will send a postal card, they may deduct ten times the amount when they remit later.

Every Southern man and woman should be interested in the VETERAN. It is the most important periodical in existence for them while they revere principle and honor their fathers and mothers. It is not equal to what it ought to be, but it has the concurrent approval of every Southern State and section; so they should help to make it better and better while there is a man or woman of the sixties to record the most sacred of all history. Every veteran and venerable mother should write something for its columns of what they remember, of their experiences and of the devotion and sacrifices of their friends, the kinspeople of all to whom this is addressed. Every meeting of every Camp or Chapter should be reported very briefly in so far as it will stimulate and help others. There is no more sacred obligation of Southern life than to regard this appeal while the few short days are passing. Write just a few lines about something funny, pathetic, and great. You know just such; every one does. Let the brief story with your name be recorded in the VETERAN. It will be preserved in many bound volumes in private and in most of the public libraries of the United States.

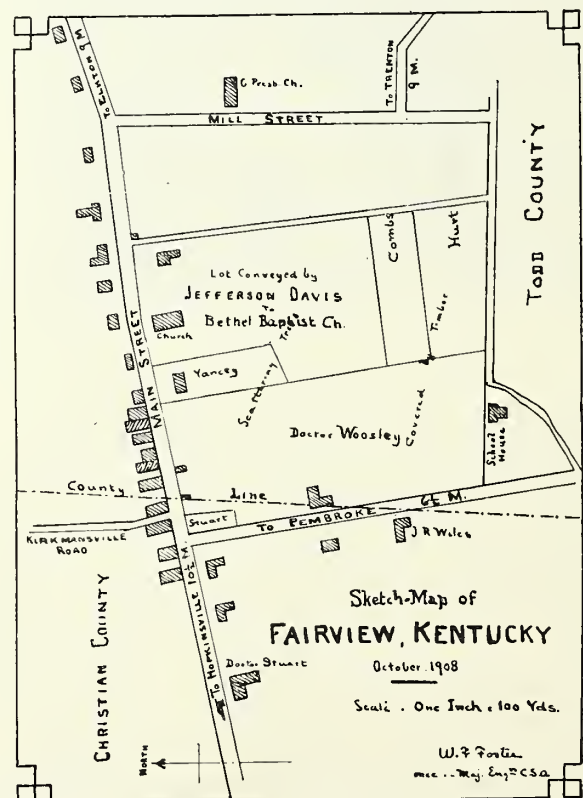
FAIRVIEW BAPTIST CHURCH—A MEMORIAL.

The visit of the officers of the Jefferson Davis Home Association to Fairview and to Hopkinsville resulted most satisfactorily. All the people seem to be of one mind in making the memorial just what it should be. Formal action should be taken by the membership of the Baptist Church whereby the handsome stone wall to inclose the premises will include the Baptist church area and that our common patriotic impulse will control. The property owned by the Association is bound by Main Street from the corner of Pembroke Street to the Baptist church corner, indicated by the Yancey lot and the Combs property in the rear of the church property. The Yancey and Combs properties belong to the Association.

The church area is that presented by Jefferson Davis in person, coming in his old age from Mississippi to show his personal interest in the matter. (He was enabled to do this by the generous supply of funds to pay for the land through M. H. Clark and brother, of Clarksville, Tenn.) The deed sets forth in the usual form that in the event the property ceased to be used for the purpose indicated it would revert to his estate. Mr. J. Addison Hayes and wife, Margaret Jefferson Davis Hayes, the last surviving child of Jefferson Davis, gave quitclaim deeds to their interest, so that the Church organization feels at liberty to make any special arrangement with the Home Association.

It is desirable to include the church property within the handsome wall which will inclose the Association's possessions. It is understood that the Church membership is of one mind in this behalf, and it is desirable that such formal action will be taken promptly as will include the entire area of over twenty-five acres in one inclosure.

By the map it will be seen that the property is mainly in Todd County, but it was all formerly in Christian County.



ENFORCING THE LAW IN VIRGINIA.

[Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

The majesty of the law has again been vindicated. For the life of the innocent man whose blood without cause he took, Claude Allen must give his life, following his father into the death house. He must pay the forfeit of the murderer.

The verdicts in the Floyd and Claude Allen cases not only command the commendation of the law-abiding citizens of the commonwealth, but gain also the just admiration of the people of the country. No State in the Union has so high and so honorable a record of strict obedience to the law as Virginia. There are no loopholes for murderers here; the law-breaker cannot escape the consequences of his infraction.

The Claude Allen conviction accumulates credit to Virginia justice, because the opinion was prevalent in many places that the conviction of Floyd Allen would be considered enough punishment for the clan, and that his successors in the prisoner's box would be let down with comparatively light imprisonment. Not so. Each man is being tried for his own participation in the crime, and to each man is meted out just punishment without reference to other cases. Mountaineers are always free, but hereafter they will choose to be free under the law.

FITTINGLY OBSERVED IN NEW ORLEANS.

AUTOMOBILE PARADE FOR VETERANS ON JUNE 3.

June 3, the anniversary of the birth of President Davis and the legal Confederate Memorial Day in Louisiana, was fittingly and uniquely observed in New Orleans. Realizing that the sands were running low for many of the brave old boys who would march to do reverence to the memory of their departed comrades, Mrs. W. J. Behan, assisted by a committee of women from the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, conceived the idea of procuring automobiles for their comfort. Through the medium of the press and by personal notes more than fifty cars were secured.

A large delegation of veterans, together with the State militia, assembled at Memorial Hall, where the parade formed. There were thirty-one autos in line, each holding several veterans, and every man carrying either the organization banner or flinging to the summer breeze miniature stars and bars. A detour was first made around the Lee monument, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and where a delegation from the R. E. Lee School formed the guard of honor. These children, with teachers and the committee in charge, took their places in the parade. The next stop was made at the Jefferson Davis Parkway, where loving hands had made beautiful with flowers the monument of the great leader. Here also young pupils from the Jefferson Davis School kept loving vigil. The parade stopped long enough to sound taps and gather up the children and committees, then wended its way out to Metairie Cemetery. Here and in Greenwood Cemetery the different monuments were aglow with flowers and evergreens and flags.

The Confederate monument was the Mecca to which the vast concourse of people turned, and it was here that the impressive ceremonies took place. The invocation and benediction were given by Rev. J. W. Caldwell, and a masterful address was delivered by Capt. Lewis Guion. He extolled the bravery and patriotism of the men, the fortitude and courage of the women of the sixties, and the sacredness of the occasion. A young lad from the R. E. Lee School, immaculate in white with red sash and flashing saber, recited "The Sword

of Lee" with telling effect. A touching incident brought to notice was a tribute paid the "boys in gray" by the "boys in blue" of the James F. Mower Post, G. A. R., in the form of a beautiful wreath reverently placed on the monument just a few days before Memorial Day, on their own Federal Decoration Day. Such things show the signs of the times when men's loftiness of soul is raised above party lines and sectional differences and recognizes the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

All in all, the auto parade will go down in the annals of Confederate celebrations as a marked success and the most pleasant one in which the scarred warriors have ever participated.

RESPECTED FOR THE CAUSE HE FOUGHT FOR.—The action of the students and faculty of the Medical Department of the University of North Carolina in refusing to dissect the body of a captain who was in the Confederate service, which had been turned over to the university for that purpose, is commendable. The old soldier ended his own life in Raleigh after having been an inmate of the soldiers' home there. In his will he bequeathed his body to science. They said: "Inspired by sentiment for the Confederate cause, students composing the senior class of the Medical Department of the University of North Carolina to-day refused the regular routine of instruction in the dissecting room because the subject for dissection was the corpse of a hero of the War of the States—the late Capt. Edward Benton, of Raleigh. Backing the students in their stand, and declaring that the needs of humanity did not require the carving of the body of a follower of General Lee, Dr. C. S. Mangum, Professor of Anatomy, passed around the hat for a collection, and later, followed by the student body, the remains of the gallant veteran were borne to the Confederate lot in the Chapel Hill Cemetery and given Christian burial. The Confederate flag was planted at the head of the grave, and the obsequies were conducted in a blinding snowstorm."

SHY'S HILL OF "OVERTON HILLS" RANGE.

BY A. E. GLANVILLE, POE, KANS.

Shy's Hill, one of the Overton Hills, is the most noted in Tennessee since the battle of Nashville. It is five or six miles south of the city and about half a mile west of the Grannywhite Pike.

Being the first hill on the Confederate line of intrenchments of December 16, 1864, it was the salient or key point of General Hood's line, and was the storm center of the memorable battle of that date. The brave Col. William M. Shy, lieutenant colonel of the 20th Tennessee Infantry, and half of his men were killed or wounded in its defense on that occasion, and by mutual consent of both armies it has since borne Colonel Shy's name. It is a spot of great historic importance and interest to those who served in either army.

[The purpose of the above is to start an inquiry into this name and the circumstances. Mr. Glanville is correct, perhaps; but the facts should be better known, and the VETERAN seeks further information as to why it is called "Shy's Hill."]

"Cease firing! There are no foes to fight;

Grim war is o'er and smiling peace now reigns.

Cease useless strife, no matter who was right;

True magnanimity from hate abstains.

Cease firing!"

MASTER AND HIS FAITHFUL SLAVE.

BY SAMUEL COLEMAN, SIXTH ALABAMA CAVALRY.

This contribution records a deed done during the war by one in the humblest walks of life, as heroic in character as any ever performed by the men who to-day proudly wear the victor's cross of honor. The facts were brought more vividly to mind by an accidental meeting with one of the actors recently. In the lobby of a hotel in Houston I noticed a tall, heavily built man wearing the cross of honor. I spoke to him as a comrade, and learned that he was a member of the staff of Brig. Gen. James H. Clanton, of Alabama. I then recognized him as Baxter Smith, ordnance officer of the command, now a practicing physician of Bay City, Tex.

Well, to the story. On the morning of July 14, 1864, a detachment of the 6th Alabama Cavalry, about one hundred and fifteen men, under the command of General Clanton, encountered a largely superior force of the Rousseau raiders at Greensport Ferry, on the Coosa River. Colonel Livingstone, with about two hundred and fifty men, was holding back the enemy's main body at Ten Island Ford. It was imperative for us to hold the road until reinforcements could reach us; otherwise the Oxford Iron Works, upon which the Confederate foundries at Selma, Ala., depended, would be destroyed.

The men had been well posted behind trees and rocks on the slope of a thickly wooded hill, and the road extended along the river bluff. The firing on both sides was spirited. The enemy, in spite of superior numbers, could not drive our boys from their position; but they seemed determined to gain possession of the road, and they formed a heavy column with which they could pass our thin line and clear the road before them. General Clanton and two of his staff officers, Capt. R. A. Abercrombie and "Bat" Smith, also Tommy Judkins, were standing in the middle of the road dismounted. A few feet away on the side of the road were five or six young fellows attached to headquarters and eight or ten boys of the 6th Alabama Cavalry, also dismounted. I was behind a large tree, a few feet in advance of the General, and had a good view of everything in front. A heavy column of the enemy on foot was coming around the curve of the road, about two hundred yards distant. Suddenly just behind me I heard a loud, fierce yell, and the two staff officers, followed by the headquarters' boys and the small squad of the 6th Alabama Cavalry, dashed at the enemy, who quickly poured a deadly fire upon them and then halted.

Abercrombie and Tommy Judkins were killed. Bat Smith and the handful of boys close behind him kept on. In a few seconds Smith fell headlong upon his face and then turned over on his back. The effect of the enemy's fire was appalling. Not one of that gallant little band was left standing. The charge was reckless in the extreme, but it illustrated the spirit and high courage of our soldiers. That feat of daring was followed by another of the lowliest and humblest man there present. A tall, strapping, young negro named Griffin approached General Clanton and asked: "General, where is Marse Bat?" The General pointed down the road and said: "There near the enemy's line dead." Griffin at once started down the road. He was called back, but did not heed. He sped on in the face of that heavy fire, took up the wounded young officer, and carried him in his arms from the field. He came up the road for a few yards, then stepped into the woods and came out again on the road just where the General was standing. "Is he dead, Griffin?" asked General Clanton. "I don't know, sir," he replied. "Mammy was his nurse, and I am the older.

I promised mammy to take care of him and to bring him back to her, and I am going to carry him home."

Simple words, but how much do they convey! An untutored negro slave carrying out his mother's commands in behalf of her nurseling at the risk of his own life! I have often thought of that day, and the scene is vivid. I can see the deathly pale face of the unconscious and sorely wounded young officer as he was being carried to safety in the arms of his faithful slave.

If some of our Northern neighbors could have witnessed this scene, they might form some conception of the devotion existing in the old days South between master and servant.

GRATITUDE OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

"Black Hawk" writes from Woodstock, Va.:

"I thank you for putting my picture in your magazine. I am proud of my war record. I was given when a young man by my old master, Samuel C. Williams, who was a member of the Virginia Secession Convention, to his oldest son, who was then Lieut. James H. Williams, of Chew's Battery, and I stood by him and his brothers until the close of the war. I was taken prisoner twice, captured once with the watches and money of our boys and others of the Williams mess upon my person, given into my care when the battle began. I escaped and returned with watches and money all safe.

"The picture you published was taken while Dr. Averitt was on a visit to Mrs. James H. Williams at Woodstock, Va. I was not Dr. Averitt's camp servant, nor was he ever a member of the Williams mess. As far as I know, Dr. William McGuire, of Winchester, Va., L. B. Morel, of Florida, and myself are the only living members of that mess. Rev. Dr. Averitt was often our guest. * * *

"Like the rest of the veterans, I am growing old; but I am with my people in Woodstock, where I was born."

HONOR FOR THE OLD-TIME NEGRO.

The time is not far distant when a monument will be erected in Montgomery, Ala., or Richmond, Va., as a tribute to the memory of the old-time Southern negro. The loyal devotion of the men and women who were slaves has had no equal in all history. They took care of the women and children whose natural protectors were with Lee and Jackson, Forrest and Joe Johnston, and were faithful to the trust.

Women during the great war did not fear to ride alone through large plantations to give directions as to the crops. These women were protected and never outraged. It was the coming of the carpetbagger, with his social equality teachings, that caused many negroes to become brutes. The old-time negro will soon be but a memory, and while a remnant survive an imposing monument should be erected as a tribute to their faithfulness. It should be a monument worth fifty thousand dollars. This money could be easily raised if the religious and secular papers in the South would take up the matter in the spirit that the cause merits.—*John W. Paulett, in the Morristown (Tenn.) Gazette.*

THREE OF THE BOYS ESCAPED.—If Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Holderberg, of the 16th Virginia Cavalry, who escaped from the Yankees while being conveyed from Frederick City, Md., to Baltimore about the 18th of July, 1863, by jumping from the train, will write to G. W. Arrington, Canadian, Tex., they will hear from the "kid" that escaped with them. They were from Cabell County, W. Va.

MONUMENT AT VICTORIA, TEX.

The Confederate monument at Victoria, Tex., located in the public park, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies in the presence of two thousand people on July 10, 1912. Overton Stoner, Commander of William R. Surry Camp, U. C. V., was master of ceremonies. The orator of the day was Hon. Carlos Bee, of San Antonio, Tex., a worthy nephew of Gen. Barnard E. Bee, who gave the sobriquet of "Stonewall" to the immortal Jackson. The other speaker was Judge Sterling F. Grimes (Company A, 6th Kentucky Cavalry), of Cuero, Tex., whose address was, in part, as follows:

"Comrades, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Fellow Citizens: For what have you this day assembled, and for what does this monument stand? It stands for the memory of men who gave their lives, their fortunes, their every hope in defense of their homes, firesides, and for a cause that was dearer than all else on earth to them. While the flag they followed and under which they died went down in the battle's crimson tide as a conquered banner and the end of a nation's hopes, so far as the Confederacy was concerned, their heroism, their devotion to duty and loyalty to principle, their courage and endurance through every hardship must ever remain the adoration of the ages.

"The monument unveiled to-day in the poetic beauty and grandeur of its conception is in touching pathos of the story it tells. It represents a young soldier in a ragged and torn uniform in action and making his last stand, wounded and weakened in body, looking for the last time upon life with undaunted heart, courageous soul, and unflinching eye, holding his trusty rifle to fire his last shot in defense of his home, the institutions of his country, and the rights of his people.

"There is no soldier, Federal or Confederate, who faced the fire and flame of bloody battle and bared his breast to its leaden hail who can stand before this monument and fail to remove his hat and

salute it as an exemplification of that which is best in patriotic self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. In its grandeur and poetic beauty it stands alone, so far as I know, as the best and the noblest tribute to the virtue, courage, and devotion of the Confederate soldier. It best illustrates

"That strength whereby

The patriot girds himself to die,

The unconquerable power that fills

The freeman battling on his native hills."

"Daughters of William P. Rogers Chapter, through your persistent, patriotic efforts this monument is here to speak your appreciation of the heroic deeds of noblemen, men whose blood courses through your veins and whose memory is a sacred heritage to each of you as long as men value pride of ancestry. It confers upon you a patent of nobility more honorable than the order of the Star and Garter, the Golden Fleece, or Roman Eagle.

"While we honor this boy hero let us not forget his Southern mother, who with bleeding heart and tear-dimmed eyes sent father, husband, or son to the battle's front to 'return with his shield or upon it.' To me it is a wish that at least one monument in every State of the old Confederacy be dedicated to the women of the Old South, to perpetuate that which was the purest, truest, and best of her civilization."

Among the distinguished guests of the W. P. Rogers Chapter was Gen. Felix Robertson, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., Crawford, Tex. In the photo group General Robertson appears in his uniform as a brigade commander, U. C. V. Judge Grimes in introducing this gentleman said among other things: "I want the young people to see a real general who served under Bragg during the war. He is a native Texan, born in Independence, Washington County, son of Gen. Jerome Robertson, of Mexican War renown. He was four years at West Point. On the eve of graduation he left for the South and engaged in organizing and drilling coast and



THE VICTORIA (TEX.) MONUMENT AND ASSEMBLY AT ITS DEDICATION.

heavy artillery at Charlestown and Mobile. He continued in this service until before the battle of Murfreesboro, when he was assigned to a brigade before that engagement, in which he distinguished himself. His command was at Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and all the campaigns from there to Atlanta and on to the end of the contest."

General Robertson's response was impromptu and sparkled with wit, humor, and patriotism.

The monument was saluted by John Austin Saunders, of Wharton, Tex., who had with him the sword of his great-grandfather, Col. William P. Rogers. He thanked the Daughters of the Confederacy for the manner in which they have preserved the name of Colonel Rogers. He greeted the veterans who fought with his ancestors.

The monument is a creation of the gifted sculptor, Pompeo Cappini, who, with many others, considers this his masterpiece. The only inscription it bears is this: "Dedicated to the soldiers of the Confederate States of America by the William P. Rogers Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, June 3, 1912, Victoria, Tex."

The motto, "On civilization's heights immutable they stand," is a contribution from the talented Miss Adelia Dunovant, of Houston, Honorary President Texas Division, U. D. C.

To Mrs. J. M. Brownson, chairman of the committee, is due the gratitude of the community for her untiring services in the erection of the monument.

MONUMENT AT VAIDEN, MISS.

FROM REPORT BY J. B. HAMAN.

Over fifteen hundred people gathered in Vaiden June 7, 1912, to witness the unveiling of the monument erected by the Vaiden Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the Confederate soldiers both living and deceased. The excellent program was suitably carried out by all who took part. The program lasted from 9:30 A.M. until 3:45 P.M. A brass band rendered music for the day. The band played several fine selections. The veterans occupied reserved seats facing the host of school children, whose voices lent so much charm to the occasion. "Dixie" was sung by them, after which the divine blessing was asked by Rev. T. L. Haman.

In his own characteristic way Mr. C. L. Armstrong delivered a pleasing address of welcome. Senator H. D. Money was to have responded to this address in behalf of the old soldiers, but was unable to be present on account of sickness. His place was ably filled by Col. W. A. Montgomery, of Edwards, Miss., whose speech was full of facts and went directly to the hearts of men who were four years in the Confederate army.

Dr. B. F. Ward, the white-headed, silver-tongued orator, delivered an address which was well received. He told of incidents that occurred during the war in which Carroll County men were participants.

A delicious dinner was spread on the long circular table in the shade west of the courthouse. The good women vied with each other in the serving. All present were served to satisfaction and much was left over.

Dr. Ward's speech was concluded after the noon hour. The readings, "The Conquered Banner," by Miss Addie B. Tillman, "Reply to the Conquered Banner," by Miss Helen Avery, and the "Response to the Reply," by Miss Zou Eddie Boyett, were well given and the young ladies were congratulated. A song, "Our Boys in Gray Are Growing Old," was well rendered by Mesdames S. P. Armstrong, R. S. Bailey, and Harris Stubblefield.

After this the crowd went out in the courthouse yard, where the monument stood veiled. After a selection by the band, the two young men and little Rhessa Hawkins and Rodney Armstrong fulfilled their part of the program by taking from the figure on the monument the veil which had hidden it from view. As the veil fell the band struck up "Dixie." "Lest We Forget" was sung by thirteen young ladies, concluding with "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

The monument is of much beauty and was procured through six years of hard work by the local Chapter of the U. D. C.

[Report of this dedication has been held over for a good picture of the monument, but we have failed to get one.—Ed.]

NORTH CAROLINA WOMAN'S MONUMENT.

LETTER FROM HON. ASHLEY HORNE, WHO CONTRIBUTES \$10,000.

I am glad to receive your letter. I thank you most cordially for your very kind expressions in behalf of our Confederate monument of the sixties.

My mother had six robust sons, strong Scotchmen. She gave them to Lee in '61, and three were left on the battle field. This was all she had—a noble gift.

Forty-seven years having passed away and the legislatures of my State and the people having failed to mark the heroism of the greatest women in the world, so now in my time, around seventy, I felt impelled to give this monument for fear it would never be done. It will be erected on our Capitol Square, a well-chosen spot, facing the south with its back to the north.

Our women were greater than the men. They impelled the young men to shoulder arms and go to Lee and not be cowards. They furnished clothing, food, and were in the rear of every battle fought in Virginia, and they were in the hospital soothing and nursing. These are the reasons why North Carolina furnished more troops to the Civil War than any other State in the South according to her voting population, and there were no braver boys in General Lee's army.

It is a pleasure to me to do something in this permanent way to commemorate the women of the South.

Letters, telegrams, and newspaper clippings come to me from nearly every State of the Confederacy, and I hope it will be an inspiration for all the other States to do likewise. This one stroke of my pen has evidently touched the hearts of the whole South, and I am satisfied that the good work will go on in the other States. Loyalty and patriotism to the greatest women that ever lived should inspire every Southern man to show his appreciation.

[This report has been held for a more extended sketch and picture of Mr. Horne, which the VETERAN still anticipates.]

TO MEMBERS OF 37TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—Allen Ellison, who served in Company G, 37th Mississippi Regiment, under Captain Richardson and Col. O. S. Holland, in Walthall's Brigade, desires testimony from some member of that company or regiment who can testify to his service in order to secure a pension. He names the following comrades of that company: A. B. Carr (orderly sergeant), Billy Pinkston, Clabin Pinkston, Dock and Sam Suttles, Bill Ellis, John Meeks, Henry Smith, Jr., Tampy Prime, and — Whitworth. His address is Wealthy, Lion County, Tex., Route 1. Rev. A. M. Hill, of Normangee, Tex., writes in sending the above: "In my rounds as a minister I came across an old veteran of seventy-seven years who had been for five years confined to a wheel chair from rheumatism, but who gets no pension on account of inability to secure proof."

NEW MEMBERS OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

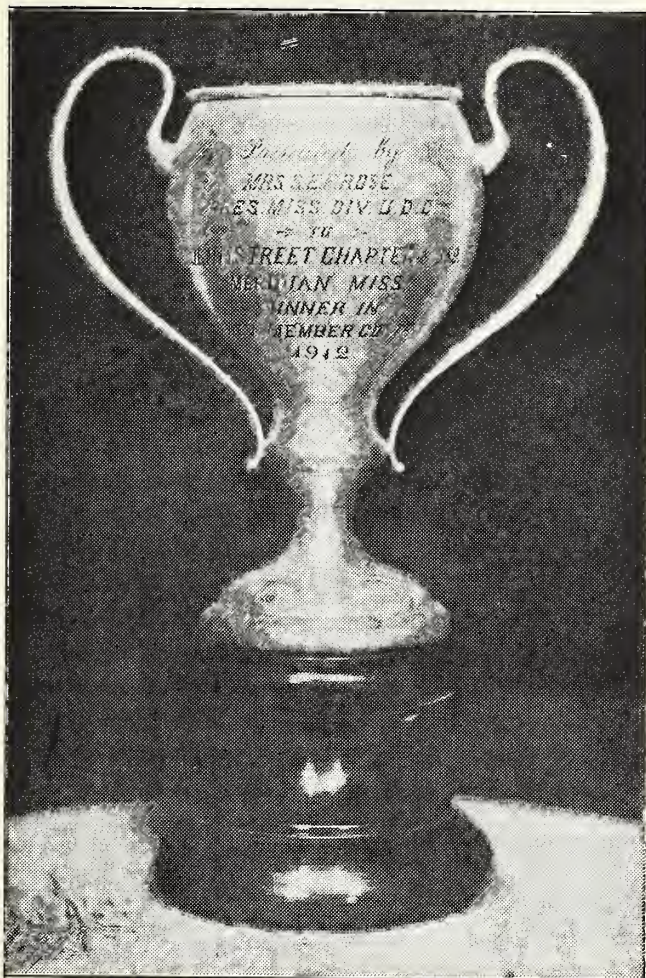
The contest for new members was inaugurated by our Division President, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, for the increased strength and influence of the Mississippi Division. It was her personal work. The following rules were observed:

Old Chapters must show increase over number of members reported at last convention.

New Chapters must show increase over number of members enrolled as charter members.

Another condition was that Chapters send list of new members to the President by April 1, 1912.

A beautiful silver loving cup, surmounting an ebony base, was presented the winning Chapter, the Col. H. M. Street Chapter, of Meridian, on the opening night of the annual



State convention held in the historic city of Natchez. This thriving Chapter, less than a year old, was organized with sixty-seven charter members. In the new member contest this Chapter added one hundred and eleven new members.

A number of Chapters entered this contest, thereby adding five hundred new members to the Mississippi Division. Was this contest worth while?

Miss Lillian C. Perkins, Society Editor of the Meridian Dispatch, wrote as follows concerning the loving cup presentation:

"Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, the brilliant and capable President of the Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confed-

cracy, upon the occasion of her visit to Meridian in the spring of 1911, at the State convention made many friends who admire her for her ardent patriotism and womanly attainments; but none are more loyal to her than Meridian's new Chapter that was born of the inspiration of the U. D. C. convention in which Mrs. Rose was such a factor and at which session she was unanimously elected the executive officer of the State Division.

"The Col. H. M. Street Chapter, U. D. C., was the first Chapter organized after Mrs. Rose entered upon her brilliant career as a State leader, marking every mile of the way so far with beautiful monuments that stand forth speaking for her executive ability in the way of clear insight and a perfect understanding of the work that has accomplished wonders not only for her in her honored position but for the Mississippi Division.

"It was one of those clear insights that offered a roseate horizon that could be reached in the way of obtaining new members that has served its accomplishment—greatly enlarged the Chapters of the Division. Mrs. Rose offered a silver loving cup to the Chapter that would add the greatest number of members in a given time.

"Meridian's new Chapter saw the broad fields with the ripening grain just ready for the harvester, and they went to work. The honor of being presented this beautiful cup by their beloved President at the Natchez convention this spring made the heart of each member beat with pride and filled them with renewed ardor, for they are not content with even this great laurel wreath, but expect to work for other and greater honors."

ADDRESS OF MRS. S. E. F. ROSE AT JACKSON.

[In an address at Jackson Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., to which reference has been made in the *VETERAN*, said in part, the unveiling of the woman's monument being the occasion of the meeting:]

"The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with words of eloquent thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a waked-up woman's heart,
Of women that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there was the battle field."

We are assembled to-day to memorialize the sublime sacrifices and unparalleled love and devotion of that noble band, the women of the Confederacy. Far from the noise and din of battle, "with no marshaling troops, no bivouac song, no banners to gleam and wave," these grand Southern women waged a battle greater than any fought on land or sea.

One of the proudest memories of the War of the States is the conduct of the women of the Confederacy, who willingly gave their all—fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers—to the service of the Confederacy. With no thought of self, at the first call to arms in '61 they bade their protectors Godspeed and undertook the support of their families, aged parents, and children. They deprived themselves of even the necessities of life in order to care for the sick and wounded soldiers and

feed and clothe all those within their reach. There were no idle moments in those Southern homes. The women were constantly spinning, knitting, and weaving to provide garments for those in the army and struggling to carry on their home affairs.

These women, reared in luxury, unused to aught but indoor employments such as the customs of the country assigned to women, in the absence of the men, all of whom were at the front, planted, cultivated, and gathered the crops, chopped and hauled wood, and fed and attended to the stock, cheerfully performing such duties as their part of the sacrifices necessary to achieve the independence of the Confederacy.

The heroism of these noble women was a moral heroism even greater and grander than that of the soldiers who fell in the excitement of battle. We hear heralded throughout the world the courage of the Spartan mother who urged her sons to go to battle and return with their shields or upon them. We are proud to say that heroism did not die with the ancients, for the women of the Confederacy gave to the world an exhibition of bravery and unselfish devotion never excelled and rarely equaled in all history. Many instances of her courage could be related; one, although often told, will be given again. Governor Letcher, war Governor of Virginia, returning from a visit to his home at Staunton, stopped at the house of an old friend. The good woman of the house was alone, and she told the Governor that her husband, father, and ten sons were all in the same company in the army. "You must be very lonely," the Governor said, "accustomed to so large a family." "Yes," this noble matron replied, "it is hard to be alone; but if I had ten more sons, they should all be in the army."

Is it any wonder that with such mothers the Confederate soldiers for four years, although far outnumbered, poorly equipped, almost starved, and often barefooted, thrilled the world with their deeds of courage and daring? Never before in the annals of history did so many brave and patriotic men with such a unanimity of purpose rally around a common standard from purely patriotic motives.

The great Napoleon on being asked what was the greatest need of his country replied, "Mothers." The South had mothers, and these same mothers furnished to the world the Confederate soldier, whose courage has never been equaled in the world's history. These mothers transmitted to their sons this courage of adamant and devotion to principle which the Northern general recognized when he refused to exchange prisoners. He said: "If we let these men out of prison, it will be a war of extermination, and will never end until the last man is cold in death." What a tribute from the enemy indirectly to the mothers of the Confederate soldier! Truly "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

How appropriate that this memorial should be erected to these Confederate mothers while many of them yet live, while their ears can hear our approving words and their hearts be cheered and thrilled by them! It is indeed fitting that these flowers should be placed in their living hands, and as these dear mothers go on to life's sunset their hearts may be made to rejoice in knowing that their deeds are appreciated and remembered. These women "never forgot the Confederate soldier on tented field, behind prison bars, or under the sod," and now our veterans offer this tribute of their love that the world may know they have not forgotten these Southern heroines, the women of the Confederacy. * * *

On behalf of the splendid organization I have the honor to

represent, the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Mississippi, I renew our pledge of loyalty to the sacred trust placed in our keeping and to forever cherish, preserve, and defend the memorial erected by our beloved veterans and the men of Mississippi to Southern womanhood and instill into our children a reverence for the women of the Confederacy, whose characters were adorned with gems more precious than can be found in the richest mines of earth.

No greater day has ever dawned in Mississippi than this June 3, 1912, when the men of our great State with one accord assemble to pay homage to the women of the Confederacy. And no more appropriate date could have been selected than this anniversary of the natal day of Jefferson Davis, the central figure of the Confederacy, the incarnation of the principles for which the South stood and the vicarious sufferer for the South when at Fortress Monroe he suffered all the humiliation and degradation that could be heaped upon him; but he was ever "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust" and rose above the hatred of his enemies. * * *

Some day when the South comes to her own—and even now we can see the "dawning of the morning"—when that day shall appear and the South like a radiant queen shall don her coronation robes and a crown be placed upon her fair brow by justice and truth, there will be many great and good things to be told of her history. Men will never tire of speaking of this land of romance so different in many respects from the rest of the country, and women will read with joy and tears the story of her long-fought battle for supremacy. When the tale is all told and the history of her labor in war and peace has been recounted, no grander chapter in all her history, no fairer page will ever be read than that which tells the story of these illustrious Southern heroines, the noble women of the Confederacy.

[By a singular blunder part of the foregoing was published in the July VETERAN as part of Dr. DeB. Waddell's speech.]

TWO FAITHFUL CONFEDERATE BROTHERS.

COL. W. B. RICHMOND AND PRIVATE BEN RICHMOND.

The Tennessee Woman's Historical Society has become custodian of the uniform of Lieut. W. B. Richmond, who served on the staff of Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. So high in the confidence of his commander and so important was his service that a faded pass reads as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS POLK'S CORPS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
November 28, 1862.

"Col. W. B. Richmond, my aid-de-camp, has permission at all times to pass anywhere in the Confederate States, and all officers of this government and army are requested to afford him any facilities. L. POLK, *Lieutenant General*."

In a list of his personal staff as major general, dated at Chattanooga August 27, 1862, is Lieut. W. B. Richmond.

Colonel Richmond had the greatest confidence of high officials, and his work may be seen in ten volumes of the "War Records."

The parole of B. Richmond, a brother of W. B. Richmond, whose family now resides in Nashville with his daughter, Mrs. C. M. Morford, is dated Augusta, Ga., May 10, 1865, as a private in the 2d Kentucky Regiment, Col. T. G. Woodward. A parole for twenty days was given B. Richmond on March 21, 1864, as assistant paymaster of Forrest's Division.

A dingy pay roll of B. Richmond's on Confederate paper, dated July 13, 1863, shows indorsements and payments at various times by George Dashiell, captain and paymaster,

EXECUTION OF WILLIAM B. MUMFORD.

The execution of William B. Mumford was one of the most aggravating of all that occurred during the war. The order for the fiendish deed was issued on June 5, 1862, to be carried out on June 7. Many pages of the "War Records" are devoted to this cause. When the United States forces landed at New Orleans, they made haste to display the United States flag from a public building of the United States, and William B. Mumford took it down and destroyed it. Butler states: "Pulled it down, dragged it through the streets, followed by an excited mob, tore it in shreds, and distributed the pieces among the gamblers, assassins, and murderers, his comrades. He was tried, condemned, and executed on the spot where he committed his heinous crime." He further states that "the lowering of the flag ought to have brought a bombardment upon the city."

In an address by Thomas O. Moore, Governor of Louisiana, at Opelousas on June 18 he referred to Mr. Mumford as follows: "The heroism of the patriot Mumford has placed his name high on the list of our martyred sons. When the Federal navy reached New Orleans, a squad of marines were sent on shore and they hoisted their flag on the mint. The city was not occupied. Their troops had not reached there and the place was not in their possession. William B. Mumford pulled down the symbol with his own hands. After condemnation he was brought in full view of the scaffold, his murderers hoping to appall his heroic soul. They offered him life on the condition that he would abjure his country and swear allegiance to her foe, but he spurned the offer. He met his fate courageously and transmitted to his countrymen a fresh example of what men will do and dare when under the inspiration of fervid patriotism."

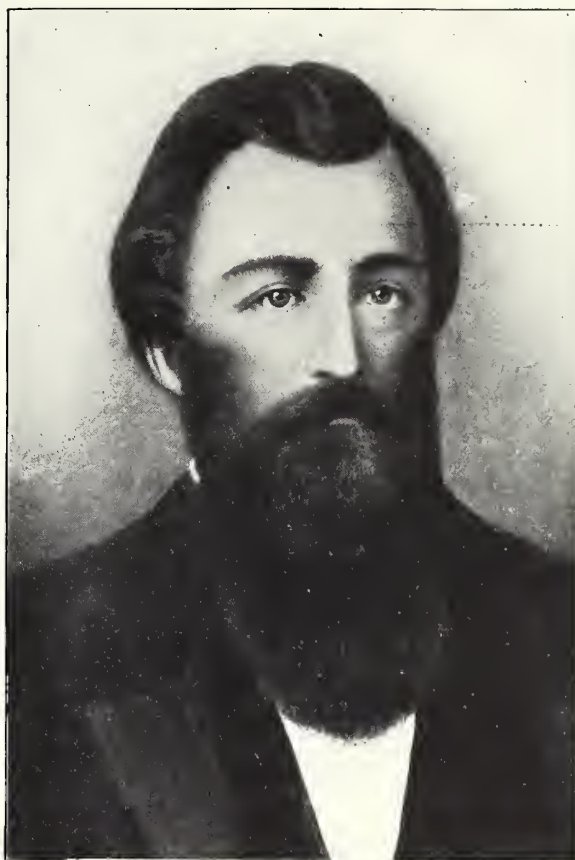
After repeated unsuccessful efforts on the part of the Confederate authorities for an explanation by the Federals, President Davis issued a proclamation on December 23, 1862, in which, after reviewing the case of Mr. Mumford, he stated: "Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, in their name do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon deserving capital punishment. I do order that he be no longer considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States, but as an outlaw and a common enemy of mankind, and that in the event of his capture the officer in command of the capturing force do immediately cause him to be executed by hanging; and I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States taken captive shall be released on parole before exchange until the said Butler shall have met with the due punishment for his crimes." * * *

The proclamation further set forth that all commissioned officers in the command of said Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals, deserving death, and that each of them whenever captured be reserved for execution; but that the "private soldiers of his command be not considered as free agents, but when captured that they be treated as prisoners of war with kindness and humanity."

This subject was the occasion of much correspondence between the Secretaries of War and Gen. R. E. Lee with Generals McClellan and Halleck.

The VETERAN has not examined the records sufficiently to be able to state whether "life for life" was taken in this case; but the Confederate authorities deserve lasting credit for the diligence with which this case was investigated and for the

fearlessness with which they demanded retribution. Meanwhile the lone widow of William B. Mumford bore her sorrow these fifty years, until now she rests with the faithful.



WILLIAM B. MUMFORD.

William Bruce Mumford was born in Onslow County, N. C. His father, Jehu Mumford, and his brothers lived in Onslow and Duplin Counties, Wilmington District, of the Old North State. The first census of the United States (1790) gives the names of the heads of the families of the Mumfords of that time. He went to school at Raleigh, N. C. After the family moved to Alabama, he attended the Mobile (Ala.) College. He was in the Seminole War in Florida from 1835 to 1839. He was mustered out of service and received his bounty in land. Just at this time he had the misfortune to break a leg. He was orderly sergeant of Company B, 3d Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, and his brigade was sent to relieve General Taylor just before the battle of Palo Alto, sailing from New Orleans May 12, 1846. The injury to his leg was so severe that he was sent home. As a Confederate he joined Company B, 1st Regiment, from New Orleans; but he was unable to do field service and was commissioned to remove stores from New Orleans, which he did up to the time he was taken prisoner on the streets of New Orleans by the officers under Benjamin F. Butler. He was forty-two years old when he was executed. His family consisted of a wife, one daughter (Mary), and two sons (Charles B. and William B. Mumford, Jr.).

In taking down the United States flag he was assisted by a young man named Harper, who helped him break the skylight with a ladder and who held the ladder while Mr.

Mumford went to the roof of the mint and got the flag. In his effort to get it down he was shelled by the fleet in the river, and one of the shots struck the chimney, one of the bricks of which struck him and knocked him away from the flagstaff. After he secured the flag, he intended to deliver it to the Mayor, but could not; later he made an effort to deliver it to the Picayune office, but could not for the great crowd that surrounded him on the street. The crowd succeeded in tearing nearly all of the flag from his arm. When he arrived home, he had only a small portion of it, which his family has.

Now concerning the inscription on his grave. The first tablet contained words as follows: "William Bruce Mumford, executed by Benj. E. Butler June 7, 1862, for taking down the United States flag from the mint." The tablet was removed by some Federal soldiers at night. His wife complained to the authorities, and they told her that she could not place any such inscription there, but that she might place something simple. The result is "Mumford's Grave."



MRS. WILLIAM B. MUMFORD.

Mrs. W. B. Mumford, widow of William B. Mumford, of New Orleans, La., who was executed by Benjamin F. Butler for taking the United States flag down from the mint, died on June 19, and was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo., near the Confederate monument. She had resided with her son, Charles B. Mumford, in Kansas City, and had lived there since 1882. William B. Mumford, Jr., went to Kansas City in 1877 and established a drug store, remaining in the business until 1885. His brother Charles joined him in 1879 and the mother in 1882, after the death of her daughter Mary, who was buried at Washington, D. C. These two brothers are all that remain of the family. Each is married and has a grown daughter. William B. Mumford is in Kansas City in the real estate business.

Mrs. William Bruce Mumford was the daughter of Dr. Charles Frederick Von Baumlin, of Baden, Germany, born October 24, 1825. Dr. Baumlin was one of the original stockholders of the town of Galveston, Tex., and after the town was incorporated was one of the original aldermen. Dr. Baumlin was in charge of the naval hospital at Galveston

when Texas was fighting for her independence. He was buried in Galveston, Tex.

This daughter first married Capt. John Walter Taylor, of the Texas navy. The wedding occurred on board of his ship. He died in less than a year after his marriage. Captain Taylor was a past midshipman in the United States navy and resigned to enter the Texas navy. Captain Taylor fought Commodore Remo, of the Mexican navy, was defeated, captured, and confined in a dungeon for seven months. When he was released, Commodore Remo gave him a set of gold epaulettes. Captain Taylor was promoted to commodore of the Texas navy.

William B. Mumford, Jr., writes of his father and mother:

"I slept with my father during the time he was confined in the lower room in the customhouse just before his execution. He talked to me much, and I recall vividly his conversations. He told my mother that the little corporal with the buttons up the front of his jacket told him that they intended to offer him the oath of allegiance to the United States, but that he could not take it. I can see my mother now when she put her hands on his arms and said: 'Well, William, if you feel that you must not, then do not take it.' My father simply folded her to his heart and kissed her. He was the kindest of fathers, never saying a cross word to any of his children in his life. He was exceedingly indulgent, and we children had everything our little hearts craved. My nurse, Bridget Matthews, who was with me from the time of my birth until the war broke out, simply worshiped him.

"When I took to him his meals, he would always save a part for me to take to a sick marine who lay on a cot in the room adjoining the one in which he was confined. When I asked him why he wanted to give that Yankee anything to eat, he said: 'Why, son, you must always be kind to your enemies; and, another thing, that poor fellow is sick and needs it.' As I sat beside him on the cot the day before he was executed he said to me: 'You must always be brave and never be afraid to die. You must always be truthful and never lie; none but cowards lie. Do your duty in any position you may hold, but remember that you must be no man's slave. If your employer ever abuses you, take your hat and walk out if you have to go hungry.'

"My mother never whipped one of us children, and our home life was the happiest. My father and mother were devoted to each other, and there never was any wrangling or disturbance of any kind."

COURAGE OF A MASSACHUSETTS ENSIGN.—At the dedication of a monument to Union soldiers in Burlington, Vt., Hon. C. A. Palmer told this story: "I can imagine the exultant satisfaction experienced by that young color sergeant, scarcely out of his teens, who at Antietam was bearing the colors of a Massachusetts regiment in a charge upon a Confederate battery, and the regiment received such a storm of grape and canister in their faces that they staggered and wavered; but the boy with the flag pushed on till he was far in advance of the line. Seeing this, the colonel down at the left of the line cried out: 'Color sergeant, bring the colors back to the line.' The young man with hands disabled by the enemy's fire clutched the staff with both wounded arms and yelled back to the colonel: 'These colors can't go backward; bring the line up to the colors.' This act of loyalty and courage was like an electric shock to that regiment, and with the inspiration caused by that act of the boy with the flag they swept forward to victory."

BLUNDER IN BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY DR. FRANK C. WILSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

As Gen. Robert E. Lee invaded Pennsylvania in July, 1863, he moved his army in three columns, marching parallel with each other. A central column moved on the main pike, passing through Carlisle, at the head of which column was our command; flanking columns were on either side. The right column moved on the pike which passed through Gettysburg, while a left flanking column was on a pike a few miles west.

Our column, which was some miles in advance, had reached a point within sight of Carlisle on July 1 when information was brought that a battle with General Mead's advancing column was imminent. The right flanking column of our division was commanded by General Ewell, who had succeeded General Jackson, and he ordered us to countermarch and move at quick time to the support of the right flanking column. This was a rapid march of about twenty miles, and we reached the neighborhood of Gettysburg without a straggler. As we went upon the battle field we were in full view of the panic-stricken, routed enemy, the advance of Mead's army, where several brigades had been engaged with the result indicated.

This was about four o'clock in the afternoon of July 1, 1863, when our command, numbering about 20,000 men, who had not fired a gun, came upon the field within clear view of the enemy in full retreat, throwing away in their haste guns, knapsacks, and haversacks, and they were in a perfect panic. It was apparent to every private soldier that the thing to do was to follow up the retreating foe without delay.

When this was not done, it was very difficult to restrain the men from just pitching forward after them without waiting for orders. But no orders came. There we had to stand and witness the Yankees gradually reform and march through Gettysburg and up the hill, where they commenced throwing up breastworks, which they continued to work at all that night and the next day, our command not even getting into line until twelve o'clock that night. We did not fire a gun until four o'clock the next afternoon, when we were ordered to attack the earthworks which we had given them twenty-four hours to prepare for us.

When we advanced up the wooded hill to make the attack, we found a regular line of breastworks, with the trees cut down in front, branches sharpened in regular order, and then found a second line several hundred yards higher up the hill similarly made and manned by fresh troops. In advancing through the abatis our line was thrown into some disorder; and in order to dress up the line, as we were about to charge, I turned to look along the line of the company, thus having my side facing to the front. Just then a volley was fired by the enemy manning the breastworks, and I felt a sharp sting made by a bullet which struck me in the left groin. It simply plowed a groove the depth of the ball without disturbing the large blood vessels. As there did not seem to be much bleeding, I went on with the command, and we drove the enemy out of our first line. We were then ordered to retire, as no fresh troops came up to our support to help in the attack upon the second line. When we retired, a surgeon examined my wound and ordered me to the rear.

It has always seemed to me that the evening of the 1st of July, 1863, was the turning point of the War of the States. Had Gen. Stonewall Jackson been in command, he would never have lost that opportunity to follow up the routed Yankees with the splendid body of 20,000 fresh troops that had not fired a gun and were eager for the chance, and we could

have had possession of the heights of Gettysburg in a half hour and perhaps without firing a gun. The excuse assigned for not following them up was that General Lee could not be communicated with to give the order. Stonewall Jackson would have seized the opportunity and gotten his orders for it afterwards. I have no doubt that we would then have won the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d of July and saved the disastrous battles that followed. With that battle won, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington would have been at our mercy.

SKETCH OF FIRST MISSOURI BATTERY, C. S. A.

BY CAPT. S. T. RUFFNER, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

At the solicitation of comrades I write some reminiscences of the 1st Missouri Battery. This company was designated the "first" because it was the first organized after General Price's army was transferred to the east of the Mississippi River in April, 1862, to reinforce Gen. J. E. Johnston at Corinth, Miss. There was left no organized force of Missouri troops in the Trans-Mississippi Department. But recruiting officers were busy gathering the sick and wounded left behind and enlisting others from Missouri and Arkansas. Gen. Joe Shelby took back his old regiment during the summer, so that by early autumn another army of eight or ten thousand men was encamped around Fort Smith, Ark., and in the Frog Bayou Valley without any cannon. Capt. W. Roberts recruited for artillery, and the 1st Missouri Battery, C. S. A., of one hundred men was organized in October, 1862. Roberts was captain, Phil Gatewood first lieutenant, and S. T. Ruffner second lieutenant. After two months the captain and Gatewood resigned, and I was promoted to captain, with John O. Lockhart, Ben D. Weedon, and Oscar F. Stephens lieutenants.

Thus far in the war I had served as a private in infantry. I was in the battle of Lexington, Mo., and was in an open field charge at Elk Horn. None of us knew anything about the handling of cannon, but were fortunate enough to get a copy of "Hardee's Tactics" from an old army officer (for \$100 in Confederate money), from which book we learned all that we ever knew of artillery except from actual practice.

Colonel Jackman's regiment of Missouri mounted recruits in a bitter little fight with a Federal force at Lone Jack captured two new James rifles, cannon (12-pounders), with the horses, caissons, and ammunition, including a good supply of friction tubes, the first we had ever seen. These guns were assigned to us, and two bronze smooth six-pounders were soon added, completing the battery.

Maj. Gen. T. C. Hindman was assigned to the command of this army in November, 1862. Then strong Federal forces were north of us for our repulse. Brig. Gen. J. G. Blunt occupied Cain Hill, Ark., with 7,000 men and Gen. T. J. Herron was approaching from the direction of Fayetteville with 6,000 men and thirty cannon to unite with Blunt.

Hindman, intending to give them battle, marched from Van Buren on December 3, 1862, with three divisions, Gen. John S. Marmaduke's division of cavalry (2,000 strong), Gen. M. M. Parson's Missouri infantry, and Gen. T. A. Churchill's Arkansas infantry—in all 11,000 men and twenty-two cannon. Hindman's plan was to engage and defeat Blunt before Herron could come up, but the roughness of the road over Boston Mountains and the rawness of troops delayed his march, and he failed in this. After several bitter cavalry engagements the two armies joined battle on the 7th of December at Prairie Grove. This was literally an open-field battle, and a desperate one. There was no place of shelter upon any por-

tion of the field. Wounds and death were inflicted by the enemy's artillery among the reserves as well as in front. During five hours shell and solid shot, grape and canister, and storms of bullets swept the entire ground. The enemy greatly outnumbered us and outranked us in the character of cannon, having the most improved rifle guns, and handled them with remarkable skill.

At the opening of the battle our battery, with its infantry support, was placed and fronted to the rear of the center of our line to meet an expected attack from that direction, and were held there unengaged in suspense for two or three hours, while the roar of the struggle increased behind us. When Marmaduke ordered us to the front, it was a welcome summons, for nothing is more trying on the nerves than suspense and inaction under fire. The approach to the front was under terrific artillery fire from the enemy, their balls and shells plowing the ground before and all around us. Cannoneers dismounted from the limber boxes and ran alongside the gun carriages and drivers ducked their heads as they urged the horses at a gallop.

We took position in the center of Shelby's dismounted cavalrymen on the brow of the hill overlooking the open prairie before us, beyond which the enemy's line was drawn. One of our batteries had occupied this position earlier in the day, but could not hold it against the enemy's superior guns. We soon discovered that the Federal batteries had direct range on our position, and we asked the general's permission to go below the hill to get out of range. He replied: "You can go in that direction as far as you like." No man of the battery who went down that hill that day expected ever to get back. Gaining level ground some seventy-five yards in front of our lines, we began to play on a battery in our immediate front. They exploded a shell in our midst before we could jerk a lanyard, wounding two men and two horses. We retaliated in good form by landing conical shells among them, creating havoc with men and horses. We drove them from their position; then there was an advance of our whole line, and the battle ended with the coming of night. In the absence of the captain the battery was under my command as lieutenant throughout the day.

General Shelby in his official report has this to say: "I cannot close this report without speaking in the highest terms of Lieutenant Ruffner, commanding the only rifle battery we had. He took position about three o'clock on the brow of the hill just above the house, and for two mortal hours bore the storm of shot and shell without a murmur, and it was only when night and darkness came that he changed position."

The battle ended after a day of furious struggle and carnage. Our lines were unbroken at any point, and the enemy had suffered severely as well as we. That night General Hindman withdrew his army. I did not understand it then, and with others censured the commander for drawing off. We did not know that heavy reinforcements were in easy march to Blunt; we did not know that our supply of ammunition was not sufficient for another day's fight, and we did not consider that our men and horses had been without a full ration for two days. One of the wonders is how we ever got ammunition and how we obtained sufficient supplies of food and forage from the desolate country through which we passed. Much of the ammunition was made in the army. We made our horse-shoes and nails; our harness oil was made from beef feet.

General Hindman withdrew to Van Buren, on the Arkansas River, encamping in the forest until after Christmas. An

amusing incident occurred here on Christmas Eve. About dark a squad of men came to the river bank to bury a comrade, a noncommissioned officer, who had died in camp. Having interred the body, they fired the customary volley over the grave. The troops up the line, thinking it was a Christmas salute, commenced firing their muskets, and the contagion spread until there was a roar of firearms along the whole line, the battery joining with two guns. Presently a mounted orderly from headquarters dashed up and put the battery men under arrest. We were marched half a mile through the brush and darkness and rain to Frost's headquarters. One of Parsons's infantry regiments was filing out, having received their lecture, when we arrived. The General was standing on an empty dry goods box before a blazing fire, apparently feeling good, for he had been to town, and it was Christmas. This was his speech: "Soldiers, before I say anything I will read you an order which I have just received from General Hindman at Van Buren. A courier has just arrived with his horse all afoam, saying: 'General, heavy firing has been heard in the direction of your camp since an early hour this evening. Has the enemy engaged you? I hope you are not permitting Christmas firing.' And what should I hear on the receipt of this order but a salute from Ruffner's Battery. Now, this has been done without the command or consent of the captain by one man or a few men; and if the man or men who did it will make themselves known, I will do nothing further than turn them over to General Hindman. Otherwise the whole company will have to suffer; and any man or set of men who will permit others to suffer for what they have done is a dog." This was not consoling, for Hindman had men shot by the wayside. To the surprise of everybody, one man, Jim Kelly, stepped to the front, saying, "I am one of them;" then another and another (three), at which Dr. Small, a German staff surgeon, standing by, exclaimed: "Prave men, prave men!" The company was ordered to quarters, and the three men held under arrest. The next day at meal time they came walking into quarters, saying that their guards had left them and gone to dinner and they thought they would do the same.

In the spring of 1863 General Price returned to the West and was assigned to the command of our forces. In August he occupied Little Rock with 8,000 men. About this time Gen. Frederick Steele, of the Union army, left Helena with 13,000 men and fifty cannon, advancing toward Little Rock via Clarendon and DeValls Bluff. Price formed his line and constructed rifle pits and other defensive works on the north side of the river two and one-half miles in front of Little Rock, prepared to give battle.

There on the morning of September 6 Gen. J. S. Marmaduke killed Gen. March L. Walker in a duel a short distance without our lines. The feud seems to have grown out of Marmaduke's reflection on Walker's courage. Walker challenged and Marmaduke accepted, the conditions being "with pistols at ten paces to fire and advance."

The same morning Steele's advance forced a passage of the river eight miles below the city by fording. This turned our right flank, and Price crossed the army on the pontoon opposite the town, while the cavalry held Steele's advance in check. Price was willing to give battle from his trenches, but would not risk an engagement with his small force in open field, so far from his base, without the possibility of reinforcements; hence he withdrew in good order in the direction of Arkadelphia. The Federals with Davidson's Division and Merrill's

horse pressed our rear for two or three days, but were successfully repulsed by Marmaduke's Cavalry Division in a spirited and dashing engagement on the 11th about twenty miles south of Little Rock. For a brief account of this engagement I quote an extract from the official report of Col. G. W. Thompson, commanding Shelby's Brigade. I do so because it is due the gallant men who handled the guns of the battery so splendidly that day, as they always did, and are worthy of special mention:

"CAMP OF OUACHITA RIVER, September 15, 1863.

"Capt. T. H. Lea, of my regiment, in ambush with his company, delivered them (the enemy) a deadly fire, which was taken up by my regiment and B. G. Jean's regiment in one deafening volley, after which they filed out of the way and range of Capt. S. T. Ruffner's splendid battery of four guns, which occupied a position immediately commanding the road. This was a signal for Captain Ruffner, who in quick succession sent shot, shell, and grape roaring and whizzing through the woods in such a demoralizing manner as to drive the enemy out of sight and hearing for the time with (as we learned subsequently) many killed and wounded.

G. W. THOMPSON, *Colonel Commanding Brigade.*"

In the spring of 1864 the Federal authorities at Washington planned a campaign by which they thought effectually to crush the "Little Western Viper." The plan was to send a strong army up Red River and another from Little Rock to unite at Shreveport, La., and destroy Kirby Smith's entire army. Accordingly in March, 1864, Gen. N. P. Banks proceeded up Red River with an army, by his own estimate, of 20,000, bayonets, twelve guns, a fleet of nine iron-clads, and a number of transports. Gen. Fred Steele about the same date marched from Little Rock southward with 13,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and fifty cannons.

Price's forces were encamped on the Arkansas and Louisiana line near Bossier Parish. Dick Taylor, with the Louisiana and Texas divisions, was on Red River, south of Shreveport.

Banks had an imposing army, all new—new wagons, new harness, new artillery—everything glittering with freshness. He moved with an air of leisure as if confident that the sight of such an imposing force would terrify the unholy Rebels into instant submission. Surely the sending of two such armies with such splendid military provisions against the little half-equipped army of Kirby Smith's is an everlasting tribute to the valor of Southern arms. Price dispatched his entire cavalry division under Marmaduke to confront Steele and hold him in check, and hurried his infantry to assist Taylor.

General Taylor in his official report, as printed in the "National Records," says: "Our little army of 15,000 hurled upon the enemy and defeated Banks in two signal victories on April 8 and 9 at Mansfield and at Pleasant Hill."

The fruits of this brilliant campaign in Louisiana were 4,000 Federals killed, wounded, and captured, twenty-one cannons, two hundred wagons, one gunboat, the Eastport, and three transports. The 1st Missouri Battery was not engaged at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill; it was not needed.

Taylor was now left to follow Banks, and Price turned his divisions toward Arkansas, moving by forced marches to face Steele, whom the cavalry had successfully held in check at Camden, on the Washita.

The achievements of General Marmaduke's cavalry, with Shelby's and Fagan's Brigades, were scarcely surpassed by anything in the history of the war. Without the aid of any infantry they arrested the progress of Steele's army of 13,000

infantry and a cavalry force equal to their own, 2,000. They met and defeated the forces sent against them, fighting battles almost daily, and captured Steele's entire baggage and forage trains, forced him into intrenchments, and held him at bay until Price could come up from Mansfield. So completely was Steele beaten that he did not know that Banks was defeated nor that Price was within four hours' march of Camden. Some of the reports of Federal commanders of their experiences in their cavalry engagements are really piteous. Gen. W. D. Green in his report to Gen. W. T. Sherman at Nashville of an engagement at Mark's Mills concludes with the melancholy appeal: "Please send us 2,000 mules."

Col. James M. Williams, commanding the 1st Kansas Colored Infantry, reports that he was sent out on a foraging expedition in the direction of Pine Bluff with 695 men and was reinforced by 875 infantry, 285 cavalry, and four guns. "I had succeeded in filling one hundred wagons with corn when I was attacked by the enemy. In the conflict fully one-half of my infantry were killed, and I was forced to abandon everything to the enemy."

As soon as Steele knew that Price was within a few hours of Camden he prepared for precipitous flight toward Little Rock, destroying everything that would retard his movements or would be of advantage to pursuers, crossing the Washita, and sinking the boats behind him. Price moved into the town, but was delayed a day in constructing a footway for infantry and raising a scuttled boat to carry the artillery across. He then followed Steele's fleeing columns by forced marches day and night. Everywhere along the enemy's track were signs of haste. Mutilated overcoats and other heavy garments lined the way, bales of blankets were chucked into mudholes for trains to pass over, cartridges in vast quantities were scattered in the mud and water, and trains of wagons burned until the red iron glowed in the smoldering ashes.

Price's advance came up with Steele at Jenkins's Ferry, on the Saline River, forty miles from Little Rock, on the morning of April 30. Here Steele made a desperate resistance for the safety of his army. He chose an almost impregnable position, forming his line along the bank of the river with the river behind him, an impassable swamp on his left flank, and a wide marsh in his front. Price's forces were roughly handled and gave way in the first assault, but rallied in good order; and after an all-day desperate battle, Steele was driven from his stronghold, and, crossing the swollen river on a rubber pontoon, scuttled it and again retreated. In his report he says he abandoned the pontoon because it was old and of little value, but there were two other better reasons: he did not have time and he had no wagons to haul it.

The 1st Missouri Battery suffered severely in this engagement. On approaching the field of battle we were following an infantry command, the carriages running deep in the soggy mud, when well on the way Gen. Kirby Smith rode up and asked who we were and where we were going. We replied: "General Price has ordered us to the front." The General said: "The ground is so deep and bad I don't think you can handle artillery in there; but since General Price has ordered it, you had better send in a section (two guns and their caissons) with a lieutenant and take the other guns back on the ridge, as we may need them there." Immediately the section under Lieut. John O. Lockhart was sent on to the front and the others placed as directed.

Because of the delay and heavy roads the infantry outmarched the guns, and in the winding of the road passed out

of sight, having filed off the road to the right through the woods. The section not observing the change of direction taken by the infantry passed straight to the front and left of our line until they encountered the enemy. They at once opened on them, the Federals advancing in force. As the contact grew closer, the gunners plied the enemy with grape and canister in quick succession. The opposing infantry, finding that the guns were almost without support, charged them. The cannoners stood by their guns until all but six were captured or killed. The horses (twenty-four in number) were killed, and of course the guns were lost. This was a terrific slaughter. Seventeen men out of twenty-three were killed, wounded, or captured. The entire Southern loss here was four hundred and forty-three killed and wounded; that of the enemy was something less.

It is said that Steele reached Little Rock with but one wagon. This is not literally but it is metaphorically true. As for the characteristic "running Rebel," Steele discounts him in his gait from Camden to Little Rock.

Steele's only trophies of his campaign were the two guns and five captured Missouri boys. The guns had been previously taken from the Federals and were soon replaced from those captured at Mansfield a few days before. The boys were taken to Rock Island Prison and kept until the next April. But the lamented dead could not be replaced. Their memory is dear, and they deserve a marble shaft over the ground where they fought and fell. This was our last engagement and a sad ending. No other campaigns were sent into our department against us. Banks and Steele were hurried to Grant to help take Petersburg.

We wintered in Louisiana and did not hear of Lee's surrender until May. Then we marched to Shreveport. At the end there was a feeling of suppressed sadness as we took a parting look at the guns shining in their silent and lonely grimness beneath the young leaves in front of the old church at Rock Mount. We were transported from Shreveport to Alexandria, La., where we were paroled by Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., on June 7, 1865.

GEN. H. B. GRANBURY'S SCOUTS.

BY C. W. TRICE (CO. A, 7TH TEXAS), LEXINGTON, N. C.

In the summer of 1864 Granbury's Brigade (of which I was a member) was on top of the mountain near Dalton, Ga. [This must have been "Rocky Face."—ED.] Three members of General Granbury's old company (Company A, 7th Texas Infantry) were on detail as scouts. On the morning in question General Granbury came to his old company while we were eating our scanty breakfast and said that he wanted a volunteer to take his place. One of the company responded quickly. The General then told the three to go to his tent as soon as they were through breakfast. They did so and he gave them instructions. Pointing to the opposite side of the mountain and diagonally about five miles away, he showed them smoke, telling them that it was the Yankee camp. He wanted them to go down as near as safety would permit, see if they were making any preparations to move, in what direction, and as nearly how many of them they could find out. He told them to meet the command at Snake Creek Gap, explaining that the command was going to move in the direction of Resaca.

The scouts soon began the descent diagonally in the direction of the smoke and came to a large field of corn as high as a man's head. The first was about a half mile long and sloped down to a creek. Near the creek was a farmhouse.

The new scout had not eaten a square meal in a long time. The three scouts sat on the fence and discussed the situation. Across the creek was the Yankee camp and the usual noise of camp life. The new scout suggested that they go down through the corn to the house and see what they could find out, but the others regarded it as too dangerous. Finally the new scout got down inside the field and the other two on the outside and started off toward the opposite corner, where, they guessed, the Snake Creek road was located. The new scout gradually turned out into the corn and then made way in the direction of the house—and dinner. The others called him, but he did not answer. He crossed the fence just above the house and got into the road and walked to the front of the house. A woman and boy about twelve years old urged him to leave at once through the corn, which grew close to the house, saying the Yankees were there every few minutes. The scout asked the lady if she would give him some dinner, offering to pay her. She urged him to go at once; that she was afraid they would find him there and would punish her. He said that if one of them made his appearance he would get into the corn. She finally decided to give him dinner.

Not having learned anything about the Federals, he decided to walk down the road, but the lady began begging him not to go. She said her husband was then in a Yankee prison. He told her that if he saw any of them he would dodge in the bushes and get away.

At the corner of the field, with the fence on one side and the creek on the other and the sand too deep to hear the approach of even a horse, suddenly a horse stuck his head into view, and on his back was a live Yankee who was leading another horse. The scout knew that something had to happen, and that very quick, so he drew his gun on the bluecoat and said, "Surrender!" The Yankee hesitated and said he did not like to do that so near camp; but he was told that if he made any noise or attempted to escape he was a dead man. He was ordered to loose the guns and drop them to the ground quick, being covered with a cocked gun and finger on the trigger. In quick time the scout was on the other horse, with the Yankee in front, and going at full speed up the road by the house. The lady who gave him dinner waved a towel and said: "God bless you!"

Near the top of the mountain they came upon some Confederate pickets, who halted them, and would have arrested both, but the scout asked them if two men ahead of them did not have a pass for three men. The pickets said they did, but they said the other man had deserted. He convinced them that he was the other man, and they let him pass with his prisoner. On coming up with the brigade there was a yell, and the scout with his prisoner and two horses and a carbine and two Colt's navy pistols went on to the head of the brigade and turned them over to General Granbury, who praised him and made him a regular scout.

I was a member of General Granbury's old company and was with him while captain, major, colonel, and brigadier general; and a better or braver man never lived. I was wounded on the skirmish line at Kennesaw Mountain and lost my left hand. May you and the dear VETERAN live long and continue to be a great blessing to the country and the old boys who wore the gray is my prayer to the great Supreme Ruler of the universe.

[While Comrade Trice does not intimate that he was the scout conspicuous in the above, it is presumed that he was.]

CARE OF WOUNDED PRISONERS IN BALTIMORE.

LETTER CONCERNING BALTIMORE WOMEN IN WAR TIMES.

After the great battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, in September, 1862, a number of heroic and patriotic women of Baltimore offered their services as nurses for the Confederate wounded in the hands of the Federals, which offer was gladly accepted by the authorities. Every house and barn in the neighborhood of Sharpsburg was filled with wounded Federals, and the thousands of wounded Confederate prisoners were placed under shelters made of fence rails set up on end in parallel rows, meeting at the top, when they were secured and afterwards thatched with straw or covered with canvas. Many Confederate officers were brought to Baltimore and cared for in the homes of sympathizers. Among them were Colonel Flynt, of Georgia, and a Major Floyd, who were cared for by the late Dr. and Mrs. William F. Stuart. Both recovered from their wounds and were exchanged, but their subsequent career is not known.

One Baltimore lady who rendered service at Sharpsburg was the late Amelia J. Chenoweth, a noble Christian. That she might not be interfered with in her missions of mercy, Mrs. Chenoweth was given the following pass:

"Pass the bearer to and from the Burly Hospital.

C. IRVING WILSON, *Asst. Surgeon, U. S. A., in Charge.*"

So faithful and true was she that had she gone to President Lincoln for a pass on such a mission, and had he asked her if she was a loyal woman, she would have said, "Yes, I am loyal to the Southern cause," and he would doubtless have given her such a paper as this: "Pass this woman; she is honest and can be trusted."

Mrs. Chenoweth said that her chief matter of concern for the suffering was the fear that in death they would be buried with the unknown dead and their families and friends left in ignorance of their fate. In response to many earnest appeals Mrs. Chenoweth made a list of those soldiers who came under her care. This list will be read with interest by those whose fathers and brothers never came back. Here is the list:

NORTH CAROLINA.

First Infantry: I. H. Lewis, Company K; J. M. Fatling, Company I; J. A. Wyatt, Company C.

Second Infantry: M. Sullivan, Company C; I. Jones, Company C; W. Gaines, Company D; L. McCofy, Company F; I. P. Imes, Company I; R. B. Hines, Company H.

Fifth Infantry: O. L. Johnson, Company C; M. Pathisholl, Company A; John Eldridge, Company D; W. H. Rigby, Company E; W. Bunn, Company K; I. Pierce, Company K.

Sixth Infantry: D. C. Warren, Company C.

Twelfth Infantry: J. M. Meyher, Company A; W. R. Hale, Company I.

Thirteenth Infantry: W. H. Hatchett, Company A; W. H. Vaden, Company A; Dr. C. G. Lea, Company A; L. H. Bartlet, Company B; J. S. Gilliam, Company E; C. N. Boon, Company F; H. B. Carter, Company I.

Fourteenth Infantry: J. Pea, Company F; C. G. Harting, Company B; S. A. Williams, Company C; L. E. Forrest, Company H.

Fifteenth Infantry: I. D. Helms, Company B.

Eighteenth Infantry: James Danigh, Company F.

Twentieth Infantry: I. C. Gibson, Company A; A. W. Milhome, Company A; A. Royal, Company E; W. T. Wilson, Company E; W. Fipps, Company D.

Twenty-Third Infantry: C. Clank, Company E.

First Cavalry: B. C. Futruff, Company B.

Fourteenth Cavalry: John Drever and I. H. Loven, Co. K.

GEORGIA.

Phillips's Legion: Capt. James M. Johnson, Company L; N. I. Davis, Company B; George E. Brown, Company B.

Eighth Infantry: S. D. Sarthink, Company D; M. J. Christian, Company K.

Twenty-Eighth Infantry: E. A. Ware, Company B; J. H. Matthews, Company B.

Fiftieth Infantry: I. A. Cower, Company C; J. Vinenice, Company C; S. Jenson, Company K; D. Daly, Company K.

Fifty-First Infantry: Corp. Lewis Cook, Company K; H. J. Blue, Company K; C. W. Sermon, Company A; Silas McClendon, Company D.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Third Battalion: John L. Speake, Newberry, S. C.; Simon Baruch, Assistant Sergeant, Camden, S. C.

First Infantry: I. H. Thompson, Company I.

Second Infantry: R. Isbell, Company D.

Fifth Infantry: I. T. McCleveyan, Company F.

Fifteenth Infantry: C. H. Giles, Sergeant Major, Unionville.

Eighteenth Infantry: I. F. Bailey, Company C.

Twenty-Third Infantry: J. C. Barley, Company H.

ALABAMA.

Fourth Infantry: J. A. Chapman, Company B.

Fifth Infantry: T. C. Hille, W. E. McCarty, Company K.

Sixth Infantry: A. A. McQueen.

Twelfth Infantry: George Whitfield.

Thirteenth Infantry: T. E. Kutt, Company D.

Fourteenth Infantry: B. F. Lindsey, Company G.

VIRGINIA.

William W. Maiston, Assistant Surgeon Company C; S. A. New, Kent County, Va.

Third Cavalry: H. I. Meridich, Company K.

Fourth Cavalry: D. I. Barnes, Company I.

Ninth Cavalry: Robert Coleman and John France, Co. K.

FLORIDA.

Fifth Infantry: Joseph Hales, John Williams, Company B; R. W. Burgess, Company D.

MARYLAND.

Edward B. Simpson, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., Liberty, Md.; C. C. Hart, of J. D. Imboden's battery.

ROCK ISLAND PRISON IN PEACE.

[A newspaper clipping about Rock Island, Ill., by Miss Katie Daffan, of Texas, is interesting and instructive.]

There were 12,000 Confederates imprisoned there.

The center of industrial activity in the Upper Mississippi Valley, the most fertile section of equal area in the world, is formed in three cities which overlook the great Father of Waters—Davenport, Iowa, Moline, and Rock Island, Ill. These cities overlook the rock island in the river, which is the largest and most picturesque of the many beautiful Mississippi islands. It is so called because the island rests upon a solid base of limestone rock in horizontal strata. It is nearly three miles long, and its greatest breadth is about four-fifths of a mile and is at the foot of Rock Island Rapids. The island is almost entirely covered with heavy timber. On all sides are precipitous cliffs and rocky slopes.

The island was discovered by Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette in 1673. Black Hawk, the Sac chief, was born on Rock River, a few miles south of the island.

The United States was given possession of the east bank of the Mississippi River by the treaty with Great Britain in 1873; but through the Harrison treaty with the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians made at St. Louis in November, 1804, the United States gained its right to the possession of the island.

From 1845 to 1862 the island was in charge of a custodian employed by the War Department. In 1862 an act was passed for establishing Rock Island Arsenal, and it is still under the control of the War Department.

It was my privilege to make a pilgrimage to Rock Island, the scene of the military prison, where so many thousands of Confederate soldiers were imprisoned in 1863. Rock Island was considered by the Federal authorities secure and admirably adapted for prison purposes. Just one Confederate soldier lived in the city of Rock Island, and I found him at his desk, above which hung a picture with a diagram of the prison in the days of 1863. He was a member of that superb body of men, the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and no other soldier of the Confederacy was nearer than Chicago. With all of the courtesy and thoughtfulness of a Confederate veteran he arranged to go with me to the prison scene and to the magnificent United States arsenal.

Early the next morning we started from the Harper House across the thriving, enterprising city of Rock Island, with Davenport, Iowa, Moline, and Rock Island, Ill., all in view. We showed our passports to the guard at the entrance and drove down the broad avenue, heavily shaded on either side. Paths ran from the main avenue in every direction, all with military names, and with stone benches placed at short intervals. Here and there are immense piles of cannon brought from many points and various battles and arranged in long geometric rows. Many of these are Confederate trophies. In the distance were immense factories built of stone, where every necessity of war is manufactured. At headquarters we were cordially received by Maj. Stanhope E. Blunt, Commandant of the Rock Island Arsenal, a cultured man and a fair representative of West Point, who seemed pleased with the novelty of our visit and the nature of the pilgrimage.

My Confederate escort was familiar with every part of the island, and his accounts of the privations, starvation, and fearful experiences of the sixties and of the history of the island before and since the war were most interesting. There are made at the arsenal canteens, haversacks, saddles, saddle tops, blankets, tilts, cups, all cavalry and all infantry accouterments, and there is an immense workshop for repairs and blacksmith and carpenter shops. The massive stone buildings are filled with busy workmen and wonderful heavy machinery. All the operatives live in Rock Island, Davenport, or Moline.

The home of the commandant is very large, situated in a grove of magnificent trees, the approach to which is a wide tan bark drive. Over its entrance is a wing-spread eagle, with the seal of the United States. The homes of the other officers are of stone and of uniform size.

But it was to the scene of the Confederate prison that we hastened. Golf links and distances of beautiful, well-kept lawns now cover the prison division, which was near and overlooked the river. The hospital of the garrison still remains, an old two-story wooden building, now used by the arsenal department. The extensive prison barracks were built in 1863. Accommodations were made for 13,000 prisoners. The prison was of rectangular shape and was on the north side near the river front, covering nearly twelve acres. The four

sides face very nearly the points of the compass. The barracks were one hundred feet long by twenty wide, with windows at the side and doors in the end. They were neither plastered nor painted. In the end of each was the kitchen. On each side were rows of double-decked berths, or "bunks," for sleeping. One hundred were placed in each building. A broad avenue divided the rows in the north from the rows in the south. * * *

In the long, idle days many employed their hands in making clam shell, bone, and gutta-percha trinkets, many in reading the few books that could be procured, and when a new building was needed the prisoners were sometimes employed in its construction. Extending around the barracks about fifty feet from its sides was the stockade, made of inch boards twelve feet long placed on end. Four feet from the top was a parapet on which the sentinels passed. Armed guards were ever on duty, watching every movement.

Some of the Confederate soldiers got away, and their deeds of bravery and daring are without parallel. Many of them preferred the risk of death in attempting to escape to remaining there. After scaling the stockade or getting through the gates, it was nearly impossible to leave the island.

Above the hospital in the center road coming from Moline, out of sight from the government building, quiet and hidden among the trees, is the Confederate cemetery with the dead of Rock Island Prison Barracks, and across the main avenue, with here and there a monument and the usual bronze tablets of commemoration, is situated the Federal cemetery. In the Confederate cemetery the dead were buried in trenches long and deep, the bodies being placed in wooden boxes arranged side by side about four feet apart. At the head of each of these broad trenches is a wooden marker with the number of the grave and the initials of the deceased, his company, regiment, and date of death. The books of the Post contain the names of our dead, their homes, regiments, date of death, etc. I visited this cemetery and left a few flowers. It is said that 2,000 Confederate prisoners of war lie buried here. Only five small marble markers were erected by friends of the dead soldiers.

LONGSTREET'S FORCES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Dr. William B. Conway, of Athens, Ga., who was corporal of Company C, 4th Virginia Regiment, makes some important corrections, stating: "I have been credibly informed that some Northern historians claim that General Longstreet went to Tennessee with his whole corps (Hood's, McLaws's, and Pickett's Divisions). Now, the truth is, if I understand it, Longstreet had only Hood's Division. I have just read 'Personal Reminiscences of the War, 1861-65,' by Capt. W. H. Morgan, of Virginia, who was a member of Kemper's Brigade. He states that Longstreet had both Hood's and McLaws's Divisions. In a letter from my brother, Catlett Conway, of Philadelphia, who was a member of Kemper's Brigade, and who was badly wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he states that Longstreet carried only Hood's Division with him to Tennessee. McLaws's Division was at Chancellorsville with Lee and Jackson, while Pickett with his division was in Southeastern Virginia, near Suffolk, and that Pickett made a forced march to reach Chancellorsville, but the battle was fought and won before he arrived. Longstreet's three divisions were again united and were with Lee at Gettysburg. * * * Henderson's 'Stonewall Jackson,' page 467, gives losses in killed and wounded in McLaws's Division at Chancellorsville at 1,379."

DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

An Associated Press message from Washington, D. C., of July 7 states that a resolution was offered by Senator Root for the erection of a memorial in that city "to commemorate the services and sacrifices of the loyal women of the United States during the War of the States." The memorial, it says, shall be monumental in character, and shall be used as the permanent quarters of the American Red Cross. The government is to contribute \$400,000 for the site and building, which shall cost not less than \$700,000. The government contribution shall not be payable until an additional sum of \$300,000 has been raised by the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Much honor to the Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R.! Many noble women ended their lives in zealous service to the cause represented, and thousands still are diligent in what they can do for unfortunate men who served their side in the War of the States. But does Senator Root realize that his resolution is not in the spirit of a "restored Union?" All the world knows, save a few of the benighted in Washington City and one man in Idaho, that there is another organization of American women whose mission is similar to that of the Woman's Relief Corps that has done more and at greater sacrifice than any other organization of women in America for the comfort and the honor of men who made sacrifice for the principles of government founded in George Washington's time, safeguarded then by the Constitution of the United States. That body of women expect to assemble in Washington City next November, and it has been anticipated that that occasion is to be improved on the part of those in authority to extend the olive branch and that lasting good might result. The men and the women of the South are loyal to the cause of the Red Cross, and yet the partisan spirit of Mr. Root is as deplorable as it is subtle. Why not make the memorial a tribute to patriotic women of America, and let each woman examine her own heart and decide for herself whether she can go to the sacrament? The United Daughters of the Confederacy ought to have a share in such a memorial.

OTHER SIDE OF THE FAYETTEVILLE ROAD FIGHT.

BY CAPT. THEO F. NORTHROP (CHIEF OF SCOUTS KILPATRICK'S
DIVISION OF CAVALRY, SAVANNAH TO GOLDSBORO),
SUSSEX, N. J.

The articles in the *VETERAN* on what is called the fight at Fayetteville, N. C., have interested me very much. I call it the fight at Monroe Crossroads, and the location of it was from fourteen to sixteen miles west of Fayetteville on the Morganton Road, and about the same distance east of what is now called Southern Pines. My knowledge of this fight begins shortly after our men had been driven from the camp.

The scouts which I had the honor of commanding at that time had spent more than half of the previous day on this battle ground. We had arrived before noon on the day before and remained there until dark, hourly expecting the arrival of the command. The house which afterwards became General Kilpatrick's headquarters would have been a very comfortable place for the scouts to spend the night; but I considered it too much exposed and crossed the swamp to a quiet place, where we were awakened early in the morning by fugitives who had escaped from the camp. They told us that General Kilpatrick, the 3d Brigade, and the dismounted men had all been captured, and they seemed to think that they alone had escaped.

We mounted and started for the camp, hoping that we might recapture some of the prisoners; but we soon heard the fighting and knew by that that all had not been captured. I decided to ride at a gallop until I reached the house which I knew would be headquarters. We were followed by from one hundred and fifty to two hundred mounted men who had escaped from this captured camp. We had to pass through the men who had been driven from the camp to the swamp, where they had made a stand and at this time were fighting on the defensive. When we dashed through them, they thought it was the arrival of the 1st Brigade, and they sang out, "Here comes the 1st Brigade!" and, led by General Kilpatrick, they followed us in a charge that won back the camp. The Confederates at this time were very much interested in finding out what was in the wagon trains, and they in turn were partly surprised.

There is quite a difference of opinion among your correspondents as to how many and who were engaged in the fight. I shall tell you about our side and refer you to "Official Records" for confirmation. I have no knowledge about the Southern side, but never have believed, nor do I now believe, that Generals Hampton and Wheeler were there with all their forces. If they had been, I do not believe we would have recaptured our camp.

Regarding the impassable swamp, that was there a sure thing, and it may have prevented a portion of Wheeler's command from hitting our camp at the right time. I visited this battle ground about five years ago and was informed that skeletons of horse and rider, who had mired so quickly that the rider had not dismounted, had been found.

The part of General Kilpatrick's command that was engaged at this place consisted of the 3d Brigade, commanded by General Spencer, and the dismounted men commanded by Major Way. The 3d Brigade consisted of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, and the 5th Ohio Cavalry, about 800 or 900 men. The dismounted men numbered about three or four hundred, less than one-third of General Kilpatrick's command, which on leaving Savannah numbered all told about five thousand men for duty.

One of your correspondents says that the 5th Kentucky Cavalry was captured the day or night before. He is surely mistaken, as they were very much engaged in a desperate fight in their camp, and it was here that I saw the largest Confederate loss for any one point after the fight was over. It is a long time to remember all these things, but I am sure that I counted from sixty to eighty dead Confederates in this camp.

The information regarding what portion of General Kilpatrick's command was engaged at this point is contained in Volume XLVII., "Official Records," especially on page 42; Kilpatrick's report, page 859; also reports of Colonel Spencer, Col. William B. Way, and others.

When I saw General Kilpatrick, and before he had an opportunity of changing his clothes, he had on shirt, vest, trousers, and slippers or shoes. He was without hat, coat, and probably boots; no night shirt was in evidence. General Estes escaped from the camp and was not captured. Captain Hays, now a retired brigadier general and a great Indian fighter, with his Indian instincts to guide him, escaped to some hole in the garret, and was there when the scouts retook the house.

We had quite a number of Confederate prisoners that had been picked up from time to time on the march. Their lot was not a very happy one, and I was glad that they were released. We called their camp the "Bull Pen," and at times it was not better than one.

CAPT. JOSEPH M. ANDERSON.

BY JUDGE W. W. MOFFETT, SALEM, VA.

In Rappahannock County, Va., on the farm of his ancestors, bordered by the Richmond road over which the greater part of Lee's armies passed, lies buried Capt. Joseph M. Anderson, a Confederate soldier.

Soon after the end came at Appomattox his devoted brothers brought this soldier's body from Richmond and interred it in the garden by the residence of his mother, a noble Southern widow, who sent four of her sons in response to Virginia's call to arms. Later relatives, justly proud of Captain Anderson's record, marked his grave by a beautiful and appropriate monument. And yet this is not sufficient to preserve the splendid manhood of "Joe" Anderson for the benefit of posterity. Again, while

"The sage's book and the poet's lay
Are full of the deeds of the men in gray,"

yet to often have the heart, the mind, and the soul of the individual been lost in the multitude.

Joseph M. Anderson was born on September 15, 1843, a son of Peyton Anderson and Sallie (Jones) Anderson. His father died several years before the commencement of hos-



CAPT. JOSEPH M. ANDERSON.

ilities. He was a strong, determined man whose ancestors had come to the Northern Neck when that section of Virginia was being peopled by the Cavaliers. Mrs. Anderson was a sweet-spirited Virginia lady whose soul was surcharged with the refinement and nobility of the Southern Confederacy. Their daughter, Eliza, became the wife of Thomas B. Massie, the gallant colonel of the 12th Virginia Cavalry.

Joseph M. Anderson was educated at Alleghany College, Virginia, where he took the gold medal for improvement in debate, and where he was one of the orators of the Philomatean Society.

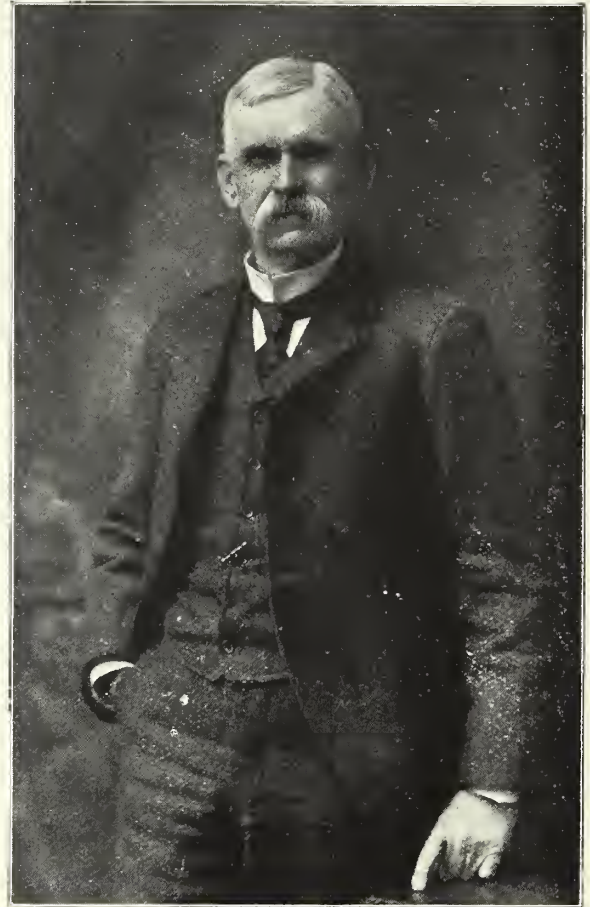
Peyton Anderson, one of the sons, vol-

unteered in Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry, was wounded in action May 27, 1861, and thus was perhaps the very first to shed blood in defense of Virginia. He yet survives, although "Green's Notes of Culpeper" states that he was killed in battle.

H. Branny Anderson, another son, enlisted in Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry. There he rendered honorable service for a long time, when he was discharged on account of a dislocated hip.

William F. Anderson (now of Covington, Va.), still another son, was made first lieutenant of Company G, 12th Virginia Cavalry, of the memorable Laurel Brigade, many of

whose members were trained by Turner Ashby to "do and die." He was wounded in the thirty days' raid through West Virginia, and the day before the Wilderness fight in May, 1864, his horse was killed beneath him as he gallantly led his command in a fierce charge. McDonald in his history of the Laurel Brigade says that W. F. Anderson was a most gallant officer and practically the commander of his company throughout the war, from Buckton Station to Appomattox.



WILLIAM F. ANDERSON.

He often commanded a squadron and was frequently detailed to act as adjutant of the regiment as well as to other positions of honor and trust. As senior officer of his regiment he surrendered the remnant of that gallant band at Appomattox.

In 1861 Joseph Anderson volunteered in Company A, 49th Virginia Infantry Regiment, of which the far-famed Gov. William ("Extra Billy") Smith was colonel. At the reorganization at Yorktown in April, 1862, his company letter was changed to E, and he was elected first lieutenant. He commanded it in the battle of Seven Pines, in which the regiment was in the thickest of the fight, losing fifty-two per cent of its members in killed, wounded, and missing, and in which he received a painful wound in the neck. In 1862, while at home suffering from his wound, he was captured and paroled, being too unwell to be moved, but was exchanged on the 21st of September, 1862. Before the wound was healed he returned to his command. He was again captured in the Wilderness campaign of 1864. He tied a cord around his thigh, which caused the swelling of his leg below. The physician believed that by this strategy he would never be fitted for service again, and he was exchanged and united with his

command at Petersburg in the fall of 1864. He was brave without rashness; he was careful, watchful, and alert. He was appointed and commissioned captain, and after his second exchange commanded General Pegram's sharpshooters.

On that awful night of March 25, 1865, when John B. Gordon, the beloved commander of Jackson's Corps, came so near accomplishing his plan of leading his troops to the heart of the Union army and routing or capturing its left wing, Captain Anderson played a conspicuous part. He was selected by General Gordon to command one of the three special companies of one hundred chosen men who were to follow the axmen and by a ruse secure possession of the three forts that commanded Fort Stedman. The lines here were not over two hundred yards apart, both being strongly intrenched, and on the Federal side Fort Stedman was surrounded by an abatis and other formidable obstructions and commanded and protected by three forts in the rear furnished by the most formidable munitions of war. Besides, the Federal forces lined the ravine below. An open assault made by either on the other would have been fatal to the assaulting column. Gordon planned a night attack. His plan, which was approved by General Lee, was ingenious and hazardous, but it was justified by the extremity of Lee's army and the chances of success. If Gordon succeeded, Lee could evacuate Petersburg in safety, relieve his starving soldiers, and unite with Johnston in North Carolina.

At 4:30 on the morning of March 25, 1865, the signal was given. The fifty axmen sprang forward and cut the cheval-de-frise surrounding Fort Stedman. "Joe" Anderson at the head of his company and the other associates with their commanders rushed on through the gap made by the axmen in the abatis, each toward one of the appointed forts commanding Fort Stedman. Then Gordon's men captured Fort Stedman and one thousand prisoners. They turned the captured artillery on the lines of the Federals on either side of the fort. Success seemed assured by the genius of Gordon and the efforts of his noble corps. "At that time," says Cooke, "Gordon's sword point was at the throat of Grant; an hour later his whole command was dead or captured or retreating." The reinforcements which Lee had ordered to follow Gordon did not arrive on account of the breaking down of the railroad train. The guides with which the commanders of the three hundred had been supplied lost their way in the darkness. For these reasons the forts in the rear were not captured, and they were now filled with Federal troops. As daylight approached there was great confusion. Three forts opened their deadly fire, and Gordon was confronted by heavy masses of infantry. He gave the command to withdraw; but some of his men had advanced so far that they never heard the order, and Gordon's loss was great.

I have dwelt on this battle at Hare's Hill, that commanded the best efforts of the noble Gordon and his loyal soldiers, to show the conspicuous and important part for which "Joe" Anderson was selected and wherein he received a mortal wound. When Petersburg was evacuated, he was moved to Richmond, causing a small artery to bleed which could not be cauterized. He slowly grew weaker and passed away on the day after the surrender at Appomattox.

Years afterwards Gen. James A. Walker, his division commander, who was devoted to "Joe" Anderson, wept in speaking of the tragedy.

The regimental officers of the 49th had either been disabled or captured since May 30, 1864, the regiment being com-

manded during most of that time by W. D. Moffett, the senior captain. Some time before the battle of Fort Stedman it had been determined to supply the regiment by at least brevetting certain officers. Moffett was to be Colonel; R. D. Funkhouser, Lieutenant Colonel; and Joseph M. Anderson, Major. Anderson's death, Funkhouser's capture on the night of March 25, and the sore trials of General Lee thereafter prevented his purpose from being consummated.

Of "Joe" Anderson (as his friends liked to call him), who gave his life in the very prime of a promising young manhood, it may be said, as of his worthy comrades in arms, that he was inspired amid the severe ordeal of hunger and cold, shot and shell by a pure and mighty impulse, for

"'Twas not glory that they fought for through those weary years of pain,

Though the glory fell upon them as it ne'er may fall again.

That sentiment inspired them which lifts men to make them great—

Love of hearthstone, friends, and neighbors, and devotion to the State."

SHILOH.

(With Apologies to "Hohenlinden.")

BY A. H. SHARP.

The following stanzas were suggested by a visit to the battle ground after an absence of fifty years:

In Shiloh's wood, O day of woes!

That April day whose sun arose

All radiant over friends and foes,

Where rolled the turbid Tennessee.

Peace reigned awhile. O'er everything

Was spread the emerald robe of spring,

And birds took up their songs to sing,

Nor recked they what the day would be.

But Shiloh saw that April day

Another scene when blue and gray

Stood front to front in fearless fray—

A scene of death and chivalry.

And darker grew the rolling flood,

And redder yet the crimson mud

When Shiloh's hills, all stained with blood,

Resounded with war's dreadful cry.

Then shook the wood with cannon's thunder,

Then heard afar with fear and wonder

(It seemed to rend the sky asunder)

The deadlier roar of musketry.

On, Southland, on! On, on, ye brave!

Wave, Northland, wave! Thy banners wave!

To glory go or to the grave,

To death this day or victory.

And death it was. Here Gladden fell,

And down in yonder fated dell

Great Johnston bled. Ah! war was hell

On thy red banks, O Tennessee!

And death it was. Peabody too,

And on yon ridge lay Wallace true.

Ah! war was hell to gray and blue

Along thy shores, O Tennessee!

ABOUT THE FIGHT AT RICHFIELD, MO.

BY MRS. LOU MCCOY (NOW MRS. GENTRY).

My husband, Moses McCoy, who was a participant in the Richfield (Mo.) fight, did not enter the Confederate army in the beginning of the War of the States. Our children were small and I was young and inexperienced, and he shrank from leaving me with such care. Our home was in the country, and there was no one to run the farm and make a living for us. But when the Federals began to force men into the Reserved Missouri Militia, he at once placed these responsibilities upon me and went with the Confederates.

I determined to remain on the farm, although a mile from our nearest neighbor, with no protector except my little brother Matt, ten years old. We lived on the north side of the Missouri River, and it was difficult for recruits for the Southern army to cross that dangerous stream. They usually went in parties, under the leadership of some one who knew the way, prepared to fight their way through if halted. To organize they had to hide in the brush and sleep in out-of-the-way barns or in the woods. The Federals knew this and were constantly on the alert to intercept them and prevent their crossing the river. All crossing places were closely watched by the Federals and militia. Sometimes they would discover a "Rebel" camp in the woods, and a fight was the result. But the Federals rarely ventured into the thick timber in search of them.

These companies of recruits for the Southern army were generally gotten together and taken over the river by men sent from the main army as recruiting officers. They had to watch for a chance to raise a sunken or hidden skiff and cross the river at night, swimming their horses.

Here was where Quantrell generally gave aid. He would send experienced men in to help them get out and protect them until they could reach the main army. On Mr. McCoy's going his company was safely escorted by Quantrell through to Shelby's command. Mr. McCoy entered as a private, but later was promoted to captain, and served on General Shelby's staff.

I aided the Confederates all I could, and always helped a Confederate boy to secure an outfit for the army. For this I was closely watched by the Federals, who had detectives and spies out all the time. But I gave aid to every one that came to me. I fed them and had uniforms made for them when they were preparing for the service. My efforts in behalf of the Southern boys made the Federals suspect me as working for their deliverance. I recall this instance: One morning the jail door in Liberty, county seat of Clay County, was found wide open and the Confederate prisoners gone. The men had been arrested and jailed as spies, to be tried by court-martial and executed or sent to some dungeon. Having no clew to the mystery, they conjectured that it must be Mrs. McCoy, and accordingly laid it to my charge, alleging that I had taken an impression of the keyhole in wax and had the key made for opening the door for the captives.

One of my real (not alleged) offenses against the majesty of the government was found out, which brought me into trouble, and was the cause of the Richfield fight. (An account of this skirmish is given in "War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XXII, page 336, by Captain Schmitz, which is unfair to the Confederates engaged in it.) My offense was that I had a suit of gray made for a Confederate soldier just about to leave for the army. Captain Sessions, of Richfield, an officer in the militia, by some means found out where I had concealed

the suit of gray. He at once took possession of it and had me arrested. I have written of my arrest and imprisonment at St. Joseph, Mo., in another paper. (See *VETERAN* for May, 1912.) Captain Sessions had lived in Richfield (now Missouri City) for many years. I had often bought goods at his store. He knew everybody in that part of the county and was well known there. He no doubt thought that he was doing his duty, but it cost him his life.

The pretext for arresting me was that my husband had been seen in the neighborhood, and I must tell where he was or go to prison. Just a few days before he seized the gray uniform Captain McCoy and others had come in as recruiting officers and to see their families. When they came to our house seeking him, Captain McCoy and his recruits were already across the river on their way South. As the officer with his detachment passed through Richfield with me, Mrs. Adams rushed out to the gate at the home of Dr. Sheetz and said: "I hope you are not a prisoner." "Yes," I said. She raised her hands and said, shaking her head: "Never mind. There will be a hereafter to this." The soldier turned on her and replied: "You had better keep your lip or we will get you next and some more like you." But she was nothing daunted by his threat, and at once sent word to her brother, Louis Vandiver, who was with Quantrell, not far away across the river. Louis informed my husband of my arrest while still in Jackson County on his way back to Shelby's command.

Captain McCoy called on Quantrell for volunteers to aid him. Louis Vandiver was the first to offer his services, and there were many others. Quantrell gave him a squad of six or eight picked men, among them a brave leader, one Ferdinand Scott, and with these Captain McCoy recrossed the river and went to the house of one of our neighbors for breakfast. This man was our friend, but ill health kept him out of the army. He said: "Boys, I shall have to report on you. You know we are ordered to report at once if we see any bushwhackers, as they call you; and if we do not, we will be arrested, and that means prison if not death."

"That is just what we want and what we came for. You go straight into Richfield and tell Sessions that Joe Hart is here with a handful of men, and he can come right out and get them if he will be quick."

They stationed themselves on either side of the road in the woods where they knew the Federals would have to pass. They had not long to wait, for Richfield was only about two miles away; and soon they came in a gallop, Sessions in the lead, Lieutenant Graffenstein next, with Rapp and others following. They were fired into from both sides of the road. Sessions fell mortally wounded; Graffenstein was hit, but went on for a hundred yards or more before he fell from his horse. Rapp was thought to have been killed outright, but must have feigned death. The others ran away unhurt. Louis Vandiver went to Sessions as he lay in the road where he fell. He looked up and said: "Louis, I am a dead man; don't shoot me any more." Louis turned to McCoy and said: "He is at war with you and yours; you can finish him." When McCoy went to Sessions, he was dying.

Some one passing with a wagon took up the wounded man Rapp (supposed by Quantrell's men to be dead) and carried him to the hotel in Richfield. When McCoy's men went to Richfield and found that Rapp was not dead, Fletcher Taylor tried to kill him. Pushing aside the doctor, he raised his gun to shoot, but the landlady knocked his gun up and the ball missed Rapp, who rolled off the couch and under it. It should be remembered that Quantrell's men had been declared

outlaws and the black flag raised against them by the Federals. As no quarter was given them, they gave none, and as a rule took no prisoners. They were driven to this course by the severity of the Federals toward them.

The bushwhackers, so called, then went into one of the stores and called for tobacco and cigars. The storekeeper said: "Boys, you are welcome, but I can't be supposed to give you anything. If I should, I would be arrested. Take what you want." Thus they "robbed" the store.

McCoy and his men recrossed the river and returned to Quantrell's camp. Contrary to his custom, Quantrell sent out and captured a prisoner as a hostage for Mrs. McCoy in prison at St. Joseph. He sent word to Colonel Hardy at St. Joseph that he would release a provost marshal he had in custody as soon as he had evidence that Mrs. McCoy was set free and sent home to her children. I was released.

The men in the Richfield fight were not engaged in a marauding expedition of robbery and murder. Captain McCoy's wife had been arrested for refusing to betray him to his enemies or for the slight offense of procuring a suit of clothes for a Confederate soldier. The arrest was a cruel wrong, and he avenged it on the perpetrators. She was put in prison, and with the aid of Quantrell he released her by threat of death suspended over the head of the provost marshal. Like a true defender of home, he restored his wife to her children and her fireside and then went back to his post in Shelby's command to fight for his country.

While I have suffered much and endured many hardships caused by that war, yet I have always felt sorry that any one was killed on my account. I also reflect that Mr. McCoy would have been less than a man and unworthy of a wife if he had permitted such an injustice to go unpunished. I have never recovered from the losses of that period of war and reconstruction, but still feel that our people were in the right. We had justice on our side; and though defeated, we gained an imperishable heritage worth more than silver and gold. There is a high destiny awaiting our people. Let us teach our children that their fathers were not traitors but patriots.

[Mrs. Gentry is a sister of Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, now of Denver, Colo.]

RECORD OF GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.

[Memorial address of Hon. Kenneth D. McKellar, M.C., successor to Gen. George W. Gordon, of Tennessee, in the House of Representatives on Sunday, May 12, 1912.]

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Resolved: 1. That the business of the House be now suspended that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. George Washington Gordon, late a member of this House from the State of Tennessee; that as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career the House at the conclusion of these exercises shall stand adjourned.

2. That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and send a copy to the family of the deceased.

Mr. McKellar said in addressing the Speaker: "On May 12 the House held memorial exercises in honor of my predecessor from Memphis, the late Gen. George W. Gordon. Only a few days before Judge L. B. McFarland, a distinguished and eloquent lawyer of Memphis and an ex-Confederate soldier and a lifelong friend of General Gordon, delivered an able and beautiful address upon the life and character of General Gordon before the annual Reunion of ex-Confederate veterans at Macon, Ga., and it is so beautiful and fitting a tribute that

I ask unanimous consent that it may be printed in the Record as a part of my remarks and included as one of the memorial addresses of this House upon the life and character of my distinguished predecessor. It is especially fitting that this address should have a place in the Record, because it contains an unfinished and hitherto unpublished farewell address of General Gordon to his old comrades in arms."

ADDRESS OF L. B. MCFARLAND AT REUNION IN MACON, GA.

Beloved Commander and Comrades: When delegated by our Commander in Chief to deliver on this occasion a memorial of the life and character of your late Commander in Chief, Gen. George W. Gordon, I hesitated to attempt compliance, fearing that my great admiration for the subject, born from years of intimate association, would tempt to adulation, and, on the other hand, my incapacity to speak fittingly of a character so noble and a life so full of usefulness, self-sacrifice, and noble deeds gave me pause. I felt that the deeds of such a man should not be feebly uttered; but I took the delegation to be a command and an honor, and the opportunity to perpetuate in the records of this association a tribute to a dead friend and brother could not be disregarded.

George W. Gordon was born on the 5th of October, 1836, in Giles County, Tenn. He was the son of Andrew Gordon, a native of Tennessee, and Eliza K. Gordon, a Virginian born. This county—one of the blue grass region of Tennessee—was one of the most fertile and fairest of the land, its people educated, refined, and prosperous to a high degree. He was reared there and in Mississippi and also Texas, he having spent part of his youth in each. He graduated at the Western Military Institute at Nashville, then the West Point of the South, and was thus fitted for the performance of arms. He first made civil engineering his occupation, and served in that field from 1859 to 1861, and until Tennessee seceded from the Union and called her sons to arms. He enlisted at once and was made drill master of the afterwards famous 11th Tennessee Infantry, whose first colonel was Col. J. E. Rains, afterwards General Rains, who fell in the desperate conflict at Murfreesboro. Gordon was soon made captain of his company, and then lieutenant colonel and colonel of his regiment, and in 1864 was made brigadier general.

At the close of the war he studied law, and was early elected attorney-general of one of the criminal courts of Shelby County, Tenn., and served the State ably and well. He was then appointed a railroad commissioner for the State, and served until 1885, when upon the election of Mr. Cleveland he received an appointment in the Department of the Interior, and was assigned to duty in charge of an Indian agency amid the mountains of Arizona and Nevada. He was eminently fitted for this particular post, feeding, educating, and controlling these children of nature and wards of the government, and these duties and opportunities were congenial to the habits of his then lonely life and his intense love of nature.

It required that he take, alone and unattended, long trips amid the solitudes and vastnesses of the mountains, now wandering through beautiful meadows where the dun deer fed and the grizzly roamed, and then high above the clouds, threading the narrow path that wound around seemingly bottomless precipices; often overtaken by storm, he reveled in the grandeur of nature's supremest effort, saw the lightning flash and heard the thunders roll, when

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags
Among, leaps the live thunder."

And then at night, his horse tethered near, he made his lonely bivouac under the clear heavens and near the clear stars, and felt himself, as did Moses, communing with the God of all these wondrous works. To him this was not solitude; "'twas but to hold converse with nature's charms and view her stores unrolled."

His term of office expired, he returned to Memphis and was soon elected superintendent of the Memphis city schools, which he held until March, 1907, when he was elected to Congress. The growth and efficiency of the public school system of Memphis during these years became a monument to his zeal, intelligence, and devotion to his work; and the spread of general education and intelligence signaled his beneficent influence upon the youthful thousands under his superintendence, while the gratitude and devotion of teachers and scholars was afterwards demonstrated by their activity and influence in his several candidacies for Congress. He had raised an army of constituents for any office in the gift of his people. He was twice elected to Congress—in 1908 and reelected in 1910—by overwhelming majorities given by an appreciative constituency, where he served with the same zeal, fidelity, and devotion that he gave any duty of life.

General Gordon was married twice. While Attorney-General of Shelby County, in 1876, he married Miss Ora Paine. Their bridal trip was to Niagara Falls. I met them there—she a lovely young woman in all the bloom and beauty of youth; he noble in manly bearing, his brow bound with the oak of his many battles, and with them love was dear and life was sweet, and their future horizon seemed spanned with the golden bow of promise. They went to New York. In a few weeks she was dead. Bridal carols turned to funeral dolors; the orange wreath decked her bier, and instead of the joyous wedding march was heard the sad words of the ritual: "He cometh up and is cut down like a flower. Earth to earth, dust to dust." He was alone and desolate.

In 1899 he was fortunate in finding a companion of congenial culture and taste in Miss Minnie Hannah, of Memphis, to whom he was married, who thence shared the honors showered upon him by a grateful constituency, and graced his every station. She survives him to remember with pride that she was the wife of a soldier, a gentleman, and your Commander in Chief.

The limits of this occasion will permit only a suggestion of his services as a soldier, his adventures, and his distinguished gallantry on every field. Captured early in 1862, he was a prisoner for ten days and then exchanged. Desperately wounded at Murfreesboro in one of the bloodiest struggles of that field, he was left on the retreat and again became a prisoner, and on recovery, after long suffering, was held in prison at Camp Chase and then Fort Delaware, suffering the horrors of those hells until May, 1863, when he was again exchanged and returned to the command of his regiment, then in Pres. Smith's brigade, Cheatham's Division. Then followed Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro (one hundred and twenty-one days under fire), including the conflicts of Resaca, Calhoun, New Hope Church, and Kennesaw Mountain. With his regiment he held part of the celebrated Dead Angle. He was made brigadier general at that time, and then the youngest of brigadier generals he first led his brigade at Peach Tree Creek, then on the 22d of July at Jonesboro. Afterwards came the disastrous campaign into Tennessee and perhaps the most useless battle and bloodiest slaughter of the war—Franklin.

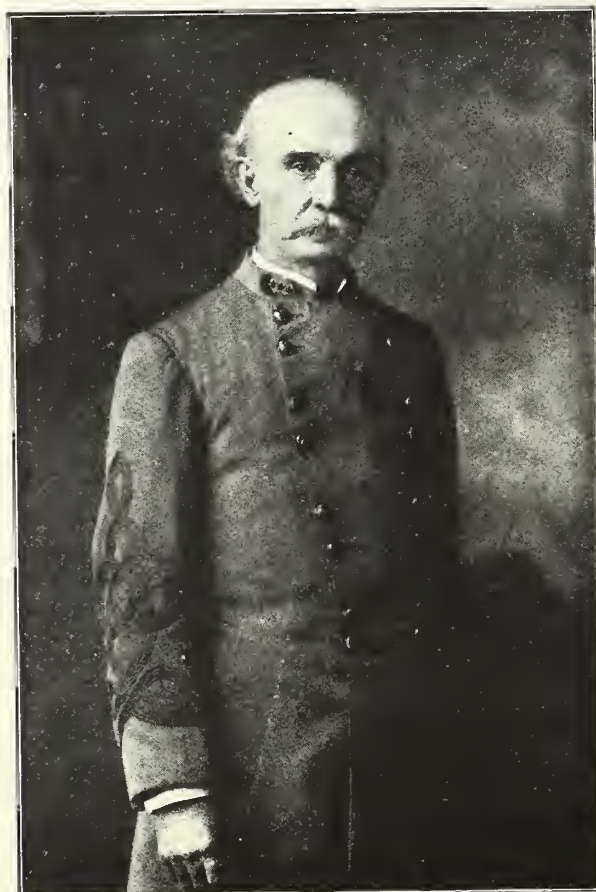
General Gordon led his brigade in the desperate charge up to and over the breastworks "into the very jaws of hell," when he was captured.

There is an interesting incident connected with this charge and capture of Gordon. Earlier in the war Gordon had permitted his hair to grow longer than military rules sanctioned, and General Cheatham in sending him an order one day added jocularly to his adjutant: "Ingram, tell Gordon to cut off that hair." Ingram delivered his orders, adding, as directed, the supplement. Gordon replied: "Tell General Cheatham I will carry out his military order, but tell him it is none of his business how I wear my hair."

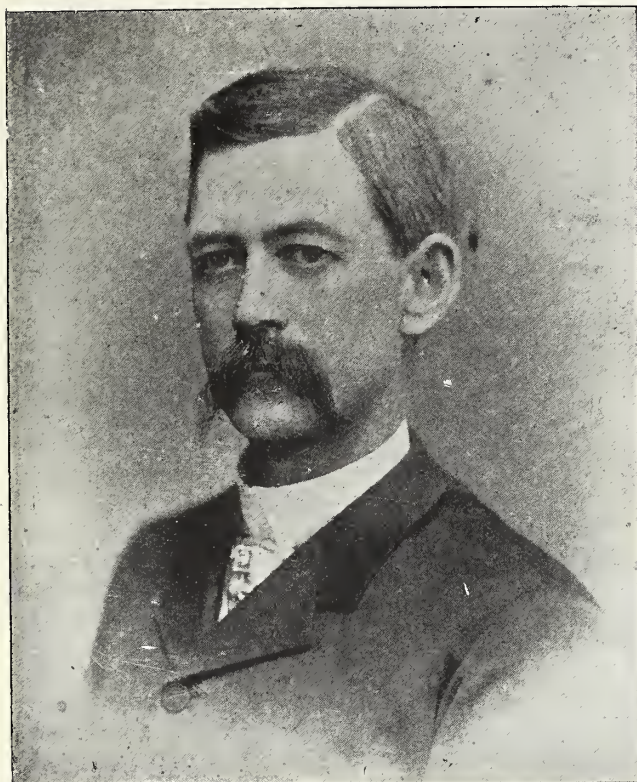
It became somewhat a matter of jest with Cheatham, who was devoted to Gordon, and of pride with Gordon, who was equally devoted to Cheatham, to wear his hair long. When Cheatham ordered the charge at Franklin, he sent word to Gordon to go over the works if he had to be pulled over by his hair. After his capture, when leaving with his captors, he left word with a citizen to tell General Cheatham: "Gordon had gone over the works and was not pulled over by his hair, either."

During the terrible epidemic of yellow fever in Memphis in 1873 he was one of a heroic band that remained, and for many dark days of suffering and death preserved order, ministered to the sick, and buried the dead, displaying self-sacrifice and heroism greater than all the mastery of arms.

He was after the war a Confederate in heart and soul and purse. No appeal for help coming from the aged or crippled



GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.



JUDGE L. B. M'FARLAND, AUTHOR OF THE ADDRESS.

Confederates, though often pretended nobility was made a plea of pity, was ever disregarded. General Gordon was closely affiliated with Confederate organizations, and successively made Commander of his Camp and Bivouac at Memphis, President of the Confederate Historical Association, Memphis (oldest of the Confederate organs), and of which Mr. Davis himself was a member, President of the State Association of Confederate Bivouacs, Major General commanding Tennessee Division, United Confederate Veterans, Commander of the Department of the Army of Tennessee, United Confederate Veterans, and, crowning all, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

His devotion to his comrades in arms and his duties in this high office at your last Reunion at Little Rock hastened his death, and at Memphis, Tenn., he died on the 9th of August, 1911. His funeral cortege was a weeping city, his dirge the farewell shot by his beloved comrades, Company A, United Confederate Veterans, over the grave of the hero we buried, and our Commander in Chief will be with us nevermore.

These are in brief the prominent facts of his life, but they naturally suggest inquiry from whence sprung such nobleness of character, such high ideals of duty, and such ability of performance.

The power of heredity and the influence of climate, food, and soils upon the character of men is an essential thesis of science. These, with the impress of an age's morality, the advantages of education and fortune, the civilization of a particular era, shape and mold men to physical and intellectual worth and greatness. It is also equally well established that the tendency is to harmony of human types along east and west isothermal lines; that, unless marked topographical and race differentiation intervenes, the same characteristics will

mark the men of Carolina that appear in the men of Texas. These elements, then, of heredity, climate, soil, and social economy had united in the growth of a race of young men in the South, from Maryland to Florida, and westward to the Rio Grande, immediately preceding the Civil War, whose superior, physically, intellectually, and morally, the world had never seen. I know that some foreign and Northern writers, political economists, and pseudo-philosophers assert that religious freedom was the motive of the Northern settlement, while greed of gold was that which populated Virginia and the Carolinas, and from this argue a nobler race of men for the North. Draper says: "The settlement of the South was inspired by material interests; that of the North by ideas. * * * Aristocratic influence was the motive power of Southern immigration; it sought material profit in tobacco and land speculation."

It is not appropriate here and now to attempt comparison of sections nor depreciate the worth and greatness of any portion of our people. We only assert that the early settlers of the South, the ancestors of our Southern youth, brought with them the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of a high order of humanity and civilization. They brought with them lofty ideas of the rights of man and man's relation to God. In the face of obstacles that would have deterred a less hardy race they subdued a wilderness, conquered the warlike inhabitants, and assisted in the establishment of an empire. They rebelled against the parental tyranny of England, and the sons of Hampden and Sydney successfully fought the first revolution. Their sons and daughters then addressed themselves to the extension of this territory, the perfection of constitutional government, and the upbuilding of their private and family fortunes. The South "blossomed one day and bore fruit the next." That they had succeeded beyond the dreams of Raleigh or the ambition of Baltimore, the population, the wealth, and the culture of the South in 1861 attest.

I wish the time and the occasion would permit me to sketch the condition of the South at this period; its material wealth, its political economy, its social organization, the influence of slavery upon this people, and particularly the habits of its young men. Whatever may have been the influence of slavery upon the material growth of the South, and whatever may have been its evils, there was certainly a compensating effect in the production of a society the highest and most delightful.

Mr. Burke in his celebrated oration on "Conciliation with America," one of the English classics, in speaking of the love of liberty in America, says: "In Virginia and the Carolinas they had a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment but a kind of rank and privilege."

The well-to-do, including slave-owning, society of the South had no superior. It was an aristocracy that fostered and cultivated the noblest sentiments of humanity—culture, independence, courage, and knightly courtesy among men; grace, beauty, and virtue among its women. Its hospitality was unbounded. The stately homes of the James, the homes and the plantations of the whole South were scenes of elegant hospitality. Roman riches and the Roman villas and gardens of the days of Cicero, Atticus, and Lucullus were not more famed for elegant hospitality. The lives of the young men were but a training in all manly arts, all noble endeavor. All outdoor sports and manly exercise were theirs. They delighted in horses and rode like centaurs. The ear and eye, accustomed to hunt and chase, could detect the rustle of a leaf and spy

ptarmigan in snow. They fished with skill and swam like Leander. These manly exercises, with generous food and genial but hardy climate, resulted in fine physical perfection. They were as a class a handsome race of men. They were graduates of the best schools, and many of them foreign alumni. The first American to graduate in a foreign university was a Virginian. While born and trained as masters, the parental authority of the race taught them obedience and restraint. Their belief in the rights of man did not teach them socialism, nor independence of thought and worship in religion, nor skepticism of the great truths of Christianity. They were taught that "valor was the chiefest virtue, the most dignified the haver." They were near enough to the frontier life of their fathers and to the Revolution to catch at the fireside stories of the endurance, the skill, and the bravery of those who fought Indians, of how Washington commanded and Marion rode. King's Mountain and Yorktown were to them places of pilgrimage; the graves of the heroes of the Revolution were around them. They had themselves declaimed in every schoolhouse from Richmond to Austin the fiery and patriotic words of Patrick Henry.

It was not wonderful, then, that when the South was to be invaded—by whom they did not care, for what they did not stop to ask—her youth poured out from every schoolhouse, college, and university at the first call.

The log schoolhouses and colleges of the South—Lebanon, La Grange, Chapel Hill, Lexington, Nashville, and hundreds of others—each gave their all of youth. It was a goodly sight to see these handsome boys and young men, full of courage, ardor, and ambition, come and offer themselves, their lives, and their fortunes to their beloved land. How well they redeemed the offer cannot be told. Their endurance in the cold and weary marches with Jackson in the valley, with Bragg in Kentucky, their courage at Manassas, Richmond, and Chickamauga—all attest that this heredity, climate, and other influences had made a race of heroes. The story of "Marse Chan" is a true epic of these days.

In this outline we have but suggested the genius and pictured the character, the prowess, and the performances of General Gordon. But it is of him as a man that I would fain dwell longest and most lovingly. In his early manhood he was a picture of manly grace and bearing—some five feet eight and a half inches in height, weighing some one hundred and forty pounds, erect and lithe, his face symmetrical in features, but without a trace of effeminacy, with firmness and decision written in every line. His eyes were dark, quickly melting to tenderness at another's woes, but on occasions flashing with the suppressed lightning of passion. His brown hair, while a soldier unwittingly neglected, would sometimes hang in golden brown to his shoulders, suggesting the cavalier of the Charles I. age.

A gallant and distinguished officer writes of him as he then appeared at the head of his brigade as "the long, curly-haired young brigadier from Tennessee, of dashing field qualities and handsome personal appearance."

He was a splendid horseman, witching the world with noble horsemanship. Mounted and leading his men to battle, he was a picture for troubadour song. It was thus he rode in many a conflict. The romance and the history and song of Southern literature are justly full of the pictures of Stuart and Ashby and Forrest as they rode in battle; but had Gordon been a cavalryman, with their opportunities for single combat and individual display, his name would have linked with theirs.

He was earnest. To whatever he was called he devoted

himself earnestly and seriously. To him life was earnest, life was real. He knew little of society, was too much of a monologist, with hobbies, to be entertaining in a drawing-room, talked only occasionally and always with force. He was fond of books and loved the beautiful in everything, devoted to music, and in his early years, like "Our Bob," played the violin well. One of the chief characteristics of his life was his sense of and devotion to duty. Whatever he thought it was his duty to do he did, like Luther, "though devils blocked his way." Another characteristic was his high sense of honor, or rather his sensitiveness to honor. Other men might do things and feel no wrong, but from the same acts he would instinctively and intuitively shrink. His was a soul

"To whom dishonor's shadow is a substance
More terrible than death here and hereafter,
And who, though proof against all blandishments
Of pleasure and all pangs of pain, are feeble
When the proud name on which they pinnaced
Their fame is breathed on."

And woe to the man or men who breathed upon the bright escutcheon of his honor. His attainments were scholarly, and as a public speaker he was animated, forceful, and classic. He was much in demand, and was ready on all Confederate occasions and delighted at every opportunity for commemorating the virtues and gallantry of Confederates. His eulogy on the life and services of the great commander Joseph E. Johnston, delivered to an immense audience in Memphis, was a masterpiece of power and pathos and a classic oration.

Another of his chiefest virtues was his earnest and constant devotion to his friends, whose adoption he had tried. To those virtues of valor and gentleness, of sense of duty and practice of virtue add truth and honesty, and we have said it all. No wonder that, living, he was loved by all, and, dying, his obsequies were an affectionate outpouring of a whole people. All felt that "this earth that bears him dead bears not alive so true a gentleman." With him, as is often the case, death brought a retrospect of the dearest aims and strongest emotions of his life, and as the fluttering pulse presaged the coming end he was upon the battle field among his men again. The serried rank, the charging squadron, the waving banners, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the big war were his again, and his last words were: "Send other couriers; those may be killed."

But, comrades, I wish to add in conclusion that his chiefest aim in life was to vindicate the justness of the Confederate cause and to assist in the perpetuation of the honor and glory of the Confederate soldier. His chiefest ambition was to be your Commander and his love and devotion to you his intensest emotion. The chief purpose of my coming before you to-day was to bring you a message from him. His last thoughts were of you. While gradually sinking to the great beyond his thoughts were with you and he wrote you a last farewell, and that I will read to you from his own pencil:

"To the Federation of United Confederate Veterans, Comrades and Countrymen: About to die, I salute you; and in bidding you a final farewell I desire once more to make my profoundest acknowledgments and to express my heartfelt gratitude to you for the many manifestations of your partiality and devotion evidenced by the many honors that you have conferred upon me, and more especially for the last profound and exalted distinction with which you have crowned me—that of making me your Commander in Chief. I esteem this

last expression of your regard and consideration a grander and more glorious distinction than all of the combined public plaudits, achievements, decorations, and honors of my entire life, and for which I would express my thanks and appreciation from the grave. What patriotic glory can equal that of being the Commander in Chief of the surviving and venerable fragments of those brave and heroic Confederate armies who for four trying and perilous years maintained their cause against odds of more than four to one, and who fought battles and won victories when barefooted, ragged, and hungry, and who at last were overpowered more by the preponderance of numbers and resources than by courage and prowess, more by famine than by fighting"—

This last farewell to you was never finished. Here, my comrades, the pulse of life throbbed low. His feeble hand could write no more, and in a few days his noble spirit winged its flight to join again, we hope, his comrades gone before, all to await our speedy coming in the great reunion hereafter.

"RELIABLE (?) WAR NEWS" NORTH IN 1862.

[Copied from an old Metropolitan Record.]

Every impartial and unbiased mind must have been struck with the untiring efforts of the War Department to furnish the public with the most reliable news from the seat of war. The conscientious manner in which they have performed this task is something extraordinary in these degenerate days. The historian when he comes to mold and shape his materials into the permanent form of history can hardly be sufficiently grateful for the authentic and reliable information with which he is furnished in the way of dispatches from the War Department, reports from the various generals, and narratives from the different newspaper correspondents.

For our own part, we have often been astonished at the wonderful amount of talent and ingenuity exhibited in the preparation of news for the public. The style in which the several Southern armies have been disposed of, the fearful destruction that has been wrought in their ranks, the decimating ravages of starvation, and the generally destitute condition for clothing as well as food to which they have been reduced must astound the European nations.

As a journalist we have been amazed at the terrific slaughter which the Union armies have made in the ranks of the foe, the irresistible nature of their onslaughts, and the admirable Zenophon-like character of their retreats. We of the North are indeed celebrated for the overwhelming character of our charges from the most distinguished of our major generals. We have demolished army after army; we have defeated general after general, and by this time we should have depopulated the South of all its fighting men were it not for its greater numerical force in point of population. It is true that according to the last census the Southern States are represented as being far below the Northern States in the number of inhabitants. But that was a mere ruse on the part of the South, for they not only carried off all the arms out of our arsenals to enable them the better to accomplish their deep designs in the future, but they actually falsified the figures in the census reports.

Were it not for this contemptible system of scheming on their part it is impossible that they could have held out so long. But they might have been forgiven if they had not gone even farther than this in their efforts to make us appear ridiculous before the world. There certainly is not any doubt in the mind of any rational man that had it not been for the

false accounts of Southern spies in regard to the condition of Richmond we would have made so many advances against that city. We of the North have been misled altogether. We have been cajoled, duped—in a word, badly treated. We supposed that Richmond could be easily taken, and we sent out various expeditions, all having that design in view; but until General Lee consents to evacuate it we may as well give it up as a bad job.

Now, for all this we insist upon it that the Southerners are to blame; for while we have prided ourselves on the reliability of our war news, they have been engaged in the low and dishonorable occupation of circulating false intelligence.

According to the latest accounts it appears that the South has got about half a million of men in the field despite all we have done through our newspapers to annihilate them. It is a notorious fact that there has scarcely been a skirmish since the war commenced in which a dozen Rebels have not been killed for one Union man, while it has not unfrequently happened that we have annihilated a whole regiment without the loss of a single soldier on our side.

Now, we should like to know what opinion can foreign nations entertain of a belligerent that when he is beaten won't stay beaten, that when he is annihilated won't stay annihilated. * * *

CONDUCTOR J. L. BELL RETIRED.

The Atlanta Journal: "James L. Bell, dean of conductors on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, handed his resignation to President Wickersham Sunday; and after fifty-two years of continuous railroad service, he has voluntarily retired on full pay. He has made his last trip from Atlanta to Montgomery at the three-quarter century mark of life's highway. The last ticket has been punched, his last bell cord pulled, and those who have frequented the route he has held so long will miss the genial smile, the cheerful word of James L. Bell. His first trip as conductor was made with the old road when he was but twenty-three years of age. From that time on he has worked unceasingly and faithfully for the good of his employers. The declining years of his life Captain Bell will spend quietly at home in Atlanta, away from the smoke and cinders that have been a part of his daily life for over half a hundred years."

The Journal misses accuracy in one particular. Conductor Bell did not occupy all of his time in the sixties in punching tickets. He was a Confederate soldier of the 7th Georgia Regiment. One evening at Fair Oaks, after a hard day's fighting (October 27 or 28, 1864), the regiment was resting when the stalwart Confederate concluded to do some reconnoitering, and at the head of a ravine some four hundred yards from his regiment he suddenly confronted the 19th Wisconsin Infantry. He had gone too far to retreat, so as if with sublime courage he fired and, rushing forward, demanded the surrender of the regiment and that they throw down their arms. The 7th Georgia heard the shot and the yelling, so they rushed to his rescue.

An application was made for a furlough on November 30, the day of the awful battle at Franklin, on the ground of his gallantry in that marvelous capture, and was "respectfully approved and returned," signed by R. E. Lee. An account of that remarkable deed was reported in the January (1899) *VETERAN*, pages 9 and 10.

Don't forget that in writing for the *VETERAN* it is necessary to condense, taking as little space as practicable.

THE LAST ROLL

"Gently we laid him down to rest,
Our comrade, with a comrade's love;
God give us with his crowned and blest
Reunion in the world above."

JOHN JEFFERSON JOHNSON.

John J. Johnson, of White Bluff, Tenn., died in 1912. His father, Granville M. Johnson, Sr., was one of the early settlers in Hickman County, Tenn., and this son Granville was born October 27, 1826. At the age of twenty he enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Regiment for the Mexican War under Col. W. B. Campbell. His company, A, was known as the Hickman Guards. He was in the capture of Vera Cruz. When his regiment was mustered out of service, he reenlisted under Col. B. F. Cheatham in the 3d Tennessee Regiment, and endured other hard service in Mexico. After that war closed he returned to his native place, and soon afterwards was married to Miss Sarah Harris, of Maury County, and they lived together nearly sixty years.

In 1861 he enlisted in the Confederate army with his brothers, Jacob H. and Granville Johnson, Jr., in Company H, 11th Tennessee Regiment. Both his brothers were killed—Jacob in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864, and Granville in the battle of Chickamauga. An account of the latter's death is as follows: "Among the first to respond to his State's call for troops in 1861 was Granville Johnson, of Hickman County, Tenn. He enlisted with Company H, 11th Tennessee Infantry, and fell at Chickamauga on the forenoon of September 19. He was frightfully mangled by grapeshot and Minie balls, and in the hot contest he could not be removed, but lay between the lines all night, surrounded by groaning comrades and the enemy, who were also in like condition. He was taken to the field hospital the next morning. He could talk a little and sent a message to his parents that he fell with his face to the foe; that he had tried to do his duty and was ready to meet his God. His body is with the unknown dead of Chickamauga."

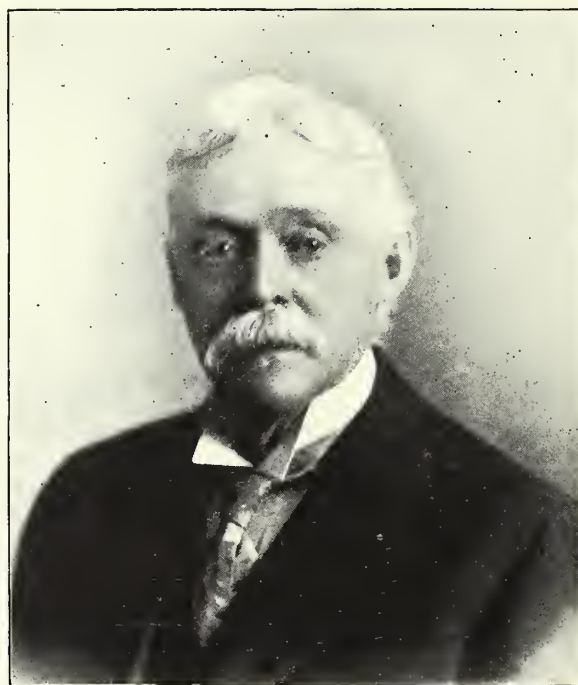
Jacob, a lieutenant, with eighteen men, while searching for their colonel (afterwards general), George W. Gordon, captured forty-two Federal soldiers. These soldiers were later exchanged for General Gordon. Upon his return after the surrender he found his wife and three young children in great need. From the fall of Fort Donelson the section in which the family lived was subjected to much privation. His wife died September 18, 1897.

COL. T. L. WAGGENER.

Col. T. L. Waggener entered into rest at Colorado Springs, of which place he had been City Engineer for more than two years, on March 10, 1912. His death brought deep sorrow to hundreds in Colorado Springs, who extended their sympathy to the bereaved relatives, his widow, Mrs. Belle Waggener, a sister, Miss Sue Waggener, and a niece, Miss Susie Waggener, the sister and niece being residents of Point Pleasant, Va., the former Waggener home.

He was recognized all over the West and Middle West as one of the ablest civil engineers of that region. He had lived in Colorado about thirty-five years, during which time he took a prominent part in many of the great engineering accomplishments of that State. He became chief engineer for the High Line Electric Railroad in the Cripple Creek district. Later he was placed in charge of the work as chief engineer during the construction of the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, popularly known as the Short Line. After finishing this work, he took a position as engineer for the Oregon Short Line, constructing a railroad across the State of Oregon from east to west, and also constructing a short line to the southwest corner of the State.

Colonel Waggener was known throughout the Rocky Mountain region, and was esteemed personally and honored by all who knew him. He was born in Virginia, and served in the War of the States in a Virginia regiment with the rank of lieutenant and adjutant. The title of colonel was bestowed upon him by his friends, which became him well.



COL. T. L. WAGGENER.

The following extracts from a letter written June 3, 1912, to Colonel Waggener's sister by his immediate commanding officer, Capt. J. B. Morgan, Company E, 36th Virginia Cavalry, evidences the high quality of his service as a soldier:

"I knew him intimately, and therefore knew his splendid characteristics. He was loved by all with whom he came in contact, and most by those who knew him best. Thoughtful and kind, he was true to those he loved, and his charity for humanity was without limit.

"He enlisted in 1862 in my company (E), 36th Virginia Cavalry, William E. Jones's brigade, and remained continuously with this command, participating in all its battles to the close of the war, and he made a distinguished record as a soldier. In 1863 he was promoted to sergeant, and was in many hard-fought battles, including that of Gettysburg. As a soldier he was brave in the face of danger, never shirking any duty, and was ever ready to help a comrade. He was

devoted to the Confederate cause, served it with all the energy of his tireless nature, and was absolutely true to his convictions of right. He represented that type of civilization that is fast passing away—that beautiful, chivalrous life that flourished in the days of the dear Old South.

"In his death the South has lost one of her most loved sons, while heaven has one more to join the fast-growing camp of the boys in gray. They are not forgotten; their memory is still precious to the surviving comrades whose bosoms, though chilled with age, still grow warm with love as their comrades whisper their heroic deeds. The wounds and scars of war may heal, but their glorious deeds of heroism should be forever cherished and perpetuated as an inspiration to our South of the future. One of O'Hara's beautiful verses is very appropriate in this case:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

H. A. DEAN.

H. A. Dean was born in Bedford County, Tenn., near Shelbyville, March 25, 1844. He responded to the first call for Tennessee volunteers when but seventeen, and served faithfully during the entire four years. He enlisted in Company I, 1st Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., in May, 1861, and had continuous service in the same regiment until its surrender in May, 1865. He was on constant duty, was never sick, wounded, or captured, but had five horses shot from under him during those four eventful years. He served successively under Gen. Albert S. Johnston, Gen. Earl Van Dorn, Gen. Braxton Bragg, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen.

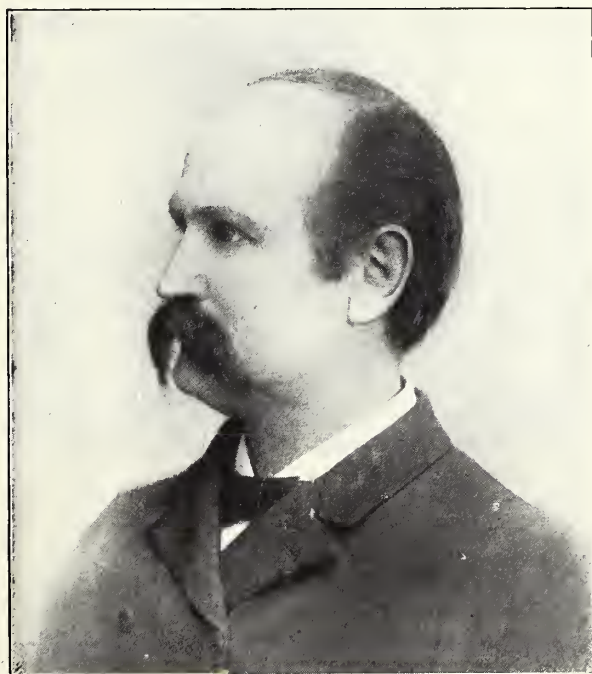
J. B. Hood, Gen. Joe Wheeler, and in the second campaign of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, surrendering under the last-named general at Concord, N. C., May 4, 1865.

He did not cease to serve his country when he sheathed his sword. He prepared himself for teaching and established the first normal school in the South. He entered college at the close of the war and finished his education with a university degree in 1880. In 1882 he established the Iuka Normal Institute at Iuka, Miss., and after twenty years closed the school in 1902. It had an average annual attendance of three hundred students, and its spirit and influences are seen and recognized in every county of Mississippi and in many surrounding States. He was a man whose integrity all trusted and whose high character made him a model for the young. He was esteemed by thousands of young people throughout the Southern States, and his memory will be long and lovingly preserved in those traditions which sire hands down to son, and his death will cause universal sorrow. As a teacher he was preëminent. Like Saul of Tarsus, he had a vision of the needs of the educational system of his day, and his character as a man and his unswerving devotion to duty brought a great change in our educational system. The South is not only reaping the rewards of his labor in this respect, but in every line of endeavor resulting from pupils to whom were imparted a portion at least of his great characteristics.

He became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1880, and was a faithful, consistent member to the end, possessing an unswerving faith in the truths of the Bible. On October 3, 1872, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Douglass, whose devotion to and coöperation with him in all his undertakings have been his inspiration and support through forty years of his active, useful life. She survives him with two children: Mrs. B. M. Hines, of Uvalde, Tex., and G. D. Dean, of Pascagoula, Miss. In 1908 he, with his wife, moved to Uvalde, Tex., where he died Monday morning, May 20, 1912.

REV. JOSEPH H. WILSON.

Died at his home in Bascomville, S. C., March 28, 1911, Rev. Joseph H. Wilson, in the seventieth year of his age. He was the son of Rev. James Wilson, formerly a missionary to India, and the youngest of four brothers, all of whom were in the Confederate army, three of them almost from the beginning of the war to its close. He belonged to Company A, 14th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, which served in the Army of Virginia throughout the war, and he was with it in all its service from first to last. Archer's Brigade, of which this regiment formed a part, was with Jackson at Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg acted a conspicuous part in the three days' fighting, losing heavily in the two days' fighting that preceded the great battle of July 3. Among their losses was that of General Archer himself, who was taken prisoner. In Pickett's memorable charge on Cemetery Hill, where Tennessee poured forth some of her richest blood, as she did on so many of the hard-fought fields of the war both in the East and the West, Joseph Wilson was twice wounded, but in neither case severely enough to disable him for duty. During all the subsequent campaigning and almost continuous conflict from Gettysburg to Appomattox he was with his command, participating with it in that almost unbroken series of sanguinary engagements that terminated at last at Petersburg. There on April 2, 1865, he was captured, with a large part of his command, and sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Md. After his release from prison, he returned home and soon



H. A. DEAN.

afterwards engaged in the profession of teaching, being at different times principal of various high schools and academies. At one time he was president of a female college in Kentucky. For several years a ruling elder in the Church, he afterwards entered the Presbyterian ministry in South Carolina, and continued in it until his death. He was a true and a brave soldier of his country, never shirking duty, a faithful officer in the Church, and an earnest, useful, and self-denying minister of the gospel.

Twice married, he leaves no survivor except his second wife and an older brother. Blessed with a cheerful and happy disposition, he took life calmly in all its vicissitudes and trials, diffusing sunshine wherever he went, and at last surrendering his spirit to God, who gave it. Precious will be his memory with those who knew and loved him best.

"Thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of days."

WILLIAM HAW.

William Haw, son of John Haw and Mary Austin Watt Haw, was born at Oak Grove, Hanover County, Va., September 16, 1840; and died at Ashland, Va., August 7, 1911.

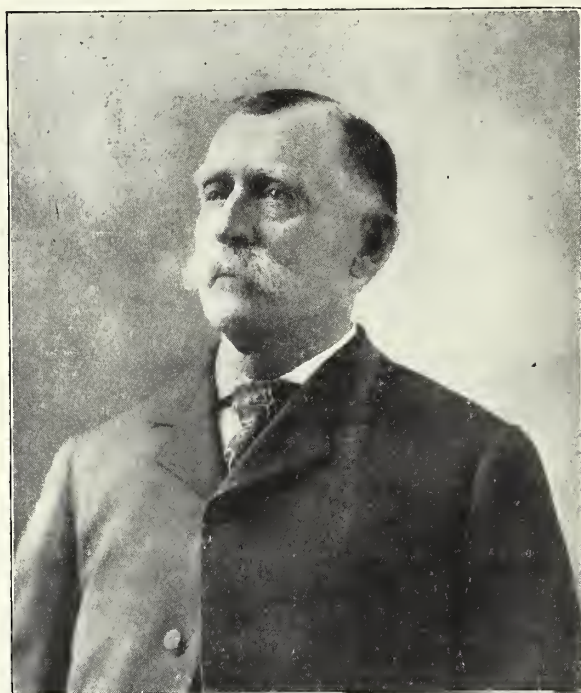
Soon after the John Brown raid he and two older brothers, John H. and George P. Haw, joined the Hanover Grays, which company was on the 23d of April, 1861, mustered into the service and formed a part of the 15th Virginia Infantry, under Gen. Bankhead Magruder, and served under him on the Virginia Peninsula. General Magruder with a few thousand men (not over 11,500) defeated General Butler at Big Bethel and fortified and held a defensive line of fourteen miles against McClellan with the Grand Army of the Potomac, 118,000 strong, until Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived, the regiment fighting at Dam No. 1, Williamsburg, and Baramsville. In the seven days' fighting (1862) around Richmond Magruder held the thin line in front of Richmond, while Lee, with Jackson, Longstreet, and other generals, executed the flank movement which relieved Richmond and defeated McClellan, the regiment fighting at Malvern Hill and again at Sharpsburg.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which the regiment took part, it was put in Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, and went with Longstreet on the Suffolk expedition in the winter of '62-'63, the men suffering a great deal from exposure, as they were poorly supplied with shoes, overcoats, and other comforts, many being barefooted. In '63 the brigade defended General Lee's communications in Virginia until after the battle of Gettysburg. They captured and held Chester and Manassas Gaps and secured a safe retreat for General Lee's army.

The winter of '63-'64 the brigade spent in an active campaign in Southwest Virginia and Tennessee, marching through sleet and snow, wading icy rivers, and camping with no roof over them save the starry dome above. In '64 the brigade fought at Newbern, N. C., and on May 16 at Drewry's Bluff, where Butler was whipped, then with Lee at Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor, and the capture of Howlett House line, and in '65 fought Sheridan at Ashland, Dinwiddie C. H., Five Forks, and Saylor's Creek. In all of these trying campaigns William Haw did his full duty, missing only one battle on account of sickness. He was wounded at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864, and at Five Forks was shot through both arms and through the body just below the heart and left to die. He was captured and imprisoned until August, 1865.

At the close of the war he became a contractor, at one time doing a good deal of work on the C. & O. Railroad and Richmond and Danville, now the Southern, and doing his part

with thousands of Confederate soldiers to build up and develop the South. Like many contractors, he had his times of financial success and depression, reaping finally very little profit financially from a strenuous life of labor and suffering from wounds, accident, and sickness, through all of which he exhibited the greatest fortitude and cheerfulness.



WILLIAM HAW.

In 1877 William Haw married Virginia Bridges, who died in 1883, leaving three daughters, Nannie B. and Virginia J. Haw and Mrs. Josiah Leake, whose devotion to their father, especially in his last sickness, was beautiful to see. Of four brothers, all Confederate soldiers, three survive (John H., George P., and Joseph R. Haw), together with two sisters (Mrs. S. E. Cross and Miss M. J. Haw).

William Haw was a member of William B. Newton Camp, U. C. V., the Samuel Davies Presbyterian Church, and the Masonic Lodge at Ashland, Va. The latter lodge buried him with the service of their order at the old family home, Oak Grove, which is on the battle field of Haw's shop. There he sleeps beside that father and mother who had counted no sacrifice too great to make for their country, who sent five sons to battle, and who sacrificed their entire property to the cause.

GEN. J. M. BYRNES.

Julian Morgan Byrnes was born in Pensacola, Fla., January 28, 1846; and died at Lagrange, Tex., June 9, 1912. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years with Company A, 2d Florida Infantry Regiment, serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was present for duty at Appomattox C. H. April 9, 1865.

After the war he returned to Mobile, Ala., and in 1868 married Miss Delphine Jordan, of Pensacola, who survives him.

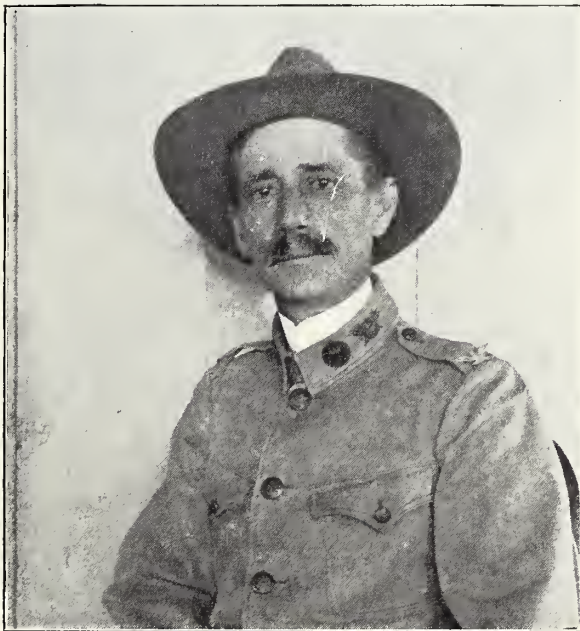
In 1877 he moved to Brenham, Tex., and engaged in the cotton business. While there he was for ten years captain of the Brenham Light Guard, and at the State encampment at Galveston received the highest score as captain. In 1895 he

was appointed major of the State Volunteer Guards, and served as inspector general of the State for fifteen years, retiring as colonel in 1900. In 1907 he was made brevet brigadier general. He was a member of the Washington County Corps of the Confederate Veterans, Colonel of Timmon's Camp of Lagrange, and an honorary member of the Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, of Mobile.

Governor Colquitt, Commander in Chief of the Texas National Guard, announced with deep regret the death of Brevet Brigadier General Byrnes. The order of retirement states that General Byrnes performed every duty devolving upon him in an efficient and soldierly manner for more than thirty years, and for his distinguished service he was brevetted brigadier general. * * *

Henry Hutchings, Adjutant General of Texas, wrote on June 9 to Mrs. J. M. Byrnes, of Lagrange: "On receipt of the sad news of the death of General Byrnes, his excellency the Governor directed the flags on the Capitol lowered to half mast and issued a general order to the Texas National Guards, of which General Byrnes was for over a quarter of a century a faithful and efficient officer. To me and mine it is a personal as well as official loss."

"I'm only waiting" was General Byrnes's response to the inquiry of a friend who was admitted to his room. In his hand he held the New Testament. Daily he read from its pages until his vision was impaired and his weakened condition refused to grant the wish of his mind and heart. The Book remained closed, yet clasped in his hand or near to his body, until the roll was called. His faith in the hereafter, his contentment in the hours preceding his departure, and his willingness to go were exemplifications of his Christian character.



GEN. J. M. BYRNES.

The pallbearers carried the remains to the Catholic church, where Rev. Father Bauer conducted the religious services. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. From his former Texas home there was sent a large emblem bearing the insignia of the light guards company. The Handel Club sang the beautiful hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All business houses were closed during the funeral hour.

In 1895 General Byrnes moved to Lagrange and was given the management of the cotton business there for H. W. Garrow & Co., which he retained until his death. He is survived by his wife and eight children: Mrs. Bernita Cline, Misses Delphine, Mary, Aline, and Eulalia Byrnes, and Messrs. V. M., Malcom, and J. M. Byrnes. One sister, Mrs. W. H. Greenwood, lives in Mobile, Ala.

WALTER J. BENNETT.

Walter James Bennett entered into rest at his home in Franklin, Tenn., May 17, 1912. He had been in poor health since February 2, when he had a severe attack of la grippe. The funeral services were conducted at St. Paul's Episcopal Church Sunday morning at 10:30 by Rev. A. L. Seiter, and was largely attended. The interment was at the new cemetery. The honorary pallbearers were the vestry of the Church of which he had been senior warden and McEwen Bivouac, of which he had long been an honored member.

Mr. Bennett was seventy-six years old less nine days. He was the son of Mr. John D. Bennett, one of the early citizens of Franklin, and Elizabeth (Terrell) Bennett. As a young man he went to Ripley, Miss., to engage in business. He enlisted in the Confederate army in April, 1861, in Company B, 2d Mississippi Infantry, and made a fine record in the Virginia campaigns, serving as captain on General Whiting's staff and as his private secretary.

He was captured in Virginia in 1864, and remained in prison at Fort Delaware until July, 1865, when he was released from prison and returned to Franklin, Tenn., where he engaged in merchandising with his father and continued in business there. He was senior member of the firm of Bennett & Campbell for many years.

Mr. Bennett had been twice married. His first wife was Miss Dillie Caldwell, of Franklin, there being one child of this union, Mr. John C. Bennett, now living in Nashville. His second wife was Miss Lizzie G. Moore, of Nashville, who, with their only child, Mr. Walter M. Bennett, junior member of the firm of Bennett & Campbell, survives him.

Resolutions were passed by the vestry of St. Paul's Church in his memory in which he is mentioned as a wise counselor and friend who by his exemplary life and many Christian virtues was a shining example of the Christian life; also the town of Franklin has lost a most valuable citizen, whose example of honesty and integrity will be sadly missed by the community.

Signed by Arthur L. Seiter (Rector), H. P. Cochrane (Senior Warden), Otey Walker (Junior Warden), E. M. Perkins, Edward McGavock, George Teers, L. P. Brown, and J. E. Rodas.

COL. R. W. SIMPSON.

Col. Richard Wright Simpson, of Pendleton, S. C., died recently in a private sanitarium. He was President of the Board of Trustees of Clemson College. He was also a member of several social and fraternal organizations. He was a veteran Confederate soldier.

Surviving Colonel Simpson are his sister (Mrs. Mary Williams, of Knoxville, Tenn.), five daughters (Mrs. W. W. Watkins and Mrs. Paul Sloan, of Pendleton, S. C.; Mrs. A. G. Holmes, Mrs. F. M. Martin, and Mrs. W. W. Klugh, of Richmond, Va.), and three sons (R. W. Simpson, Jr., of Richmond, Va.; J. G. Simpson, of Charlotte, N. C.; and T. S. Simpson, of Troy, S. C.).

The burial was at Pendleton.

J. IRWIN SPIVEY.

J. Irwin Spivey was born in Coffee County, Ga., July 10, 1838; and died in Hillsboro County, Fla., June 23, 1911. He was doubtless the best-known private soldier in Virginia. In one of the seven days' battles below Richmond—Cold Harbor—he commanded a charge on a twelve-gun brass battery that was doing great damage. Spivey jumped up and said, "Charge them!" and the 26th, 31st, and 61st Georgia Regiments, with Hays's Louisiana Brigade, did charge them and captured the battery and turned it on the enemy with telling effect. During this charge Spivey gave the lionlike bellow which gave him the name of "Gordon's Bull." He was a valuable soldier, a good marksman, and was detailed for special picket duty and armed with the best-improved rifle at hand. The enemy at one time offered a thousand dollars for his capture.

Surrendering at Appomattox, Spivey returned to his home, in Coffee County, Ga., but soon after removed to Hillsboro County, Fla., joined the Church, and was ordained as a Baptist minister, and from then to his death he fought sin and Satan as valiantly as he did the Yankees. He is survived by his wife and two brothers.

ENOCH PEPPER CLARKE.

Enoch P. Clarke was born in Fleming County, Ky., May 20, 1839; and died at Millersburg, Ky., July 13, 1912. The early years of his manhood were devoted to farming. When there came a call to arms in 1861, he enlisted under the banner of the Confederacy on October 1, 1861, and served until the close of the war. His first commander was Gen. Humphrey Marshall. He fought in Virginia under Gen. John L. Williams, and was with Wheeler in his famous raid through Middle Tennessee. He was in the battles at McMinnville, Charleston, Nashville, Shelbyville, and at Chickamauga. After General Morgan escaped from prison, he joined his command, and was in the engagements at Mount Sterling and Cynthiana, Ky. Having been wounded and captured at Cynthiana in June, 1864, he was taken to Camp Morton, Ind., where he remained until April 1, 1865, when he returned to Virginia a few days before Lee's surrender. After the war he returned to his native Kentucky, where he began to put together the broken threads of life.

For thirty years prior to his death he had resided at Millersburg, Ky., with the exception of eight years spent in Paris, Ky., while sheriff of the county. In Millersburg he was engaged in several mercantile enterprises.

"Uncle Nuck" Clarke was widely known and had many lasting friendships in Kentucky. He was well known as a father to the fatherless. Kindness characterized this good man's life, and he was indeed one of nature's noblemen. He was a zealous Baptist, and throughout his illness from tuberculosis he was patient and manifested a willingness to bear his cross.

At the expiration of his term of office as county sheriff in March, 1910, he retired from an active business life at the age of seventy and returned to Millersburg to spend the remainder of his life there in quiet amidst his loved ones. He was laid to rest in beautiful Millersburg Cemetery by the Masonic order, wearing a Confederate button upon his breast, with gray-haired veterans as honorary pallbearers and the flag of Dixie upon his casket. He is survived by his wife, three sons, two daughters, and one brother, James S. Clarke, of Millersburg, Ky.

MRS. EMILY J. LOFLAND.

Mrs. Emily J. Lofland, widow of William O. Lofland, a former Mayor of Memphis, Tenn., and a descendant of an old Huguenot family, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emily Robertson, in Berkeley, Cal., February 16, 1912. She was eighty-three years old, and lived in California thirty years.

Mrs. Lofland's family were prominent in the Old South. Her father was once private secretary to Gen. Edward P. James and Gen. Winfield Scott, and was one of the pioneer bankers and railroad promoters of Memphis. Her mother was Miss Margaret Leese, whose brother, Jacob P. Leese, went to California in 1833. He is said to have built the first dwelling house in San Francisco at the outset of the gold rush.

Mrs. Lofland had been prominent in the Daughters of the Confederacy, and was Honorary Vice President of Le Conte Chapter. For nine years her home had been with her children in Berkeley, Mrs. Roberson and Edward and Charles Lofland.



REV. THOMAS H. WARE.

[An interesting sketch of Comrade Thomas H. Ware, whose death occurred on June 7, 1912, appears in the August VETERAN, page 388, representing his service in the 4th Arkansas Cavalry and his service in the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, in which he held important offices.]

WILSON BATES.

Wilson Bates was born October 18, 1831; and died February 24, 1912. He resided on Lake Creek, eleven miles north of Gordon, Tex. He had been a member of the Masonic fraternity and the Christian Church for forty years. He belonged to the 18th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., and was a member of Camp Erath, U. C. V. He was a Texas ranger before the Civil War, and was present when McCortz was killed in an Indian fight in the West.

Comrade Bates was a good man and patriotic citizen, a kind neighbor, true to his friends, and devoted to his family. He leaves a widow, four sons, three daughters, and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. His was a long and eventful life, and the world is better by it.

[From G. W. Sorrett and A. S. Bunting, committee of Camp Erath, U. C. V.]

MAJ. GEN. ROBERT FREDERICK HOKE.

Gen. R. F. Hoke was born in Lincolnton, N. C., May 27, 1837; and died in 1912. In 1861 he was major of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, C. S. A., and later major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel of the 33d North Carolina Regiment. He was appointed brigadier general January 17, 1863, and major general April 20, 1864. His brigade served in Early's Division, and General Hoke commanded the division in the battle of Cold Harbor. He commanded the district of North Carolina at another time and surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston at Durham Station April 26, 1865. After the war he engaged in important business affairs, and was at one time President of the Seaboard Air Railway system.

Shortly before his death the late Thomas M. Hufham had prepared a biographical sketch and portraiture of Gen. Robert F. Hoke, C. S. A., which appeared in the *Charlotte (N. C.) Observer* July 21. Mr. Hufham's fatal illness prevented him from finishing the sketch.

FROM MR. HUFHAM'S SKETCH.

Who first said, "The eye is the window of the soul?" A philosopher truly and a deep student of human nature. The quotation flashed into my mind one morning as a local freight bumped along between Hickory and Newton, on the "narrow gauge." Upon entering the car I observed a vigorous-looking old gentleman whose face was obscured by the folds of a newspaper. As the car jolted, my fellow passenger looked up and I caught his eye. Instantly I thought: "Through that eye looks out the soul of a soldier and a born leader of men." As I sat there the years fell away as if by magic, and the stranger's face called up dreadful scenes of carnage and death, of long lines of gray-clad, stern-faced men sweeping forward to the charge in perfect alignment, their bayonets glistening in the sun, their battle flags afloat upon the breeze. I seemed to hear the long, rolling crash of musketry and the roar of heavy guns outthundering the thunders of heaven. * * *

The resemblance to General Lee could not have been more striking and lifelike if one of the portraits of the mighty Southerner had stepped down from its frame and become incarnate in the figure before me. I inquired as to whether the conductor would tell me the name of the gentleman who was reading the paper. Certainly the conductor would, and he did: "That is Maj. Gen. Robert F. Hoke." I was about to ask if he would secure me an introduction when the train straggled into Lincolnton, much to my disappointment, and the double of the South's idol left the train. His resemblance to Lee is one of the cases where appearances are not deceitful.

Promptly with the outbreak of the War of the States General Hoke entered the service, and was marked for rapid promotions. He had the heaven-born gift of military genius. He was prompt and cool in emergencies; made his plans with swiftness and accuracy; never struck until every detail had been arranged, and then fell on the enemy with the power of a thunderbolt. His plan was to make the Federal commanders fight when he was ready. The few independent commands that he held were marked by soldierly daring and thoroughness and crowned by brilliant and indisputable success. When General Hoke fought a battle, there was no question as to who was the victor.

General Hoke once said in regard to the war: "So many times we failed of success by such a narrow margin that it seems it was not intended that we should succeed."

The capture of Plymouth, where General Hoke commanded, is said by competent military critics to have been one of the most brilliant feats of the war. Newbern would have shared a similar fate, for all preparations for the attack were nearly completed when one courier after another arrived in hot haste at General Hoke's headquarters bringing the astounding news that Butler had been transferred to City Point and there were no troops between him and Petersburg. General Hoke was ordered to march immediately to Kinston, take trains, and make all possible haste to Richmond. The steady tramp of his advance guard marching toward Kinston was heard within two hours after the fateful message had been received, and through the night that long line of gray and steel, bearing the fortunes of the Confederacy on their bayonets, hastened toward Kinston as fast as legs and wheels could carry them. From Newbern to Kinston he made the most rapid march recorded in the history of warfare.

At the latter place the trains with steam up ready for the journey stood awaiting them. Soon they were speeding toward Richmond with a rush and roar that never ceased except for momentary pauses to take on wood and water. Reaching the scene of action, they found Butler between Beauregard and Richmond. The only hope was to attack the enemy and interpose between him and the capital. It was decided that Beauregard as the commander should attack while Hoke made a feint to deceive Butler. It was done and Beauregard's attack failed. The situation was desperate. At this juncture General Hoke offered to attack if Beauregard would make a demonstration to hold the Federals in check. Jefferson Davis, whom a situation so critical had brought to the scene of action, concurred in the suggestion.

In General Hoke's opinion no braver man than Jefferson Davis ever lived. Since on the success of Hoke hung the success of the battle, Davis accompanied him on that fateful occasion. "He rode all day," said General Hoke, "without flinching under as terrible a fire as I ever saw. Some of us who had been used to that kind of thing for a long time didn't relish that day's experience any too well." But the attack succeeded, as Hoke's attacks almost invariably did, and the fate of Richmond was postponed for a few months. No sooner, however, had the movement of Butler been balked than fresh difficulties arose. A rumor reached General Beauregard that Grant had in turn recalled a corps from Butler's command. It was all-important to know the fact, because if true it meant a fresh assault on Lee. "How in the world," asked General Beauregard, "can we discover whether Grant has recalled those troops?"

Again the cunning brains of Hoke solved the all-important problem: "Have all our cannon heavily shotted. Let all the troops be in line, and station officers at given intervals to observe the enemy's works. At the same moment fire the cannon and let all the men give the Rebel yell in concert. The head of every Federal soldier will show above the works."

The plan was adopted and at the given signal the cannon roared in deafening concert, while from thousands of throats burst the familiar Rebel yell. Just as General Hoke had prophesied, curiosity and apprehension brought every Federal soldier into view. It was plain that their number had grown decidedly less. It meant that an assault by Grant's whole army upon Lee's lines was imminent. With all possible secrecy and dispatch Hoke's command glided away to take the position in the lines occupied by Fitz Lee's cavalry. In front of them lay the serried ranks of "Fighting" Phil Sheridan, impatient for the attack and secure in the belief that they were

to sweep over a feeble cavalry force in a blue wave of destruction, little dreaming that they were to assault behind entrenched lines one of the finest divisions of infantry that ever stepped on a battle field, led by a commander who enjoyed the complete confidence of that captain of captains, Robert E. Lee. The story is told in a single term, "Cold Harbor."

"At an early hour on June 3 the battle was opened by a vicious assault upon our right and center," says Taylor. "The attack was upon the portion of the right occupied by Hoke's command. The loss of the enemy was frightful to contemplate. The ground in our front was covered with their dead and wounded. The Confederate guns commanded the field. For two days Grant left the dead unburied, the wounded to their loneliness and agony. Then he reluctantly asked a truce to bury the one and care for the other."

Time and again the order was given to advance. New troops were moved to the front and division after division was hurled against the works held by Kershaw and Hoke, where the cool veterans of Lee with steady nerve and accurate aim sent death and destruction to the advancing hosts of the enemy. Everywhere along the line Grant's mighty army was hurled back by a storm of steel. General Lee in the rôle of a humorist never occurs to the average reader. But the first of these incidents, which relates to a meeting between Lee and Stuart, proves that Lee was by no means destitute of genuine wit.

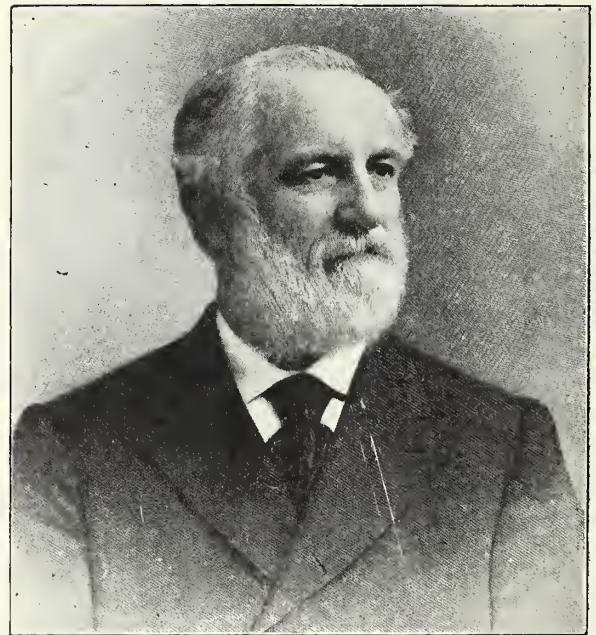
After Lee had retreated from that fated field and once more encamped on Virginia soil, General Hoke, who, having been wounded at Chancellorsville, had just returned to his command, called to see Lee. He found the latter seated at a table writing. Seeing him engaged, the visitor without seating himself remarked that he had merely called to pay his respects and would not disturb him. "Be seated, General," replied Lee. "I am just preparing my report of the battle of Gettysburg. I have taken all the blame; but had General Stuart kept me informed as he should have done, all would have been different. He stopped to capture a wagon train; and what was a wagon train compared with the tremendous issues that we had at stake?" But General Hoke's story of his interview with Lee shows beyond doubt or question whom Lee held responsible.

The highest of many marks of trust shown by Lee to his great lieutenant was displayed while they rode alone during the dreary winter of 1865, when the somber shadows of the final catastrophe were enveloping the South by land and sea. Lee expressed his wish that if anything should prevent his continuing in command Hoke should succeed him. What prouder epitaph could any soldier have written above his last resting place than the words, "Robert E. Lee chose this man to succeed him as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia?" [This last paragraph is puzzling. There seems to have been no one present but General Hoke, and he would not have repeated it except in closest confidence, if at all. The report seems unfortunate, as it would have reflected upon all of General Hoke's superior officers.—EDITOR.]

After the war General Hoke labored to revive the land where havoc had done its work and where fruitful fields had been turned into a desert by the trampling of five hundred thousand hostile feet. In building railroads, developing iron mines, and setting on foot many other useful industries General Hoke walked in the footsteps of the man to whom he was bound by the brotherhood of common service and affinity of exalted aims.

Many, both in public and private, have expressed surprise that General Hoke never attended the Confederate Reunions, nor ever took part in the demonstrations given to honor the Confederate cause. His attachment to the cause for which he fought was profound, inexpressible. Seeing the faces of the comrades with whom he fought, remembering the faces of those who fell by his side, dwelling upon the vanished hopes of the past—all these would be too painful almost to be borne, far less to be sought. So like a man striving to keep out of mind some terrible bereavement, he dwelt upon the past as little as he could. Such reasons as these suggest themselves as an explanation of his absence from the gatherings of his brethren in arms. * * *

In view of his resemblance to the mighty chieftain of the Confederacy, both in appearance and character, it is appropriate to close this paper by relating an incident that occurred during President Cleveland's first administration. Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of the famous general, was visiting in Washington and making a tour through the various departments of the national government when she entered the office



GENERAL ROBERT F. HOKE.

of the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith. Observing a photograph on his desk, she exclaimed: "Mr. Smith, I see you have a splendid photograph of my father." "I am a great admirer of your father," replied the Secretary. "But that is a photograph of my uncle, General Hoke."

Thomas A. Futrall, of Marianna, in Little Rock Gazette: "I quote from your paper the following paragraph dated Charlotte, N. C., July 5: 'Gen. R. F. Hoke, ranking Confederate officer and personal choice of General Lee to succeed him in case he was killed in battle, died this morning at his home at Lincolnton, N. C.'"

"Every Confederate soldier now living who belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia will be pained to learn of the death of the dashing, chivalrous Maj. Gen. 'Bob' Hoke; but a love for the 'truth of history' impels us to correct an error in the above paragraph. Robert F. Hoke rose to the rank of major general, and was in a class with Maj. Gens. Matt

Ransome, Ramseur, Baker, Lane, William Mahone, Fitzhugh Lee, Harry Heth, grand old Jubal Early, and others famous as division commanders; but it is news to learn from our modern makers of history that Gen. Robert Hoke outranked all of the full generals, as well as Lieut. Gens. James Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Ewell, Wade Hampton, A. P. Hill, Hood, the glorious John B. Gordon, and others belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia, whose skill and success as corps commanders measured up to the full height of Napoleon's best marshals.

"It will also be interesting to Lee's old veterans to learn for the first time that Gen. Robert E. Lee desired to pass over all of the full generals and the brilliant corps commanders and have appointed to succeed him a young man who had but one rank above a brigadier general, and who was not with Lee's army at all during the latter part of the war."



DR. BEN A. HASKINS.

Dr. Ben Haskins entered into rest February 11, 1912, aged seventy years. He was a member of Company A, 14th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, and served throughout the entire War of the States. He was the oldest child of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Branch Haskins, of Clarksville, Tenn. When quite a youth he was a junior at Stewart College (later Southwest Presbyterian University). He was there when Gov. I. G. Harris called for volunteers for the Confederate army, and almost the entire student body of the old college promptly responded. About a hundred enlisted in a company organized by their professor, William A. Forbes, professor of mathematics. He was a Virginian and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and was elected captain.

The classic campus was quickly turned into a camp of military instruction. Forbes's company became A of the 14th

Tennessee Regiment. The men of the regiment were sworn into service on May 14, and Captain Forbes was chosen Colonel; M. G. Gholson, Lieutenant Colonel; Nathan Brandon, Major.

At Camp Quarles, nine miles from Clarksville, near the L. & N. Railroad, the regiment was disciplined in the "arts of war," and early in the summer it was ordered to Virginia. The 1st, 7th, and 14th Regiments comprised the Tennessee brigade. The Tennessee brigade on the great battle fields of Virginia began with the hard winter campaign of Cheat Mountain and followed Jackson and Lee to the bitter end. At Seven Pines the brave and glorious Robert Hatton lost his life. Gen. James Archer was then placed in command of the Tennessee brigade. There was added to it some of the best of Alabama troops. Archer's Brigade was conspicuous in opening the battle of Gettysburg. On the first day it lost its gallant commander. While leading his men he was captured by a flank movement with about a hundred of his men, including First Lieut. Ben Haskins, and they were sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

After the long delay that made the heart sick, on the bitter cold day of March 23, 1865, Ben Haskins and other fellow prisoners were sent from Johnson's Island, walking several miles on the frozen lake to Sandusky, where they were given transportation to City Point for exchange. He joined his regiment near Petersburg, and learned that June Kimball, his dear classmate at college and comrade, had been made captain of Company A during his long imprisonment. He received his parole on April 15, 1865.

Ben Haskins carried a scar caused by a bursting shell from the enemy at Chancellorsville. How fondly he wore his cross of honor till the last time when he lay on his bier!

At Gettysburg the 14th Tennessee, after losing one hundred men on the first day, went into the grand charge with three hundred and seventy-five men and came out with one lieutenant and thirty-seven men. That splendid regiment planted its colors on the stone wall and left them there. Col. James W. Lockett, the commander there, led the 14th Tennessee up Cemetery Hill.

After the war Lieutenant Haskins returned home and read medicine in his father's office, attended the required course of lectures, and received a diploma with honors at the old Medical College at Nashville. But he was not fond of professional life, and in a few years he went with his widowed mother to their farm and devoted his best years to her. He never married. His aged mother having passed away, he spent his last years with his only sister, Mrs. H. P. Williams, in Birmingham, Ala., where he was blessed with tender care and affection by her family. His ever-bright intellect remained to the end. The last evening of his life was spent with his sister. The next morning the summons came and his spirit had departed. On February 12 he was buried beside his father and mother at Clarksville, where many Confederate soldiers lie. The impressive Episcopal and Confederate ritual services were used.

[From sketch and fond tribute by Mrs. Nannic H. Williams.]

MARTIN NEWMAN.

Martin Newman, who died at Sweetwater, Tex., on December 8, 1911, was born in Montgomery County, Ark., in October, 1826 or 1827. He served as a private in Company E, 13th Regiment of Texas Cavalry, during the war, having removed from Arkansas to Navarro County, Tex., sometime previous to the beginning of the war. He had lived in Sweetwater about twenty-five years.

MISSION OF THE SOUTH'S UNITED DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. L. EUSTACE WILLIAMS, ANCHORAGE, KY.

I read with much concern the letter from Mr. P. J. Noyes, of Lancaster, N. H., in the February VETERAN, and am distressed that one who is evidently kind and sympathetic himself should so misunderstand and misconstrue the purposes and objects of our U. D. C. organization. [Delay of publication is regretted.—EDITOR.]

So far from there being anything "sinister" or "revolutionary" in either our "influence or teachings," if he were more familiar with the workings of our organization, which he so unjustly criticizes, he would find that we hew closely to the line of action laid down in our constitution, which prescribes that the objects of the U. D. C. association shall be "memorial, historical, benevolent, educational, and social," and I believe they are placed in the order in which the Daughters regard their importance.

The organization is eighteen years old. A long period of misconception and false history had brought the women of the South to a realization of the fact that their children—the descendants of men who had challenged the admiration not only of the world outside but of many who had fought against them—were being taught that their fathers were not only "rebels" but guilty of almost every crime enumerated in the decalogue.

The necessity for some organized effort to secure a true history of those days came almost as an inspiration to Southern women, and one of our main objects has been to put into the hands of our children a correct history, not biased in any sense, for we are more than willing to stand by the verdict written by the "men in gray" themselves on the tablets of time.

I would remind Mr. Noyes, too, that in our benevolent work, which consists chiefly in looking after the maintenance and comfort of our disabled veterans before the State governments were able to take up the matter, we have no such colossal fund at our disposal as is dispensed by the United States Pension Bureau; and if he further reflects that a goodly part of that fund is contributed by the "conquered" territory, he may feel more charitably inclined toward "those certain ladies of the South" for doing what they can to relieve the necessities and add to the comfort of the Confederate veteran as well as to aid his descendants in securing a proper and correct version of the history of the time which his own valor made so conspicuous.

The Daughters have always been most appreciative of the kind action of the government in permitting so uninterruptedly the use of our memorial badge—the Confederate flag—and in this connection I would like to remind our critic that some of the best soldiers who fought under "Old Glory" in that little affair with Cuba learned the art of war under the stars and bars.

Since the government to which we surrendered those flags permits their display on our part, I don't think it is altogether consistent in a loyal citizen to criticize the action of the government he professes to regard with such reverence.

The people of the South are exerting their energies in developing their splendid resources, and the New Hampshire hills had better look to their own guns rather than so far afield for material development.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy extend Mr. Noyes a most cordial invitation to visit them at their next convention, which will assemble in Washington City next

November, so he can see for himself that we are not employing our energies either in hatching treason to "the best government," etc., or in efforts to "debauch our youth."

EXPERIENCES OF A KENTUCKY BOY SOLDIER.

BY LEE SMITH, SHELBY COUNTY, KY.

I went to Shelbyville, Ky., to join Bragg, but they refused to take me on account of my youth. I then went to Frankfort and tried to enlist, when I was again refused on the same account. Late in the summer of 1863 I enlisted in Jessie's Battalion (afterwards 6th Kentucky Battalion), Company H, but it disbanded and I was placed in the 4th Kentucky, Giltner's regiment, Captain Marshall's company. When we were ready to leave the State, Col. D. C. Freeman took charge and piloted us through. We joined Morgan between the Cumberland Mountains and Avington only the day before the fight at the Salt Works, where Burbridge had negro troops, and we surely slew negroes that day. Other battles in which I took part were Strawberry Plains, Mudlick Springs, Perryville, Cynthiana, Pound Gap, Leesburg, and Whitesburg.

We were about fifteen miles from Greeneville, Tenn., when Morgan was shot. There Giltner took command, and for a little while we were under Forrest. We were disbanded at the edge of the mountain. The officers of my company were: Captain Marshall, Lieuts. Tull Bryant, Joe Cox, and Bill Mount, and Quarterly Sergeant Flurry Stevenson. During the sickness of Cox I was chosen second lieutenant, and so served for several months.

On the Kentucky River I was taken, with others, to a room in Wesley Dean's house. There were present General Breckinridge and Cols. Tom Bullett, George M. Jessie, and Basil Duke. They all shook hands with me, calling me the baby soldier. These colonels wanted a message carried to Col. Jack Allen, one mile below Boston, in Jefferson County. Colonel Allen was stationed in a barn on the widow Harrison's farm. Four of us were chosen for the trip, and each one of us had the message in our coat collars. We were three nights making the trip. Several times we had to go through Union pickets or around them. Once we drove the first ones in and got through by going around. They fired on us, but we got away, though we traveled only at night. We skirmished with pickets almost the entire trip. We reached Mrs. Harrison's Sunday night in a torrent of rain.

When we entered the house, four soldiers, facing us, ordered us to surrender. They were Sue Monday, one-armed Berry, Walter Ferguson, and Henry Magruder. They were as brave men as ever lived. Sue Monday and Magruder were shot in Louisville. Bragg had Walter Ferguson shot for stealing a chicken. Had Bragg in any way exposed himself that morning, his own men would have killed him. Tears were shed by the whole company; many of the strong men wept. [Mr. Smith must have misunderstood this in some way.—EDITOR.]

We delivered our message about midnight at the barn to Colonel Allen, rested next day, and Monday night we piloted Colonel Allen with about one hundred and sixty men to meet Colonel Jessie near Crab Orchard. We had about five hundred men on the pike between Mount Sterling and Louisville. We captured in a skirmish Colonel Welford's pickets and took them with us.

[Any one reading the above who remembers Lee Smith or any one named therein will please communicate with Mrs. E. K. Smith, of Clinton, Ky., who hopes to secure a pension through the testimony of Mr. Smith's comrades.]

IMPORTANCE OF EMERGENCY FUNDS.

BY MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH, CHAIRMAN RELIEF COMMITTEE,
U. D. C., RICHMOND, VA.

It was with the greatest interest that I read your article in the July VETERAN on "A Board of Adjusters for Charity," and reply as it concerns every Chapter of the U. D. C.

For twenty-five years Lee Camp Auxiliary, a small band of devoted women of Richmond, has been such a board in Richmond, but reaching out its helping hands to Confederates in need throughout our State. These women are auxiliary to Lee Camp, which each month places in its treasury a sum to be used in just such cases as you mention. Veterans and their widows have been placed in hospitals for treatment, and widows have been placed in Church homes of their own choice. A section in Riverside Cemetery, adjoining Hollywood, was purchased by Lee Camp. This auxiliary has reached out not only to those in the humble stations of life, but many gentlewomen have been helped, often emergency cases, when twenty-five and even fifty dollars have been spent at once to tide over a breakdown.

Seeing the glorious work of this little band of women not connected with the U. D. C. or even with the Virginia Division, although every member of the auxiliary belongs to the Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, I determined that our State should have officially connected with a Relief Committee planned exactly along the lines of Lee Camp Auxiliary, but being appointed by the President of the Virginia Division and responsible to the Division for money collected and expended. This committee was appointed two years ago at Suffolk. Each Chapter is asked to contribute to this fund, which goes to the general treasury of the State, and by proper voucher signed by any Chapter which has investigated the case the applicant has sent to her each month sums of from \$3 to \$10. It is true the amount is small, but it means so much to some poor woman in the little home given her by some one who can provide shelter and nothing more. So splendid were the results that at the Richmond Convention a U. D. C. committee was appointed.

It is surprising how many States like Virginia have fine reports to show of State work. We do not intend to be satisfied with State work, but hope that every Chapter will send to the General Treasurer not less than one dollar (think how small the sum) in order that there shall be no such cases as reported in your columns calling for aid, and that the United Daughters may not be able to help at once.

The Virginia Legislature gave last year \$2,500 to be expended by the Virginia Division to help those who cannot receive a pension from the State. Not only widows but unmarried sisters who, giving their lovers to die on the battle fields, have been ever true to the memory of those lovers and who now in their old age need assistance. The Daughters are helping, but they can and will help more. They are a body of women who, building their monuments, have kept alive the spirit of the Confederacy, and now, having done this for their dead, they are turning to the care of the old and the education of the young. We ask every Chapter, no matter what their home charities, to remember the Relief Committee appointed at Richmond by your President.

A United States army friend writes the VETERAN that he would like to subscribe the coming year for five brave old Confederates, one-legged or one-armed or otherwise seriously disabled in battle. This he wishes to do, he states, because he knows "it will give great pleasure to a little band of brother

soldiers and brother Americans." Last year this same friend subscribed for five of his friends in the North, and says he has had pleasant words from all of them about the VETERAN. Friends will confer a favor by reporting the addresses of old comrades who would be entitled to receive the VETERAN through this good offer.

"DIXIE DATES."

Under this title the St. Louis Chapter, No. 624, U. D. C., has issued a handsome book of quotations and general information on happenings within the period of the War of the States. This compilation was the work of a committee appointed by the Chapter, of which Mrs. Folk Webb was chairman, and represents some exhaustive research. The purpose of this work is to present the facts thus gathered in a convenient and attractive form for the benefit of the many who haven't the time to look them up. Many complimentary responses have come from those to whom the book was sent, and that from Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General U. D. C., expresses the general impression in saying: "The 'Dixie Dates' seems to contain every date of interest to and pertaining to the South and is a mine of information. It is artistically gotten up, and every one should have a copy."

The pamphlet is sold at fifty cents, postpaid. Address Mrs. Frederick H. Starr, 6140 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Mo.

"THE MEN IN GRAY"

BY R. C. CAVE

"The Men in Gray," cloth-bound, 143 pages, contains:

1. "The Men in Gray," an oration delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the private soldiers and sailors of the South in Richmond, Va., which created quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and was discussed for weeks by the press throughout the country. One of the Virginia papers said: "It is a speech from which nothing can be taken and to which nothing can be added without injury. . . . It is a concise but clear statement of the causes that led up to the war and an accurate pen picture of the private soldier such as we know him to have been."

2. "A Defense of the South," a paper which refutes the misrepresentations of the social conditions existing in the South before the war and briefly, sharply, and convincingly states the real issue in the controversy between the sections which culminated in secession and war.

3. "Cavalier Loyalty and Puritan Disloyalty," a paper which briefly tells the story of Cavalier fidelity to constituted authority and Puritan rebellion against lawful government, and shows how the spirit of the one was manifested by the South and the spirit of the other dominated the North.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Fort Worth, Tex., says: "After a careful examination, I most heartily indorse 'The Men in Gray,' by Dr. R. C. Cave, of St. Louis. It is a most admirable defense of the South, and is unanswerable. I cordially commend it to all students of Southern history. It should be in the hands of every boy and girl in the South."

Of this book Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander Department Army of Tennessee, Louisville, Ky., says: "I have read with almost inexpressible delight Dr. Cave's book, 'The Men in Gray.' No Confederate who desires to have an intelligent appreciation of the great Civil War and its causes and the character of the men who engaged in it on the Southern side can afford to be without Dr. Cave's book. In its way and along its lines it is the best publication since the war. It deserves and should have an extended circulation."

Every Confederate soldier who wishes his children to understand clearly what he fought for and truly honor him for fighting on the Southern side should place this little volume in their hands. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Commanders of Camps are requested to write for particulars. Address the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, MERIDIAN, MISS.

[Samuel Hankins, of Meridian, Miss., has written a "Simple Story of a Soldier" which is to appear as a serial in the *VETERAN* and may be issued in book form. The title describes it with vivid accuracy. It teaches a lesson of army life and the horrors of war in a pathetic yet most ingenuous way. The reader will not tire of a sentence in it. Samuel W. Hankins is a native of Itawamba County, Miss., and served in the 2d Mississippi Infantry. The story is doubtless the most vivid record of a Confederate soldier's life that has been or will be written. He gives in detail the most ludicrous events as vividly as if a mature, gifted writer had kept a diary at the time, and his truly "simple story" will create sympathetic interest. It is so void of bitterness that a man who served on the "other side" will be as thoroughly interested, if possible, as his own comrades. He would sympathize with him in the hardships and privations of prison life and deplore that the government he served did not when it could render more humane service to him.]

PREFACE.

To fulfill a promise of long standing made to the boys I give my experiences as a private soldier boy in the War of the States from the early spring of 1861 to its close.

I do not attempt to explain the causes of the war, as that theme engages the attention of the best historians; but I sincerely believe that no truer men ever espoused any cause. Suffice it to say that our leaders were well selected. As chief executive of our Confederacy Jefferson Davis stands the severest tests. Our generals were brave and true. Our women were good and ever faithful, and they have never been reconstructed. The cause of our failure was not in lack of efficient leaders, but of resources.

My personal experiences, with such incidents as came under my own observation in camp, on the march, and in prison, are given to pay tribute to the merit of my comrades and people.

MERIDIAN, MISS., January, 1912. SAMUEL HANKINS.

CHAPTER I.

The spring loveliness of 1861 A.D. passed into summer unappreciated, for at that time excitement was widespread with all classes throughout the whole of our Southland. Eminent orators and others who had never before attempted public address were proclaiming war by day and by night in every city, town, and hamlet, together with the booming of cannon and music by drum and fife as well as by brass bands. Everybody was excited.

I had just entered my sixteenth year, and, like most boys of my age, I felt my importance. At the first secession and war meeting held in Guntown, where I lived, I was one of the first to enlist, and was eager for the fray; but my father (God bless his memory!) was bitterly opposed to secession, although, unlike many who advocated war freely and afterwards took no part therein, he enlisted early and served to the end. Upon learning of my intention to enlist he said: "Why, my son, you are entirely too young to perform the duties that will be required of a soldier. And as I intend enlisting myself, you should remain at home to look after your dear mother and sisters while I am away. This war is going to be long and severe, and you will have ample time after you have grown older to do your share." I made no reply, as I was determined to enlist even without his consent. Upon learning of my determination he consented, which pleased me very much.

A full company of volunteers was raised in our little town and county. We were sworn into the Confederate service for twelve months. We then elected officers and a rush order was sent to Mobile, Ala., for uniforms and guns. We went into camp the following day and began to drill without waiting for our equipment. An open field was selected for a drill ground.

Our company numbered one hundred and eight. None of us, including officers, had any military training. The captain was a splendid man and well posted in civil matters, though ignorant as to military tactics. He was irritable by nature and vain. He would not appear on the drill ground in citizen's dress, but went about in search of a military suit and found one, although the like of it could be found nowhere else in America. The coat of unknown cut was bedecked with many large buttons and extra long epaulets, while the trousers were on the Zouave order. The hat was about two feet tall, with an additional height of ten or twelve inches of red, white, black, green, and blue feathers. The oldest citizen could not tell to what tribe or nation it had originally belonged. He also wore a sword, with a copy of Scott's "Military Tactics" protruding from his pocket.

On the following morning the company met at the place selected for our encampment. After organizing messes with from six to eight each and arranging our sleeping quarters, the captain ordered the company to assemble at the drill ground. On reaching the gate we passed through one by one, and were arranged against a plank fence in single file. This was done in order to get as straight a line as possible. After all had been lined up, the captain, arrayed as before described, took his position in front near its center and said: "Men, I will now proceed to instruct you in the first lessons of warfare." As he spoke he drew from his pocket Scott's "Tactics," which he opened and began to read aloud, telling the position of a soldier, how he should stand, etc. Then he began to read to us how we should move, and added: "Now, men, as I have fully explained to you the position of a soldier, I shall proceed to instruct you how you should march. When I give the command, 'Forward, march!' you must step off on your left foot, holding your bodies erect with your eyes cast slightly to the right. By so doing it will enable you to keep a straight line. Now, remember to step off on your left foot at the command, 'Forward, march!'"

There was about an equal division in left and right feet with us. "Hold on," said the captain; "that will never do. Go back to the fence again and we will try that over. Now remember, men, to step off on the left foot at the command, 'Forward, march!'"

The second time there was little if any improvement on the first. "Back against the fence, men!" said the captain. "Don't you know your left foot? Now be careful this time to step off on your left foot. Forward, march!"

It could be plainly seen from the captain's countenance that the third attempt was but little improvement on the second and that his temper was rising.

"Back against the fence, men! Now, I want you to understand me this time that when I say step off on your left foot I mean it and you must do so. When I say, 'Forward, march!' step off on your left foot. Now, don't forget this time to step off on the right foot. Forward, march!"

Three-fourths of the company poked out their right feet. "Hold on, you d— fools!" yelled the captain. "I meant the left foot was the right foot."

After several more efforts, we eventually moved off in fair order, the captain walking backwards with book and sword in hand, repeating as he went, "Left foot, right foot, left foot, right foot; eyes to the right; left foot, right foot," and so on. After marching several yards, we on the left having kept our eyes entirely too much to the right had the captain about surrounded, when he backed against a small stump and fell over it flat on his back, his tall hat rolling several feet away, while his book and sword went in the opposite direction. This incident, of course, brought forth a yell from the entire company save the captain, who was in no mood for such a mishap, and he was not long in giving vent to his feelings. Thus ended our first attempt at drill.

On returning to our quarters the yelling had not subsided altogether, nor had the captain cooled to normal. He spoke seriously of resigning, though he was persuaded not to do so. He was excusable for his display of temper; for if there ever was an extreme test to try a man's patience, it is in drilling raw recruits.

[It was intended to use more of this "Simple Story" in this issue and a picture of the author, but the foregoing short chapter will give an idea of its character. Comrades who read the vivid narrative will see the vein of humor which characterizes the story throughout.—EDITOR VETERAN.]

FLORIDA GIRL GAVE HER SHOES TO A SOLDIER.

Mrs. Enoch J. Vann, of Madison, Fla., would like to know if any members of the 32d Georgia Regiment are now living who, when passing through this place in the spring of 1864 while *en route* for Olustee, witnessed the kindness of the noble girl who gave the shoes from off her feet to a barefooted drummer boy of that regiment.

The following is the first verse copied from an old newspaper published in April, 1864, in Lake City, Fla., called the *Columbian* in honor of this brave girl. Evidently the writer was a member of the regiment and perhaps a witness of the kind deed. Miss Taylor has been dead many years:

"I know thee not, yet oft
At evening's mystic hour,
When softly falls the dew
Upon each gentle flower,
When all is hushed and still
And moonbeams quit the lea,
There comes a soft low voice
Whispering of thee."

THAT APPLE TREE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY THOMAS A. FUTRELL, MARIANNA, ARK.

I see that Woodrow Wilson is to plant a tree on the spot where grew the apple tree under which Lee surrendered (?). Now, for the love of the truth of history, the oft-repeated story that Lee surrendered under an apple tree should be corrected. It is true that there was an old orchard of apple trees at Appomattox, and it is also true that on the 9th of April, 1865, General Lee dismounted and sat on a pile of rails lying against an old apple tree and wrote a reply to a communication from General Grant; and it is also a fact that after General Lee rode off in the direction of the McClain house, where he did surrender, the Confederate soldiers cut the tree down into small pieces, each soldier carrying away a small piece. The stump was dug up and the roots taken by the soldiers.

I well remember that when I reached the place where the tree had stood hundreds of soldiers were there trying to get

a chip of the tree. I succeeded in getting a piece about one and a half inch long by an inch wide and an eighth in thickness, on which I wrote: "Gen. R. E. Lee surrendered on Sunday, April 9, 1865." I cut the only star that had not been shot to pieces from our regimental battle flag and wrapped it around my chip from the "apple tree," and I now have both.

Any schoolboy can learn from any good school history that General Lee surrendered in the McClain house and not under the famous apple tree.

BOOKS COMMENDED AND CONDEMNED BY U. C. V.

The veterans at Macon said: "We hereby most heartily commend to the favorable consideration of the reading public the book written by Hon. Hilary A. Herbert entitled 'The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences.' The book is written on a fair and nonpartisan basis, the desire of its author evidently being to state only conclusions that are truthful and supported by record. The book is especially adapted for use in the public and other schools, and the school authorities would do well to make it one of their books of history."

If this indorsement by the convention should lead to the adoption of this work by the teachers of the South, a great gain will result which will be enduring in its character.

THE VETERANS ON THE ELSON HISTORY.

At the Macon Reunion the following resolution was passed in regard to the Elson history: "This convention of the United Confederate Veterans desires placed upon record its condemnation of 'Elson's History of the United States.' That such a textbook should have been used in any of the schools of the South is an insult to the men and women of the Southland. We believe that it should be repudiated by every decent representative of the traditions and history of the South, and we regret that in the great State of Virginia defenders could be found who condone it. We urge upon all members of the U. C. V. to investigate and learn if this volume is still used in any of the schools of the localities in which they reside, and to take the steps necessary to eliminate this disgraceful volume from the use of the children of the South."

SONS TO BE MEMBERS OF U. C. V. CAMPS.

The only course to keep alive the Camps is to devise some plan to admit the Sons into membership without permitting the control of affairs to be taken from the old soldiers till all have passed away was proposed at the Macon Reunion.

Acting on this suggestion, the convention passed a resolution and appointed a committee of five to confer with a like committee of the Sons of Veterans to consider the matter of a closer union between the two organizations.

This matter has the most hearty approval of the Commander in Chief, and he appointed the following committee: Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury, N. C.; Gen. V. Y. Cook, Batesville, Ark.; Gen. John H. McDonnell, Colliersville, Tenn.; Col. A. Atkinson, Kansas City, Mo.; Gen. A. D. Williams, Jacksonville, Fla.

"INFLUENCE OF THE CAVALIER UPON THE COUNTRY."—Mrs. Frank S. Leach, President of the Emmett McDonald Chapter, U. D. C., Sedalia, Mo., secured one of the State prizes for an essay. Her subject was, "The Influence of the Cavalier upon Our Country." Her paper was the only one read at the State convention in St. Joseph. It treats of the ancestry of Southern people and was most interesting. The paper has been read before several literary clubs of which the author is a member.

REUNION AT ADA, OKLA., SEPTEMBER 4-6.

BY LEROY M. ANDERSON.

Perhaps the members of no other clan are so ardently devoted as the Confederates. It is inherent. They are overjoyed when they come together in reunions. In these matters their interests are in common, especially as these interests have called forth a fellowship in sacrifice and the shedding of blood.

It is this love of conference in a common interest that brings the old Confederate veterans to Ada, Okla., September 4-6. As the years increase there is a corresponding decrease in the ranks at these reunions; but the interest continues, and these are the greatest days in the lives of many sons of the Southland. Many phases of the reunion contribute to this interest, therefore every one who can should attend every gathering until taps is sounded.

Realizing that these gatherings are freighted with much that is tender, sacred, reminiscent, and pathetic, Ada is undertaking to make it a real oasis for the veterans. On arrival in Ada free transportation will be furnished to the homes and headquarters, and entertainment will be provided free to each veteran and his wife. A committee of ladies will be at the disposal of the wives of the veterans. For those who want them there will be tents and cots of regulation government type. Many local features will add to the reunion.

Some men of national reputation will be at the gathering, among them being the Commander in Chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Prominent veterans from other States and Senators Gore and Owens and Congressman Carter are expected. A special rate of one and a third fare has been secured, and Ada urges a large attendance.

HISTORIAN GENERAL OF UNITED DAUGHTERS.

Two New York City reporters were discussing assignments, and in reference to an address scheduled for Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General of the U. D. C., to deliver a lecture on "The South of Yesterday and To-Day" before a New York audience one of them said: "What is this lecture, anyhow?" "I don't know—some woman's weeping stuff on the war. I'll let you know about it later, if I live through it." On his return he solemnly said: "Look here! If you've written any smart Aleck mess on Miss Rutherford, cut it out. She's the real thing! And all I've got to say about that lecture is that she surely convinced me that somebody made a mighty big mistake when I wasn't born in the South!"

In her own Georgia she has long been appreciated. The Macon News in a report of "The South of Yesterday and the South of To-Day" says: "Miss Rutherford has a strong and earnest desire to create better feeling between the sections of our country by depicting to Northern audiences the true relation between the slave, so called by abolitionists, not by the Southerners and the master and mistress. When she addressed audiences composed of both Northerners and Southerners, as at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, often the most interested were the Northern people. Sometimes an officer of the Union army honestly confessed that for the first time he realized the relation between slave and master. Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, President Georgia Division, U. D. C., gracefully introduced Miss Rutherford as "the greatest woman in Georgia," the Historian General of the Daughters of the Confederacy."

This splendid Georgia woman, with an ancestry that has honored the South, so ably represents her people that no opportunity should be lost to hear her.



CAMP OF UNITED CONFEDERATES IN SESSION AT ALTUS, OKLA.

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By JUDGE C. W. TYLER

This book should be in the hands of every lover of an endeared cause and every seeker after truth. Judge Tyler forcibly insists that in our great Civil War the South contended not for secession or slavery, but for the right of self-government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

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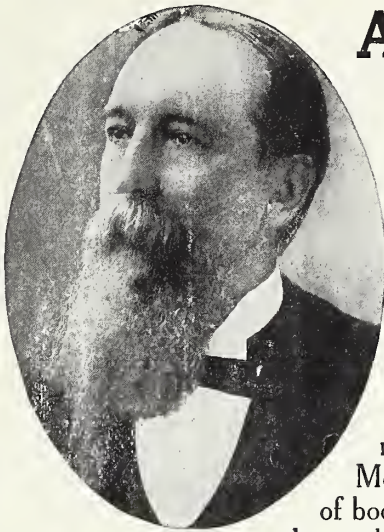
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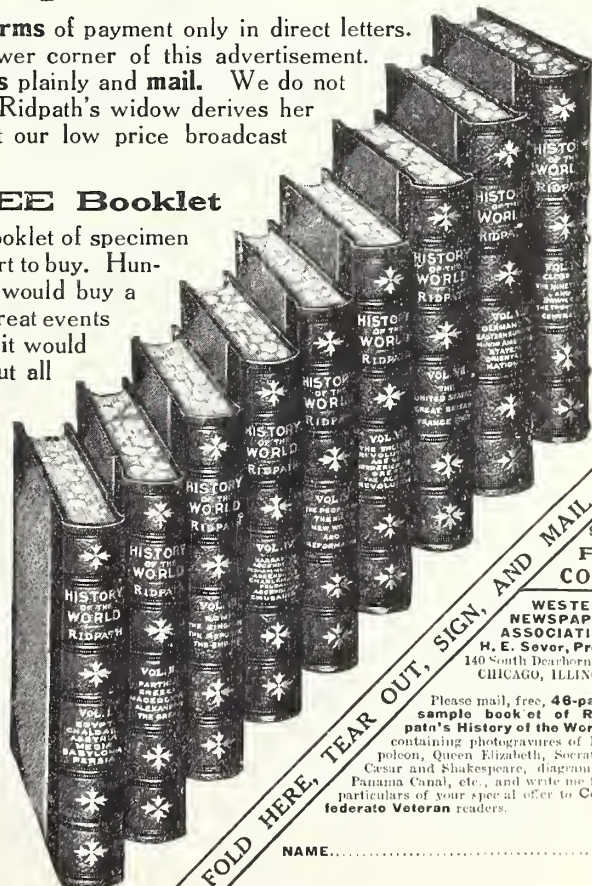
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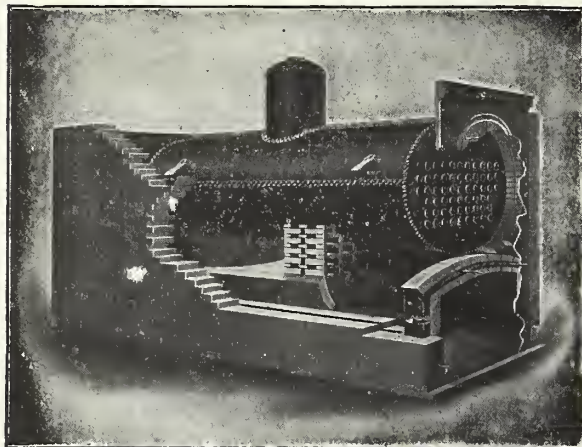
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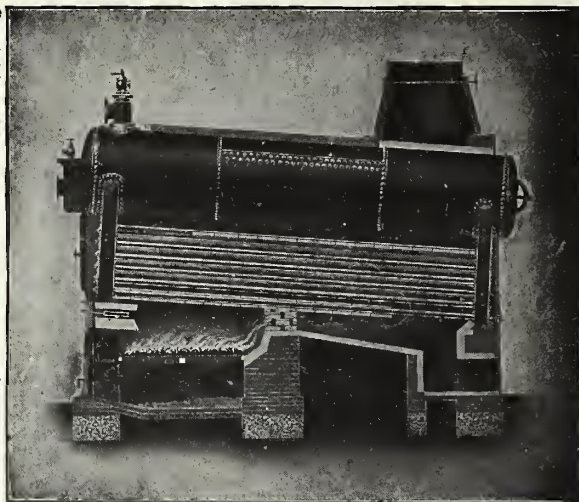
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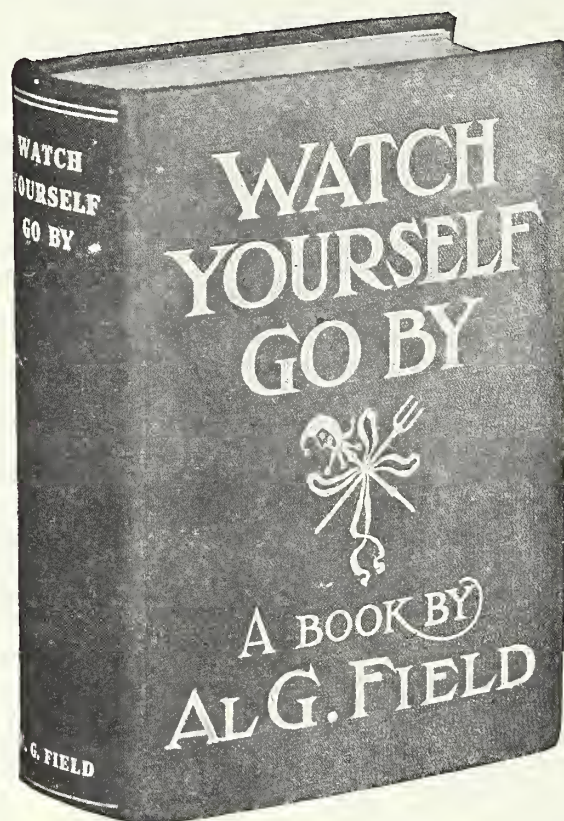
OCTOBER, 1912

TENTH NUMBER



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The above is an advertisement; what follows is contributed.
Al Field's book is wonderful. It may not be as fascinating to those who do not know the man, but our faith in it is so strong that a year's subscription to the *VETERAN* will be given to anybody who will send one dollar for the book and is not delighted with it. The book is a monument to the author. To see Al G. Field when hustling time comes (when his minstrel company for reason are rushed to take down the scenery after a play, when they have responded to encores throughout their last performance) is like seeing Comrade Robert McCulloch, President of the St. Louis Railway Company, when 100,000 people are wanting cars at once, or like General Forrest was in an emergency to "get there first with the most men." But this book illustrates the refined gentleman who is happiest and at his best with refined Christian womanhood. The book reveals a man of gentle birth whose early years of misfortune caused hardships that disciplined him into nature's order and gave him a fellow feeling for those who struggled to succeed.

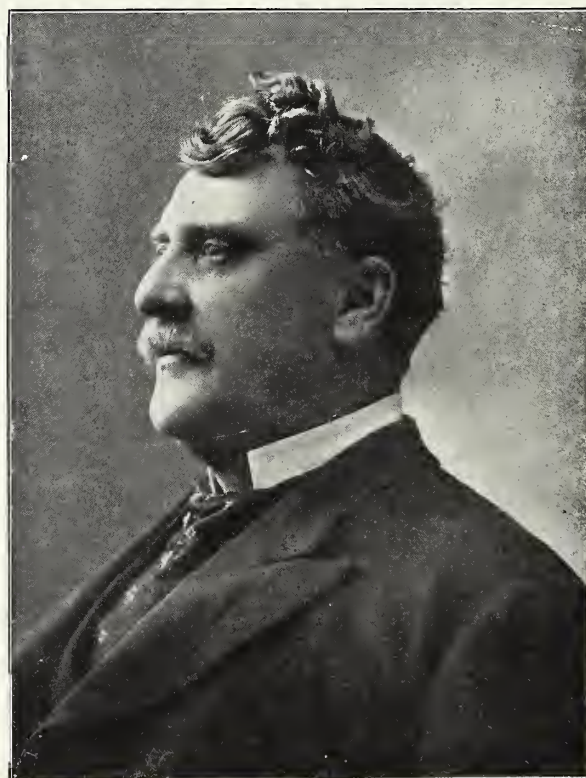
If Al Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, "Watch Yourself Go By." Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated. It contains about six hundred pages with many illustrations, and each one is a gem of humor.

The half of what this book deserves has not been told. It is not possible for the Editor to read books for review; but this book has been carried on trains in the hope of giving as clever a review as possible, and the perusal caused forgetfulness of important side issues. He is now the only passenger in a private car; and though surrounded with every conceivable luxury of railway travel, he could not sleep after diligent work in the office until he began this book, and it relieved him quickly and entirely of worry.

Send \$1 to Columbus, Ohio, as suggested in the advertisement above, if you would like a charming story that will make you think you are a boy again. The price is surprisingly low. Consistent with the large scale on which the author does things, the prediction is made that it will become a standard work like the fiction of Charles Dickens, embodying the humor of Mark Twain and the subtle intimacy with his fellow man so vividly portrayed by Joseph Jefferson. Indeed, the book recalls stories told the writer of Mr. Jefferson's early career on the stage through Tennessee in his boyhood, when the active member of the troupe tramped from town to town.

Friend Field tells his stories so vividly that the reader cannot know what is real. His memory is marvelous. Buy the book and

"WATCH YOURSELF GO BY."



AL G. FIELD.

Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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VOL. XX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE GATE CITY GUARD AND PEACE MONUMENT.

The "peace monument," or the old Guard monument, on the title-page of this VETERAN deserved attention herein before now, since it was dedicated in Atlanta a year ago. The sensation created throughout the country in 1878 by the noted military company of Atlanta, the Gate City Guard, in a visit to Northern cities and its consequences deserve record herein.

The members of this organization are said to have been the first in Atlanta to enter the Confederate army. They recognized and accepted the results of the war, looked forward to a bright and prosperous future for our country, and determined to visit many of the cities of their former adversaries in war and offer the hand of fellowship with the warmth of a soldier's magnanimity. This patriotic mission was undertaken against the advice of friends who said that the time was inauspicious, that sectional animosity was still rife. But encouraged by the press North and South, on October 6, 1879, the company, under the command of Capt. Joseph F. Burke, who inspired the unselfish and patriotic mission of the Guard, left Atlanta on an undertaking which demonstrated to the people of the North the true sentiment of the Southern people who accepted the sword's decision and were again in "our Father's house."

Before they reached Washington, D. C., the train was unexpectedly stopped at Belle Isle, Va., where the officers of the First Virginia Regiment, with Capt. John S. Wise, the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, and Richmond Howitzers, had prepared a bountiful and elaborate luncheon for the Guard, and with patriotic speeches warmly indorsed their mission.

Arriving at Washington, D. C., about 8 P.M., the company disembarked; and seeing no one that they knew, with not a sound outside the depot, they formed and marched to the entrance, intending to go to the Arlington Hotel. But no sooner had they reached the door than a vociferous yell from thousands of people rent the air, and instantly as if by magic the houses and streets were lighted and fireworks illumined the air, while the Battalion of Washington Light Infantry, Col. William G. Moore, escorted the Guard for a night parade.

The Washington Post said of the event: "The brilliant display of fireworks that lighted up Pennsylvania Avenue as the Gate City Guard marched from the depot made a scene of wild enchantment. Thousands who joined in the procession and those who witnessed it will never forget the beautiful sight. No visiting company ever met with such a welcome in this city."

It is not possible to give herein an extended story of the Guard's triumphal tour. It was heralded throughout the Union by the magnanimous indorsement of the Guard's "mission of peace" by the military and civic organizations, Grand Army Posts, governors, mayors and councils, and the people.

The Baltimore Sun said of the visit there: "Never in the history of Baltimore was there such a cordial, general, and enthusiastic welcome as that which greeted the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta. For miles the streets were crowded, and everywhere the clapping of hands and rounds of cheers from the immense crowds gave token of generous and earnest feeling, and the admirable bearing and proficiency of the company captured every one."

The Guard were the guests of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, who were most generous hosts. A sumptuous banquet was prepared for them where everything that could tempt the palate of a tired soldier was in evidence, and the whole-souled manner in which the Guard's "mission of fraternity" was applauded and indorsed was indeed flattering to the Georgians.

The Philadelphia Press said of the reception there: "The city had on its holiday garb yesterday in honor of the visit of the Gate City Guard from Atlanta, Ga. * * * The marching of the Guard was perfection itself, while their maneuvers were admitted by military critics to be really astonishing."

As soon as the Guard reached the depot in Philadelphia the Battalion of State Fencibles took charge of them, and after the exchange of military courtesies the column began its march through Chestnut Street to the Mayor's office. Mayor Stokely welcomed the Guard, and in an appropriate speech told them that the purpose of their visit would not be lost on the people of Philadelphia; that they joined hands for a closer and more fraternal union of our countrymen. A bountiful luncheon was prepared at the Country Club, to which the Guard and the invited guests drove in a long line of carriages. In the evening they had a sumptuous banquet at the Union League Club with a distinguished assembly of guests. The Fencibles proved to be most generous hosts, and many friendly ties were cemented with the Georgians.

Upon reaching New York the crowds of people blocked every avenue leading to the ferry except that occupied by the Seventh Regiment. The Guard looked at once the gentleman and the soldier. Their appearance captured the crowds at once, and the promptness and easy grace they displayed in

saluting the Seventh brought forth a storm of applause from the spectators. The march up Broadway was an inspiring sight. The walls of the buildings, the housetops, and telegraph poles were alive with humanity.

The New York Herald commented as follows: "The reception of the Gate City Guard at the armory of the Seventh Regiment was one of those open, generous affairs that only soldiers can give and which must be seen to be appreciated. * * * The short drill that the Guard gave at the earnest request of the officers of the Seventh astonished every one present, and each evolution was cheered to the echo. The precision and accuracy of the strangers were certainly marvelous."

The Guard were detained in New York four days. One whole day they were the guests of the city, visiting the public institutions, and they were given a bounteous banquet and a delightful sail around the harbor. Mayor Edward Cooper gave a dinner at the Union Club to the officers, and the company visited the theater in the evening. The Seventh were the most generous of hosts. Everywhere the Guard were invited companies were detailed by the Seventh as their escort. These courtesies were not lost on the gentlemanly Georgians.

The Guard's entrance into Hartford, Conn., was accompanied by the booming of cannon and enthusiastic demonstrations of pleasure by the people, and nothing was left undone to give the Georgians a generous welcome. The decorations were profuse and the mottoes strikingly appropriate. The parade was cheered all along the line. The magnificent banquet by the Phalanx in honor of the Guard and the mission they represented brought out many distinguished men. The speeches were patriotic and highly complimentary to the motives that inspired the Guard's visit in the cause of fraternity and union among the people of all the States.

In Boston the first entertainment was a visit to Deer Island and Fort Warren, followed by a parade in the city. All along the line of march the citizens gave the Georgians a hearty welcome. The Guard drilled for nearly an hour on the common which was roped by order of the Council, and complimentary tickets for admission inside the roped space were issued by the Mayor. The graceful maneuvers of the Guard in the most difficult evolutions of Upton's tactics brought enthusiastic cheers from the immense gathering of citizens who were present. In the evening an elaborate banquet brought together the leading men of the city and State who in their speeches most warmly indorsed the public mission of the Guard and praised them for their patriotism. A handsome diamond-mounted gold badge was presented to Capt. J. F. Burke.

The Boston Herald said: "The drill of the Gate City Guard yesterday surpassed anything of the kind ever seen on Boston Common."

Many other New England cities were visited, and the result everywhere was delightful and gratifying.

Much more might be added to illustrate the profound sensation of the Gate City Guard's visit at that time. The men were patriots and were ever gratified with the results of their trip, but they would hardly claim that it was more than a frolic. Their conception of its results was no doubt as imperfect as was that of the Ku-Klux Klan in its wonderful influence for good results when they organized. The Guard was superbly equipped and their movements were most fascinating. Through all the intervening years the founder of the VETERAN has remembered the event with gratitude to members of the company and, without knowing personally Capt. J. F. Burke, with positive admiration and gratitude.



N. C. DAVIS. LIEUTENANT SUGG.

Mrs. John E. Smith, of Waxahachie, Tex., a daughter of Jonas L. Wilson, of Boon's Hill, Tenn., sends a brief record of Capt. N. C. Davis, her uncle, whose picture appears with that of Lieutenant Sugg in the illustration: "On April 19, 1861, Captain Davis was elected commander of Company H in Pete Turney's regiment, the 1st Tennessee, Provisional Army. He went with his company to Richmond, Va., thence to Harper's Ferry, from there to Winchester, Va., and from Winchester he led his company at Manassas. Afterwards they were at Yorktown, where his company was reorganized and Joe Turney was elected captain. Captain Davis then organized a company for the 4th Tennessee Regiment of Forrest's Cavalry. He was as brave a soldier as the South knew. He was honorably discharged after the surrender, but met a tragic death while assisting his neighbors in capturing a horse thief. Of Lieutenant Sugg little is known except that he lived in Nashville after the war and is thought to have died there about two years ago."

Inquiry has been made of Mr. J. F. Sugg, a leading citizen of Christiana, Tenn., a half-brother of Lieutenant Sugg, who confirms the report as to his brother's death.

Hoping to perfect her claim for a pension, Mrs. Harriet Vucovich, of Pensacola, Fla., widow of Alexander Vucovich, seeks testimony from some comrades of her husband, who enlisted as Alexander O'Neill in Company E, 21st Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., at Mobile, Ala., in June, 1862. He was transferred at Corinth, Miss., June 24, 1862, to Captain Myers's sharpshooters as Company D, 2d Battalion, Georgia Sharpshooters. His comrades may not know of his having changed his surname. At all events, comrades who knew Alex O'Neill will be good enough to write Mrs. Vucovich.

COL. RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

The contribution list is held over this month because of pressure for space with last form, as is also a strong paper by a comrade who was in Camp Morton "when the memory of Colonel Owen was like a lost tradition."

Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, Tenn., writes: "I inclose check for ten dollars as my subscription to the Owen Memorial, of which I read an account for the first time in the August VETERAN. It is a noble work, and I heartily indorse it. Colonel Owen was our foe in the olden time, but he was a generous foe, and it is well that your Confederate comrades should join you in this tribute to his memory."

L. A. POWERS, OF ATHENS, TEX., WAS IN CAMP MORTON.

I am glad to see the Richard Owen Monument Fund growing. I wish every prisoner who was in Camp Morton in '62 could be represented in that fund. I believe that if the sons and daughters of those who have passed away could realize how kind he was to us they would gladly send in their contributions. As an evidence of his kindness to us I make extracts from a diary I kept at the time showing that this is no spasmodic or worked-up enthusiasm, but just what we thought of him then: "We left St. Louis on the 21st of February, arrived at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 22d, and were put in prison in the fair grounds called Camp Morton for Gov. Oliver P. Morton. We were well treated, had plenty to eat of good, wholesome food, and a forty-acre lot to exercise in. [Comrade Powers means "plenty to eat" after the first few weeks.—EDITOR.] The camp was in command of Col. Richard Owen, who was very kind to us."

Again I wrote in my diary: "As before stated, we were well treated and Colonel Owen, the commander, was always very kind to us. We petitioned him to give us corn meal instead of bakers' bread, and he did so; and he allowed us to dam up the ravine that ran through the prison to make us a place in which to swim."

There was a great contrast between our treatment here and my three months' experience at Camp Douglas in '65.

PETRIFIED TIDAL WAVES DISCOVERED BY RICHARD OWEN.

A recent issue of the New Harmony (Ind.) Times states: "Our attention has been called by Dr. W. H. Field, of Evansville, to an article in the Literary Digest on 'Petified Tidal Waves.' The article calls attention to a law said to have been discovered as long ago as 1857 by Prof. Richard Owen, of Indiana, to the effect that all great shore lines, world ridges, and hollows are along great circles tangent to the polar circles. This has been unaccountably overlooked by later geologists. Their position is precisely that which would be taken by tidal waves in a liquid globe. Mountain ranges and shore lines might be called petrified tidal waves, a view that modern geologists are now willing to accept. The first one to suggest this theory was Prof. Richard Owen in 1857. When we contemplate the profundity of Colonel Owen's mind, we may the more readily understand how his great soul was above cruelty to prisoners."

It is so important to complete this work early that appeal is made to friends who intend to share in the unprecedented tribute to report, so the list may be completed or nearly so in the November issue. Every friend of the memorial is requested to write if unable to contribute. Remember that, beginning with 4,200 starving prisoners over fifty years ago, none name him but to praise.

YOUNG SOLDIER KILLED AT FORT DONELSON.

BY THOMAS D. JEFFRESS (56TH VA. INFT.), CHASE CITY, VA.

In your July issue I noticed "Killed at Fort Donelson—Who Was He?" The picture I recognized as one of my company. The circumstances related—the day, position, and wound in the forehead—all confirm my recollection of the time and the features of this noble boy. His name was James H. Jeffress, private in Company G, 56th Virginia Regiment, Floyd's command. As our regiment had no field officers present, I was acting major and lieutenant colonel on different days of the battles. When the company reassembled after the battle, I asked for Jeffress and was told by the men that he was struck in the forehead by a bullet and instantly killed and left on the field in advance of the line.

He was from Mecklenburg County, Va., and has two brothers and other relatives living. I remember telling his father that his son "was shot in the forehead leading his company, fell, and was left on the field of battle the last day of the fighting."

Mrs. Bettie P. Johnson, of Boulder, Colo., sister of the young man Alex Poston, for whom the Cadiz Chapter, U. D. C., is named, writes: "I am sorry that I cannot say positively whether the picture is that of my brother, Alex Poston. I have so written the Chapter at Cadiz. The circumstances given would confirm the belief that it is; but the picture does not agree with my very indistinct remembrance of his face. I was only six years old when he went to war, and he was, I think, between sixteen and seventeen. The only picture of him we had in the family was one taken when ten or twelve years old, and he must have changed considerably by the time of his fall at Fort Donelson."

[Mrs. Johnson has a sister, Mrs. Wilborn, of Marion, Ky., but she was born afterwards, so never saw him.]

KENTUCKIAN INQUIRES OF GEORGIA COMRADES.—Mr. W. H. Stanley, who served in Gerardey's Light Artillery, Company F, was in the 36th Georgia Infantry, and was corporal in Company A, 5th Georgia Reserves, would like to get the name of some comrade who served with him, as he seeks a pension under the laws of Kentucky. Any one having information will kindly address W. H. Stanley, care of Courier Journal Company, Louisville, Ky.

TO COMRADES OF "BUCK" HICKEY.—Mrs. M. G. Hickey, of Dawson, Ga., seeks information in regard to her husband's war record in the hope of procuring a pension from the State of Georgia. She states that he belonged to a Tennessee company, enlisting either at Concord, Knoxville, or Loudon. Mr. Hickey signed his name W. E. Hickey, but he was better known as "Buck" Hickey. He was well known about Concord for his age. Information by any of his comrades would be gratefully received.

MRS. HARLOW, A KENTUCKY WIDOW, SEEKS A PENSION.—Mrs. Paul C. Harlow, of New Haven, Ky., seeks a pension. She doesn't know the command of her husband. When the war began, he worked at William Schooler's mill at Wartburg, Morgan County, Tenn. He enlisted at Indian Tavern, Morgan County, with Joe Byrd, Dave McPeters, and another man named Mullins. She thinks he was the horseshoer for the company. If any one can help her, he will please write to Frank M. Hagan, New Haven, Ky.

NOTES FROM GEORGIA STATE REUNION.

Georgia veterans honored themselves and their State at the annual State reunion held in Marietta. The News of September 5, 1912, of that splendid town states in regard to it:

"Fully two thousand veterans attended the big reunion here last week. All were well housed and fed, and every attention given them that could be shown.

"Marietta has done well. The various persons in charge made proper arrangements and cared well for all. The wisdom of the bright and charming girl who invited the veterans here proved good, and our city has found its strength for future occasions of this sort. Best of all, the croakers who opposed having the reunion here have been put to flight and will now please go 'way back and sit down. Many fine speeches were made, many old friends saw each other again, and many battles and camp experiences were reviewed.

"By a rising vote of thanks the veterans showed their appreciation of the excellent treatment received here. It was frequently said on the streets that no veteran was drunk nor was a word of profanity heard from their lips. Although the town was full to the brim with people, the order was perfect and no extra police were really needed. The number of veterans registered was about 1,600, while many failed to register. The crowd of people there may safely be estimated at 10,000 and above. The next reunion goes to Brunswick in 1913."

NEW COMMANDER GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

A fine tribute was paid to Comrade H. T. Davenport, of Americus, by his election as Commander of the Georgia Division at its recent annual convention in Marietta.

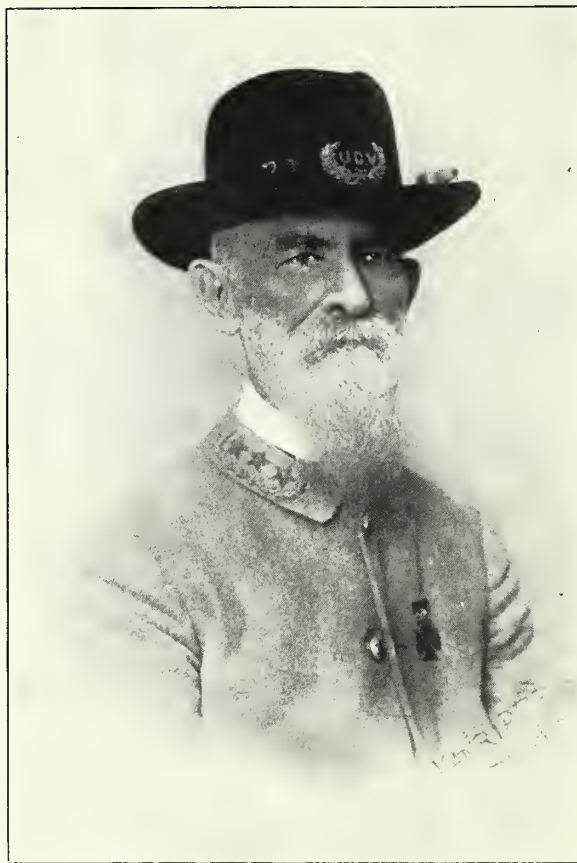
He enlisted and left home for Virginia on June 20, 1861, leaving Mercer University (sophomore class) June 9 for that purpose. He was mustered into service late in June as a private in Company A, 12th Georgia Regiment. Edward Johnson was appointed colonel and Edward Willis adjutant of the regiment by President Davis. The first was promoted to major general and the latter to brigadier general.

The 12th Georgia was first in Northwest Virginia under General Loring. Its first regular engagement, after many skirmishes, was at Greenbrier River in September, 1861, and later on the summit of the Alleghany Mountains in December, 1861. The regiment joined Stonewall Jackson in the battle of McDowell May 8, 1862. This was the beginning of Jackson's famous Valley Campaign. Comrade Davenport says: "I had the honor of serving under this godly genius until May 10, 1864, when I was captured in the 'toe' of the 'horseshoe' at Spottsylvania C. H., Va."

He was taken to Point Lookout, and after one month he was transferred to Elmira, N. Y., "a hellish rival in cruelty to all other military prisons." He endeavored to escape by engaging with other prisoners in three tunnels and two charges to break down the stockade. Failing in all on account of the spies placed in the camp, he finally resorted to the making of rings, which he exchanged for tobacco and the tobacco for money; and when he had ten dollars, he bribed the clerk of an officer for a parole, and reached home about two weeks before General Lee surrendered.

General Davenport said of his parole: "The bribe occurred in this way: Elmyra Prison authorities had an order to parole 500 sick prisoners each week from the five border Southern States. Now, Georgia was not a border State and I was not on the sick list. But I wanted to leave prison and resolved to try. I interviewed the head clerk on that work, and soon it was agreed that he would place me on the next list for the

trip to Richmond. When my name was called, standing behind the clerk, I placed a \$10 greenback in his hand. That was the best purchase I ever made. It was a deferred start from Elmyra, then a slow train to Balto, and a slower boat to the neutral point on the James River. I seemed to live an age in those few days. But finally we landed on the banks of our historic old river and were marched under their guard three miles to our flag of truce boat awaiting us. Never can I forget the first sight of our flag on that boat, and the full brass band played 'Dixie' as the head of our short column appeared. The boat was anchored in midstream; and when we reached the bank of the river in a wild, cheering run ahead



MAJ. GEN. H. T. DAVENPORT, AMERICUS, GA.

of the guard, we stood, sat, or reclined on the bank. When the band played 'Dixie,' it immediately struck up 'Home, Sweet Home.' That was the first and only time I ever heard cheering in emotional sobs. Each man received a good piece of tobacco. Landing at Richmond, we passed through a nearby building in two ranks, and each was given five days' rations of bread and meat and then conducted to parole camp. It was nearly two weeks before I reached home, and soon Lee surrendered."

His selection to the command of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., he regards as the greatest honor to be conferred upon any Georgian. He hopes to serve successfully his one-year term, but says the Brigade Commanders and all the Camps must take notice that the work is for them and by them. He asks them to begin now so that Georgia may keep up the reputation of her Division, "the best in the U. C. V. association." He said in regard to it: "We have been the banner Division for a long time. Let us maintain the record."

He is practical in asking that every officer on his staff when appointed and every other commissioned officer and every Camp in the Georgia Division remit their assessments promptly to Gen. William E. Mickle, New Orleans, La., and subscribe for the VETERAN for their own good and the cause. His patriotism is so ardent that he invites every other State Division to try to wrest from Georgia her well-earned reputation of being the banner Division, and says: "Comrades of all the Divisions, let us make a good showing at Chattanooga. Taps will soon sound for all of us. Let us know each other better. Let us strive to bring out our respective Camps and see that all dues are promptly paid to General Mickle. By all means let us have good order in our convention at Chattanooga. We owe it to Gen. Bennett H. Young, to ourselves, and to our beloved Daughters and Sons. Surely we must not ever again be the least disorderly in the presence of our ladies, United Daughters, and Memorial Associations."

The Atlanta Constitution's report of it on August 30 stated: "To the blare of brass and the roll of drums nearly 2,000 Georgia veterans of the Confederate army marched for two hours through the streets of Marietta this afternoon, bringing to a close the fourteenth annual State reunion. The parade was the longest and best executed in the history of a State reunion, and it was witnessed by the largest crowd that was ever in Marietta. The most conservative estimates placed it at 15,000. The ball for the sponsors, maids, and Sons of Veterans at the city auditorium was largely attended. This was the most brilliant social function ever held in Marietta, and was greatly enjoyed.

"The parade was, of course, the principal attraction of the day. It formed on the Public Square and made a detour of the residence sections, coming back by the square twice as it wound through the pretty little city.

"The parade was headed by a squad of mounted police, after which were autos with Governor Brown and staff. Miss Regina Rambo, of Marietta, occupied a seat by Governor Brown and was cheered along the entire line of march. Just behind the Governor and his staff were several autos containing the Marietta committeemen, who arranged the reunion, after which was the Marietta band. Then came the different commanding officers of the Georgia division, several hundred strong.

"The cavalry was represented by a large delegation of Augustans, all of whom were mounted, after which came the other Georgia divisions by brigades. Many a veteran who had left a limb on a distant battle field hobbled his way on the march."

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 19, 1912, TO SEPTEMBER 14, 1912.

Alabama: Mrs. Ellen Bryce, Tuscaloosa, \$1; James T. Giddens, Sellers, \$5; T. A. Nettles, Tunnel Springs, \$5; J. E. Butler, New Hope, \$2; B. F. McMillan, Stockton, \$5; James R. Maxwell, Phifer, \$5; W. H. Pierce, Sr., Petronia, \$1; A. M. Ayres, Guntersville, \$5.

Arkansas: Mrs. E. D. Ragland, Marianna, \$1; W. H. Reid, Leola, \$1; R. E. Jett, Leola, \$1; J. H. Gold, Washington, \$1; Mrs. W. T. Russell, Nashville, \$1; J. L. Reed, Nashville, \$2; J. D. Parks, Fayetteville, \$1; Cal M. Anderson, Crosses, \$1; J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, \$5; R. E. Cole, Dardanelle, \$1; A. P. Hill Camp, Texarkana, \$10; D. M. Lovins, Benton, \$1; Memorial Chapter, Little Rock, \$5.

California: Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, Oakland, \$25; Raymond Schorn, Willows, \$1.

Florida: R. T. King, Lebanon, \$2; Southern Cross Chapter, Miami, \$5; Hugh W. Henry, Sr., Oklawaha, \$5; Martha Reid Chapter and F. A. Chapman, Jacksonville, \$5 each.

District of Columbia: Aquila R. Yeakle, Washington, \$1; Mrs. A. R. Yeakle, Washington, \$1; Miss Marie Yeakle, Washington, \$1.

Illinois: G. W. Smith, Chicago, \$1; Ramsey H. Stewart, Chicago, \$2; Mary Lee Behan, Chicago, \$1; M. H. Peters, Watseka, \$1.

Indiana: Lee Howell, Evansville, \$5; A. P. Fitch, Crawfordsville, \$1.

Louisiana: Dr. W. D. Wall, Slaughter, \$1; C. Marshall, New Orleans, \$2; Mrs. E. H. W. Jones, Shreveport, \$2.

Maryland: James R. Wheeler, Baltimore, \$5; D. M. Hite, Baltimore, \$2; S. W. Krebs, Bowie, \$1; Miss A. W. Krebs, Bowie, \$1; E. K. Yeatman, Catonsville, \$5; William L. Ritter, Reisterstown, \$2; James Alfred Pearce, Chestertown, \$5; Capt. W. S. Polke, Baltimore, \$1; W. J. Hull, Baltimore, \$2.

Massachusetts: F. W. Holden, Fitchburg, \$2; W. M. Flynn, Boston, \$1; Mrs. E. J. Edwards, Boston, \$2; Mrs. Henry Shaw, Roslindale, \$1.

Minnesota: William Brown, St. Paul, \$1; W. T. Scanlan, St. Paul, \$1.

Mississippi: J. F. Provine, Coffeeville, \$1; W. L. Brannan, Coffeeville, \$1; W. T. Coleman, Biloxi, \$1; B. W. Sadler, Booneville, \$1; John Jones, Brookeville, \$2; J. H. Kimbrough, Carrollton, \$1; J. A. Carpenter, Batesville, \$1; William F. Thomas, Durant, \$1; Capt. Francis Holmes, Plum Point, \$1; A. J. Shrader, Brookhaven, \$1; Medora Cooke Cassity, Benoit, \$5; J. D. Laughlin, Vicksburg, \$2; J. P. Mason, Water Valley, \$1; Dr. R. A. Quinn, Vicksburg, \$1; Dr. J. W. Young, Grenada, \$1.

Missouri: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City, \$25; R. B. Haughton, St. Louis, \$1; W. A. Redd, Dover, \$1; James A. Boone, Charleston, \$1; S. S. Howdeshell, Excelsior Springs, \$3; John B. Stone, Kansas City, \$10; Robert J. Snyder, Bowling Green, \$1; Jo A. Wilson, Lexington, \$1; R. N. Guyn, Lee's Summit, \$1; Mrs. L. F. Jones, Kirkwood, \$25.

Texas: J. T. Rosborough, Texarkana, \$3; Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenburg, Galveston, \$10.

[Quite a number of the above subscribers have contributed one or more times previously.]

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING AUGUST 31, 1912.

Mr. W. N. Perry, Director for California, \$23.90. Contributed by Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., California, \$20; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, U. D. C., California, \$3.90.

Mrs. John W. Tench, Director for Florida, \$30. Contributed by Martha Reid Chapter, No. 19, U. D. C., Jacksonville, Fla., \$25; J. J. Finley Chapter, No. 585, U. D. C., Gainesville, \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Heatfield, Director for Illinois, \$25. Contributed by Chicago Chapter, No. 858, U. D. C., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$25. Contributed by Hamilton Wade Chapter, U. D. C., Christiansburg, Va., \$5; Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., \$5; Lee-Jackson Chapter, No. 1284, U. D. C., Fairfield, Va., \$10; Danville Chapter, No. 1235, U. D. C., Danville, Va., \$5.

Receipts for the month, \$103.90.

Amount on hand August 1, 1912, \$20,867.34.

Total to be accounted for, \$20,971.24.

Balance on hand September 1, 1912, \$20,971.24.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The continued and persistent effort to oblige unfortunate comrades who at times need such favor has involved the VETERAN in the loss of thousands of dollars. There is no other pleasure in the work equal to favoring those who appreciate it; but after many years it is demonstrated that the rule cannot be exercised without much of injustice. Many of these comrades do not enlist others; they die in arrears and notice is not sent, so that in the aggregate much loss is sustained by being continued on the list without either pleasure or benefit. Good women even take the VETERAN, and stalwart sons give notice of their death and to stop it without proposing to pay what is due. Many in refusing to pay state that they did not order it, and indicate offense that it was sent after the time of expiration. Others claim that it was sent them complimentary without even naming those who did it. Again, a large number state that they notified the office to discontinue, and assume that such notice exempts them from obligation. To such persons the assertion is emphasized that the VETERAN has never been sent to anybody after notice to discontinue, and it doesn't seek the patronage of people who are not interested in it.

It is not intended to deprive the class indicated; but a more specific understanding must be had, so that in the event of death some friend must agree to send notice. Notices sent recently have set forth that the cost of publication is about \$1,000 each month, and those who are behind should pay what is due in ordering discontinuance. These notices must annoy the thousands and thousands who pay promptly, but their indulgence is presumed under the peculiar circumstances. Gratitude to all who pay is more than can be expressed.

A sad comment: "I am a subscriber to the VETERAN and a friend of the Lost Cause." This statement shows a lack of discrimination in terms that ought not to prevail with any comrade. If an article be considered with hesitation and the terms "New South" and "Lost Cause" are used freely, they discredit the article. These terms meet with favor, but are not accepted by the VETERAN. They originated with people in hatred to the South. Young men in politics who are interested mainly for the South as an aid to office are the most blatant in using these objectionable terms. No diligent student among us will do it.

A letter from Poplar Bluff, Mo., states of the VETERAN: "I have just received the September VETERAN. I was away, but had hoped to get home in time to notify you of my shortness of means. I am the widow of ———, who wrote to you and proved his record as a soldier in the cause of the South. I am sorry I haven't the \$1. I like to read the magazine so much; I live over the old times with every number. I can't say whether I shall ever have the dollar or not. I am passed seventy-one, and not able to earn money any more. While I write to stop it my eyes are full of tears. But God is my strength; in him I trust. I laid my dear old soldier boy away nineteen years ago."

A reply to the notice sent to J. L. White, Sr., whose subscription expired in December, 1909, states: "The within party died in December, 1910. His widow has married again and moved away; and as his children are all grown and married, there is no one from whom you can collect your bill."

A letter from Bristol, Tenn., states: "Yours to hand requesting remittance for CONFEDERATE VETERAN. In reply I can only say that no one of our family has ever subscribed for the journal, and we supposed it to have been sent us by an interested relative or friend, we knew not whom. Under the circumstances I beg to say that, conscientiously, I do not feel obligated to send the remittance. Otherwise I should be glad to do so."

It being impossible in a list of so many thousands to avoid errors, it is unfortunate that any reader of the VETERAN would fail to do a liberal part in its maintenance, anyhow.

"Mrs. D— has been dead for over two years. Please don't continue the paper, as it is not read."

"I do not owe you anything. I would like to renew, but I do not feel able; so please do not worry me with further communications."

"Dr. — is dead. Please do not continue the VETERAN." Nothing is said as to what is due.

"I never subscribed for the VETERAN and never requested it sent to me. I believe some one did subscribe for me, and I supposed they were still doing so. If so, send it on; otherwise you can discontinue it."

A widow writes that her husband has been dead two years and she doesn't propose to pay.

W. W. Heartsill writes from Marshall, Tex.: "In the August VETERAN, page 381, my eyes caught the inquiry for information concerning Comrade J. H. Taggart for the benefit of his widow, which I promptly answer, giving the necessary information. I simply write this to show the value of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and how important it is for every veteran to take this worthy publication, and also how important that every veteran should be a member of a Camp. But some grouchy old fellow will say: 'I took the VETERAN ten years, and it never helped me or caused me to help anybody.' Perchance the next number gave him a chance to help some noble old Confederate widow to get a pension. No more argument is necessary."

IMPORTANCE OF ACCURACY IN STATEMENTS.—W. W. Estill, of Lexington, Ky., writes: "In the September number of the VETERAN, page 440, Lee Smith, of Shelby County, Ky., states that Walter Ferguson was shot by order of General Bragg. This is a mistake. Walter was hanged at Lexington, Ky., by order of Gen. Steve Burbridge, U. S. A., and his body now lies in our cemetery. He also states that he enlisted in the summer of 1863 and participated in the battle of Perryville. This battle occurred in October, 1862. Evidently something wrong here."

HISTORY OUGHT TO BE IN ACCORD WITH FACTS.—W. K. Gildart, of Greenville, Miss., who served in Humphrey's Brigade, 21st Mississippi Regiment, replies to the last article on page 422 of the September VETERAN: "When Longstreet was transferred to Bragg's army in Tennessee, he carried two divisions—viz., Hood's and McLaws's. Only two brigades of McLaws's Division were engaged—viz., Kershaw's South Carolina and Humphrey's Mississippi Brigade. Warford's and Semmes's Brigades of Georgia did not arrive in time for the fight."

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—II.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Our general equipments arrived earlier than we expected. We were all anxious to be off to the war. Our uniforms, consisting of gray jackets, trousers, and caps, were very nice. We also drew knapsacks, haversacks, and cartridge boxes. Our guns were the old army muskets, though they looked new.

There has never lived a prouder boy than I when ordered into line for the first time fully equipped. The time for our departure was fixed; so on that day fathers, mothers, and all the kith and kin, including sweethearts far and near, gathered at the depot to bid us good-by. Many were the tears shed and many were the loved ones separated never to meet again. I seemed to be a target, being the youngest member of the company, and was given but little encouragement. Old men and women would say: "Good-by, my boy; we shall never see you any more." Little did I care whether I ever saw them again or not. I was headed for war and could not be bluffed off. Not a single tear did I shed, and I was astonished at the others for weeping. I expected that we would settle the matter to our liking and be at home in a few days.

The train that was to bear us away whistled, which brought forth more tears and more kissing. I was glad when the train moved away.

Corinth, Miss., was our first stopping place, as we were to meet there with nine other companies organized in North and East Mississippi to form a regiment. This was done the day following our arrival by electing field officers. The regiment became the 2d Mississippi Infantry. We were ordered at once to Harper's Ferry, Va., via the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. Freight cars were used principally in transporting troops. Every car, both inside and on top, was crowded with men, baggage, and boxes of provisions the like of which we saw no more.

My favorite place was on top of the car, where I could see and be seen. Many citizens gathered at the stations along the line to see the soldiers pass. Those who had tears to shed upon leaving home had now dried their eyes, and merry-making was in order. Speeches, some of which were ludicrous, were delivered from car doors and from the tops of cars at all stopping points. I recall a specimen delivered by a long, slim fellow from the top of a car, which I quote:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have just left my home, my dear wife, and nine small children; also a very lucrative business, that of a crossroads saloon—all of which I gave up to battle for my country. It was like tearing my heartstrings to part from my dear ones, and especially my saloon."

The wag had neither wife, children, saloon, nor anything.

I was having a high old time until near Chattanooga, Tenn., when I noticed that our train was headed for a dark hole in the earth at the base of a mountain. I could plainly see that the hole was entirely too small for the train with me on top to pass through, and something had to be done, and done quickly. Down I went like a lizard on the running board, clinging to it by both hands with a deathlike grip. In a few moments we darted into the black and strangling smoke. I thought I had gone to the judgment before I had slain a single Yankee.

On our arrival at Harper's Ferry a brigade was formed of the following regiments: 2d and 11th Mississippi, 1st Tennessee, and 4th Alabama, with that gallant brigadier general, Bernard E. Bee, who a few months later fell at Bull Run, in command.

Here we got our satisfaction in drilling by brigade, regiment, company, and squad. We were drilled by Hardee's "Tactics," which contained many movements that were worthless in a fight. There is a vast difference between a soldier on dress parade and one in battle. In battle he has no time to see, if he can see, whether he is dressed right or left. About this time I had my first opportunity of testing my old musket. I was not at all acquainted with its character; though after the first command to fire, when I had recovered my courage, I wanted no further introduction. Why such a weapon was ever dealt us with which to fight the enemy is a puzzle to me, as there is about equal danger at either end. I was glad enough when I procured a good rifle from a dead Yankee.

Soldiers purchased, at twenty-five cents each, souvenirs said to have been of the rope and gallows used in the execution of John Brown. They were no doubt fraudulent.

When not at drill, the time was often spent in the vices of army life. A gambling epidemic broke out which spread with great rapidity, and but few escaped. I saw men give half their rations to have the other half cooked rather than stop gaming. All kinds of gambling were practiced. Morality for the time was ignored, and the soldier who endeavored to live right was ridiculed. If caught reading his Bible, such expressions were heard as, "Hello, parson; you must be scared. I don't think there will be any fighting soon;" or, "Hello, parson; what time do you expect to start a revival in camp?" Later on, however, serious thoughts of religion prevailed. When the shot and shell began to whiz by them, splintering rails and tearing off tree tops, with comrades falling around, they began to realize the great need of religion. One good battery with a good supply of grape shell holding an elevated position could bring hard-hearted sinners to repentance quickly. It did not require a good old sister to sit by and plead and fan with her turkey wing, begging him to repent of his sins. He was truly good then, but the great trouble was in keeping him so. If his life was spared, the sacred resolve would not long be remembered.

Often while on the march, when we would hear the sound of cannon, comrades would say: "Boys, do you hear that?" Then after moving on nearer, when the cannonading became more frequent, you could hear: "Boys, we are going to get into it." Then there would begin the searching of pockets for gambling goods, playing cards especially. The thought of being killed with such in their pockets induced the soldiers to throw them away. The road would soon be covered with playing cards, dice, dice boxes, etc. Some would be slow in ridding themselves, although they would do so before entering battle. After the fight was over and all those who had passed through safely had gone into camp, every man not on duty could be found reading his Bible, except the few who could not read, and they were anxious to learn. Everything about camp would be as quiet as at the home of a good old Presbyterian on the Sabbath day.

This order of things lasted only a few days, however, when some fellow would slip around to the sutler's tent and purchase a new deck of cards, return to his quarters, pick up an oilcloth and spread it on the ground, open up his new deck, and begin to shuffle. Soon three or four others would step up, and a regular game of draw poker would begin. In less than a week the Bible-reading would be a thing of the past, when gambling generally would go on as before and would not stop until the next signal for a fight was heard in the front, when the same unloading would take place.

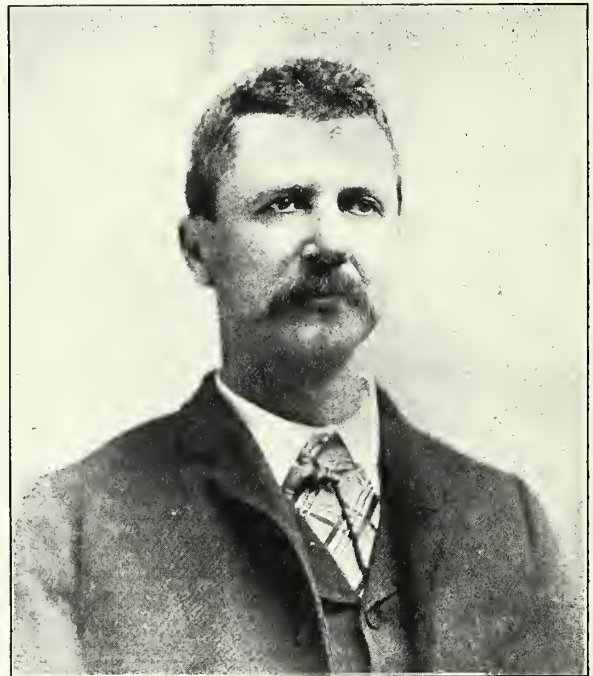
The army is about the only place where a man's character can be thoroughly analyzed. One might have a neighbor whom he had known from childhood and whom he thought he understood fully, when, after serving with him in the army for a few months, he would find out that the half had not been told. If there be a single good trait or damaging fault within, it will, like the measles, be sure to break out in the army. A mistaken idea prevailed among the people, including members of our company, as to who would make the best soldiers and what class of men could stand army life best. For instance, we had two members who were a holy terror at home and kept chips on their shoulders ready for a fracas at any time. All peaceable people were very polite to them in order to prevent a difficulty, and it was the general opinion that if the Confederacy could only muster up a few regiments of their kind the war would be of short duration. Those two fellows proved to be the only cowards we had. They could never be urged into battle, always claiming to be sick on such occasions. The only bugle call they learned was that for the sick. Any morning they could be seen moping up to the surgeon's quarters with pains in the back and hip and a dreadful taste in their mouths. They would not resent a gross insult given by the lowliest members. This was the case with such characters throughout the army. The most quiet and peaceable men at home were the best soldiers. Some crack shots at home who always returned from the woods with a dozen squirrels, each shot in the head, when in battle could not hit a "barn door" through excitement. The general opinion was that farmers, on account of the outdoor life to which they were accustomed, could stand the exposure of camp life best; but this was not always so.

All are familiar with the history of the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; how we so greatly surprised the enemy and the result. The death of General Bee was our greatest loss. It was on that day that he proclaimed to his troops: "See Jackson's men standing like a stone wall."

In the most dangerous places something amusing quite frequently happened. A certain captain in our regiment had a great fondness for oratory. He would never let an opportunity pass for making a speech to his company. When we first fronted into line of battle and were awaiting orders, this captain, considering it a most opportune moment for addressing his men, began as follows: "Men, here you are for the first time in life drawn up in line of battle in front of a most bitter and damaging enemy, and one that does not only propose to rob you of your property but to deprive you of your constitutional rights and privileges for which your ancestors fought, bled, and died. Now, men, it behooves each of you to stand firm without dodging, and show them that you are a chip of the old block and will not submit to anything of the kind." Just then, boom! a shell burst overhead, scattering fragments here and there, while down went the captain flat on his face. He soon arose, nothing abashed, and continued his speech thus: "Yes, men, you must stand firm and not dodge." Boom! went the second shell, and down again went the captain. Rising again promptly, he continued: "Yes, men, to be dodging and showing any kind of fear will be placing a stigma upon your character and upon those loved ones at home which time can never erase." Boom! went the third shell, and down went the captain. On rising the third time he said with a grin: "But you may dodge the big ones if you like; it was the small ones I had reference to. I will finish my remarks when this thing is over."

Thomas B—, a member of our company, during the engagement wanted to know of the captain if he did not believe they would have to fall back soon. "I would not be surprised, Tom," replied the captain. "Well," Tom answered, "I had better start on now, as I am crippled."

Many have inquired of me as to how one felt on entering battle. Speaking for myself, at first it produced a feeling such as I could never explain, although my second entrance was one of dread. I have heard a few say that after one becomes accustomed to battle he will not dread it. There is no truth in this, and I believe all experienced soldiers dread it more and more after each experience. It is true, however, that after one gets squarely into an engagement, although comrades are falling thick and fast around him, the dread and fear are diminished and he forgets the danger.



SAMUEL HANKINS, AUTHOR OF "SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER."

One poor soldier was seen running for dear life, when a guard halted him and wanted to know why he was running. "They are jest a-fightin' over yonder!" exclaimed the soldier breathlessly. "Where are you going?" asked the guard. "I don't want to fight," said the soldier. Whereupon the guard ordered him back to the front, which he obeyed, although on starting back he was crying. The guard told him that he, a big, grown man, ought to be ashamed of crying like a baby. "I wish I was a baby," replied the soldier, "and a gal baby, too."

The first year of the war (1861) was a picnic compared to the three remaining years. We had good tents in which to quarter, plenty of clothing, with little marching and fighting to do; also we had plenty of rations and there was an excess of rice. I became so tired of rice that I have had no appetite for it since.

It was not until April, 1862, that the war began in earnest. It seemed that the commanders of both armies at that time came to the conclusion that maintaining armies was very expensive and that the issues must be forced.

We were stationed at that time on the heights south of the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg, Va., when or-

ders were read to us on dress parade one evening to cook three days' rations, strike tents next morning by daylight, and be ready to move by sunrise. There was an unusually busy time in camp. At that period of the war every soldier had either a trunk or valise in connection with his knapsack, and every company had its tent, cooking utensils, and baggage wagons. In order to lighten my load I took from my knapsack and placed in my trunk everything except one change of underwear, one towel, a cake of soap, a comb, and a little book on how to cook fancy dishes—a thing that the Lord knows I had no need for. I also had two heavy blankets, a rug, a knapsack, three days' rations, a heavy gun, and a cartridge box containing forty rounds of ammunition—a good load for a broncho. I placed my trunk in one of the baggage wagons. When all was in readiness, the bugle sounded for us to fall into line. There was a heavy cloud, and just as our orderly sergeant finished calling the roll the cloud seemed to split wide open, and such a downpour of water I had never seen. Almost drowned, and notwithstanding that the deluge continued, we moved off. When we reached the lowlands, a distance of about one mile, we found all the small streams overflowing, and those not bridged had to be forded. Frequent heavy showers continued, and we were drenched.

After some three miles' march, my rug weighed about fifty pounds, so I decided to drop it. A few hundred yards farther on I abandoned one of my blankets and a little later my knapsack. I knew I had plenty of clothing in my trunk, so I felt easy. Here let me state, however, that when I threw away my knapsack I lost the last change of underwear, the last towel, the last cake of soap, and my comb. My garments remained on me until they wore off, except for some sunshiny days when on the bank of some stream they were taken off and washed. What became of the wagon with my trunk I have not found out up to the present time. Fifty years have come and gone since I began looking for it. I was not alone. What became of the thousands of blankets and clothing thrown away that day?

The road was worked into a very soft mortar bed ankle deep, and rain was still falling. It was fearful. One member of our company while attempting to cross a bad place on a log fell full length into the mud. Some one asked him how he felt. He replied that he regretted only one thing, which was that he did not drown.

The adage that politeness is the cheapest and best-paying investment which one can make is no doubt true, but it is at times inconvenient. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, was passing from the rear to the front. As soon as he appeared the soldiers began cheering him all along the line. Through politeness and to show his appreciation of the ovation given him he pulled off his cap and rode with it in his hand for miles, while the rain was pelting down on his sleek bald head.

(To be continued.)

MRS. MARTHA STEVENS.

[Judge John T. Goolrick, in Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

In the "Long Roll" the author in her very thrilling and accurate description and narrative of the battle of Fredericksburg pays this very just tribute to one who "did what she could" for the soldiers of the South: "It was a stern fight at Fredericksburg, and blue and gray fought it sternly and well. At hand for target for the fire on either force was a small house, and in this house lived Mrs. Martha Stevens. She

would not leave before the battle, though warned and warned again and again to do so. She said she had an idea that she could help. She stayed, and wounded men dragged themselves or were dragged upon her little porch and within her doors. General Cobb, of Georgia, died there. And wherever man could be laid there were stretched the ghastly wounded. Past the home shrieked the shells. Bullets imbedded themselves in its walls; to and fro went Martha Stevens doing what she could, bandaging hurts until the bandages gave out. She tore into strips what cloth there was in the little meager house—her sheets, her towels, her tablecloths, her poor wardrobe. When all was gone, she tore her calico dress. When she saw from the open door a man who could not drag himself that far, she went to help him with as little reck as may be conceived of shell and Minie."

I knew this woman well. She was one of my first clients. She was illiterate, uneducated, too free and too outspoken in what she said and how she said it; but she was sincere, loyal, and true, and her love and devotion for the Confederate soldiers was like unto Eastern idolatry. Her humble home was in the very forefront of the battle, in its very center. Death pulsed the very air she breathed. She was in the midst of war's most awful carnival, yet she never faltered or failed during it all in her ministration to the wounded soldiers. She was a veritable heroine in that great drama of war. I have heard her tell in her simple way without boast or ostentation what she did for the wounded and suffering soldiers. Especially do I remember with what pathos she told me how agonized would be their cry for water in their feverish delirium; and though it was inviting death to do so, how she would go and get it for them at the well, where the shells shrieked and the shot fell thick and fast. Her house was perforated with balls and bullets. Why she was not killed God only knows. After the war her home was the hospitable headquarters for the soldiers; they always received a warm welcome, for their was nothing within her ability that she would not do for them. She was their friend and benefactor to her life's end.

She sleeps now in a lonely grave in the yard of her old home, where, at her own request, she was buried. No monument marks the spot to tell what she did for the soldiers of our Southland or to emphasize her love for them. I have determined that, if possible, her grave shall no longer be neglected, and that her memory and the story of her heroism and good deeds shall be preserved and perpetuated; so I have constituted myself a committee of one to receive subscriptions from all who desire to subscribe, and with this fund when gathered there shall be erected a simple monument to the memory of Mrs. Martha Stevens.

D. A. Sheffer, of Neosho, Mo., desires to hear from Capt. William R. Lyman, of Company B, 31st Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. He came from New Orleans, La., was elected lieutenant, and afterwards was made captain of the above-named company in which Comrade Sheffer served.

Captain Lyman, one of the finest and noblest of our comrades, resided in New Orleans for some years after the war, and later engaged in banking at Louisiana.

C. W. Earle, of Dodd City, Tex., corrects errors in his tribute to Sergeant Daggett as printed on page 385 of the August VETERAN. The initials are F. H. instead of F. M. Daggett, and his company in the 2d Mississippi Regiment was G instead of C.

MRS. MARY G. PRICHARD,

THE MOTHER OF FOUR SURVIVING CONFEDERATES.

In your issue of August, 1912, you ask for additional sketches of living mothers of Confederates. In my home, Lexington, Va., at the present time as an honored guest is Mrs. Mary G. Prichard, an original unreconstructed female rebel ninety-one years of age. She is the mother of twelve living children, eight sons and four daughters. Four of her sons (William, John, Charles, and Nathan) are Confederate veterans. Mrs. Prichard was born at Fleet's Hill, Petersburg, Va., in 1822. For nine months she was under a constant Yankee fire at Petersburg during the shelling of that city, and she does not deny that she spent many nights in a bombproof under her cellar. She has also the distinction of being the mother-in-law of that true Daughter of the Confederacy, Margaret Johnston Prichard, of San Francisco, the honored President of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, U. D. C., named in honor of her distinguished father. Mrs. Prichard is also the grandmother of twenty-eight children, and the great-grandmother of five children. She is unusually well preserved, possessing a strong and vigorous mind, a tenacious and abiding memory, reads, sews, crochets, and embroiders without glasses as skillfully as when a girl. Mrs. Prichard is descended from John Howland, of the Mayflower, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Governor Carver, the first Governor of Massachusetts. She is also descended from the Conways, of Conway Castle, Wales; from the Brooks, Stokes, Hammatts, and many other distinguished Massachusetts families of Maryland and Virginia. Mrs. Prichard remembers as a girl of twelve the stirring times of the Nat Turner insurrection, and is considered an authority on the early history of her native city, Petersburg. Her wit and repartee is still as keen as a rapier. She remembers the organization of the first Baptist Church in Petersburg at the home of her grandfather, Edward Francis Stokes, of Fleet's Hill. During the war she fed and nursed many Confederate soldiers regardless of where they came from.

Each one of her four soldier sons bears on his body to-day the scars received in deadly conflict. One of them received three separate wounds in three separate battles, another two desperate wounds in two separate battles, while each of the other two bears a wound from battle. Notwithstanding these serious wounds, they all returned to the battle line and all four surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. She has a right to a mother's pride in her sons; they are her jewels.

Together with the above data Mr. W. G. Dowell wrote the Editor of the *VETERAN*:

"You may remember coming to Lexington for the unveiling of the Stonewall Jackson monument. I found you at the hotel and took you to my home, where you met another veteran, Hoge Tyler, who became Governor of Virginia. You also met General Munford and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Prichard, who was visiting me at that time.

"Seeing your request in the *VETERAN* for sketches of mothers of veterans, I send the inclosed. I have often thought I would send you the sketch of Lieut. Col. A. S. Pendleton, adjutant general of three lieutenant generals, Stonewall Jackson, Ewell, and Early. Killed before he was twenty-four years old and thrice having refused the brigadier generalship, I regard him as the greatest young soldier of the Confederacy, and gave my reason for thinking so. It is a short address I made by request of the veterans of this county. I have always taken much interest in Confederate matters, and

have assisted three veterans in making a complete roster of the Confederate soldiers of Rockbridge County, having proposed the work to the Camp of this county. As far as I know, it is the only complete roster of any county in the Confederacy. It is not generally known that the county of Rockbridge alone furnished seven generals to the Confederate army, 2,055 native soldiers, and several hundred soldiers that were not natives.



MRS. MARY G. PRICHARD.

"I also contributed a good many articles to the war record of the *Times-Dispatch* when Senator John W. Daniel was editor of that department. I have recently contributed the true story of the capture of Generals Kelly and Cook at Cumberland, Md., as related by a friend who was both witness and participant."

Mr. McDowell's personal note, added at the occasion recited, is one of delightful memory. Conversations with Mrs. Prichard have been recalled many times, but it had never occurred that she is the mother of the venerable Mr. Prichard, of San Francisco, whose wife has been so zealous for the *VETERAN*, even in writing personal letters to every Chapter in California in its behalf. There is no survivor of the great war doubtless who bears in vivid memory the many remarkable incidents connected with distinguished people as this grand old lady, Mrs. Prichard.

It was Capt. W. B. Prichard, of the 38th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, Pickett's Division, that discovered Col. Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, soon after he was mortally wounded. Kneeling over his enemy, he asked if he could be of any service, and received the reply: "Water! Water!" Captain Prichard brought him a canteen of water and asked if he could be of further service. Webster replied: "I am dying!" Captain Prichard assured him that he would see his body delivered to his friends. Webster handed Captain Prichard his eyeglasses and a ring, which Prichard restored to Webster's wife in Boston after the close of the war.

Mrs. Prichard is evidently the most noted of all living mothers of Confederate veterans.

THE OKLAHOMA CONFEDERATES AT ADA.

On September 4 the three Confederate organizations of Oklahoma met in Ada for an annual reunion and conventions. Early on the opening day about four hundred veterans had assembled. Gen. D. M. Hailey called the convention to order, a band played "Dixie," and Rev. T. F. Brewer, Chaplain General, offered the invocation. Prof. C. W. Briles, President of the Normal College there, expressed the heartiest kind of welcome to the remnant of "the greatest army that ever marched to battle," concluding with a splendid tribute to the memory of Jefferson Davis.

Following the appointment of committees, memorial services were held to the memory of members who have died since the meeting a year ago at Ardmore. Adj. Gen. R. B. Coleman read the names to the assembly.

MEETING OF THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy met the same morning in the library of the Normal. Mrs. W. R. Clement, of Oklahoma City, the State President, called the meeting to order. Mrs. Tom Hope made the address of welcome in behalf of the Daughters living at Ada and also in behalf of the town. Mrs. T. D. Davis, of McAlester, First Vice President of the State organization, responded.

The only unhappy discussion by the Daughters was in the revival of the trouble from the Shawnee Chapter as to what delegates should be seated, but no final action was taken.

In the afternoon Mayor Ratliff delivered an address of welcome which was responded to by Col. A. P. Watson, who paid a glowing tribute to sweethearts. J. W. Davis welcomed the visitors and A. M. Barrett, of Vinita, made a happy response. Gen. D. M. Hailey delivered his annual address.

The general reception in the evening of the first day was at the Normal with the usual crowd at such gatherings, and at ten o'clock the sponsors' ball was opened in the Elks' Hall.

The Governor of Oklahoma, Lee Cruce, made an address on the second day.

Mr. Tate Brady, of Tulsa, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. S. C. V., made an address in which he dealt with important issues pertinent to the occasion. W. F. Gilmer, of Oklahoma City, and a former member of the Oklahoma Legislature, spoke for ten minutes.

The closing scenes of the reunion were very interesting. After the crowd had sung "God be with you," Commander Hailey spoke a few words of cheer and good will, and closed with "God be with you till we meet next year at Muskogee."

A committee, consisting of Col. A. P. Watson, of Shawnee, Dr. John Threadgill, of Oklahoma City, and Rev. T. F. Brewer, of Muskogee, was appointed to collect all the history of Oklahoma relating to the Confederate veterans and have it published in book form. The book is also to contain a full account of the conditions of the Indians and whites in the Indian and Oklahoma Territories during war times.

A committee on general order of business for the next reunion, to be held in Muskogee next year, composed of Colonel Watson, Dr. Threadgill, and Captain Agnew, was appointed.

Gen. D. M. Hailey was reelected Major General for the third term, and the Brigadier Generals for the different Brigades are as follows: Gen. John Threadgill, First; A. L. Cotton, Second; Gen. Jarrett Todd, Third. For the Indians the following were chosen: Gen. A. M. Crow, Chickasaw; Hon. James J. McAlester, Choctaw; General Lindsay, Cherokee; Gen. W. E. Rogers, Creek.

The Sons elected Gen. Tate Brady, of Tulsa, Commander; A. M. Roddie, Adjutant General; W. W. Sledge and N. F. Hancock, Brigadier Generals for the Brigades.

The parade, which was over half a mile in length, was headed by A. M. Crow. The drum corps came next, playing popular airs. General Hailey and most of the officers were on horseback. Several decorated automobiles containing sponsors, maids of honor, Daughters of the Confederacy, and others contributed to the display. All along the parade route appeared Confederate flags and a lavish display of bunting.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans adopted the following resolution against the proposed school histories:

"Resolved, That we, the Oklahoma Division, U. S. C. V., hereby condemn and disapprove of the "Gordy Elementary History of the United States," the Gordy history of the United States for grammar schools, and the James and Sanford American history for high schools, recently adopted by the State Board of Education for use in the public schools in this State for the next five years. Said books are strongly partisan and sectional, filled with inflammatory illustrations and quotations, and practically all their references are strongly partisan of the North. The entire spirit of these books will prejudice the child's mind against the South and the Southern people."

A committee of three was appointed to act with kindred organizations to present this resolution to the State Board of Education, together with a list of books that are fair to the South, and demand of the Board that they supplant these books with some text that deals fairly with the South as well as the North, both politically and sectionally.

NEW OFFICERS OF DAUGHTERS' ORGANIZATION.

Mrs. T. D. Davis, McAlester, President.
Mrs. Freeman, Checotah, Third Vice President.
Mrs. Copas, Altus, Second Vice President.
Mrs. Freeman, Checotah, Third Vice President.
Mrs. Hancock, Kiowa, Fourth Vice President.
Mrs. R. M. Johnson, Muskogee, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. Arthur Walcott, Ardmore, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. Farmer, Tulsa, Treasurer.
Mrs. Kelly, Eufaula, Registrar.
Mrs. Brown, Mangum, Historian.
Mrs. Beall, Muskogee, Recorder of Crosses.
Mrs. Ellis, Chickasha, Custodian of Flags.

ANNUAL CONVENTION ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. D. C.—The annual convention of the Arkansas United Daughters will meet with the David O. Dodd Chapter, Pine Bluff, Ark., October 22-25, 1912. A most interesting program has been prepared. Col. Charles Coffin, Commander of the U. C. V.'s of Arkansas, will address the Daughters at their opening meeting Tuesday evening, October 22.

SECRETARY OF WAR FEARED A SOUTHERN WOMAN.—On April 11, 1863, P. H. Watson, acting Secretary of War, directed Major General Schenck, commanding at Baltimore, as follows: "Remove Mrs. Faulkner and her family beyond our lines if, in your judgment, their disloyal practices endanger the success of military operations or the safety of your troops."

NEW OFFICERS OF LONGSTREET CAMP, ATLANTA, GA.—Robert S. Ozborn, Commander; S. A. Gardner, G. W. Key, and W. B. Thomas, Lieutenant Commanders; Joseph S. Alford, Adjutant; W. F. Hemerwoupf, Treasurer; T. J. Terrell, Color Bearer; S. A. Gardner, Chaplain.

ARLINGTON.

BY FLORA E. STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Height of renunciation, thou art made
 Monument unto his fame for whom no shade
 Darkens his magnificence of light,
 Save as a shadow cast of easeful night.
 Here dwelt in pureness long upon a height
 Scorn of the aftermath. Naught save heights he trod.
 Then his vale of suffering rose a mount to God.
 For him each steep in consecration shone
 As, bathed in heaven, each step transfigured grown.
 Ne'er need hath he of shaft, nor any stone;
 Here 'mong the mighty yet the mightiest he.
 Aye, here is master, yet here is Lee.
 Not here he lies; his slumbering foes him all
 Do give their marbles for memorial.

STATE REUNION AT WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Our last State reunion was held at Winston-Salem on August 7 and 8, and it was one of the largest attended reunions for many years and decidedly the most successful. Miss Blanche Thornton, of Fayetteville, served as sponsor, Miss Gladys Gorman, of Durham, was maid of honor, and Mrs. Matthews, of Winston-Salem, was chaperon.

More than seventeen hundred old Confederate veterans enrolled their names at headquarters, and all were given most



MISS BLANCHE ALPEN THORNTON,
 Sponsor for North Carolina Reunion, Winston-Salem, 1912.

excellent free "bed and board" entertainment. All the people in Winston-Salem vied with each other in their endeavors to make the old Confederate soldiers feel at home. Winston-



MISS GLADYS GORMAN,
 Maid of Honor.

Salem demonstrated that nothing was too good for the Confederate veterans.

The following officers were unanimously elected: Julian S. Carr, Major General, Commanding North Carolina Division; P. C. Carlton, Statesville, N. C., Brigadier General, Commanding First Brigade; William L. London, Pittsboro, N. C., Brigadier General, Commanding Second Brigade; James I. Metts, Wilmington, N. C., Brigadier General, Commanding Third Brigade; James M. Ray, Asheville, N. C., Brigadier General, Commanding Fourth Brigade.

The business sessions were held in the handsome opera house at Winston-Salem, which was filled at every session. Dr. Bahson, of Winston-Salem, delivered a most cordial and beautiful address of welcome, and Maj. E. J. Hale, of Fayetteville, responded most happily.

The parade on Thursday compared very favorably with the parade at Macon, Ga., at our General Reunion. An invitation was accepted to participate in the exercises to be held at Gettysburg in July, 1913.

The sponsor is the daughter of Mr. Frank W. Thornton, of Fayetteville, and her maid of honor is the granddaughter of the late Capt. John C. Gorman, Company B, 2d North Carolina Regiment.

A more extended report of this State reunion of Tarheels was desired. Comrades should make prompt reports.

REUNION WITH CAPT. FRANK B. GURLEY.

On August 21 and 22 Captain Gurley entertained for two days the survivors of his Confederate company, C, 4th Alabama Cavalry, and other veterans. There was barbecue each day near his residence, Gurley, Ala. This is the seventh annual reunion he has given.

There were present of his company the following: J. E. Hewlett, Birmingham, Ala.; T. J. Kelly, Ryland, Ala.; G. B. Gill, Petersburg, Va.; J. B. Weaver, Nashville, Tenn.; J. E. Butler, New Hope, Ala.; F. T. Given, Brownsboro, Ala.; J. P. Gullatt, Hollywood, Ala.; J. W. Proctor, Mud Creek, Ala.; D. W. Spivey, Gurley, Ala.; J. C. Giddens, Leighton, Ala.; John Burdine, Deposit, Ala.

Other veterans present were: J. B. Joplin, Gurley, Ala.; J. S. Renfro, Gurley, Ala.; W. C. Bragg, Gurley, Ala.; C. L. Pritchett, New Hope, Ala.; R. F. Pritchett, New Hope, Ala.; W. D. Buford, New Hope, Ala.; J. W. Grayson, Gurley, Ala.; W. H. Beason, Gurley, Ala.; J. R. Russell, Gurley, Ala.; R. B. Leadbetter, Gurley, Ala.; W. T. Campbell, Gurley, Ala.; J. L. Smith, Gurley, Ala.; T. B. Ragsdale, Gurley, Ala.; J. S. Orr, Gurley, Ala.; J. W. Connally, Gurley, Ala.; C. O. Shepherd, Huntsville, Ala.; C. S. McCalley, Huntsville, Ala.; R. L. Coyle, Huntsville, Ala.; W. T. Hooper, Huntsville, Ala.; A. W. Moseley, Huntsville, Ala.; George A. Morris, Huntsville, Ala.; D. H. Turner, Huntsville, Ala.; Henry Goldsmith; E. O. Martin, R. E. Wiggins, and R. D. Tribble, Madison, Ala.; D. M. Jones, Maysville, Ala.; John A. Douglass, John B. Douglass, and A. J. Esslinger, Chase, Ala.; L. M. Sloan and J. R. Harris, Scottsboro, Ala.; R. F. Cole, Upton, Ala.; T. F. Delony, Decatur, Ala.; John Glover and N. G. Chandler, Owens Crossroads, Ala.; John Sims, Larkinsville, Ala.; A. W. Baker and John Horner, New Market, Ala.; J. P. Davis, Holly Tree, Ala.; G. M. Gibson, Ryland, Ala.; W. H. Webster, Brownsboro, Ala.; W. J. Potts, Meridianville, Ala.; M. T. Johnson, Hollywood, Ala.; J. B. Ferguson and R. E. McGaha, Grant, Ala.; W. B. Leedy, J. M. Robinson, and T. S. McCalley, Birmingham, Ala.; T. Bright Connally, Jackson, Tenn.; G. G. Lilly, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. H. Moore, Memphis, Tenn.; J. C. Bean, South Pittsburg, Tenn.

At the closing of the reunion Maj. J. M. Robinson presided and Captain Grayson offered the following resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas the great Commander of the universe has removed by death the beloved Commanding General of the Confederate Veterans, G. W. Gordon, and a number of other comrades who resided near here since our last reunion—to wit, W. T. Spivey, Co. E, 37th Tenn.; J. P. Moon, Co. E, 37th Tenn.; T. T. Cobb, Co. E, 37th Tenn.; Madison Powers, Co. F, 41st Tenn.; J. W. Moody, 55th Ala.; Bradford Hill, 4th Ala. Cav.; William Hambrick, Lee's army; Thomas Morris, Lee's army; Wiley Cotton, Co. C, 4th Ala. Cav.; Edward Aday, Co. F, 4th Ala. Cav.—therefore be it

"*Resolved*: 1. That we bow reverently to His inexorable decrees, offering grateful thanks that so many of us have been spared so long, and trust that we may so live that our lives will be an honor to the great cause for which we fought.

"2. That as the years come and go faster and faster and our comradeship grows stronger and stronger, our appreciation of Captain Gurley's annual hospitality grows deeper and more pathetic.

"3. That we hereby extend to him our most grateful appreciation of his heroic services during the war and our keen remembrance of the punishment inflicted upon him after the

war by imprisonment, fettered with chains, and a narrow escape from execution by the Federal authorities, all because he participated conspicuously in a fight in which the Federal General McCook was killed."

Maj. J. M. Robinson offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Resolved*: 1. That we hereby express our sincere appreciation of the splendid services rendered during the war by our noble women who, with their daughters, lent their aid to the pleasure and social happiness of the veterans on such occasions as the present.

"2. That a copy of these proceedings be furnished the VETERAN and Alabama papers."

"God be with you till we meet again" was feelingly sung as the veterans marched around and gave a parting hand to each other. Then with a benediction by Rev. G. M. Gipson the reunion ended.

J. M. ROBINSON, *Chairman*;

J. W. GRAYSON, *Secretary*.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
AUGUST 7 TO SEPTEMBER 7, 1912.

Arkansas: Mrs. L. C. Hall (personal), Dardanelle, \$10.

Georgia: Agnes Lee Chapter, Decatur, \$10.

Kentucky: Tandy Pryor Chapter, Carrollton, \$1.

Maryland: E. V. White Chapter, Pooleville, post cards, \$1.25; Miss Georgia White, Baltimore, post cards, \$1.13; Mrs. W. R. B. Hundy, donation and post cards, \$5; post cards, 25 cents; Ridgely Brown Chapter, Rockville, Shiloh Day, \$6; Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, Frederick, Shiloh Day, \$1.75; Miss Annie Jackson (personal), \$5.

Oklahoma: General Forrest Chapter, Muskogee, \$8.75; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, \$10.

Tennessee: Mrs. Anna Robinson Walson (personal), Memphis, \$5; Gen. J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, \$2.50; commission on copy of "Historical Monuments," sold by Mrs. Kavanaugh, of A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, \$1.75.

Virginia: Holston Chapter, Marion, \$10; New River Grays Chapter, Radford, \$2; Tazewell Chapter, \$3; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Chesterfield Juniors, South Richmond, \$6; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, \$5; Hamilton-Wade Chapter, Christiansburg, \$5; Danville Chapter, \$5; Virginia Division, U. D. C. (pledge), \$50.

Interest, \$209.07.

Total collections since August 7, \$369.45.

To expense of Secretary, \$10.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$15,001.39.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$15,360.84.

BASEBALL PROCEEDS FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

At Henderson, N. C., the Confederate sentiment remains zealous, and the utility of baseball proceeds is being put to good account. On July 30 a rich entertainment was given in a game between the merchants and professional men. The net proceeds of the game, \$62.50, will be used in the purchase of uniforms for veterans. Another game was scheduled to be played for the benefit of the Orren Randolph Smith Chapter, U. D. C., between the married and the single men, of which a per cent goes to the Chapter.

An enthusiastic band of youngsters that the Children of the Confederacy have organized is named also for Orren Randolph Smith, "because he gave the stars and bars to the Confederacy." This band promises to do much for the cause. Prizes were given to the winners in the baseball games.

"VIRGINIA IN THE WAR TRAGEDIES" CRITICIZED.

BY MAYNARD F. STILES, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

If Rev. R. C. Cave's criticism of Maj. J. Coleman Alderson's article, "Virginia in the War Tragedies," which criticism appears on page 561 in the December (1911) *VETERAN* under the title, "A False Idea of the Union," shall serve to attract attention to Major Alderson's admirable article, it will perform a worthy office; but upon no other ground does it seem to be justifiable. If our State governments and our national government were not all and equally the result of the Revolutionary struggle; if it were not literally true that the Virginia fathers "fought to create the Union," it would still be unjustifiable to attempt at this time to drag from its closet the moldy skeleton of the dead and buried contention that one component of our dual government within its proper sphere and scope is less sacred or less binding upon our allegiance and our conscience than the other.

The first resistance to British authority, which brought on war, was interposed against the collecting of a tax, and did not contemplate the creation or the preservation of any independent government. The conflicts at Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill did not directly affect the Virginia and other colonists, nor inspire them with a desire for a political existence separate and apart from all authority beyond their respective colonial boundaries, nor lead them to take up arms in their sole and separate behalf against a mighty nation; but all the people of the American colonies, menaced by a common danger, united by common interest and the ties of blood and common origin, inspired by one spirit, moved by a common purpose—the purpose of throwing from their necks the British yoke—joined hands and hearts and fortunes, and in the accomplishment of that purpose mingled their blood in streams that flowed across colonial boundaries, and Cavalier and Puritan found a common grave in the soil of New York beside the Carolinian and Pennsylvanian.

No sooner were the flames of war kindled on the shores of New England than the people came together from all quarters to form a Federal Union, which foreshadowed and became the foundation of "a more perfect Union" under the Constitution afterwards adopted and which conducted the war against Britain. The Declaration of Independence, which was the final act and declaration of war as well as the final renunciation of allegiance to Britain, was not the declaration alone of Virginia, whose illustrious son penned its immortal lines, nor of those other patriots only who signed; but it was the joint declaration of all the colonists made by the "representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled." The several colonies did not severally declare their independence, but all together and as one people they declared it, and as one people they fought to maintain it and to establish for themselves in place of the government overthrown such government as they should please to create. And when victory had crowned their arms, they proceeded to make "more perfect" that Union which they had fought to create and maintain and which had insured the triumph of their asserted right to any independent government or union they might choose to make. And let us not forget that the State governments which the fathers "fought to create" are modeled after, and are not the model for, the Constitution which established that "more perfect Union" which they also created.

Mr. Justice Brewer said in effect that no one can properly understand the Constitution unless he reads it by the light of the Declaration of Independence. One who does so read

it will see that it has its inspiration and the Union its immaculate conception in that sacred instrument, and that the Revolutionary fathers fought to create and to preserve that Union and to secure the right to create for it and for the component States such government as Divine Providence, upon whose protection they relied for their freedom, might give them wisdom to adopt.

ARKANSAS SOLDIERS IN VIRGINIA.

[A. C. Jones, Three Creeks, Ark., in Religious Herald.]

I send you a little war story which illustrates that noblest quality of the Southern soldier, the spirit of fraternity which prevailed in our army and which constituted its principal element of success.

The 3d Arkansas Regiment of Infantry was the sole representative of our State in the Army of Virginia for nearly two years. We were brigaded with the 30th Virginia (from Fredericksburg and vicinity) and the 27th and 36th North Carolina. The Virginia and Arkansas soldiers became better acquainted and more intimate than the other regiments; indeed, we became very social and friendly.

Shortly after the awful fatigues and marches of the first Maryland campaign, culminating in the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, the troops were camped somewhere between Shepherdstown and Winchester. We were sorely in need of clothing and shoes, and there was not a blanket in the command, while the frosty nights of that cold climate pinched severely. At that time the 30th Virginia received a considerable supply of shoes and blankets from their friends and relatives at Fredericksburg, about eighty miles distant. When these supplies arrived, we of the 3d Arkansas were surprised to receive a message from the headquarters of the 30th, requesting that we send a detail to receive our share of these good things. Colonel Manning called a meeting of the officers, and we passed some resolutions warmly thanking the Virginians for their generous offer, but declining to accept on the ground that the donors of those goods intended them for the relief of their own kin. The reply came back immediately and in the strongest terms: "We are brothers fighting in the same cause, and, besides, you are a long distance from home, and it is impossible for your friends to help you. We insist upon it that we divide." And they did.

Some months afterwards we had an opportunity to show our appreciation of this kind and generous act. The great battle of Fredericksburg was fought. One hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery planted on Stafford Heights poured shot and shell upon the old town. The women and children had to crawl into the cellars, while their houses were being battered down over their heads; and not only this, but while the enemy occupied the town they robbed the citizens of everything they could lay their hands on. After we had driven the enemy back across the river and the town had been evacuated, word came to us that there were a number of women and children actually starving. The 3d Arkansas immediately took the initiative. We divided our rations in half (and they were slim enough, God knows) and stirred among the other regiments and gathered quite a little supply of food which we sent over, relieving their immediate necessities. Sometime afterwards the ladies of Fredericksburg sent us a beautiful new silk flag.

I know not what others may think, but in my judgment this incident deserves to be recorded in Confederate history, as do the most heroic deeds of personal valor.

CONTROVERSY ABOUT GETTYSBURG.

BY MAJ. E. C. GORDON (25TH ALABAMA), AMARILLO, TEX.

My attention has been called to an alleged interview with H. Reiman Duval, of New York, in which he refers to an incident stated by him to have occurred during the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. His statements are so erroneous and unjust that they ought not to go unchallenged. He says: "I was a courier the first day at Gettysburg. The Federals were driven through the town to the hills beyond. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, was in command of a brigade. Lee, Early, Ewell, Hill, Gordon, and other generals held a council of war in the evening. Early said: 'Unless we go up the hills to-night the Yankees will be down upon us in the morning.' Had Jackson been alive and present, Early's warning would have been accepted and we would have won the battle of Gettysburg and would have marched on to Philadelphia. In some way Early's warning became known throughout our army. Many years afterwards I asked Gordon, then a Senator in Congress, about the incident. He confirmed all that I had heard at Gettysburg, saying: 'You have repeated Early's words exactly as I remember them.' Jackson's wounds at Chancellorsville just two months previous to the battle of Gettysburg, from which he died, prevented us, I think, from defeating Meade and capturing the city of Philadelphia. No one can tell what else might have happened."

The writer of this reply was personally present as a staff officer at that "council of war" to which Mr. Duval alludes, and is probably the only living witness as to what occurred on that occasion—an occasion which, in the expressed opinion of General Lee himself, was the pivotal point in the fortunes of the Confederacy.

The "council of war" alluded to did not occur on the evening of July 1, but about two o'clock on the morning of the 2d of July; nor did General Early make any such statement as: "Unless we go up the hill to-night the Yankees will be down upon us in the morning." On the contrary, General Early's persistent refusal and that of Gen. Edward Johnson to assent to the forward movement that night prevented the renewal of the advance which General Gordon was then so earnestly urging. General Gordon had sought the conference for that specific purpose.

In proof of these statements I quote from General Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," and shall later add my own, as my recollections of the occurrences are distinct to my mind. General Gordon, after having referred to the rapid forced march of his command from the Susquehanna River on July 1, of his attack on the right flank of the Union army in a hand-to-hand struggle, of his breaking that line and his pursuit of the flying troops of the Union army until he was ordered three or four times (by General Early) to stop before he would obey the order, on page 156 says: "My thoughts were so harrowed and my heart was so burdened by the fatal mistake of the afternoon that I was unable to sleep that night. Mounting my horse at two o'clock in the morning, I rode with one or two of my staff officers to the red barn in which Generals Ewell and Early then had their headquarters. Much of my time after nightfall had been spent on the front picket line listening to the busy strokes of Union picks and shovels on the hills, to the rumbling of artillery wheels, and to the tramp of fresh troops as they were hurried forward by Union commanders and placed in position. There was, therefore, no difficulty in divining the scene that would break on our view at the coming dawn. I did not hesitate to say

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to both Generals Ewell and Early that a line of heavy earthworks, with heavy guns and ranks of infantry behind them, would frown upon us at daylight. I expressed the opinion even at that hour (two o'clock) that by a concentrated and vigorous night assault we would carry those heights, and that if we waited until morning it would cost us ten thousand men to take them. There was a disposition to yield to my suggestion, but other counsels prevailed. Those works were never carried; but the cost of the assault upon them, the appalling carnage resulting from the efforts to take them, far exceeded that which I ventured to predict."

I now submit my statement as to that "council of war."

General Gordon was urging the advance, General Early strenuously opposing it by stating that the movement forward that night would be exceedingly hazardous, and that it would be much safer and better to await the arrival of Longstreet's Corps, expected the next morning.

Gen. Edward Johnson said: "My division has just finished a forced march and the men, broken down, are in no condition to fight to-night."

When both Major Generals Early and Johnson had finished their statements, General Ewell said: "Let's hear what General Gordon has to say." Whereupon General Gordon made the appeal quoted above from his book and further added: "General Johnson says that his troops are broken down. I wish to say that my brigade has made during the day a forced march from the Susquehanna River, and in addition thereto we have fought a terrific battle. My losses have been heavy, but my men are ready to fight again to-night. I would prefer to lose a few more men to-night than to lose them all to-morrow."

Lieutenant General Ewell, after a moment's thought, said, "General Gordon is right;" but from the strong opposition of Generals Early and Johnson he did not order the forward movement. This is evidently what General Gordon meant when he wrote as above quoted: "There was a disposition to yield to my suggestion, but other counsels prevailed."

The only general officers present at that "council of war" were: Lieutenant General Ewell, Major Generals Early and Johnson, and Brig. Gen. John B. Gordon. General Lee, as is well known, did not reach Gettysburg until the second day.

The above statement and proofs are cited to indicate that Mr. Duval must be mistaken as to what General Gordon said to him in Washington about that "council of war" and as to the words of General Early.

[The statement of Major Gordon will be accepted implicitly. He is a brother of Gen. J. B. Gordon and of Augustus Gordon, one of the youngest and most gallant colonels in the Confederate army, who had a presentiment that he would be killed on a certain day and so told the General, adding: "Brother, don't be uneasy; I'll do my duty." And he did to the moment of his death. Major Gordon was familiar with the conditions prevailing at the time.]

AN APPRECIATED LETTER FROM AN APPRECIATIVE PATRON.—Ernest W. Winkler, State Librarian at Austin, Tex., writes as follows: "In the VETERAN for August you inserted a list of the State Library's wants. My attention was called to the notice by an offer of some of the numbers wanted. After securing these numbers, this morning's mail brought all the remaining missing numbers except one. I thank you for this kind service. The State Library now needs only No. 1 of Vol. I. to complete its file."

HOW MAJ. JOSEPH W. ANDERSON WAS KILLED.

BY FRANK JOHNSTON, ESQ., JACKSON, MISS.

Recently a comrade sent me a sketch of Maj. Joseph W. Anderson—how he was killed in the battle of Baker's Creek—which appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March, 1911, page 116. This statement is not correct. I saw Major Anderson when he was killed in the battle of Baker's Creek. I was in command of a section of artillery of Battery A, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery, in that battle. The report does not do Major Anderson full justice. I remember clearly the events connected with this battle and know personally of the occurrences that took place on our left in the last stand made.

Miss Mary Johnston, of Virginia, last year delivered an address at Vicksburg on the occasion of the dedication of a Virginia monument, and in that address she gave a description of Major Anderson's death similar to the one published in the VETERAN. From General Barton's report she fell into the error of thinking that Major Anderson was killed in leading a charge of the Georgia brigade. General Barton fell into this error because the last time he saw Major Anderson was when he was leading this charge; and not seeing him come out of the charge, he naturally fell into the error of supposing that he had been killed in that charge, but it was after that charge that he was killed and under the following circumstances:



MAJ. JOSEPH W. ANDERSON.

Barton's Brigade, on the extreme left of the Confederate line, was overlapped by General Hovey's right; and it being impossible for the brigade to hold its position, it fell back in a good deal of disorder. Major Anderson appeared about that time, rallied the Georgia command, made a magnificent charge on the Federal lines, and drove them back, clearing his front and reestablishing the line. At that time General Featherston's brigade was moving from Loring's Division, on the extreme right, to the left to support Barton's Brigade. Having reestablished the line, Major Anderson, who was General Stevenson's chief of artillery, dashed up the road where he had left some of Wither's guns. He ordered my section at once to move to the left, and he and Captain Ridley, commanding the battery, and I took this section of Napoleon guns and galloped down the line to Barton's position. Barton's men had again been driven back, and this was final. There was a space in our line which had been occupied by Barton's men, and into this we dashed with the guns and unlimbered and came into action within about three hundred and fifty yards of the Federal line. The Federals were taken in front and to the left of us.

Major Anderson's purpose in rushing this artillery to this point was to hold the line, if possible, until General Featherston could come up; but in the meantime General Stevenson and General Bowen had withdrawn their troops and were in retreat. General Featherston saw at once the hopelessness of attempting to reinforce the Confederate left, and he moved his men rapidly back and joined Loring to cover the fords on Baker's Creek to protect Generals Bowen and Stevenson. While there we used double-shotted canister.

It was here and at this time that Major Anderson was killed.

He was shot very soon after the guns were put into action. Captain Ridley was killed at the same time, and the horses of both were killed. All of their artillery and officers' horses, about forty in number, were killed, and thirty-three out of the forty men were killed and wounded. Major Anderson acted with extraordinary courage and with a desperate purpose to try to hold the left of the line for the coming reinforcements. So that instead of being killed in the charge of the Georgia brigade Major Anderson had come back to the place with this section of artillery and was in a second heroic and desperate effort to hold the Confederate line.

It would have been a heroic thing for Major Anderson to have been killed in the splendid charge that he led, but it was even more heroic that he should have come back and made the desperate stand that he did with my guns in the forlorn hope of retrieving that part of the field.

THE PEOPLE KNOW WHAT WAR IS.

SHERMAN'S AUTHORITY IN "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

[From the Macon Telegraph.]

A telegram of historic importance from Gen. U. S. Grant to General Sherman, dated at City Point, Va., October 12, 1864, is shortly to be sold at auction. It is quoted in part:

"On reflection I think better of your proposition. It will be much better to go South than to be forced to come North. You will no doubt clean the country where you go of railroad tracks and supplies. I would also move every wagon, horse, mule, and hoof of stock, as well as the negroes. As far as arms can be supplied * * * I would put them in the hands of the negro men. Give them such organization as you can. They will be of some use.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

It thus appears that Sherman was ordered by his superior officer not only to lay waste those sections of Georgia and the Carolinas through which he passed, but to encourage and furnish the arms for negro uprisings. The friends of Grant may hold that he did not direct Sherman to burn agricultural noncombatants out of house and home or to put the torch to the city of Columbia, but this telegram shows that Grant favored and urged the even more terrible measure of fomenting and equipping servile insurrections.

Undoubtedly Sherman believed that he had full authority for all that he did, including the burning of the farms along his route and the slaughter of hapless beasts. In one of his letters to Grant, which was dated December 16, 1864, and which may be found on pages 726 and 727, Vol. XLIV., Series I. of the "Official Rebellion Records," he says: "I have no doubt the State of Georgia has lost by our operations 15,000 first-rate mules. * * * Great numbers of horses were shot by my orders." As it was not convenient to "move every wagon, horse, mule, and hoof of stock," Sherman achieved the desired result of frightful slaughter.

The final verdict of dispassionate history will no doubt be that Sherman was merely a willing instrument in the hands of a government that had concluded to resort to desperate measures. Sherman's orders were from Grant.

[As Southern people are generally so unrelenting in their condemnation of General Sherman, it may be well to consider such order; but when the war ended, he continued his enmity consistent with his letter to his brother, John Sherman, favoring the confiscation of lands in the South and sending Northern people here to possess them.—EDITOR.]

OTHER SIDE IN BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MO.

The article on the battle of Lexington by Mrs. S. A. A. McCausland, which appeared in the *VETERAN* for May, brought out a sharp protest from Robert Armstrong, of Winsted, Ark., who was one of the men participating in the capture of the hospital after its possession by the Confederates. He writes as follows:

"On September 17, 1861, while the battle of Lexington was in progress, Colonels Mulligan and Peabody came to our company (B), 23d Illinois, and said that some men had taken possession of the Anderson house and were firing on our works, and that we could not return the fire by reason of the sick men in the building. They directed Captain Gleeson to take his company and dislodge or capture them, if possible, but not to fire until he got to the house, and not then if he could avoid it, and not to fire on any outside forces. They denounced General Price in the severest terms for not respecting a hospital. Captain Gleeson remarked that he had no fear of the men in the house or that General Price would try to protect them there, as Price had been his colonel in the Mexican War and was the very soul of honor, and would not tolerate such disgraceful acts, nor would he allow his men to seek the protection of a hospital to fire on us if he knew it.

"There was some demonstration made in our favor. The music struck up and every gun opened; all the men jumped on the works when we started. The house stood about one hundred and fifty yards from our works and about one hundred yards from the Confederate line. We soon got to the house, a long brick building two stories high, with a white flag on each end. Our captain halted his company and called to the men to surrender. They answered with a volley that wounded the captain so he was no longer able to command. We then broke the doors and windows in and crowded into the house, the enemy, or what was left of them, getting out on the west side. When we had cleared the house, we made an attempt to retreat, but found that they had thrown out a force from the other side and that we were surrounded. The fighting was terrible for a few minutes, when a company under Captain Smith made a charge from the works and opened a gap that let our side out, and they left, taking all the wounded they could with them.

"I was wounded in the arm and lost too much blood to get away, so I stayed and faced what I supposed would be death. When the firing ceased, some one called to know if we had surrendered. I answered no, but that they could come in, as we could make no resistance. Soon the house was full of Confederates; but they seemed to be in a good humor, and instead of shooting, as I expected, they made fun of me and asked if my mother knew I was out, and said they knew she was uneasy about me. Soon some Confederate officers came in, among whom was General Harris. There was a Catholic priest there—Father Butler—who talked with General Harris and asked permission to remove the sick and wounded to the works. General Harris said that by the rules of war they were all under his protection; that there was no safety inside the works, as he had them surrounded, and he would protect us where we were; that the men who had taken the building at first did not belong to his command, and that he was not responsible for their acts. He ordered all armed men to keep at least fifty yards from the building and not to seek protection near it under any circumstances. He told the priest that neither he nor his men were pagans, and that he

held all the wounded as his prisoners and was responsible for their care. He sent men to bring water, spoke kindly to the wounded, and did all he could to relieve our suffering. We have always had the most kindly feeling for General Harris and his men.

"We remained in the house until the night of the 18th, when they called truce to remove the wounded from under fire. We were taken to the Madison House and all the severely wounded were placed in the hotel parlor, where we stayed three weeks. We were a sight, our clothing clotted with blood and fly-blown, our wounds festering. The battle lost, we were a sad lot; but relief came from an unexpected quarter. The ladies of Lexington were far above the passions and excitement of the hour, and many of them—the wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of the enemy—brought soap and clothing and washed our wounds. I learned that among them were the wives and daughters of coal diggers and bankers. They continued their kindly ministrations all the time I was there, and they need no bard to sing their praise nor monuments to commemorate their noble deeds. I wish I had language to express my own gratitude, but can only say: 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me.'

"I have tried to make a true statement of what occurred. There was a rumor that both sides charged the other with killing men after they had surrendered. General Price had the matter investigated and found that not a man of either side had surrendered. I don't believe that any act was committed not in the line of duty. We lost thirty killed and thirty-three wounded out of eighty engaged. The heavy loss from the small number engaged and the short time it lasted—not over twenty minutes—made many believe there was foul play."

The foregoing was submitted to Mrs. McCausland, who responded with some extracts from an old history of Lafayette County, Mo., in which this battle is written up, and which account, she thinks, shows Mr. Armstrong's letter to be corroborative of her statements rather than contradictory. She says: "His statements that General Price ordered an investigation of the said killing by Federal soldiers of *surrendered* men tells the tale of something needing punishment; but this investigation showed that the savagely mutilated men *never surrendered*, and were captured and fiercely resisted their disarmament. Therefore no punishment was meted out, and I can even now recall *my own savage* regret that the perpetrators were not taken out and shot. My paper had been published long before it appeared in the *VETERAN*, and the fact of the bodies of Confederates having been treated as I stated was disputed here by citizens of the other side, which led to my going to a man here who was at the time of the battle a captain inside the defenses for information as to the accuracy of the accusation. Literally this was his answer: 'Mrs. McCausland, I was not of the assaulting column, but the men who were said when they came back that that was what they had done. I read your account and was surprised at the accuracy of it after all this time.' This gentleman is still living here."

The account from the old history states that the Federals had occupied as a hospital the then magnificent residence of Oliver Anderson, Esq., a two-and-a-half-story brick building, down the slope about twenty rods west from the outer line of their intrenchments. A yellow flag was displayed on top of the building, marking it as a hospital, and in it were some twenty-four sick and ninety-six wounded, according to Mulligan's report. The hospital was in charge of Dr. Cooley

as surgeon and Rev. Father Butler, a Catholic priest, who was chaplain of Mulligan's Regiment.

On the 18th of September this hospital was captured by the State troops, the reasons for which were given by Gen. Thomas A. Harris in his official report to General Price immediately after the close of the siege, in which he says: "At 11:15 I received the order from yourself in person to move my command along the bank of the river to the support of General McBride's command and General Slack's division under command of Colonel Rives. At the same time you gave me instructions to capture the brick house, outside the enemy's lines of defense, known as the Anderson house, or hospital, provided that if upon my arrival there I was of the opinion that I could carry it without too great a loss. * * * Upon my reaching the point known as the hospital I dismounted and ascended the hill on foot. On my arrival I found Colonel Rives's command supported by a portion of Lieutenant Colonel Hull's and Major Milton's (cavalry) command of my division. From a personal inspection of the position occupied by the hospital I became satisfied that it was invaluable to me as a point of annoyance and masque for the approach to the enemy. I at the same time received your communication as to the result of your reconnoissance through your glass. I therefore immediately ordered an assault upon the position, in which I was promptly and gallantly seconded by Colonel Rives and his command, together with Lieutenant Colonel Hull and Major Milton and their commands of my own division. The hospital was promptly carried and occupied by our troops; but during the evening the enemy retook it and were afterwards driven out again by our men with some loss." (The State troops first captured the hospital about noon or between twelve and one o'clock. About two or three o'clock it was retaken by Mulligan's men, and about four or five o'clock was charged upon and captured a second time by the State troops, and thereafter held by them.)

It is thus seen that the capture of the Anderson house, or hospital, was planned and ordered because, as General Harris says, "it was invaluable to me as a point of annoyance and masque for the approach to the enemy." The hospital matter has been much animadverted upon by partisan writers of both sides. Colonel Mulligan assumed that the Confederates were guilty of a breach of civilized warfare in firing on a hospital. Consequently when his men retook the building, having this belief firmly fixed in their minds, they gave no quarter, but killed every armed man caught in the building. Some of the minor Confederate officers claimed as an excuse or justification for the capture that the Federals had fired upon them from the inside of the building, but this was positively denied by the surgeon and the priest in charge there. The official report of General Harris made at the time shows that there was no such reason for the capture, but that it was deliberately planned and ordered as a rightful military movement, the Federals having no military right to expect that a strategic position so important to their opponents as the Anderson house and premises manifestly would or should be left in their quiet possession merely because they had seen fit to use some part of it for hospital purposes.

The account says further that the truth of history in this matter, without any partisan coloring, is simply this: When the first capture of the hospital occurred, which was between twelve and one o'clock, the Federals did not have an armed man in the building; and, on the other hand, it was not at all necessary to say that they did in order to justify General Harris's tactics. He did not assault the hospital, but its

capture was a necessary incident of any success that he might have in assaulting that part of the Federal line. There were Confederate sharpshooters lying under the edge of the banks of a dug-down carriageway within eighty feet of the hospital building. As soon as it became known that a charge was going to be made on the hospital front of the Federal works, and even before the assaulting column got in motion, some of the sharpshooters, probably not belonging to any command, had run across that eighty-foot space and up into the building and commenced firing down on the Federals from the upper windows. It was this firing that was seen by some of the Confederate troops as they rushed forward in the regular assaulting column; but not knowing anything about that bit of independent and successful strategy which the sharpshooters had played on their own hook, these troops in line very naturally supposed that the firing from the windows was by Federals, and so reported.

This state of things shows plainly enough how it happened that such contrary assertions were positively made in regard to this matter, and both sides can now afford to accept the truth of it—that the Federals did not perfidiously use a hospital building as a garrison, nor did the Confederates wantonly assault a hospital.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA, SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1863.

ACROSTIC BY J. M. MORGAN, A. Q. M. TO GENERAL DIBRELL.

T-ramp, tramp, tramp in the early morning light;
H-ear the ominous sounds of Chickamauga's fight;
E-ager thousands of soldiers, both blue and gray,
B-ore onward to the field in battle array.
A-ll along the banks of the river of death
T-housands and thousands of the invading foe,
T-hrough undergrowth dense, under towering trees,
L-ong lines of men stepped gallantry forward,
E-ver sending and receiving canister and shell.
O-ver Chickamauga's surface the death missiles fell.
F-ear had vanished, and the artillery roared;
C-loudward the smoke from the cannon's mouth soared;
H-igh-rolling volumes of vapory fog
I-nfolded the legions of Rosecrans and Bragg.
C-onflicts more deadly are rarely beheld;
K-illing and crashing, the cannon balls fell,
A-ll across the ridges and down in the dell;
M-erciless Minie balls flew through the air,
A-nd mingled shouts of victory with groans of despair.
U-nder Forrest and Dibrell the cavalry went in,
G-alloped through the creek by Lee and Gordon's mill;
A-ll over the field the invaders were met,
And near the second day's ending were put to rout,
Save Thomas and his men, who held a point on the field
And stubbornly refused its tenure to yield.

BRIG. GEN. X. B. DEBRAY, OF TEXAS.—E. H. Alexander, Adjutant Joe D. Harrison Camp at Llano, Tex., writes: "In the August VETERAN W. L. Leigh gives a list of Confederate officers who served in the war from Texas. In it he omits the name of Brig. Gen. X. B. DeBray, who was colonel of the 26th Texas Cavalry, and was promoted about May, 1864, for bravery on the battle fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La. He commanded a brigade composed of the 23d, 26th, and 32d Regiments Texas Cavalry, and was highly esteemed by the men of the brigade. I was a member of the 32d Regiment and served under him. 'Keep the record straight.'"

POPULATION STATISTICS OF TEXAS.

The VETERAN feels close kinship with Texas, as a large patronage has been given it from that great State throughout its history of nearly twenty years. Some interesting statistics were compiled from records which are herewith given: The population of Texas in 1870 was 818,579, of which 62,415 were of foreign birth. Of the natives, 388,510 were born in Texas; while of the remainder, 62,225 were born in Alabama, 51,435 in Tennessee, 42,534 in Mississippi, 41,206 in Georgia.

INJUSTICE TO THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY REV. GEORGE E. BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

At many reunions and other memorial gatherings in the South great injustice is done to the army bearing the name of the Army of Mississippi or the Army of Tennessee. It may be unintentional, but that does not take away injustice. In the addresses on the first day of the recent U. C. V. Reunion at Macon, Ga., a stranger would not have imagined that there was an army of Confederates out of Virginia or other generals than Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, or John B. Gordon. This was not exceptional. It occurs on almost every similar occasion either in the speeches or newspaper articles. Those generals and that army are entitled to much honor, and no Southerner would wish to see their praises withheld. But is that a reason for utterly ignoring the other army? Did it lack patriotism? Did it lack valor? Did it not endure great sufferings and sacrifices for the cause of the South?

Take the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Resaca, New Hope, and Atlanta. Did the Virginia Army fight any better and lose a larger percentage of those engaged? Take the battle of Richmond, Ky., under Kirby Smith. Was there a more brilliant affair in the whole war and richer in results? Was there an army of the Confederacy that showed more valor and determination or endured such suffering for nearly two months as the defenders of Vicksburg? Did any troops ever display finer qualities of true soldiers than Stevenson's and Clayton's Brigades on the 16th and 17th of December, 1864, in saving the routed army of Hood from utter demolition? Were there ever soldiers more daring and doggedly determined until nearly all were exterminated than the Army of Tennessee at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864? Did the world ever show a more masterly retreat, itself suffering so little loss in anything and inflicting more on its antagonists, than the Army of Tennessee under Joseph E. Johnston in the ever-memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta and on to Jonesboro? General Black, once Commander of the G. A. R., said to the writer in Montgomery that the world furnished no parallel to the masterly skill with which it was conducted. Nothing was ever left behind, no confusion, hardly a surprise, always ready to counteract every effort for a successful turning of the flank.

These things being so, is it not time for public speakers and writers to quit ignoring them as though they had not been or had not done? Their marches were far longer and under much greater difficulties, their sufferings and deprivations far greater, and their supplies far more neglected than in Virginia.

In the name of justice to these long sufferers, patient endurers, and brave fighters I beg that they may share at least something of merit by the Southern speakers and the press of the South.

[In a former letter Comrade Brewer, in giving a list of commissioned officers who are survivors in Montgomery,

reports himself as captain. The "War Records" officially name him as major. He is referred to in six volumes of the "Records," and often as in command of his regiment.]

CONFEDERATE WHO SERVED FROM COLORADO.

BY C. S. SEMPER, SERGEANT MAJOR 1ST LOUISIANA ARTILLERY.

I went from New Orleans, La., to Denver, Colo., arriving there April 20, 1859, and the next day set type on the first number of the Rocky Mountain News, the first newspaper printed in the Pike's Peak region. Early in 1860 the printers organized the first labor union in Colorado, composed of eight members. There are now over six hundred members in the Denver Typographical Union, No. 49. This union was organized in my house in Denver, and I am a charter member.

In the fall of 1860 I returned to New Orleans to look after some property interests. After that I volunteered for thirty days, or during the war, in Company G, 1st Louisiana Heavy Artillery. A part of the regiment was ordered to Fort McComb and a part to Fort Pike, Pass Chef Montuier. From these forts our regiment was ordered to Fort Jackson, on the Mississippi River. After the capture of New Orleans by the Federals, we went to Vicksburg, Miss., where we served through both sieges of that city. At Vicksburg our troops underwent great hardships and privations from want of food, clothing, etc.

We were paroled and went into camp at Enterprise, Miss., where we remained until exchanged, when we were ordered to Mobile, Ala. After the fall of Mobile, we served as dismounted cavalry (virtually infantry) and were engaged in several battles, etc., getting our full share of that hard service and losing many of our men. Our brigade was the last of the Confederate army to lay down their arms, as we were detailed to mount guard over the Confederate commissary supplies at Demopolis, Ala., where I was honorably discharged as sergeant major of the regiment.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BATTLE AT BATON ROUGE.

BY D. M. BALLARD, RAYMOND, MISS.

I saw in the VETERAN mention of Gen. Tom Benton Smith, then a colonel, which reminds me of an incident in the battle of Baton Rouge when he was in command of the brigade. During a charge on the enemy, posted behind bales of hay and in the cemetery, his horse was killed and fell on him. He called to the boys not to leave him, and in pulling him out from under the horse one boot was left, and he rode the rest of the day without it.

It was there that Col. Beriah F. Moore, lieutenant colonel of the 19th Tennessee, rode out in front of his men, threw his leg across his saddle, lighted his pipe, and began smoking. I thought it was the coolest thing I saw during the war. Can any one explain why during the hottest of the fighting an order was sent down both lines to cease firing and both sides obeyed? Capt. Will Yerker, of General Clark's staff, and Adjutant Fitzpatrick, of the 22d Mississippi Regiment, dashed out in front of our lines and were met by a Federal officer (I heard it was the lieutenant colonel of the 21st Illinois), when each side demanded the surrender of the other. The Federal officer saluted, leaned over on his horse, and dashed back to his command. Both sides resumed firing at once. Our officers were both wounded. Gen. Charles Clark and Colonel Allen were both seriously wounded and left at Baton Rouge, and at their request they were sent on the Federal gunboats to New Orleans, where they were well treated.

STORY OF OLD "CONFED" IN EAST TENNESSEE.

BY L. H. BLANTON, D.D., LL.D., DANVILLE, KY.

Your correspondent was chaplain of the 54th Virginia Regiment and served under Buckner in the East Tennessee Campaign of 1863. This may explain his love for this attractive region and that for three summers he has found rest and recreation at the Roan Mountain Inn, on the headwaters of the Doe. This entire region, it is known, was a Union stronghold during the war and is still intensely Republican. But I was treated to a great surprise Sunday night when I preached at the Methodist Episcopal church. Curiosity to see and hear an old Confederate chaplain brought a great crowd. At the close of the service an old scarred Confederate veteran rushed to the front and actually hugged me in the presence of the congregation. It was Elisha D. Hendrickson, a native of Craig County, Va., who moved out into these mountains with his young bride at the close of the war.

Young Hendrickson enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1861, and fought to the end. His regiment was the 28th Virginia, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division. His first fight was at Seven Pines and in succession Gaines's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Second Cold Harbor, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Appomattox. At Gettysburg the 28th Virginia was commanded by Col. William Watts, of Roanoke, a kinsman of the Breckinridges. Hendrickson's company (C) went into the charge with thirty-five men and came out with five, leaving thirty on the field either killed or wounded, Hendrickson among the latter. Their record was unsurpassed unless by the Orphan Brigade.

This whole region was and is intensely Republican, as already stated. Carter County alone sent several regiments to the Union army. The men who surprised and killed Morgan at Greeneville were from this county. For years prejudice was intense against everything Southern. And yet this old Virginia veteran from his arrival won the respect and confidence of all good men. He was industrious, honest, brave, and withal a humble Christian. The old man is still full of snap and vigor and runs a little water mill on the Doe which gives him and his family a comfortable living. When he first appeared in the neighborhood, some men, extra loyal, who had never smelt gunpowder threatened to drive the "old Rebel" out of the mountains. They took the precaution, however, to consult the sheriff, an ex-Federal soldier and a brave man, who gave them this advice: "If you fellows go fooling about this man, some of you will get killed; and if you are not, I will prosecute you to the extent of the law."

A striking characteristic of this old veteran is his genuine, earnest, happy Christian life. It is said of the late Justice Harlan that he went to bed with his Bible under his pillow. Such is in a real sense true of this old soldier. The Bible is his constant companion. He is a member of the little Christian Church at the station. He conducts the Sunday school and teaches the Bible class. He teaches also the Bible class in the Baptist Church, for there is nothing narrow in his religion. During our sojourn at the inn last summer the writer was called on every Sunday to help the old man with his Bible class. After this a veteran Episcopalian and Comrade Hendrickson studied together the Sunday school lesson. It was in the book of Daniel, and the old man in his excitement exclaimed: "I tell you Daniel was a dandy!"

Another touching incident: Some years ago a man living here was fatally hurt on the railroad. His wife sent at once

for the old soldier, saying: "I know that if John could speak he would say, 'Send for 'Lish Hendrickson; I want him to pray for me.'" The old man went and offered a simple, earnest prayer for the sorrowing wife, "just like he was talking to God."

THE VETERAN'S SLEEP.

BY ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON.

Smooth out the quilt a mite, son, on my limbs.
Slow now, my lame leg! Allus strikes me queer
How wounds hurt most atter one's old. Camille,
Are you there, daughter? Son, get you a chair.
I mind the day a ball tore off the toes
An' lamed my knee. 'Twas Shiloh, an' we made
Them Yanks skedaddle! 'Twas at Charlottesville
Yo' Uncle Ben was hit. The bullet ripped
His rib, went in the lung, and is there yet.
Poor brother Ben never could understand
Why I'd not draw a pension. What's the need?
A man with two good arms can make his way,
An' I made mine for Susie an' you two.
My mem'ry sorter strays back to old times.
I mind when pa died, an' ma, an' Sis Lou.
She was the cheerfulest of us all, though sick—
Took to her bed when she was near 'bout twelve,
An' died at eighteen. Sech patience an' grace!
Little Sis Lou!

Somehow I don't fear death
Same as I used to. Seems to me jes' like
A-fallin' to sleep an' wakin' up changed.
Was that the rain? Sounds like somebody cryin'.
Well, let it; 'twill be good fer the poor crops.
Camille, child, reach me out yo' hand. There, there!
You've allus been a good daughter to me
An' Susie, an' you, Ben, a good son.
I've been a plain—jes' a plain, God-fearing man,
An' I've had Susie! You both spoke to-day
How I lay smilin'.

Well, I had a dream,
Or was it a dream? I can't say—who can tell?
Your ma—my Susie—she was with me here.
I thought—I saw—I felt her! For she laid
Her hand an' then her head against my breast
Jes' like she used to. An' I stroked her hair,
All shinin' gold—I hadn't thought of that—
Like when she's young. "Susie," says I to her,
"Why do you stay away? Are you happy there?
What are you doin'? O, I've missed you so!"
"Marvin," she said in her own lovin' way,
"I'm laborin' in the vineyard of the King.
I'm happy, yes! But you will come to me!"
Then she was gone—gone all these twenty years.
But I talked with her, saw her, felt her hair,
And ever since the missing her is past.
What time is it, son? Late as ten o'clock?
Don't sit up longer, darlings; it's no use.
Turn down the wick, all but a little flame
For company, an' leave me. I can sleep to-night,
I think; I'll soon drop off to sleep.
Yet hold the lamp first, Ben, above her head;
I want to see Camille's face an' her hair,
So like her mother's—Susie! How it glows!
'Tis darkening now, too dark for aught but sleep.
Good night. I'll sleep well—without pain—I'll sleep.

OFFICIAL SEAL MAKER FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

[R. M. Cheshire, in Baltimore Sun.]

Herman Baumgarten, who died in Washington during the past year, was the official seal maker for the Southern Confederacy. A short time before his death he talked entertainingly to the writer, declaring that he had made every seal used by the Southern Confederacy, and that he was regularly employed for that purpose. In the spring of 1861, at the earnest solicitation of Judah P. Benjamin, he joined fortunes with the Confederacy. He had repeatedly declined to accept assignments offered, fearing that he would be permanently cut off from his young wife and infant son. Senator Benjamin and others held out very attractive proposals from a financial standpoint, and he finally yielded to their persuasions.

"I first went to Montgomery, Ala.," said Mr. Baumgarten, "then the seat of the government, with letters of introduction to Alexander H. Stephens, who immediately offered me a very lucrative position, which I declined, agreeing, however, to do all the engraving at a price to be set by myself. My offer was accepted, and I at once began engraving the great seal. While at Montgomery I practically completed engraving all the seals for the several departments of the government. I secured the services of two experienced engravers from New Orleans; but after working two weeks and earning \$800 each, they threw up their jobs and left. When I had worked six weeks, I sent for my wife and child, and I put \$2,200 in my wife's hands upon her arrival. When the seat of government was moved from Montgomery to Richmond, I accompanied the officials, traveling on the special train. Immediately after reaching Richmond I established a plant and soon had quite a shop. After finishing the seals, I began preparing to make money and stamps on wood plates. Eventually steel plates were obtained and beautiful specimens of the engraver's art were turned out, equaling the best work of to-day."

Mr. Baumgarten related a thrilling experience in running the blockade at the closing of the struggle. In the latter two years of the war the subject of erecting mints for coinage of silver and gold was discussed, and Mr. Baumgarten was furnished with high credentials to parties in England and drafts on the London fiscal agent of the Confederate States, amounting to over two million pounds, to purchase machinery. He went from Richmond to Wilmington, where a run of the blockade was to be made. Presenting his credentials to the officer in charge of the port, he was put aboard a blockade runner to go out at the first favorable opportunity. After waiting all day, Mr. Baumgarten approached the captain and asked the reason for delay. He was handed a pair of marine glasses and told to take a look. The glasses revealed the fact that fourteen Yankee gunboats lay off the harbor in a semicircle. "Do you think you'd try to get through that?" asked the captain. "We can go only under the most favorable conditions, and I am prepared, rather than be captured, to blow up the ship and all on board."

Mr. Baumgarten said the vessel had a cargo of cotton, and the greater portion of the bales were ranged upon the decks along the rails fastened together with chains, forming a bulwark about as high as a man's head, making a splendid protection against cannon shot. Mr. Baumgarten was shown a spot immediately over the forecastle, and, lifting a tarpaulin which covered the deck, about six bushels of coarse gunpowder was displayed. The captain said: "This is to be used in blowing everybody to h— if capture seems inevitable."

At midnight the blockade runner started, but did not es-

cape observation of the Yankee gunboats. Their shots, though enfilading, all went too high, but the chase was kept up until after daylight. Bermuda was reached and the Confederate ensign was raised at the peak and the stars and bars at the taffrail, while three musicians struck up "Dixie" as we entered port. The cotton was discharged and the runner started back with munitions of war. Mr. Baumgarten, however, had to wait in Bermuda two weeks to get a vessel to Liverpool, and this delay proved disastrous to his mission—that is, so far as he was concerned in a financial way.

An uneventful voyage brought him to Liverpool and thence to London. There he reported to the fiscal officer at 29 Gernyn Street, presented credentials and drafts, and sought to get down to business at once. The fiscal agent was out of funds, and, handing him £200 as pocket money, directed him to put up at the Queen Hotel, where all expenses would be met until news could be received from Richmond. What the fiscal agent heard from Richmond was the downfall of the Confederacy. This left the fiscal agent and Mr. Baumgarten in the lurch; but Mr. Baumgarten was provided with a ticket to Paris and a letter of introduction to Mr. Slidell, then representing the Confederate government at the French capital. Mr. Slidell took care of the Confederacy's seal engraver until the President issued his amnesty proclamation, when he pulled out for home.

"I got here in time," said Mr. Baumgarten, "to be arrested an average of six times a day; and if I had arrived two weeks sooner, I suppose I would have been torn to pieces."

[The foregoing is given for what it is worth and not to discredit publications already made. If Mr. Baumgarten had completed the great seal at the time that he states he went to work upon it, there probably would have been evidences of its use. Let us accept his report as in the main correct. However, if his work on the great seal had been perfected in face of so much controversy, he should have been more specific. In the Journal of the Confederate Congress for October 11, 1862, there is reported and approved "an account in favor of Julius Baumgarten for making a drawing of seal, \$25." On September 24, 1862, Julius Baumgarten was paid \$60 "for making a drawing of seals." There is no record in the Journal of "Herman" B., but such mistake may have been made by the correspondent, Mr. Cheshire.—EDITOR.]

"WAR OF THE STATES."

W. F. Dent, a member of Camp Lomax, U. C. V., Montgomery, Ala., sends this indorsement of the position taken by the VETERAN as to the proper name for the war between the States: "I heartily indorse the position you take in regard to the name which should be given to the war of 1861-65. I also note that Alexander H. Stephens in his great history written in 1867 calls the great struggle the 'War between the States,' and Admiral Semmes in his book, published in 1868 or 1869, designates it as the 'War between the States.' This shows that your position was the one held by these great leaders, and should be the only title ever used by Southern people. I am perhaps the youngest member of any Confederate Camp, as I was born March 3, 1855, and obtained my cross of honor on account of services rendered to the Confederate secret service in Maryland by me as a boy."

Comrade Dent misconstrues the claim of the VETERAN as to a name for the war. It is simply suggesting the shorter word "of" for "between." "War of the States," like "War of the Roses," seems a little more dignified and a little less harsh than "War between the States."

EIGHTEENTH REUNION OF JIM PEARCE CAMP.

The eighteenth annual reunion of the Jim Pearce Camp was held, as usual, on August 7 at Kuttawa Springs, near Kuttawa, Ky. This Camp, named in memory of Capt. Jim Pearce, is composed chiefly of veterans of Caldwell and Lyon Counties who fell at Shiloh.

Although the day began with a light rain, many people gathered with the veterans. At the request of Commander J. T. Dorroh, Gen. W. J. Stone, a member of the Camp, presided. The Adjutant, T. J. Johnson, being absent, Alvin Richey, an honorary member, served as Secretary. Thirty-six members of the Camp were present and, in addition, four other comrades. Among those present was Comrade Martin, eighty-six years old, who is a Mexican War veteran. The Memorial Committee had not a death to report during the past year.

General Stone, who is a Commissioner of the Kentucky Confederate Pension Board, spoke of the workings of the State pension law for Confederate veterans, and said that many of the soldiers have usually failed to preserve to their families their own war records and even their respective commands. These should be preserved, as they will be matters of pride to their descendants, and for the lack of such many are debarred from becoming beneficiaries of the pension law.

Mr. Bartley Skinner, of Kuttawa, son of a Confederate veteran, offered to make complete records of the Confederate soldiers if the data were sent to him, and said that at the next annual meeting he would be present to rectify and complete such records.

At the request of Comrade J. W. Hollingsworth, General Stone related the circumstances which led to the establishment of the Kentucky Confederate Home. It was started by a conference between a few veterans at a U. C. V. Reunion in Memphis a few years ago.

At noon a bountiful dinner was spread, and the large crowd greatly enjoyed the shades of the forest and the delicious mineral waters.

At the afternoon session the Camp elected the following officers for the ensuing year: H. H. Thompson, Commander; C. W. Wood, Vice Commander; J. T. Dorroh, Chaplain. Comrade T. J. Johnson is the life Adjutant, having been so elected several years ago.

Speeches were made by Comrade W. H. Patterson, of Paducah, Hon. Elliott Baker, Hon. J. Syke Hodges, Mr. Bartley Skinner, Mr. Kelsie Cummins, son of Comrade W. W. Cummins, Mr. Loton Molloy, and Rev. J. D. Woodson.

A. D. Calmes, editor of the Lyon County Herald, urged upon the audience that prompt steps be taken to erect upon the Shiloh battle field a monument to Cobb's Battery.

Mr. Alvin Richey urged prompt contributions to the Confederate monument which is to be erected in Princeton.

Acting Commander Stone reminded the Camp of the reunion of the gray with the blue at Gettysburg in 1913.

Southern songs by Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Daniels, assisted by other ladies, were greatly enjoyed.

This reunion was one of the most enjoyable ever held by the Jim Pearce Camp.

OLUSTEE AND HOW I WAS CAPTURED.

BY WILLIAM H. TRIMMER, MOLINO, FLA.

February 8, 1864, was a busy day moving our battery and stores from Camp Finegan to Picketts, on the railroad out from Jacksonville, as a raid on the camp was expected. I was quartermaster sergeant of Milton's Artillery, Company B;

H. F. Abell captain. We had six guns, two brass Howitzers and four Parrott rifles, battery wagon, forge, and about eighty horses. Many of our horses had distemper. At night we camped by the railroad ready to get aboard the train upon its arrival.

I was detailed with six men to go back about two miles and bring to camp a disabled caisson that had been left with the men and four horses. We dragged the caisson out of the mud, and near midnight arrived at camp. It was a cold, frosty night. We were eating and warming when we heard the tramp of cavalry, and in a few minutes a furious onslaught on the sleeping camp was made. As it was, I had to get away. Crossing the railroad into the pine timber away from the camp light, I witnessed the capture and total destruction of our camp. In less than an hour they captured battery, wagon, forge, the caisson we had brought in out of the mud, and two three-inch Parrott guns, set fire to the camp, and were gone.

I could plainly hear the Yankee troopers, "Surrender, you d—n Rebels!" and see them use their sabers. Rob Munn, from Apalachicola, had joined me, wounded by a sword cut on his forehead, which I bound up with a piece of shirt.

When the raiders had gone, we walked to Baldwin, about ten miles along the railroad, arriving there before daylight. We went into the waiting room of the Askem House, and, to my surprise, sitting by the fire was Captain Abell, who got away from the camp on his horse, which had been hitched by the tent, and without sword or saddle had ridden into a cypress swamp. His animal bogging down, he abandoned his horse. He was muddy from head to foot, without cap or sword, and very wet.

Just at daybreak some one called out: "Men, save yourselves! The Yankees are coming!"

It took but a minute to empty that room. I ran through the village of Baldwin as they charged us on their horses, firing their carbines and calling, "Surrender!" In the palmetto I threw myself down and they rode on by me. * * *

By 10 A.M. all was quiet again in the village, but I lay in the palmetto within twenty yards of the railroad until late in the evening. In the meantime the Yankees found a pen of cattle in the woods, which they turned loose, driving them on their horses and shooting them down for sport. They came very close to me, and would have ridden over me but for the palmetto. At dark I heard bugles sounding, and very soon I found myself surrounded by cavalry. I heard orders to stretch their picket rope and hitch their horses in a square from tree to tree, surrounding me. They soon had fires and cooking was in progress. The fire got started in the woods and came my way in a hurry. Dry grass and palmetto burned rapidly, and I had to vacate.

I had proceeded but a few steps to get away from the fire when I was grabbed by two troopers, who got me by my collar. They took me to their captain. By him I was interrogated and then sent to General Seymour, who had his headquarters at the Askem House.

When the captain took me to General Seymour, he said: "General, my men caught this Rebel sergeant. They let the fire go out and he was hid away in the grass."

The General said: "What were you doing there, sergeant?"

I told him I got away from the raid the night before. He asked where I was from, and I told him Apalachicola, and he then asked if I knew a man named Tonge at Bainbridge, Ga. I told him I did. "Now, sergeant," he said, "you appear to be an intelligent man. Suppose you take the oath, and I will

turn you loose in our lines, as we are going on to Tallahassee and can give you work."

I replied that I had taken an oath to serve the Confederate government.

"Well, then, he said, "I shall send you north as a prisoner. Orderly, take this incorrigible Rebel and put him with the other prisoners."

I told him I was very hungry, not having eaten for twenty-four hours, and he replied: "We will attend to that." I was put with about sixty others, and at midnight they brought us in some boiled rice without salt. We had to eat with our hands, each man taking up a handful.

The next morning we were put into empty army wagons and sent to Jacksonville in charge of guards from the 112th New York, who divided their rations with us. Arriving at Jacksonville, we were turned over to the 54th Massachusetts Negro Regiment, who had been at Battery Wagner. We were put into a two-story brick building on Bay Street. We could see from the windows our captured guns, forge, and caisson.

After keeping us about a week in Jacksonville, we were put on a boat and taken to Hilton Head and kept there one month during the severest weather, and few of us had even a blanket. I had nothing and suffered very much. In the latter part of March we were put on board the steamer Baltic, of the Collins line, running to Liverpool, and taken to New York. We were taken to Governor's Island and put in one of the casements of old Castle William. This casement was about 20 x 20 feet, and here for a month sixty-two of us were kept and not allowed out for any purpose except to empty the tubs once each day. The only ventilation was the barred and grated entrance and one embrasure where the gun would be run out. Had the weather been hot, crowding us in such small space, we should have suffered much more. The guard told us that they were crowded for room with their own prisoners, who were deserters and bounty jumpers. Again we were transferred, this time to Fort Delaware, and I remained for several months in that earthly hell.

CAPT. JAMES W. PATTERSON, TWELFTH GEORGIA.

James W. Patterson was born in King William County, Va., in 1823, the son of Thomas and Susan G. Patterson, both highly esteemed in the community in which they resided. He was a bright and noble youth, and aspired to an honorable career in life. After thorough instruction in the schools of his neighborhood, he went to Brown University, Rhode Island, where he graduated with distinction in law. When ready for practice he moved to Forsythe County, Ga., where he married a Miss Stephens and formed a law partnership. Later he moved to Valdosta, Ga., and practiced there successfully until 1861.

Early in 1861 he organized a company of infantry in Lowndes County, Ga., and was elected captain. On June 20, 1861, the company, with Captain Patterson in command, left Valdosta by rail for Richmond, Va., where, joining nine other Georgia companies, the 12th Georgia Regiment was organized and placed under the command of Col. (afterwards Gen.) Edward Johnson, of Virginia. Captain Patterson's company was made I. After a few weeks in camp and drilling, the regiment was ordered to reinforce Gen. Robert S. Garnett in Northwest Virginia. The command went by rail to Staunton and from there to Greenbrier River, where it met General Garnett's command retreating from Laurel Hill, where General Garnett had been killed and his army defeated.

The Confederate forces then fell back to the top of the Alleghany Mountains, where fortifications were constructed.

Captain Patterson was detailed with his company and other detachments from the regiment and was frequently sent into the mountains to perform arduous duties in reconnoitering and scout service. Owing to exposure Captain Patterson became so ill that he was sent to a hospital in Richmond, where he remained until some time in March, 1862.

Soon after his return the entire force, under the command of Gen. Edward Johnson, was attached to the army of Gen. Stonewall Jackson and advanced on the enemy at McDowell, in Highland County, where on the 8th of May, 1862, a sanguinary battle was fought which resulted in a victory for the Confederate troops, but at great sacrifice of life. In this battle the 12th Georgia Regiment bore a conspicuous part, holding as it did the center of the Confederate lines, where the enemy's most desperate assault was made. While in command of his company and cheering his men he sacrificed his life, as did Captains Dawson, Furlow, and McMillan, Lieutenant Goldwire, and others. The loss of the regiment was severe in killed (35) and wounded (140). In that battle all were Virginians except the 12th Georgia Regiment, 11th Regiment, and the 1st Virginia Battalion. The total casualties in the battle were sixteen officers and three hundred and eighty-five enlisted men. Surgeon Hunter McGuire's account is sixty-nine killed and three hundred and ninety-three wounded, not including the 2d Brigade. (See "War Records," Series I., Vol. XII., Part I., page 476.)

Captain Patterson's body was taken to Richmond, and now lies in beautiful Hollywood Cemetery, together with that of Lieut John Goldwire. _____

THE STAMPEDE AT LA FAYETTE, GA.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF LIFE IN THE ARMY.

BY CHARLES GORE JOY, COMPANY C, 14TH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.

One evening in June, 1864, the 14th and 15th Tennessee Cavalry Regiments, Forrest's command, left Grenada, Miss., for Oxford, Ala., under the command of Col. J. J. Neely. We went into camp early, and I cut little pine boughs for our bed. The next day we began a dreary, monotonous ride through a dismal pine forest, and there did not seem to be a living thing in those woods, not even birds. The day was hot and sultry. Late in the evening Al Emerson said: "Charlie, let's cut out the first chance and hunt some grub." His brother Angus was our first lieutenant. Al was the best forager in the company; and if there was anything to eat in the vicinity, he generally got it.

We slipped out of the column and followed a blind road for about three miles, coming to a log cabin. When we rode up to the gate, a girl of about seventeen years came out of the door. Al asked if we could get food for ourselves and horses and stay all night. She said she reckoned so; that "pap" and "mammy" had gone to the still, but would be back soon. Before we had finished feeding the old man and his wife arrived, and we spent the night. The old man looked the typical moonshiner of a later period. He had a bottle of "speerits" which Al shared. I tasted it; that was enough. It was whiter than water and smelled like turpentine. For supper and breakfast we had corn bread, bacon, and coffee made of some substitute. We were up early, had breakfast, and after thanking our kind host we easily caught up with the command.

About the third day after leaving Grenada we rode into Columbus, Miss., meeting, as we thought, a cold reception.

In passing through towns before this ladies, girls, and children were out with flags waving and sometimes singing some patriotic song of those times; but nothing of the kind occurred in Columbus. That evening three days' rations of poor flour and poor beef were issued us, with orders to be ready to march early the next morning. Usually when near a town we could get some good lady to cook for us or have it done, but we were not successful there. Others tried to get some washing done, but failed. We left, not caring to see the place again.

It was a hot and tiresome ride to Oxford, much of the way being through a poor, hilly country almost destitute of food for man or beast. We all suffered, as did our horses. We had to eat corn, and every man had a nubbin or two in his haversack; good ears of corn were not to be found.

One evening Robert S. Bullock, of Hall's Company, and I left the column and rode eight or ten miles without finding any food. The country was the picture of despair. The men and boys were all in the army. Farms were growing up in weeds, fencing and houses were dilapidated, many of them deserted. Some owners had been killed in battle and their families had moved away. Only women and children were to be seen, with occasionally a feeble old man or wounded soldier. Late in the day we came to a deserted blacksmith shop. A dead pig lay near the door. It did not appear to have been dead long. We were very hungry, so we skinned and cleaned the pig. We dug a trench and with pieces of wagon timbers made a good fire, and had barbecued shoat for supper. I went to a house about half a mile distant to get some bread and salt. It was the home of the owner of the shop, who was in the army. When I asked his wife for bread and salt, she said they had meal enough to last only a few days, and she did not know when she could get any more, and had only half a cup of salt, but would divide with us. I did not accept any of it. I told her of the pig. She said it was theirs, but she didn't know what killed it; that we were welcome to it. She gave me a cup of vinegar and some red pepper. We swabbed the meat with the vinegar and pepper to flavor it. When it was done, we had a good supper. It was better than anything we had eaten in many days. We slept without a care for the morrow. In the morning we had another fine meal, saddled up, and joined the command.

When we arrived at Oxford, men and horses were in a bad shape; quite a number were sick from eating spoiled corn. We camped on a hillside near a large boiling spring of fairly cold water. I was one of a detail for a scout to Rome, Ga.; but I was not well nor was my horse in good condition, which I very much regretted, as I generally had a good horse and was ever ready for any duty.

One day three of us rode out to look for some fodder for our horses and found an old man who offered to swap us some for gun caps, so we gave him fifteen caps for fifteen bundles of fodder. There were some Alabama cavalry camped here with whom we had much fun. We would call them "buttermilk rangers" or "yellow-hammers" and imitate that bird's voice, which aroused their ire and brought on wordy quarrels.

Gen. Gideon J. Pillow now took command of the force. We were soon rested and ready to go anywhere. We had good rations for a few days, but they had about given out. The country could not supply them. After camping here a week or more, we left for La Fayette, Ga. The day before the fight there we got feed from a wheat field for our horses, each man riding to the shocks and getting a bundle or two of wheat. In 1908 a Mr. Hassel, who lived in that neighborhood, told me that it was Lowery Wilson's wheat field.

The next morning we stopped a little distance from the town, where there were some four or five hundred Yankee troops. After a delay of nearly half an hour, we galloped into town. The Yankees were in a brick building (the courthouse, I think) and opened fire on us. They wounded several and killed Col. E. Herbert Armistead, of the 22d Alabama Infantry, which was greatly regretted, as he was said to be a fine officer and very popular. [The "War Records" reported Colonel Armistead killed, but added a post note saying that it was a mistake.—EDITOR.] As we had no artillery, our firing did them no harm. There were some rock or brick buildings near, and Lieutenant Pirtle with four men, I being one of the number, rode to the rear of one of these buildings and went upstairs, intending to shoot from the windows down into the building where the Yankees were. When we got into the room, we found that it was the quarters of one of the Yankee officers, and his wife was there. She was very lady-like, polite, and did not seem at all excited or scared. We were not in the room longer than a minute or two when the Lieutenant said, "Boys, we will not fire any from this room," and started down with the intention of going up into some of the other rooms. Before getting to the bottom of the steps we heard shots on the left, and knew that they were not from the courthouse. When we got down, I found my friend Bob Bullock holding my horse and calling to me to hurry, that the Yankees were coming. I could see Federal cavalry some two hundred yards away galloping toward us and shooting as they came. In a few seconds I was in the saddle, and we left that place much quicker than we went there. We rode down a steep hill, through an old tanyard, our horses jumping the vats, then uphill again, and we did not stop until, about half a mile from town, we found the officers of our regiment rallying the men. How many of the Yankees there were I never knew, but they stampeded us. We lost two of our best boys that day, Jessie Derryberry and Jim Scoggins, and we never knew what became of them.

We went back to Oxford and to our former camp. Men and horses were on short and very poor rations. In a few days we returned to Columbus. We were eating corn again, and our horses were eating the ends of limbs of bushes, weeds, and leaves wherever they could get a bite. About the fifth day in the afternoon we left the main road and went into camp. A farmer had some goats and corn, and goat was issued to us without bread or salt. We had a good supper and breakfast, our horses faring well too; but we had exhausted the farmer's goats and granary.

The next morning, being greatly refreshed, we traveled much faster. During the day there were occasional refreshing showers. All day long we went at a good gait until about nine o'clock, when we went into camp. The men and horses had had nothing to eat since breakfast, nor did we get anything that night. As soon as we could tie and unsaddle we laid our oilcloths on the damp ground and were soon asleep. The next morning at daybreak I was awakened by the neighing of the horses, and looked up to see Whit ("Pap") Savage, "an old young man," slow of movement and speech, with a load of half-green corn in the stalk on one shoulder and a big watermelon under the other arm. I was in that melon patch in about two minutes, and was soon back with a load of corn and a good melon. We had camped in a graveyard. On the side of the hill away from the road was the melon patch and cornfield. After giving our horses a good feed, we made fires of fence rails, and soon had a good breakfast of corn and melons.

We broke camp early, and as it was cloudy and pleasant we traveled fast. Sometime after twelve o'clock we rode into a grove in the suburbs of Columbus. The first thing that attracted our attention was the music of a brass band. We formed into line and counted off fours and were ordered to dismount, every fourth man holding horses. We marched around to where the band was and were informed that the citizens had prepared a barbecue for us. We were ordered to break ranks and go to dinner, which we were not slow in doing. There was a board table about two hundred yards long loaded with meats, light bread, corn bread, and biscuits. It looked like a gala occasion; flags were flying; a great crowd of people were present, mostly ladies and children, the ladies vying with each other in their attentions to the soldiers, and all seemed happy. One good woman had an old negro man following her with a large basket of nice biscuits, and she put some in my haversack. I then filled it as full as I could with meat and bread and ate until I was tired. Some of the boys got with some girls and had pies, cakes, and pickles. We all had a great time, but we were puzzled as to what it meant. The dinner was a Godsend to us, and the good people of Columbus redeemed themselves in our estimation.

After we had a good rest, the bugle blew for us to fall in line, and we were told that we would be dismounted here and take cars for Okolona. We also learned that the Federal Gen. A. J. Smith was near Pontotoc with an army of 15,000, which was the explanation of the forced march from Oxford and the barbecue. We went on old dirty flat cars pulled by an old wheezing locomotive. We got to Okolona just as the sun was rising. We jumped off the cars and were on the march to Pontotoc without a minute's delay. It had rained a little in the night, and my clothing and haversack were damp. It was soon hot and sultry, and we were not accustomed to marching on foot. My haversack got so heavy that I finally threw some of the grub away, and others did the same. About six o'clock in the evening we came to a little creek right at Pontotoc, the water six to ten inches deep. Many of the boys crossed on a foot log, but several of us waded across. Soon after crossing we went into camp. We had marched about thirty-three miles, and I was never so tired. I went to sleep where I stopped without thinking of eating or even of looking for a good place to lie down. About 3:30 the next morning we were on the march again. General Smith had gone toward Tupelo, and near there had intrenched his army and made ready for battle. Here on that hot and sultry day in July, 1864, the terrible battle of Harrisburg was fought.

This accurate account of that expedition to La Fayette, Ga., may be called "unwritten history." It was a trip of nearly a month's duration, of five hundred miles or over, very trying on the men and horses, and nothing accomplished. The experiences recited were common in similar ways to Forrest's Cavalry. The last two years of the war the Confederate government furnished guns, ammunition, and rations only when they could be had, the men furnishing everything else—clothing, horses, saddles, etc.—much of which was contributed by the enemy. Many a blue overcoat did we have dyed black, and we sometimes threw away an old blanket upon getting a better one. We would not have their sabers. We did not receive any pay from the government, nor did we have any tents; but with a pole, a couple of forks, blankets, and oil-cloths we could make "dog" tents that protected us from the severe weather. However, we did not use these except in the

event of rain or when very cold, preferring to sleep in the open air; and this, with coarse food and exercise, gave to many a delicate boy bone and muscle, health and strength. The only kind of rations ever issued to us was flour or meal and beef or bacon and salt. Sugar and coffee were unknown. Our only cooking utensils were frying pans, tin buckets or cans, tin cups. We made "good coffee" with parched meal. If we had bacon and flour, we fried the bacon and mixed the flour with the grease; if beef and flour, we used water. We sometimes had to wash the dirty rock salt broken up. We ate bacon raw most of the time, many preferring it that way, especially in winter. A strip of bacon, "streak of lean and streak of fat," was greatly enjoyed after a hard day's march. We had no plates, cups, saucers, spoons, knives, or forks, yet every man had a pocketknife. Occasionally some fortunate boy would have a tin pie pan. Our company officers fared just as we did. Sometimes we imagined that they had better at headquarters, but I doubt if they fared as well. We were better rustlers and at times had things not on the regular bill of fare, not issued by the commissary. Maj. J. Gwynn Thurmond, once our captain, often came to our mess for a meal. We sent for him if we had anything extra. When our wagons were up, we got along some better, as some of us had ovens.

There was little red tape in our command. Our officers were our friends and comrades. As officers they had our greatest respect and obedience. There never was a body of soldiers that obeyed orders and performed duties more faithfully than Forrest's command. Rarely was even a trivial order violated. Off duty we were equals; they were gentlemen, so were we. We had confidence in them and they in us, and this cordiality and friendship elevated and helped us, made us better soldiers and better men of officers and privates. W. C. Pirtle (we called him Will) was the second lieutenant of our company, a fine officer and the friend of every man in the company. Most of our officers did not believe in punishment for every little offense. On one of our marches there was some straggling, and before moving out one morning an order was passed down the line that it had to be stopped, and that any one caught out of column without permission would be punished. Major Thurmond was put in the rear to look out for stragglers.

About dinner time three of us left the column, taking a little road leading off to the left. We thought we had picked a good time, as the Major was not in sight. We rode briskly for over a mile, and were congratulating ourselves on how well we had maneuvered. We rode up to a house and asked if we could get dinner. The lady of the house said: "Yes; hitch your horses right there and go around to the barn and get feed." As we were unsaddling we looked down the road and saw the Major coming. We did not feel exactly easy, but went on as if unconscious of violating orders; and when he rode up, one of us said: "We'll bring feed for your horse, Major." Presently the lady came out and said it would be half an hour or more before dinner. The Major told her to take her time, that we would rest in the shade, and we went to sleep on the grass. For dinner we had bacon and greens, corn bread and buttermilk, and were treated as honored guests. Well do I remember the bright-eyed children standing around and their mother's good face beaming with hospitality and happy in seeing us enjoy the feast. She apologized for the delay. Her husband and brothers were in the army. We could not thank her enough. The Major said he was in-

debted to us for a good dinner. We loved him before and now we loved him more. He was killed at Yazoo City by a negro soldier whom he had ordered to surrender. The manner of his death and recovery of his body was very harrowing, and cast a gloom over the regiment. His brother, Frank Thurmond, was my chum and bunkmate, a lovable boy about a year my junior. I have not heard from him since the war.

We were always ready for sport. We had horse-racing and foot races; sometimes we had big snowball battles. We delighted to camp at Aberdeen, Miss., and to bathe in the Tombigbee River. Often I have seen hundreds of men in swimming with their horses. Tuscaloosa, Ala., was another favorite camping place. Here were nice shady woods and the Black Warrior to bathe in. When we went into camp at a new place, often we would find squirrels in the trees, and we were sure to get them, not by shooting; for no matter how large the tree or how tall, some one would climb it. If a rabbit got into camp, it would never get out. With three or four hundred boys after one, yelling and shouting, it would stop from sheer fright. When we had any fun on like this, some of the officers would become ringleaders.

We did not have uniforms. Among the officers there was some attempt to wear the Confederate gray, and the private did too if possible; but we were a motley crowd and wore whatever we could get. It mattered little about color, quality, or fit, and it was nothing uncommon for those who had been immaculate in their dress at home to be wearing pants several inches too short, without socks, shoes too large, and hats with holes in them. Our guns were all muzzle-loading, with different kinds in a company. The first gun I had was a double-barrel shotgun. I swapped it for a long Enfield rifle with which I was told that I could kill a Yankee a mile off. It was long and unwieldy, and I was glad to exchange it for a Sharpe rifle. They were little short breech-loaders, the first we had ever seen, and they were "dandies." After using them a while we exchanged them for short Enfield cavalry rifles, muzzle-loaders, and these we had when we surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865. We all had pistols. I had one that was issued to me by the government that looked as if it had been made in a country blacksmith's shop.

When we went into Memphis in August, 1864, Buck Teague, a member of our company, had lost his pistol in the great ride that we had just made, and I loaned him my Confederate navy six. He was one of the first of our men killed. I did not expect to see it again. The next day, however, Jack Gamble, of our company, said to me in his drawling tone: "O Charlie, didn't you lend Buck one of your pistols? I was on the infirmary corps; and when we found his body, I got your pistol." I thanked him, but he said he thought it was worth \$20 for saving it, and I gave him the money. Jack was a simple fellow and, according to his idea, it was all right. My other pistol was a contribution from a Yank of the 7th Illinois Cavalry Regiment on Christmas Day, 1863, near Somerville, Tenn. We did not have sabers. They were cumbersome and not so effective a weapon as the navy six. We dismounted and fought on foot on nearly all occasions. We could shoot better than on horseback and with not as much danger of being shot. The Johnnie on foot was a terror to the Yankee cavalryman. We met their infantry, with their polished guns with bayonets that we sometimes could see glistening in the sun, and held our ground. Occasionally we met under a flag of truce. They called us Johnnies, we called them Yanks, and we would talk and laugh as if we were not foes, although we expected that we might be shooting at each other soon.

We did a great deal of hard riding or marching, day or night, rain or shine. Sometimes we left our camp after dark and appeared next morning miles away where least expected. Sometimes we were in the saddle continuously for weeks. We were rough and ready riders, healthy and strong, and could endure all kinds of hardships, and our horses were the same way. General Forrest was always ready for a fight, and at any odds. He fought many battles, killed, wounded, and captured thousands of men; captured thousands of guns and ammunition, many pieces of artillery, hundreds of wagons, horses, mules, ambulances, clothing, provisions; tore up railroads, burned bridges, trestles, cars, engines, and much other property.

In November, 1864, General Forrest was ordered to join General Hood on his march into Middle Tennessee and take command of all the cavalry. We crossed the Tennessee River about the middle of the month, and the second day after leaving Florence, Ala., we met the Yankee cavalry, and then it was skirmishing and fighting every day, sometimes even into the night. In the first night's fight Cannon Justice, of Hall's Company, our regiment, had an eye shot out, and several others were wounded. As the cavalry led the advance, this work fell to them, and the way was stubbornly contested. At Fouché's Springs we had quite a sharp fight. There was a heavy snow on the ground and we were on foot. Here part of a regiment of Yankee cavalry that had been cut off rode through our skirmish line at a fast run without firing a gun and joined their command in front of us. We moved on, fighting every day.

The battle of Franklin was fought on November 30. It was one of the most desperate engagements of the war and a fatal blow to our army. The Federals were superior in numbers, behind fortifications and breastworks. The Southern troops charged across open fields in plain view of the enemy, and were mowed down like weeds. It might well have been called the field of blood. Hood's army lost in killed and wounded about 5,000 and the Federals about 2,500; and although they retreated that night, it was a dearly won victory. Many of the best and most able generals and other officers were killed or wounded. The spirit of the men was crushed.

Our army was in front of Nashville about the 2d of December. General Forrest was sent to Murfreesboro with part of his command. Hood's army had terrible experiences. The weather was very severe, raining and snowing every day, freezing and thawing, ice, snow, and water in the trenches, without shelter, and many without overcoats or blankets and with but scant and irregular rations. The suffering was indeed great. About the middle of December commenced the great battle of Nashville; and after two days' hard fighting against a force of fresh troops well armed and well fed fully three times as great, Hood's army was completely routed. It was very cold, still raining and snowing, the roads heavy with mud, the men suffering from hunger, cold, and exhaustion. Their clothing was ragged, often exposing the flesh. They looked like an army of tramps. Many were barefooted and had cut their feet on the ice and frozen ground, leaving blood marks in the snow. Hundreds of them whose feet had become sore and inflamed were hauled in the wagons, as were also some of the sick and wounded. The retreat was covered by the cavalry, fighting day and night, often hand-to-hand conflicts, the muskets used as clubs, the six-shooter against the saber, both sides displaying the greatest bravery and fearlessness. That Hood's entire army was not captured was due to the stubborn,

reckless, and desperate fighting of the cavalry. General Forrest with his command and some infantry that he had gathered up from various commands under General Walthall formed the rear guard and saved the army from destruction.

At last the Tennessee River was reached. There was a pontoon bridge, a frail-looking affair, as if it were nothing but inch boards laid on top of the water, the current being so strong that it was in the shape of a rainbow; yet all the command passed over safely, the cavalry being the last to cross. The bridge was cut loose from the north bank, the retreat was over, our endurance nearly exhausted, and we gave a sigh of relief.

The suffering and hardships endured by the soldiers on that retreat cannot be described. It stands without a parallel in history. It was the roughest, the severest, the hardest and most desperate fighting, the saddest and most pitiable, the bloodiest and most disastrous of the war to the Southern soldiers. The Army of Northern Virginia will recall the last days before Appomattox.

The foregoing tells in a feeble way of the life of the soldiers of Forrest's Cavalry in '63, '64, and '65. The brief account of the invasion of Middle Tennessee is related to portray the part performed by that great cavalry leader and his command in that memorable campaign.

PENSIVE IN THE HALL OF FAME.

BY COMRADE GEORGE N. EAKIN, ATLANTA, GA.

My itinerary, which covers a large section of the United States, brought me to Washington City, and as a day of recreation from my work I visited several points of interest in the city. Among them was the Hall of Fame in the Capitol, where stand the statues of many of our most illustrious patriots and statesmen. Entering alone, something seemed to say: "Tread lightly here and remove the covering from thy head, for the atmosphere within these walls is sacred. These forms stand as faithful guardians over the revered memories of souls, which by illustrious deeds of valor and words of wisdom fitly spoken have contributed material for the up-building and establishing of our great American republic, placing her in the forefront as the leading constellation in the galaxy of stars that picture the world's history of nations whose inspiration is from the omnipotent, living God and built upon a foundation the material of which is the teachings of his Son Jesus Christ himself."

These works (as it seemed) speaking to me, I passed quietly beneath and before these monuments of great interest, causing my soul to swell with pride and patriotic emotion as an American citizen. I came upon the statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Pausing for a moment, my thoughts assumed force in character to almost verbal expression as I would say: "Hail, my honored chieftain, Christian hero, and martyr patriot to a cause, although numbered among the lost, yet the principle of which lives in the hearts of this people and generations to come, a germ from which shall yet give vitality to principles and noble inspiration of action worthy of emulation by nations whose aspirations are limited only by access to the pinnacle of fame!" I felt like saying further to this representation of a character so honored by us all: "The last words I heard you speak were uttered at Appomattox, where with utmost sincerity of purpose, tearful eyes, and humiliating submission you advised us, your devoted followers, to return to loved ones and devote the remaining energies of life to loyal devotion to our government and to the restoration of the devastated homes and flowerbeds of our beautiful Southland."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE—A MYTH.

BY A VIRGINIAN, SHENANDOAH CHAPTER.

One pleasant morn in bright September,
A day we all have cause to remember,

A martial host climbed a mountain crest,
Pausing a moment there to rest;

Then faster descended, looking down
On the clustered spires of Fredericktown—

Looked down upon a valley that yields
Plenteous crops from its fertile fields.

Weary and footsore that early morn,
They hungrily gazed on the fruit and corn,

But hastened on to the tune of the band
That started the air, "My Maryland."

Then mountain and soldier took up the strain
And echoed "My Maryland" back again.

Brave and true and hopeful were they,
Inspired by their leaders, those boys in gray;

For they were commanded by Jackson and Lee—
More valiant generals ne'er could be.

Now, Barbara Frietchie was living there,
But history shows she did not care

For the tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldiers that day,
And the narrative should run another way.

Stonewall and his men by that route never came,
So they passed not the house of the good old dame.

And for them her flag was not unfurled,
Though this myth has been proclaimed to the world.

THE EAGLE.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

"Every year they're marching slower,
Every year they're stooping lower,
Every year the lilting music stirs the hearts of older men.
Every year the flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them
As if grieving for the future, when they'll never march again."

"PROVIDENCE SPRING" IN ANDERSONVILLE.—A correspondent for the VETERAN writes: "I have often wondered why the Lord would answer the prayers of prisoners at Andersonville for water when he paid no heed to the cry of the starving and freezing in the midst of plenty in the North. Truly 'he moves in a mysterious way.'"

Mrs. P. A. Cannon, 412 East Market Street, Decatur, Ala., writes: "I am the widow of William Cannon, who served in a Company B, raised at Athens, Ala., and I should like to hear from any of his comrades who could assist me in securing a pension. I am now old and in need."



"He is not dead, but has simply passed
Beyond the mists which blind us here
Into that serener, sublimer sphere
Where winding sheets are never woven
And funeral knells are never rung;
Blessed land beyond the sky,
To reach it we must die."

MAJ. FELIX C. McREYNOLDS.

A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 75, U. C. V., of Beaumont, Tex., passed resolutions upon the character of F. C. McReynolds from which extracts are made:

"Comrade F. C. McReynolds was born at Martinsville, Tenn., on September 16, 1835; and died in Beaumont, Tex., February 7, 1912. He first moved from Tennessee to Arkansas, engaging in the mercantile business at Fayetteville. Later on he moved to Jacksboro, Tex., then a frontier town, when Indian raids were of frequent occurrence. Young McReynolds displayed great courage and sagacity in the pursuit and chastisement of the redskins.

"In 1861 a call was made for volunteers. A company was organized at Jacksboro, and F. C. McReynolds was elected captain of the company. This company was assigned to Griffin's Battalion. Capt. F. C. McReynolds was promoted to the office of major, and with his command took part in the battle of Galveston, Tex., where he repeatedly charged the breastworks of the Federals, finally driving them from their position. The island was freed from the invader.

"In the battle of Calcasien Parish, La., on the 6th of May, 1864, Major McReynolds was in command of the infantry, and showed great gallantry and skill in maneuvering his men under a heavy fire from the Federal fleet. After this Griffin's and Speight's Battalions were merged, forming the 21st Texas Regiment, and Major McReynolds was made lieutenant colonel, serving in Louisiana and Arkansas the remainder of the war."

The Camp resolved that it has "lost one of its most worthy members and the city of Beaumont and county of Jefferson one of her best citizens. He was a devoted husband and father.

The committee was composed of C. H. McGill, T. J. Russell, T. W. Redman, and J. A. Brickhouse."

CAPT. GEORGE H. PACKWOOD.

Capt. George H. Packwood was born on his father's plantation, near St. Helena Parish, La., June 10, 1833, a son of William Packwood, who came from Connecticut and who was an early settler in that section. During his early boyhood his parents died, leaving him an only child. He was taken to Clinton, La., where his three aunts lived and were married. They cared for him until, in his early manhood, he secured employment in a mercantile store in which he proved his honesty and integrity which gave him a good start.

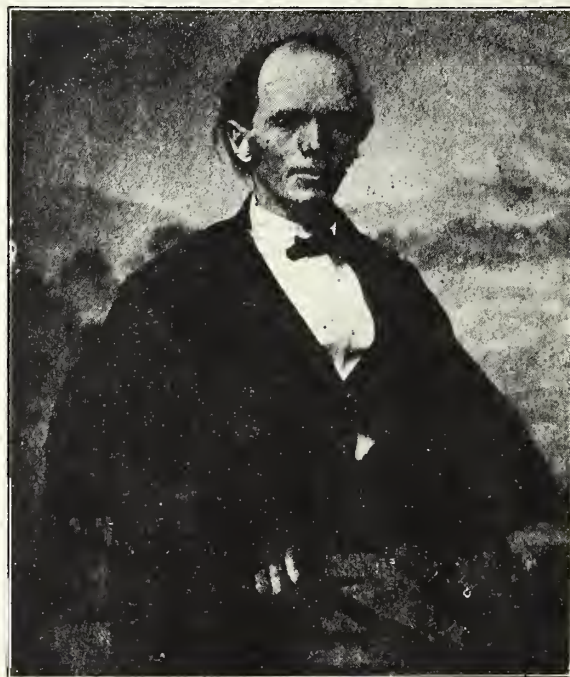
In the spring of 1862 he raised a company of soldiers and was elected captain, and the company became the Packwood Guards. It became a part of the 14th Louisiana Infantry, then at Vicksburg, Miss. The regiment was soon in the battle

of Baton Rouge on August 5, 1862, when he proved his ability as a commander. He was with his company and regiment in fortifying Port Hudson, La. The regiment was ordered from Port Hudson to intercept the Grierson Cavalry raid from Memphis, Tenn., and making for Baton Rouge, which they reached a few hours ahead of the regiment. It was then with the regiment in Mississippi in the rear of Vicksburg and in the siege at Jackson, Miss. After that his command was in the campaign from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, and on the 5th of August, 1863, he was captured while out on picket duty in front of Atlanta and was sent to Johnson's Island. He was kept in prison until the war ended. Returning home, he re-engaged in the mercantile business, in which he was very successful for a number of years.

He was married to Martha Ann Wheat on her father's plantation in St. Helena Parish, La., May 4, 1854. He was elected Commander of S. E. Hunter Camp, No. 1185, U. C. V., of Clinton, in 1889, and served until his death.

He was Major General Commander of the Louisiana Division, U. C. V., for one term, from 1900 to 1901. He attended all the State and national reunions for a number of years. He attended all the meetings of his Camp and never lost interest in the cause for which he fought. He was treasurer of the parish for a number of years, and was a member of the M. E. Church, in which he took a leading interest for years. He was a member of several fraternal orders. He is survived by his aged wife, two sons, three daughters, and three grandchildren.

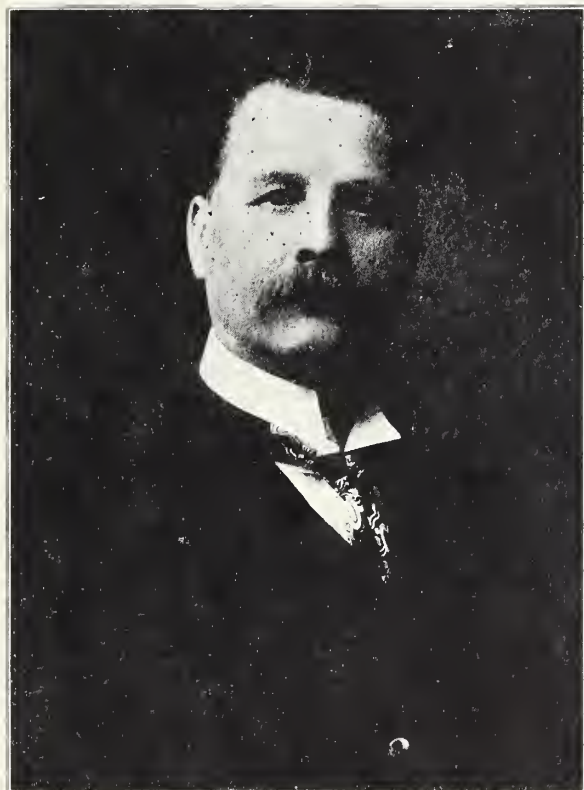
[Sketch written by John A. White, Clinton, La.]



REV. R. H. WHITEHEAD.

On July 23, 1912, Rev. R. H. Whitehead, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, answered the last roll call. He was born in Carroll County, Miss., in 1836, a son of Judge W. W. Whitehead, prominent in his county and State. His mother, Elizabeth Davis, was a relative of President Jefferson Davis. He had two brothers who served throughout the entire war—W. D., who was badly wounded and died in Florida in 1907, and E. M. Whitehead, now living in Denton, Tex.

R. H. Whitehead graduated in the literary course at the University of Mississippi in 1855 and in law in 1857. In 1861 he was ordained to preach by the Missionary Baptist Church. He was promptly appointed chaplain of the 20th Mississippi Regiment. In 1863 his health declined so much that he had to resign as chaplain. He went home and served Churches in Mississippi until 1875, when he moved to Texas. He remained there preaching until 1888, when he moved to Plant City, Fla., afterwards moving to Palmetto, where he died. He was an able expounder of the Scriptures.



LIEUT. W. F. BRITTAI.

William F. Brittain, of New York, died after a lingering illness at his home, 560 West 165th Street, July 20, and was buried at Athens, Ga., the place of his birth, in Oconee Cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. John D. Mell, assisted by one of Mr. Brittain's intimate friends, Capt. R. K. Reeves. A large number of mourning friends of Athens and adjacent sections attended the obsequies.

William F. Brittain was sixty-four years old. "Bill" Brittain, as he delighted in being called by his familiars, entered the University of Georgia at the age of fifteen, but soon abandoned his studies to join Lee's army in the War of the States, becoming a member of Carlton's Artillery, rapidly rising to the grade of first lieutenant through his wonderful daring as demonstrated when he swam the James River to convey an important message from Gen. E. Porter Alexander to Gen. Robert E. Lee.

At the close of hostilities he took a business course at the Poughkeepsie Commercial College, entered mercantile business in New York, and rose in a short time to a high position as a dry goods salesman for James H. Dunham & Co., formerly Dunham, Buckley & Co. In business he had a host of customers and friends, principally from the South, who yearly

looked forward with fond anticipations to their annual pilgrimage and to be with "Bill" Brittain. His place among his friends can never be filled.

Mr. Brittain was a member of the Georgia and Southern Societies as well as the Arkwright and Suburban Driving and Riding Clubs, the New York Drivers' Association, the Ocean Pond Hunting and Fishing Club, and other lesser ones. His fondness for blooded horses, particularly for driving, accounted for his membership in the latter.

He married rather late in life Miss Adele LaForge, of New York Huguenot stock, and maintained a delightful domestic establishment provided with comforts in becoming taste as to value and elegance. He died without owing a cent, but with thousands owing him.

William F. Brittain leaves a widow and a sister, Mrs. Sue Brittain Martin, wife of the dean of the faculty of Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.; also W. H. Brittain, State Superintendent M. L. Brittain, Mrs. Frank Weldon, and Frank Wright, all of Georgia. Lovable and just, energetic and brave, he passed away from loving friends like a man who had done his duty and was ready to go.

[From sketch by Jack Childers, New York.]

CAPT. GEORGE W. NARON.

Capt. George W. Naron was born in Coweta County, Ga., April 16, 1828, the third of nine children born to Thomas and Mary Naron, natives respectively of South Carolina and Kentucky. In 1833 they moved to Chambers County, Ala., which was then in the Creek Nation. The Indians at that time were not friendly with their white neighbors; and when a call was made for volunteers, Thomas Naron enlisted, leaving his wife and six children, although they were at the mercy of the natives.

In September, 1842, Thomas Naron and family moved to Mississippi, passing through Columbus, on the banks of the Tombigbee River, and crossing Big Black at Colonel Holland's. Crossing then a very sparsely settled country, he settled in the fork of Topashaw and Bear Creeks, called at that time "the Chickasaw strip," not subject to entry. Two years later they moved to what is now Little Rock, Ark., where in the same year (1844) Thomas Naron died. Mrs. Naron died two days later.

George W. Naron, the subject of this sketch, then quite young, became familiar with the duties of farm life. His educational advantages were in consequence very limited. He attended school but six months. He and his brother, with eighty other volunteers, left their Chickasaw home for Mexico. They walked to Greenwood, eighty miles, where they secured a small steamer that carried them to Vicksburg, where they took a large steamer to New Orleans. Yellow fever was raging there at the time. Three weeks passed before arrangements could be made for the voyage to the Rio Grande, which they ascended five hundred miles. They joined General Taylor's army and were in the battles of Monterey and Saltillo.

He then returned to Mississippi, and in 1849 he married Miss Mahala Few, a native of Morgan County, Ga. Mrs. Naron died June 11, 1890, the mother of seven children and a devoted member of the Baptist Church; also a member of a Masonic fraternity, Lodges 392 and 224, of Maben, Miss. In company with Senator N. B. Crawford he walked to his Mississippi home, where his wife and children struggled hard for a living during those trying times.

In 1875 Captain Naron began merchandising at Atlanta, Chickasaw County, Miss., where he made his home until he

moved to the growing little town of Maben, Miss., where he was very successful.

In April, 1862, George Naron enlisted under the Confederate banner in the 31st Mississippi Volunteers. He was elected second lieutenant of the company and later promoted to first lieutenant. After the battle of Baton Rouge he was promoted to captain. He was wounded three times. He was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Baker's Creek, and Jackson; then under Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, and Atlanta to Franklin and Nashville.

Captain Naron "crossed over the river" on March 1, 1911, in his eighty-third year. With Masonic honors he was laid in a tomb made large enough to contain him and his wife. A very large procession of Masons and Confederate comrades attended the funeral.

[From sketch by J. W. Allen, Maben, Miss.]

GEORGE A. RAKESTRAW.

George Anderson Rakestraw was born in Lexington, Ga., November 7, 1824. He was educated at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., and after graduation taught both in Alabama and Georgia, and meanwhile was preparing for the practice of law. On December 7, 1848, he was very happily married to Miss Rebecca Kirksey, of Talladega, Ala. In the early fifties they moved to Texas, settling in Anderson County, where Mr. Rakestraw again engaged in teaching. In 1858 he was made President of Fairfield Male Academy, which position he held until his admittance to the bar at Fairfield in 1860.

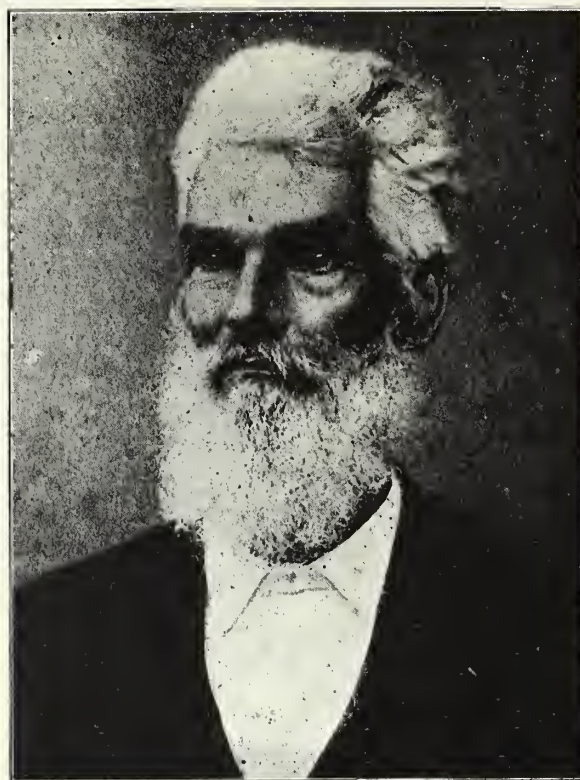
In response to his country's call in 1862 he enlisted in the army in Company G, 7th Texas Infantry; and although he was wounded nine times, the close of the war found him still at his post, true to every trust. He participated in the following battles: Raymond, Miss., Port Hudson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dug Gap (near Dalton, Ga.), Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta (two battles), Spring Hill, Tenn., and the Franklin carnage.

Returning home in 1865, he moved to his farm in Navarro County; but the devastation of war and the unsettled conditions in general prompted him to seek a more peaceful government, and in 1867 he went to Brazil. But liking neither the country nor the climate, he returned to his home in Navarro County, where he resided until his death, January 4, 1912. He was highly honored and respected by all who knew him, for he was a true Southern gentleman of the old school. His refined and elegant manners, courtly bearing, and cultured mind made him a fit representative of the real South which gave to the world the highest type of manhood it has ever known.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for over seventy-three years, and to the very last he took an active interest in all its affairs, being always ready for any post of service either in the Church or Sunday school. To the young people he was a friend and wise counselor. By word and deed he constantly planted seeds of truth and love in the minds and hearts of those whose lives came in touch with his. Much of the time for several years he had been an invalid, but children and grandchildren alike delighted in ministering to him, and the untiring devotion to his daughter, Mrs. Leta Fulton, who made her home with her father, was beautiful.

Though the day of his burial was bitter cold, a large crowd assembled to pay respect to this worthy friend and citizen. By the side of his wife, who had preceded him several years, loving hands laid the mortal body gently to rest.

Rare and lovely flowers hid the grave entirely from sight, their beauty and fragrance typifying the character of the man to whom they paid tribute in a life that knows no death.



GEORGE ANDERSON RAKESTRAW.

Mr. Rakestraw is survived by the following children, all of Texas: Mrs. C. W. Jester, Corsicana; Mrs. S. J. Clary, Sabinal; Mrs. Lem Starley, Tyler; Mrs. Lynn Davis, Corsicana; Mrs. Leta Fulton and Albert Rakestraw, Grape Creek.

REV. E. Z. SIMMONS.

Rev. E. Z. Simmons, a missionary to China, who died in San Francisco, Cal., on August 8, 1912, was a native Mississippian. He was born and reared near Corinth, and was sixty-seven years old. Early in the war he enlisted in Company H, 12th Mississippi Cavalry, and remained with the command until the close of the war. He was a gallant soldier.

After the war he became a minister of the Baptist Church. He was sent as a missionary to China, where he served his Church for forty years, returning to the United States every ten years. He was on his return to his old home when he was stricken, and died among strangers, except the presence of his wife, who was with him. He was a Christian gentleman.

[Sketch by D. J. Hyneman, of Corinth, Miss.]

CAPT. GEORGE COX.

Died at Corinth, Miss., on June 19, 1912, Capt. George Cox, aged seventy-four years. He was a native of Huntsville, Ala., but went to Mississippi in 1857 and resided in that State until his death. He was a perfect type of the old-time Southern gentleman and was well known to the traveling public as the proprietor of the Cox House at Corinth.

At the commencement of the war he enlisted in the 26th Mississippi Regiment, and served with it until the close of the war, coming out with the rank of captain. In the death of Captain Cox, Corinth has lost one of her best citizens.

JAMES REYNOLDS PICKETT.

James R. Pickett was born in Henry County, Ala., March 17, 1843, and was taken by his parents to Apalachicola, Fla., in 1845, arriving there on the child's birthday. The Irish citizens of the city were celebrating the day in honor of St. Patrick, but the two-year-old youngster thought it was in honor of his birthday.

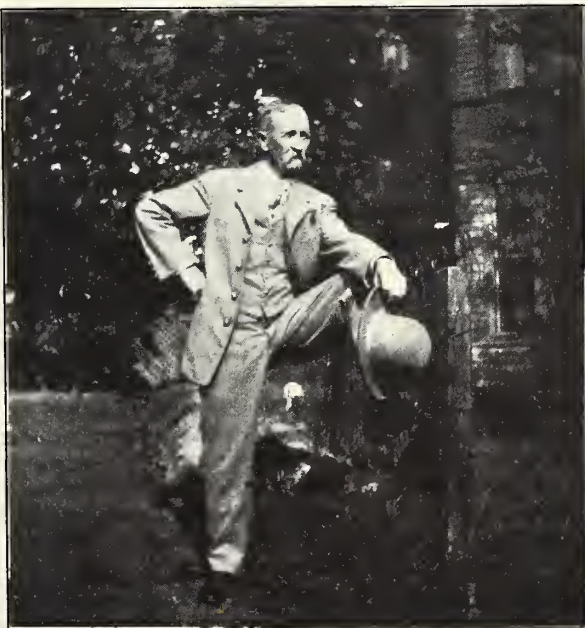
James Pickett enlisted in Company E, 2d Florida Cavalry, on May 8, 1862, under Captain Blocker. He was transferred to Houston's artillery company late in 1863, and after about a year's service with that company he was transferred to the navy and ordered to Wilmington, N. C. The struggle was over and Lee had surrendered before he could reach Wilmington. He was in the battles of Natural Bridge and Olustee, Fla. He was faithful to all the duties of his soldiery, was never sick a day in camp, always answered roll call, and was always ready for duty.

He was never paroled and never took the oath of allegiance, yet he made one of the best of citizens. He was a fearless and competent seaman, and after returning home from the war he shipped on a bark bound for Liverpool. While in mid-Atlantic fire broke out in the cotton and the ship was burned. A vessel saved the crew and landed them at Quebec, Canada, where he stayed for some time, working and studying navigation, and he returned to Apalachicola with a certificate as navigator of the deep sea. After his marriage, in July, 1869, he was made a pilot, and was still engaged in this occupation on the Gulf of Mexico when he was taken with his last sickness. His death occurred at Carrabelle, Fla., on July 5, 1912. Surviving him are his wife, five daughters, and a son.

[Sketch by his comrade, J. R. Blocker, of Carrabelle, Fla.]

GEORGE NASH TRUSS.

George Nash Truss was born March 21, 1839, at Trussville, Jefferson County, Ala. When but a lad his father, Warren Truss, moved to Mississippi, but on account of the climate disagreeing with his family he retraced his steps and located in Lincoln, Ala. When a young man "Nash," as his friends called him, went to Talladega, Ala., to live, and he there en-



GEORGE N. TRUSS.

listed as a private in the Confederate army June 4, 1861, with Company E, 10th Alabama Regiment. The regiment served in Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, A. N. V.

He, together with James Dye and W. W. Draper, joined the Jeff Davis Bluecoats, and were soon at the front with General Lee, through the defeats and victories of C. M. Wilcox, whose brigade has the credit of reaching high-water mark in the great battle of Gettysburg. He was shot down five times, was sent to the hospital at Richmond three times, to the hospital at Lynchburg once, and the other time he went home.

When discharged from the hospital, he joined his command at Orange C. H., Va. He was promoted to commissary sergeant and captured in the battle of Reams Station; but the enemy could not hold him, being recaptured by his forces a few hours after falling into their hands. Following are the battles in which he was wounded: Gaines's Mill, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Reams Station.

He was in the battle of Seven Pines, Drainsville, and several others (detached service). He was in the hospital during the siege of Petersburg. His brother, Milton Truss, who was a boy of nineteen and a member of the sharpshooters' corps, lost his life there. Two other brothers, Thomas Fielding and Samuel W. Truss, were in the war, but survived it. S. W. Truss was sent from Gettysburg to Fort Delaware, where he almost starved to death; but he lived to be an old man.

Nash Truss was never discharged nor paroled, being at home with a broken leg at the close of hostilities. The first year after the close of the war he lived in Selma, Ala. From there he went to Utah and through the entire West, being gone two years. He then located at White Station, Shelby County, Tenn., near Memphis, where he lived until 1889, when he moved to Jackson, Tenn. That was his home afterwards. He was a good citizen, a genial gentleman, a happy Christian, a good husband, and a proud father. He was a member of the First Baptist Church, a Knight of Honor, and a member of Knights and Ladies of Honor. He was an active member of the John Ingram Bivouac and Southern Cross Drill Corps of Jackson. He loved his old comrades and was zealous for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of which his daughter is a member. He requested to be "laid away in his uniform by the boys in gray" and that a notice be sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the magazine he dearly loved and for which he pleaded with comrades to subscribe. He was laid away in a gray casket, his head resting on the Confederate flag. Among the songs sung by the Confederate Choir was "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and Capt. A. B. Jones, former Chaplain of the Bivouac, conducted the impressive service.

He leaves a wife, one daughter (Mrs. J. W. Weis, of Jackson, Tenn.), one sister (Mrs. Jim Howard, of Byhalia, Miss.), and two brothers (Felix W. Truss, of Memphis, Tenn., and Alden P. Truss, of Meridian, Miss.).

TOMLINSON FORT NEWELL.

Capt. T. F. Newell was born in 1838 and lived for nearly seventy years in the same residence in Milledgeville, Ga. He died at Tate Springs, Tenn., August 7, 1912. He graduated at Oglethorpe University, and was a roommate and intimate companion of Sidney Lanier, the poet. Afterwards he graduated in law from the State University at Athens, taking his degree under Judge Howell Cobb, immediately before the outbreak of the War of the States.

He was among the first to enlist, and went out as a lieutenant in the 45th Georgia Infantry. When his captain, Conn,

was killed in battle, he succeeded to the command of the company. His regiment was in Thomas's Brigade, A. P. Hill's division, and Stonewall Jackson's corps. He was in all the great battles of his command. At Chancellorsville he was wounded in the knee.

During the second day's fight at Gettysburg he received a wound which necessitated the amputation of his left foot. In this condition he was left on the battle field and was taken prisoner. For seventeen months he was at Forts McHenry and Delaware. He was exchanged and arrived at Milledgeville just before the entrance of Sherman on his march to the sea. He was of a family of eight just before the war, and within a year after its close only himself and his eldest sister survived. This sister, now Mrs. Mary McCorkle, is known throughout Georgia as "Big Auntie."

Captain Newell was the Mayor of the old State capital in Reconstruction times. For a time he practiced law, but later gave his time to his large plantations in Central and South Georgia. In 1868 he married Ann Lane Colquitt, daughter of Gen. Alfred H. Colquitt, for many years Governor and United States Senator. She died in 1898.

Captain Newell was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1877. He was for years President of the Board of Trustees of the State Sanitarium. He also served as one of the first trustees of the Girls' Normal and Industrial College. He was for thirty years a steward of the Milledgeville Methodist Church.

Surviving Captain Newell are the following children: Alfred C. Newell, of Atlanta; Capt. Isaac Newell, United States army, now stationed at West Point, N. Y.; Tomlinson F. Newell, Jr., of Atlanta; Fred T. Newell, of Albany, Ga.; Miss Mary Newell, of Columbus, Ga.; Mrs. William Schultz, of Washington, D. C.; and Miss Colquitt Newell, now taking postgraduate work at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.

WYTHE BANE GRAHAM.

Wythe Bane Graham was born in Wythe County, Va., February 21, 1840; and died at his beautiful home in that county on March 12, 1912. His father, John Crockett Graham, was a prominent and well-to-do farmer of Wythe County, and his mother was before her marriage Jane Bane, of Giles County. The Gramhams and the Banes are sturdy stock, and have long stood in Southwest Virginia for the best in high character and worthy citizenship.

Mr. Graham's early education was acquired in private schools near his home. Later he was sent to Draper's Valley, where he was under the tutelage of Rev. George Painter and Rev. George D. Hudson; and then he attended a school at Newbern, Va., taught by Profs. James A. McNutt and Charles Heuser. Following this he entered Emory and Henry College, where he had almost completed the studies of the junior year when the War of the States broke out and the college was disbanded. During all of his school life he was a diligent student and held the confidence and esteem of his teachers by his upright demeanor and his devotion to his work. He was not during his youth very robust in health, but possessed the power of endurance, and with clear intellect and quiet force he took rank with the best and brightest in his class. In after years he liked to talk about his college associates, particularly those of his fellow students who attained distinction in the course. He regarded the late lamented Capt. Charles E. Vawter and his brother, James E. Vawter, as perhaps the most gifted students at the college in his day. All three of these young men promptly answered their country's

call to arms and have since answered the final summons and gone to join the innumerable hosts beyond the great divide. James Vawter, while still scarcely more than a mere youth, was killed in battle. Charles Vawter and Wythe Graham were spared for many years of usefulness to their generation.

Mr. Graham enlisted as a private in Company A, 8th Virginia Cavalry, on July 20, 1861. The commanding officer of this company was Capt. John H. Thompson, who had been a soldier in the Mexican War. Prof. William E. Peters, then a member of the faculty at Emory and Henry College and subsequently for many years professor of Latin at the University of Virginia, was first lieutenant, and John P. Sheffey, afterwards a prominent lawyer and judge of Marion, Va., was the second lieutenant.

As a soldier Mr. Graham measured up fully to the highest type of the Southern volunteer. With him the service was a matter of principle and of duty, and he was never false to either. Having come under the observation of Gen. William Edmondson Jones, a distinguished officer who later lost his life in battle near Staunton, Va., Mr. Graham was by General Jones recommended for appointment as adjutant of the 8th Virginia Cavalry, and received appointment as such on the 20th of June, 1864. This appointment, signed by James A. Sedden, the able Secretary of War of the Confederate States, is preserved among the private papers of



W. B. GRAHAM.

Mr. Graham at his late home, near Max Meadows, Va. Previous to his appointment as adjutant of his regiment he had served for some time on the staff of Col. William E. Peters.

Mr. Graham was twice wounded, the first time seriously, the second time slightly but painfully. On September 4, 1864, in a regular cavalry engagement at Bunker Hill, ten miles east of Winchester, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson commanding, Mr. Graham received a very serious and severe bullet wound, the bullet passing through his leg into the horse he was riding. He was taken to the home of a Mrs. Hollinsworth, in or near Winchester, where he was very kindly treated. As soon as he was able to travel he went home upon a three months' furlough, which dated from September 4 to December 4, 1864. With this exception, he was never absent from his command during the four years of the war. Upon another occasion he was struck on the foot by a spent bullet, which caused him a great deal of pain long afterwards, although the wound when inflicted was not serious. Several times he very narrowly escaped capture by the enemy. He was with General Munford at Five Forks on the last day's fighting, which, so far as General Lee's army was concerned, was the last pitched battle of the war.

His love for the cause for which he thus bled and suffered and to which he gave four years of hard service never abated. To the end of his long and useful life he retained the keenest interest in everything that related to the history of the strug-

gle, and was a frequent attendant upon the Confederate Reunions. Few men could converse more intelligently or more entertainingly than he upon any phase of this the greatest conflict in history. The writer of this paper recalls with affectionate and grateful remembrance many of Mr. Graham's delightful talks upon men and measures and events connected with the war. The failure to record here more of the latter's own part in the great struggle is due to his unaffected but unyielding modesty which made it practically impossible to elicit from him any detailed narration of his own achievements. But, after all, it was in the private walks of life and in times of peace that Mr. Graham's greatest work was done. A gallant soldier is generally a true man. A hero in war is usually a hero in peace. Such was true of him.

Going back to his home after the war was over, he settled upon a part of the farm on which he was born, and remained there until the time of his death. During this nearly half a century, as nearly perhaps as mortals ever do, he wore "the white flower of a blameless life." In habits he was strictly temperate; in business he was scrupulously honest, unremittingly diligent, conspicuously clear in judgment, and abundantly successful. In his intercourse with his neighbors he was generous and just, always a help and benediction to his community. In matters of public concern, involving the interests of his local community or of his State or nation, he always had definite and decided views which he expressed on all proper occasions with a directness and positiveness which left no room for doubt as to his position. His very nature revolted at everything that smacked of sham or pretense either in public or private life, and a demagogue in politics was his "pet aversion."

His standing among those who had known him best was well described in a letter to his son, Mr. Zeb Graham, written by Mr. William V. Wilson, Jr., of Lynchburg, on the next day after Mr. Graham's death. Mr. Wilson said: "I feel a personal loss in his death, as I always admired his sterling qualities and was very proud of being considered one of his friends. My father was exceedingly fond of him, and would often refer to the fact that 'Wythe Graham was a man whose word was never doubted and whose integrity was never questioned.'"

Mr. Wilson's father, the late Rev. William V. Wilson, was for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with which Mr. Graham affiliated and of which he afterwards became an active and useful member. The many hundreds of people in Southwest Virginia and elsewhere who knew Mr. Wilson, Sr., and who know Mr. Wilson, Jr., will recognize in the brief quotation above a tribute of more than ordinary import.

Mr. Graham was married in May, 1869, to Miss Jennie Gwyn, of North Carolina. She and two children, Mr. Zeb Graham and Miss Mary Graham, survive him. In addition to the rich heritage of a good name, he leaves to these devoted survivors a fine estate, the fruit of his honesty, industry, and business acumen.

He had no brothers. His only sister is still living at Marion, Va., the wife of Capt. D. D. Hull, a prominent and successful business man, who was a gallant soldier and officer in the Confederate army.

In religious preference Mr. Graham was a Presbyterian. He was always a liberal supporter of the Church, and for some years prior to his death he was an active and exceedingly useful member. His work as teacher of a splendid Bible class in the Sunday school was especially noteworthy. Here,

as in the other varied relationships which he sustained to those around him, he will be sadly missed.

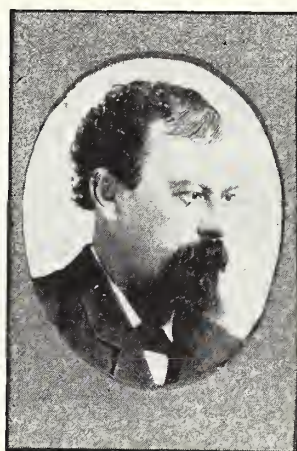
He was buried in the family cemetery upon a beautiful knoll in sight of the home where he had lived so long. The remains were followed to their last resting place by a large assembly of admirers and friends from almost all walks of life, attesting the wide and general esteem in which he was held. These and many others who knew him will long deplore the loss of this good man whose place will be so hard to fill, and they and many who come after them will treasure his memory and will be made better and stronger by his example.

[From a sketch by Judge Joseph L. Kelly, of Bristol, Va.]

CAPT. JAMES P. COOPER.

[From resolutions passed in his honor by Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, Tenn.]

James P. Cooper was born March 13, 1842, and reared at Paris, Tenn. He enlisted in Company F, 5th Tennessee In-



CAPT. J. P. COOPER.

fantry, May 20, 1861, and was elected second lieutenant, afterwards being promoted to first lieutenant. In May, 1862, at the reorganization of the army, Companies F and H were consolidated, at which time Lieutenant Cooper was elected captain of the consolidated companies, which he commanded with pride, always being at his post and when in action on the firing line. At Perryville, Ky., October 2, 1862, he was severely wounded and captured, and was in prison until 1863, when he was ex-

changed. Returning to the army, he joined a company of cavalry, in which he served until the close of the war.

Notwithstanding his great affliction and suffering for more than two years before his death, his interest in his comrades never failed, and especially that for Fitzgerald Camp, of which he was Lieutenant Commander. Shortly before his death he went to Memphis for treatment, but on July 20, 1912, his spirit went to the God who gave it, and his body was returned to Paris for burial.

Captain Cooper became a Christian soon after the war, and continued zealous during the rest of his life. As a citizen he was an example, as a soldier brave and true, and in his domestic life he was kind and affectionate and beloved by comrades and friends.

MRS. LIDIA C. MITCHELL.

Joseph W. Ellis writes from Ozan, Ark: "In June, 1912, Mrs. Lidia Carlock Mitchell died at Belton, Hempstead County, Ark., in her eighty-ninth year. She was the mother of Ben. H. Mitchell, of Company E, 4th Arkansas Infantry, who was a brave and true soldier. He was in the battles of Pea Ridge and Cross Hollows, in North Arkansas, in 1862, and lost his life in the hospital at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1862. His patriotism and gallantry as a Confederate soldier are cherished. His parents came from Tennessee before the war. The father, Samuel T. Mitchell, died here some twenty years ago."

CAPT. HENRY MARTIN STRINGFELLOW.

Henry M. Stringfellow answered the last roll call on the 17th of June, 1912, in the seventy-fourth year of a well-spent life, at his home in Fayetteville, Ark. He was born at Winchester, Va., in 1839, the son of Rev. Horace Stringfellow and Harriet Strothers, attended the Episcopal High School, and graduated from William and Mary College in 1858. He later attended the Virginia Theological Seminary, at Alexandria, from 1859 to 1861, receiving his degree from this institution about the beginning of the War of the States. He immediately entered the Confederate service as a private, afterwards becoming a captain and serving in the ordnance department. He was under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Peninsula Campaign and around Richmond in 1862. He went to Texas with General Magruder and was in the battle of Galveston. On December 16, 1863, while still in the service, he was married to Miss Alice, daughter of Dr. J. R. Johnston, of Seguin, Tex.

After the war he studied law for several years, but never practiced. He was inclined toward horticulture, and in this he was eminently successful, having been a pioneer in this department of science, demonstrating its possibilities on the Gulf Coast. He planted the first pear orchard in 1882 and the first Satsuma orange orchard two years later at Hitchcock. To visit these he invited the members of the American Pomological Society in session at Austin in 1890, and the members attended in a body. He was a member of the Texas Farmers' Congress and all of the State horticultural societies. In the latter organizations he became quite prominent, having published a book on the subject. His "The New Horticulture" was published in several languages and became widely circulated. Mr. Stringfellow generously gave away the copyrights, both foreign and domestic, never having received a dollar of royalty for them.

In 1899 Captain Stringfellow went to Lampasas, Tex., where he lived for ten years, contributing largely to the horticultural interests of that section. On account of his wife's health he removed to Fayetteville, Ark., in 1909, but his own health failed, which put an end to his horticultural pursuits. He built an elegant home there, spending his last days surrounded by every comfort and attended by his affectionate wife and daughter.

Discarding the garb of the clergy, for which he was educated, Captain Stringfellow buckled on the sword in defense of his native land, and as a captain of ordnance he played a creditable part in the service of the Confederacy. Being a fine draftsman, he drew the plan for the Merrimac's construction into an iron-clad after she was raised, for which he received honorable mention and many compliments. Wherever he lived he was known as one of the most public-spirited, generous, progressive, and enterprising citizens, contributing largely to every effort at civic betterment and public welfare. In charity there are hundreds that can call him blessed. A kind and indulgent husband and father, a generous friend, he deserves to live in the memory of those who knew him. Besides his wife, he is survived by his daughter (Mrs. James J. Read, of Fayetteville), a sister (Mrs. Gilliam, of St. Louis, Mo.), and relatives in Virginia.

General Magruder in his report of the battle of Galveston states that Lieutenants Stringfellow, Jones, and Hill behaved with remarkable gallantry during the engagement, each of them volunteering to take charge of guns after the officers originally in charge had been wounded, and he designated Lieutenant Stringfellow to be promoted to captain.

MRS. GEORGE W. NELMS.

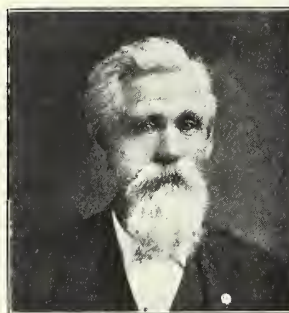
Resolutions have been passed by the J. E. B. Stuart Camp in honor of Mrs. George W. Nelms in which they extend to Comrade Nelms their heartfelt sympathy in his great bereavement and express their "own deep sense of loss in the death of one who gave so freely of her heart and life to perpetuate and maintain the sentiments and ideals of the dear old Southland." They further earnestly commend to all Daughters of the Confederacy her devotion to the veterans, their widows, and the cause for which they fought.

The committee was composed of George N. Wise (Commandant), W. E. Thomas, and T. C. Darst.

[Sent by George B. McCorkle, Adjutant.]

BENJAMIN WALKER.

Comrade Benjamin Walker, a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 401, U. C. V., was born February 18, 1835, in Upson County, Ga., near Thomaston; and died at his home in Alexander City, Ala., August 9, 1911. He was the son of Benjamin Walker, Sr., and Elizabeth Swinney Walker, deceased. He was ever an ardent Southerner. He was educated in the public schools and at Mercer University, Ga., whence he graduated with honor in 1855.



BENJAMIN WALKER.

Comrade Walker was happily married to Miss Myra Russell, daughter of Rev. T. J. Russell, of Tallapoosa County, Ala., June 20, 1858, which union was blessed with seven children. The devoted wife and five children survive him. Early after their marriage they moved to Alabama and settled near the Tallapoosa River at Island Home in 1860. He was always devoted to his native Georgia and ever cherished the memory of her great sons who had an open passport to his home.

He was from his youth a member of the Baptist Church and a staunch Democrat. He volunteered and reported for duty at the Confederate camp at Auburn in 1861; but owing to physical disability from birth he was not mustered into active service, but served his Southland in civil capacity with fervor and efficiency throughout the four years of carnage and trial.

He was a true patriot, a good citizen, a successful planter, a devoted husband and father, and a Christian gentleman. He was never more happy than when entertaining his friends. He was a scholarly man and a Southerner of the old school. He never quite forgave the despoilers of his Southland. His expressed wish that the stars and bars might be his shroud was carried out by the Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C.

MRS. MATTIE McF. THOMAS.

Mrs. Mattie McFarland Thomas died August 6, 1912, at her residence in Rossville, Ga. She had been in ill health for several years. The death of Mrs. Thomas, who was a most beloved resident of Rossville, leaves sorrow in the hearts of a wide circle of friends. She was truly a good woman of high Christian character, and her life was a fine example to every one with whom she came in contact.

She is survived by a sister (Mrs. James Morrison) and two brothers (J. A. and T. F. McFarland). The funeral was held from the residence at Rossville, conducted by Bishop

James Atkins, assisted by Rev. John Wesley Smith, and the interment was at Forest Hills Cemetery.

The Editor of the *VETERAN* would pay personal tribute to this noble woman as a personal and family friend for many years. She was devoted to her family, especially her venerable father, who was an intimate social and political friend of Alexander H. Stephens.

In a letter of October 15, 1906, Mrs. Thomas wrote: "If I were only my young self again, I could do so much for the *VETERAN*." In October, 1911, she mailed a letter with another of October, 1906, when she wrote: "Tell me all about yourself, how the world goes with you. I read the outer part, but you know I'm an ever-abiding friend, the truest of friends on whom you can depend for sympathy like a son clinging to his mother. You have always been that way to me, and you must not forget it. I was a born mother without a child, and, thank God, many of his children have found me helping to hold up their arms. * * * Please do not tell me you are selfish enough to wish your dear brilliant boy with you. It seems such a superlative happiness for him to be with his pure, grand, sainted mother."

In the same letter she wrote of her own mother, whose place she had to take early with several younger children: "My mother was so young (aged thirty-two), so bright, so very beautiful, and gave her life to 'the cause.' In giving several rooms of her home for a hospital she contracted camp fever while administering to our soldiers, and thus we became motherless."

Mrs. Thomas's father, Hon. Thomas G. McFarland, owned and occupied the John Ross house, with additions that he made, in Ross's Gap, one of the most famous places on the battle field of Chickamauga.



MARK W. SEARCY.

The life of Mark W. Searcy was an example of the heights to which human nature may attain, for few men live up to a higher standard. His rare personality radiated sunshine and he merited this saying: "You always felt better for knowing and seeing him." He was of French Huguenot ancestry of South Carolina and was born in Cross County, Ark., near Wittsburg, on February 6, 1841.

Mr. Searcy was preparing to enter Chapel Hill University, North Carolina, when the call to arms came, and he spent the four years in active service for the honor of the South. Mr. Searcy's career as a soldier is of interest to others than his intimate friends and family, for during the four years of his enlistment valuable service is recorded. He enlisted in the 5th Arkansas Regiment on April 30, 1861, and was identified with Sanders's Battalion, serving under General Van Dorn. Throughout the Carolinas and Georgia he was with General Hood and Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. At the close of the war Mr. Searcy returned to Memphis, becoming identified with the life of the place. In 1874 he was married to Miss Mary A. Rice, of Memphis.

For a few years Mr. Searcy lived in Helena, Ark. He was one of the pioneer cotton men, and it was through his ability and progressive spirit that Helena was opened as a cotton port. At that time the cotton business was only local.

He was indeed a true gentleman of the old stock, whose refinement and sweetness of nature was rare in the extreme, and he leaves a place that no one else can fill. He was a man of force and fixedness of purpose, never faltering as to his position; a man whose intellectual tastes predominated. He was always interested in uplifting; and although a man of no wealth, many instances are known where he gave modestly and in an altruistic spirit the material help toward education and its practical application.

On the 25th of July, 1912, he passed away at his home in Memphis. He was laid to rest beside his three children in Maple Hill Cemetery at Helena, Ark. He is survived by his wife and three children, Elizabeth, Marguerite, and Albert.

A friend has said: "Never was a husband and father more honored and loved than was he." A comrade said: "His name, memory, and manifold virtues have been enshrined in the hearts of his friends, and as long as they live he will be sweetly remembered."

Surely the angel could record him as one who loved his fellow man. In Helena and Memphis he was honored.

Comrade R. M. Hubbell, of Fort Collins, Colo., who sent the foregoing, writes: "From the beginning of hostilities in Missouri until the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina I was an active participant in trials that proved the heroism of men in all the emergencies of war, and can truly say that none of my companions in arms exhibited more qualities of excellence than my dear departed friend, Mark Searcy. For three long years we were side by side on the march, in camp, and in bloody encounters, and I always found him the bright, courageous comrade, cheering us by word and example to endure hardships, privations, and dangers unknown in any previous struggle. I consider it an honor to have been his friend. Love and peace to his memory."

CAPT. HUGH HARVEY HANNA.

Capt. Hugh H. Hanna died at Ozan, Ark., in May, 1912, in his eighty-fourth year. He went to Hempstead County, Ark., from South Carolina in 1857, and served throughout the war in an Arkansas regiment, rising to the rank of captain of infantry. No truer patriot or soldier served his country.

DEATHS IN CAMP PLEMONS AT AMARILLO, TEX.

Three members were lost to Camp Plemons, Amarillo, Tex., during the past year. They were: A. G. Brice, of the 18th Texas Regiment; J. H. McDowell, Captain Company K, 5th South Carolina Regiment; and Mell Thompson, of the 7th Texas Cavalry.

HERBERT TEMPLE NASH.

Herbert T. Nash, familiarly known as "Jerry" Nash, was born in San Augustine, Tex., in 1840. He moved to Kaufman County and settled near the town of Kaufman at an early day. He lived with his father until the war commenced, when he joined the Confederate army, and was fourth corporal in Company A, 6th Texas Cavalry Regiment. On September 10, 1861, the regiment joined McCulloch's army at Carthage, Mo. Their first fight was with the Indians at Opothloholah and the next at Elkhorn. The regiment was then dismounted and transferred to the Army of Tennessee at Corinth, and was in the Farmington, Iuka, and Corinth battles. It was then remounted and Jerry Nash was sent to Texas to get the horses for his company, which he did. Following this the command continued fighting in front of Grant, and was next in the raid that went to his rear and captured his army supplies, forcing him to fall back to Memphis.

After the fights at Davis's Mills and Middlesburg, the command was ordered to Middle Tennessee, where it fought at Thompson's Station and about Franklin. It was sent back to Mississippi near Vicksburg. It fought at Raymond, Miss., and did much skirmishing in that section pending the siege of Vicksburg, and from there engaged Sherman from Vicksburg to Meridian and back to Vicksburg, and was in a fight at Yazoo City. The command was then transferred to North Alabama, joined Johnston's army at Rome, Ga., and was in the fighting from there to Jonesboro on the Johnston-Sherman campaign in Georgia. Afterwards it was in Hood's campaign, fighting at Murfreesboro, Franklin, and on the retreat was in a continual fight from Nashville to Florence, Ala. It was then sent back to the vicinity of Vicksburg, where the command surrendered.

Comrade Nash at that time was second sergeant of his company. He was frequently detailed with the scouts and many times was in close places. He was always at his post, yet, strange to say, he was never wounded. When the troops were surrendering, a group of four, composed of Jerry Nash, Jack Phillips, Joe Hardin, and John West, determined not to surrender; and believing that the war would continue west of the Mississippi River, they ran the gauntlet, crossed the Mississippi (then flooded) in a skiff, and made their way to Monroe, La., and from there on to Texas.

Comrade Nash was a man of noble impulses and so courageous that he was apparently indifferent to his own safety, but was always interested in the welfare of his comrades, and whatever he possessed was as freely theirs as his own.

Comrade Nash died suddenly at his home in Kaufman, Tex., March 26, 1912, at the age of seventy-one years. He had accumulated considerable property, and was ever liberal in distributing to those in need. Two sons and a daughter survive him, W. T. and J. A. Nash and Mrs. James Young. Mr. Young is a member of Congress from Texas. The descendants of this noble man are of the same material, and their lives daily exemplify that truth.

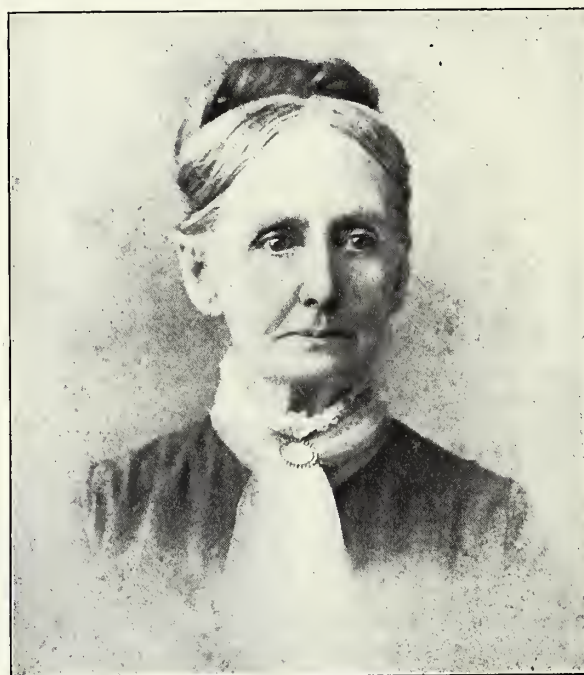
[Sketch by J. W. Hardin, of Terrell, Tex.]

MRS. ANNE J. HAMILL.

Mrs. Anne J. Hamill, who died at Cullman, Ala., on August 29, 1912, was born near Elberton, Ga., October 2, 1819. Her last illness extended through several weeks and was due chiefly to the weakness of extreme old age, as she was ninety-three at her death. In her twenty-fourth year she was married to Rev. Edward J. Hamill, of the Alabama Conference. Her father was Col. Holman F. Simmons, of

Talladega County, a prominent planter and contractor, who died in 1870 at her home in Auburn, and is interred there.

Her mother's maiden name was Sarah Burns, a lineal descendant of the poet Robert Burns, of Scotland. Upon her father's side she came of Revolutionary stock, two of her



MRS. A. J. HAMILL.

great-uncles being officers in the War of the Revolution. Governors Pickens and Bibb of Alabama, of the earlier Governors of the State, were her kinsmen. Of the ten brothers and sisters who composed the family, the youngest sister, Mrs. Capt. Terry Saxon, of Texas, alone survives. Her husband, a prominent preacher for many years in Alabama and the West, died in 1891, and was buried at Marshall, Ill.

Mrs. Hamill was the mother of eight children, in the order of age as follows: Edward, a noted physician, the chief medical inspector of the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., who died in 1910; Dr. Howard M. Hamill, who has charge of the Sunday school training work of the M. E. Church, South, and is chairman of the chief committee of the International Sunday School Association; Chalmers F. Hamill, who was State senator at the time of his death at Birmingham; George Gordon Hamill, who died in childhood at Auburn during the War of the States; Albert Sidney Hamill, who died when a college student, and is buried at Blountsville; Mrs. Julia Gillespie, editor of the Cullman Tribune; Robert Emmett Hamill, General Attorney of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Cincinnati, who died in 1899, and is buried by the side of his father at Marshall, Ill.

An infant daughter, Mary, the third child, had died and was buried at Marion, Ala., during the pastorate of Rev. E. H. Hamill at that place. The two surviving children, Dr. H. M. Hamill and Mrs. Gillespie, were present at the funeral, together with the following-named grandchildren: Judge E. N. Hamill and wife, of Birmingham, and his sisters, Misses Gertrude and Annabel Hamill, and Mrs. Sidney T. Morrow, of Nebo, Ky., with her little son, the great-grandchild. Other relatives, on account of great distance, could not arrive in time.

Mrs. Hamill was a graduate of the old Lagrange (Ga.) College at a time when Dr. (afterwards Bishop) George F. Pierce was President. Her father was wealthy and her social position was distinguished, yet she left it all to marry a Methodist preacher upon a small salary and with the hardships and limitations of a circuit preacher's life. She knew both the shadows and lights of the humble parsonage, and was a noble helpmeet to her husband, as thousands of saints, now mostly with her in heaven, could testify. She was a great reader and notable scholar, choosing always the nobler classics for her study and reading. She learned French after her eightieth year, and was conversant with the finer literature of several languages. She was keenly alive to current events, political, commercial, educational, and otherwise, and was a student and admirer and partisan of such men as Gov. Woodrow Wilson, candidate for the presidency, and especially William J. Bryan, whom she knew and greatly esteemed. No purer nor abler mind could be found among the women of the South in these respects, as not a few distinguished men like Bishops McTyeire, Hoss, and Fitzgerald have testified. In all things she was a devout Christian and Bible student and Methodist, a dear lover of all God's people, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, black and white, high and low. Her life was strangely long and singularly noble and beautiful.

The funeral service was conducted at the home of the daughter at Cullman, Ala., on Friday afternoon, August 30, 1912, by Rev. C. F. Stansell, pastor of the Cullman Southern Methodist Church, assisted by Dr. H. M. Hamill, after which interment was made in the Cullman Cemetery.



MRS. SARAH EWING GAUT.

Mrs. Sarah Ewing Gaut passed away Wednesday afternoon, August 21, 1912, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Richardson, in Franklin, Tenn., in her eighty-seventh year. For a year or more her health had been failing, the loss of strength being a gradual surrender to the infirmities of age;

but she preserved her mental faculties to the last, evincing in her last days that interest in current events and in her friends which had been so marked a characteristic. With her only two surviving children, Mrs. Richardson and Mr. William E. Carter, of South Pittsburg, at her bedside and the recipient of many attentions from friends, she approached the end without a tremor and serenely passed from that to eternity.

The funeral was held at the Presbyterian church, of which she had long been a member, and the obsequies strikingly attested the wide regard in which she was held.

Mrs. Gaut was a daughter of Alexander C. Ewing, and was born July 12, 1826, on the homestead near Franklin which had been given to her grandfather, Alexander C. Ewing, in 1787 by the Federal government in recognition of his services as a Revolutionary soldier. This farm has been owned by five generations of Ewings, its senior immediate representative being Mr. Alexander H. Ewing. Her parents dying in her childhood, she was reared by Mrs. Sallie McGavock, a neighbor and relative, and when fifteen years old married Boyd McNairy Sims, who had not attained his majority. He was a lawyer and rich planter. They lived near Brentwood, and three children were born to them.

She was left a widow at the age of twenty-three. After four years she married Joseph W. Carter, then of the State Senate from Winchester and one of the foremost lawyers and public men of the section. Two children were born to them. Mr. Carter died in about three years, and in 1860 his widow moved to Franklin, where she lived nearly a quarter of a century.

After a widowhood of nineteen years following the death of Mr. Carter, Mrs. Carter in 1875 married Judge John M. Gaut, a prominent Nashville lawyer, and resided there until his death, in 1895. Her last years were spent in the house to which she came a widow over fifty years ago; and never losing interest in the affairs of her time, the fortunes of her friends, and often visited by those whom she had long known and loved, the evening of her days gently passed away and she fell asleep, unmurmuring and at peace.

Her sympathies were strongly enlisted for the Confederate cause, and this she showed in various ways both during the war and subsequent to it. It is said that the first Confederate flag raised in Franklin was the one which she and a number of friends hastily made and placed on the front of her house the day that one was unfurled from the Capitol in Nashville. She was actively connected with the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy. She was one of the most active spirits also in the Ladies' Hermitage Association.

[The foregoing is from the Franklin Review-Appeal.]

In an interesting sketch of Mrs. Gaut "Anna Bland," the Franklin correspondent of the Nashville Banner, wrote:

"Many interesting incidents in the life of Mrs. Carter occurred during the war. It is said that she gave the first positive information to General Bragg that the Federals contemplated an immediate advance on Murfreesboro. She had gone to Nashville upon personal matters, accompanied by two Franklin ladies, and was arrested and taken to headquarters. Hardly knowing what to do to secure a release, she sent for Ex-Gov. William Campbell, her kinsman, to secure her release, which he did. She then asked him to get a pass for her that she might go through the Union lines and return home. This, Governor Campbell said, would be impossible, as no one was allowed to leave the city at that time because of the plan of General Rosecrans to attack Bragg at Murfreesboro. Realizing the importance of getting this news to

General Bragg at the earliest moment, Mrs. Carter determined to hurry to Franklin so as to notify Col. Baxter Smith, who was in command of cavalry stationed at that place, that the news might be sent on to Murfreesboro. She got a horse and buggy, and with a young boy (Joe Dollis) to drive she started to Franklin. Taking a road leading north from Nashville, she cut across fields and pastures, heading for the Hillsboro Turnpike. As all fences were down, this was done without trouble. Finally the Federal picket lines were safely passed. Once on the Hillsboro Turnpike, the rest of the journey was quickly accomplished. Reaching Franklin, Mrs. Carter sent at once for Colonel Smith, gave him her news, and he dispatched a courier to Murfreesboro to give General Bragg warning of the contemplated attack.

"During the fall of 1863 Mrs. Adelia Acklen, of Nashville, a cousin and close friend of Mrs. Carter, received the news that her large cotton crop in Louisiana was in danger of being burned by the Federals. [Mrs. Gaut gave an account in the *VETERAN* for September, 1904, page 422, of how she and Mrs. Acklen, owner of the cotton, went to Louisiana, got the cotton through the blockade, and saved the crop, which they sold for \$960,000 gold.—EDITOR.]

"In the winter of 1864, after the battle of Franklin, the bloodiest of the War of the States, where five generals were killed, many of the wounded were carried to the home of Mrs. Carter and tenderly cared for until they were able to be sent to prison. One soldier, Capt. John Hickey, who had lost a leg, was never able to be moved, and remained at her home until the close of the war. Dr. J. D. Wallis, who was a surgeon in the Confederate army, stayed with Captain Hickey, and afterwards married one of Franklin's most charming girls, Miss Fanny Park. Captain Hickey moved to Columbia, where after a few years he was married to Miss Nannie Beard. Another of the wounded boys who was cared for in the home of Mrs. Carter was Capt. Matt Pilcher, who married Miss Judith Winston, of Nashville.

"The Federals, knowing of the shelter which had been given by Mrs. Carter to the Confederate soldiers, ordered her to prepare to receive a number of wounded Union men; but a change of orders was made, and the greater number were taken to Nashville, only four being left in the care of Mrs. Carter. She assisted in nursing these as tenderly as she had nursed the Confederates, although they had their own physicians and nurses. In after years Mrs. Carter received letters from many of the Union soldiers who were cared for under her roof thanking her for her goodness and kind treatment.

"A few days after the battle of Franklin, when General Quarles lay wounded at the home of Col. John McGavock, which had been turned into a hospital for Confederate wounded, Mrs. Carter visited him. General Quarles told her that if he recovered he was to be married to Miss Alice Vivian, a beautiful Mississippi girl, but that he did not possess a suit of clothes he was willing for his bride to see. Mrs. Carter went to Nashville and bought a suit for him and also an engagement ring for his sweetheart. Mrs. Carter visited them at Clarksville, Tenn., and was royally entertained.

"Soon after the war Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, of Nashville, a noble daughter of the eminent Felix Grundy, conceived the idea of raising funds for the disabled Confederate soldiers who had lost limbs. A society was organized for this purpose, and Mrs. Carter was appointed President for the Williamson County branch. Soon after her appointment Mrs. Carter arranged an entertainment to be given for the benefit of this organization, and from it over \$7,000 was realized."

WIFE OF REV. E. A. WRIGHT.

Mrs. E. A. Wright was born in New Hope Township, Wayne County, N. C., October 20, 1846, the oldest daughter of that noted Confederate, Col. George C. Moses. Her mother was Mrs. Elva Thomas Moses. All the family were true to their native land, our dear old Dixie. Rev. E. A. Wright and Mary E. Moses were united in marriage by Rev. William C. Hunter, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at the residence of Col. Aaron F. Moses, her grandfather, in Goldsboro, N. C., on January 18, 1866. She was converted on the 15th of September, 1876, under the ministry of Rev. John R. Brooks, D.D., pastor of the M. E. Church in Goldsboro, N. C., and became an unceasingly active member of the Church. She was educated at Wayne College, Goldsboro, N. C., under the presidency of Rev. Samuel Milton Frost, D.D., and completed her curriculum at Greensboro, N. C., under the presidency of Rev. J. M. Turner, D.D. Having lived the life of the righteous, her end was peaceful and happy.

Camp Hardee of Birmingham passed this resolution:

"We as comrades are deeply touched by the death of one who for nearly half a century has shared the joys and sorrows of one dear to us, leaving his home in gloom, and express our sympathy at the great affliction visited upon our beloved Chaplain, Comrade E. A. Wright; therefore be it

"Resolved by the members of Camp W. J. Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V., That upon the loss of that beloved Christian woman, the wife of Rev. E. A. Wright, this Camp of Veterans extends to him its deepest sympathy as to one who from his youth up has been true to his God, his country, and to our cause. God has transplanted the treasure of his earthly home to that 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

ROBERT T. BOND.

An exchange states of "that grand and noble soldier:"

"His life had been one of earnest effort and true purpose, yet without ostentation.

"Robert T. Bond was born in Shelby County, Tenn., March 19, 1841. His parents, Robert and Sarah Bond, went from Virginia to Tennessee in early life. Robert left school on the 24th of May, 1861, to enlist in the first company that formed in his neighborhood, which became Company E, 9th Tennessee Infantry, was sworn in at Jackson, Tenn., and was discharged on July 22, 1864. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh on the 7th of April, and received six wounds at Perryville, Ky., and one at Atlanta, Ga.

"He professed religion during a revival in camp and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church after his return home.

"On October 25, 1864, he was united in marriage to Miss Bettie P. Harrison, youngest daughter of Dr. Jesse and Margaret Harrison. Unto this union seven children were given, four sons and three daughters. There are twenty-three grandchildren, and one great-granddaughter. In 1866 they moved from Shelby County to Obion County, Tenn., and in 1906 they moved to Gulfport, Miss., in search of health. He bore his sufferings with fortitude.

"His remains were taken to Union City, where the funeral service was held at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church by Rev. Mr. Zwingle, after which the Confederate veterans took charge, conducting the burial service at the City Cemetery.

"He is survived by his wife, four sons (Dr. Van Bond, Cotton Plant, Ark.; Dr. J. B. Bond, Union City; R. H. Bond, Elbridge; Dr. J. Fred Bond, St. Louis), and three daughters (Mrs. Margaret Whitson, Union City; Mrs. Z. E. Morehead and Mrs. Sadie Chambers, Gulfport, Miss.)."

TWELFTH CONVENTION CALIFORNIA DIV., U. D. C.

REPORT BY LOUISE L. LIGHTCAP, HISTORIAN OF DIVISION.

The twelfth annual convention of the California Division, U. D. C., was held in Sacramento May 1 and 2, 1912, with delegates from nearly all Chapters in attendance. The sessions were held in University Hall of the Hotel Sacramento.

The convention was called to order by the President, Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap, of Los Angeles. After a prayer by Rev. J. J. Evans, pastor of the First Christian Church, a most cordial welcome was extended to the delegates and visitors by Mayor Beard.

Mrs. Eleanor Ashby extended a welcome in behalf of the George G. Brooke Chapter, of Sacramento. Mrs. B. A. Davis, of Los Angeles, responded most gracefully for the delegates. Then followed the introduction of the State President, Mrs. Dunlap, by Mrs. Eleanor Ashby, President of the George G. Brooke Chapter.

Mrs. Dunlap gracefully and brilliantly expressed the sentiment actuating the motives and ideals of the U. D. C. and the great good that is being accomplished by the organization. She gave a résumé of the work done the past year and set forth the plans for the next year.

After the ritual came the roll call of Chapters, of which there are twenty-two. One new Chapter was organized at Stockton last year and one this year at Long Beach.

The report of the Credential Committee was read by Mrs. Hancock Johnston, Chairman; the Program Committee, by Mrs. D. C. Farnham, Chairman; the Recording Secretary, by Mrs. M. M. Funsten; the Corresponding Secretary, by Mrs. Joseph Ellison; Registrar, by Mrs. B. A. Davis; Auditing Committee, by Mrs. J. H. Stewart. The reports of the Chapter Historian were read by Mrs. E. W. Lightcap, State Historian.

It was found that some Chapters are doing a great deal of historical work, while others are neglecting it, so the State Historian prepared an outline suggestive of a line of work for all the Chapters which was approved and ordered published in the Yearbook.

The report of the Committee on Funds for Confederate Veterans and Aged Southern Women by Mrs. Victor Montgomery, Chairman, was read. Mrs. Montgomery was not present owing to a recent bereavement in the loss of her husband.

An important subject, "Entertainment Ideas for Monthly Meetings," by Mrs. L. S. Jones, was so ably handled that a rising vote of thanks was given Mrs. Jones, and her paper was ordered published in the VETERAN.

The following interesting papers were read and greatly enjoyed: "Our Blessings and Our Privileges," by Mrs. J. P. Massie; "Monuments," by Mrs. Mary Polk Du Bose; "Our Needs," by Mrs. B. F. Allison; "Our Future," by Mrs. J. H. Stewart; "Echoes from the National Convention," by Mrs. C. C. Clay.

The opening prayer of the second day's session was offered by Rev. L. S. Jones, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, who also gave a most delightful talk about his love for the South and of his longing to go back once more to visit his native land.

The parliamentarian, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, of Los Angeles, gave a parliamentary drill just before the close of the second day's session. Her theme was educational and highly appreciated.

A reception was held in the parlors of the Hotel Sacramento

on the first evening, the President and past Presidents of the Tuesday Club acting as patronesses.

On the second evening a musicale was held in the hotel parlors. Readings were given by Mrs. B. A. Davis, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Pleasants, of Santa Rosa. Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson told some good stories, as did also Col. W. H. Ashby, a distinguished lawyer and Confederate veteran, who resides in Sacramento.

The visitors were delighted with an early morning ride and visit to Fort Sutter, and also with a reception given by Mrs. Dodson on the afternoon of the last day of the convention. Mrs. Dodson is a member of a Tennessee Chapter.

The press of Sacramento gave great publicity to the convention, and in consequence a clearer conception of what the U. D. C. stands for has been gained by the public of Superior California.

It was urged by various speakers during the convention that all U. D. C. members of the California Division subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, inasmuch as it is the official organ of the U. C. V.

Much of the success of the convention was due to Mrs. D. C. Farnham, Chairman of the Program Committee; Mrs. W. H. Ashby, President of the George G. Brooke Chapter; and Mrs. Annie S. Pratt, Chairman of General Arrangements. Mrs. Pratt, who has great executive ability, ministered to the pleasure and comfort of the guests in no small degree. She has been active also as a State organizer for Northern California.

Our 1912 convention was characterized by great harmony and good will, due in no small measure to the skillful leadership of our beautiful and gifted President. Her personality and exposition of the objects of the U. D. C. have left a lasting impression upon Superior California, and the charm of Southern womanhood still lies upon this fair capital city.

Our next convention will be held at Visalia and the 1914 convention at Long Beach. The General Convention will be invited to meet with us in San Francisco in 1915.



MRS. SAMUEL CARY DUNLAP, PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Dunlap is the daughter of Capt. J. T. and Anna May Bell and the granddaughter of Gen. Tyree Harris Bell, of

Tennessee, who was a brigadier general in the Confederate army. She was born in Lexington, Tenn., but was educated in California, graduated from the Visalia High School in 1896, and from Stanford University in 1900. She taught in the Visalia Grammar School, also in the Visalia High School; she also taught English literature and composition two years in the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School. She was married to Samuel Cary Dunlap in 1908, and has one young daughter. She was elected President of the California Division, U. D. C., in 1911 and reelected this year for another term. Mrs. Dunlap is a beautiful, gifted, and charming woman, and is peculiarly fitted for the high position she holds through her executive ability. The California Division, U. D. C., is proud to honor her with its highest office.

HOW ELISHA HENDRICKSON GOT A FURLOUGH.

[Part of "Story of old 'Confed' in East Tennessee," page 470.]

Young Hendrickson was married in the midst of the great struggle on Sinking Creek, near Roanoke, Va., and I shall assume that it is the identical couple of whom the story is told in connection with Gen. Jubal Early. The young soldier applied to the rugged old bachelor-general for a furlough to go home and get married. Furloughs were hard to get, but General Early said: "I am not giving furloughs now; but if I knew, Elisha, that you were really going to get married, I would give you a furlough of a few days." "Well, General, what will satisfy you that I am telling the truth?" replied the young soldier. "Write home and ask the girl if she is willing to marry you and show me the letter."



ELISHA HENDRICKSON.

In due time Elisha appeared before the General, letter in hand, and this is what India Givens wrote: "You say that the General will give you a furlough if I am willing to marry you. Tell the General that I am not only willing but anxious."

Elisha got the furlough, and on the 14th of October, 1863, India Givens and Elisha Hendrickson were duly married, and they are still walking life's long and loving pilgrimage.

FOR MONUMENT AT HARRISBURG, MISS.

Capt. A. J. Kennedy, Commandant of the J. M. Stone Camp, Tupelo, Miss., sends this appeal: "The time is here for the U. C. V. to be up and doing. The Daughters have done and

are still trying to do everything they can to raise funds for a monument at Harrisburg. We have a deed to the property and a good substantial fence around same and a portion of the fund raised for a monument. Now let each one see how much he can raise and turn it in with a list of every one that makes a donation, and we shall have it published and keep a record of the same. Consider yourself on this committee."

MONUMENT FOR NORTH CAROLINA SOLDIERS.

The Gen. George B. Anderson Chapter, U. D. C., a merciful handful of women, is raising funds for a monument to the men of Orange County, N. C., who served at the front in the fighting days of the sixties. These women claim for this county that, in proportion to her fighting strength, she sent more men to the defense of the South than any other county.

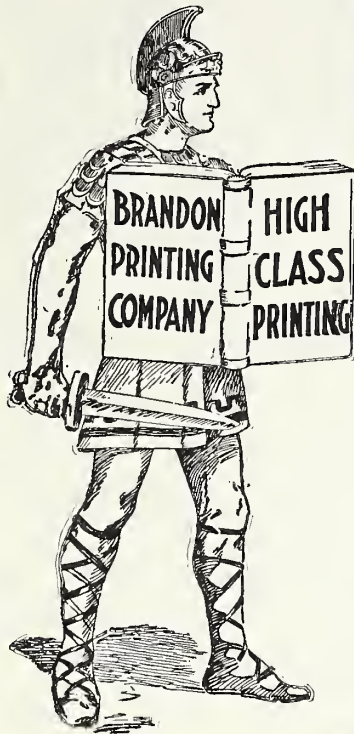
By actual record of names and commands, with a voting population of 1,818 men in November, 1860, the county sent 1,727 men into the army, independent of Orange County men who served in the regiments of other States. There were Orange County men in the Bethel regiment on that historic Sunday in June, 1861. Orange County men furled the flag of Company G, 27th Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, at Appomattox. From the first drum tap, from Bethel to Gettysburg, through the Trans-Mississippi, on land and on sea, her sons of all ages and conditions served with distinguished gallantry wherever they were placed until April, 1865.

Contributions should be sent to Miss Rebecca Cameron, President of the Gen. George Burgwyn Anderson Chapter, P. O. Box 32, Hillsboro, N. C.

"PRIDE OF DIXIE"—SMOKING TOBACCO.

The advertisement of the old-fashioned smoking tobacco, the "Pride of Dixie," deserves special notice. Without their saying so, and while the young gentlemen at the helm want to make money and should do so, they are evidently very sentimental in their effort to supply war veterans with a smoking tobacco that will give them real pleasure. The trio who offer this "Pride of Dixie" are: J. H. Parkes, of the Foster-Parkes Company, a large publishing house; J. O. Burge, Sr., Manager of the Ford Tobacco Works; and D. H. Pinner, of the Overton and Bush Coal Company, and one of the most progressive and enterprising coal men of Nashville. They launched this enterprise, looking mainly to the VETERAN for its establishment. They are eminently trustworthy.

The death of Col. A. W. Terrell at Mineral Wells, Tex., on September 12 recalls an event of the war as reported from the office of Mayor D. J. Kendall at Sulphur, Okla. Captain Kendall was a private in Company F, 34th Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Terrell at that time. After the battle at Alexandria, La., young Kendall, then sixteen years of age, had been in the firing practically all day. He called at Colonel Terrell's tent that night, and after the proper salutation asked Colonel Terrell for an order to the ordnance officer for a gun, as his was choked. The Colonel in reproachful tone asked the boy why he had not kept his gun clean, and the soldier replied that if a soldier had done his duty that day he had no time to clean his gun. The Colonel ordered him to his company with the same gun. The boy did so with a heavy heart. Evidently Colonel Terrell regretted his rebuke, and early the next day he sent his orderly with a new gun. The boy was happy, and it is needless to suggest that the gun was put in operation as soon as the opportunity occurred.



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E. C. G. CATARRH-ASTHMA CURE, 3005 VanBuren St., CHICAGO

R. J. McMullin, 703 North Peal Street, Dallas, Tex., inquires about a cousin of President Polk's who went to Virginia from Columbia, Tenn., in 1848 or 1849 and married his (McMullin's) aunt,

Perthenia Bryant, who was a half-sister to Return Jonathan Meigs, Attorney-General of Tennessee and a prominent lawyer of the State. Information will be appreciated.



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Send for Price List New York City

T. H. Lauck, of Leander, Tex., asks that some member of the 5th Florida Infantry who was with him in Ward No. 3 at Elmira, N. Y., in 1864 will please let him know if Lieutenant Berry or Dr. Sharp or "old man" Purvis is still alive. Comrade Lauck was the police sergeant and was known as corporal of Company K, 10th Virginia.

John W. Meng, of Lexington, Mo., wishes to hear from Gus Malone, of Rome, Ga., who was captured at Gettysburg, imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, and later made his way west and served in Gordon's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade. He was in Company B, in which company Mr. Meng served. Any news of him would be gladly received.

THE SCOUT

\$1.00

By JUDGE C. W. TYLER

This book should be in the hands of every lover of an endeared cause and every seeker after truth. Judge Tyler forcibly insists that in our great Civil War the South contended not for secession or slavery, but for the right of self-government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

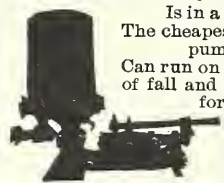


The story deals with the tragic fate of Sam Davis, and here again the Judge delves into history and maintains that Sam Davis was not betrayed by his chieftain, Shaw, as has been generally asserted, but that the plans found on his person were stolen from Federal headquarters at Pulaski by a negro boy, who gave them to his master, an old farmer, in Giles County, who in turn gave them to Davis.

The heroine of the story is a Nashville girl and very attractive. All the characters are natural. The incidents are stirring, and the book is written in the kindest spirit. As a work of fiction it is both instructive and very entertaining. The first limited edition is exhausted, and the second will be on sale soon.

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Stepping, stately and solemn,

In wake of the noble corse?

Do you hear the rumbling caisson?

('Tis draped with stripes and stars.)

Do you see the martial bier

Beneath the sacred stars and bars?

Do you see the soldiers marching,

The blue and the gray side by side,

While the fife with mournful piping

Sadly tells a hero has died?

Take off your hat, stand silent,

With reverence bow your head

And join the throng to honor

Our brave Confederate dead.

"Old Tige" his soldiers called him,

Because he was fierce in fight,

Brave, true to his cross of blue,

For he fought for home and right.

He heeded not shot or shell,

Nor the belching cannon's mouth,

Led the charge with ringing cheer

For the glory of the South.

Strong and stern in war's grim day,

Yet gentle, kind, and human

Ever Southron's gallant way

To helpless child or woman.

Good-by, "Old Tige;"

Your fight is done.

You kept the faith;

The victory's won.

COMRADES OF 34TH MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT.—John S. Walker desires to communicate with any of his comrades in the war of Company H, 34th Mississippi Regiment. He served under Col. Samuel Benton. Address him at Shamrock, Tex., or T. W. Skillern, Texola, Okla.

WANTED—The address of Archey Bryant, field band drummer of the 22d Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, by T. F. O'Rourke, of Mobile, Ala.

V. Coursey, Company C, 13th Arkansas Infantry, would be pleased to hear from any of the members of this regiment. Write him at Giles, Donley County, Tex.

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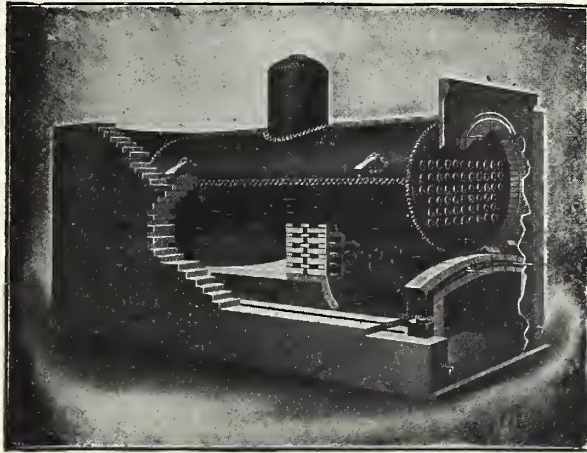
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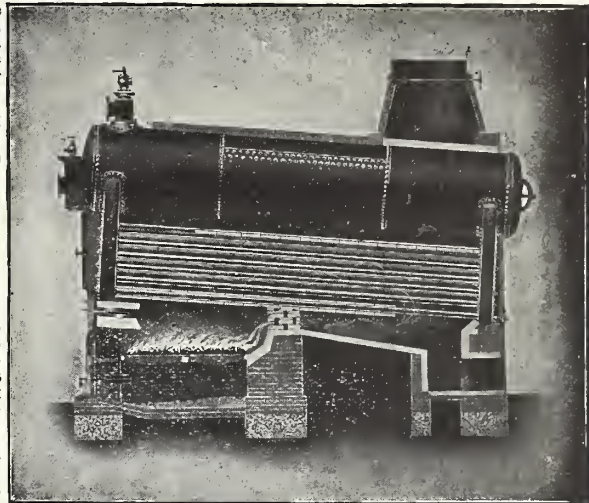
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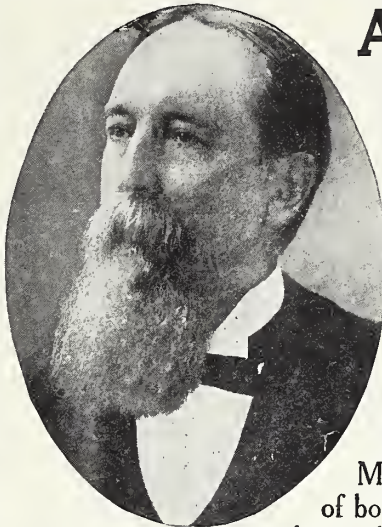
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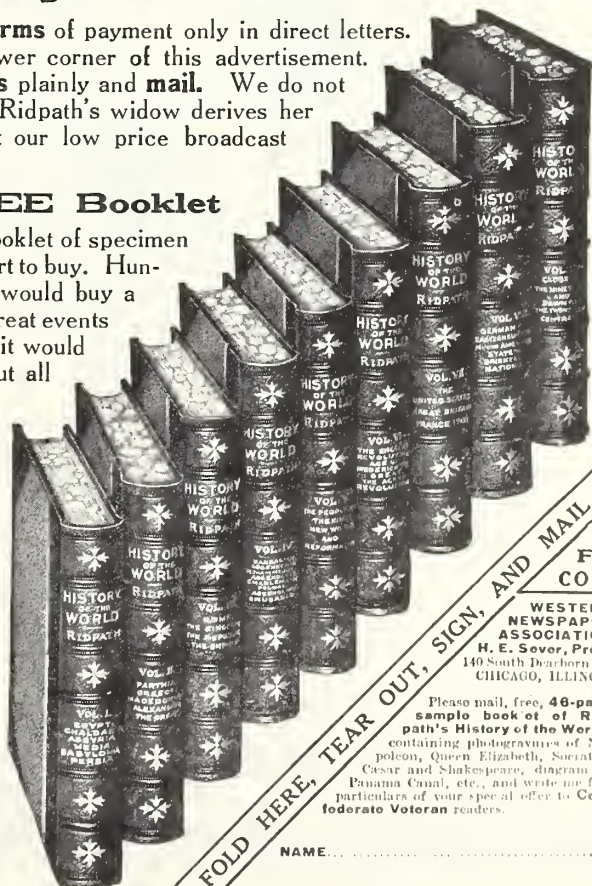
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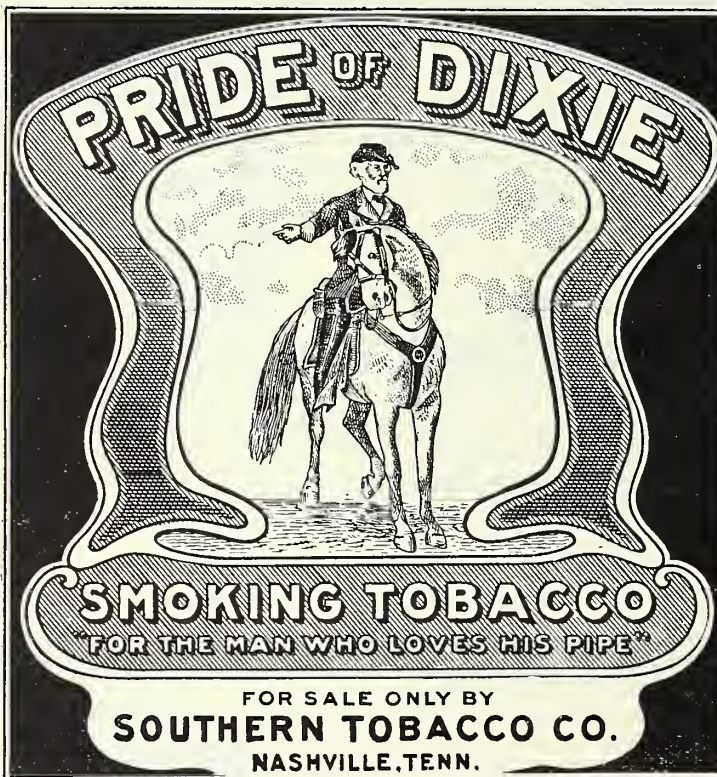
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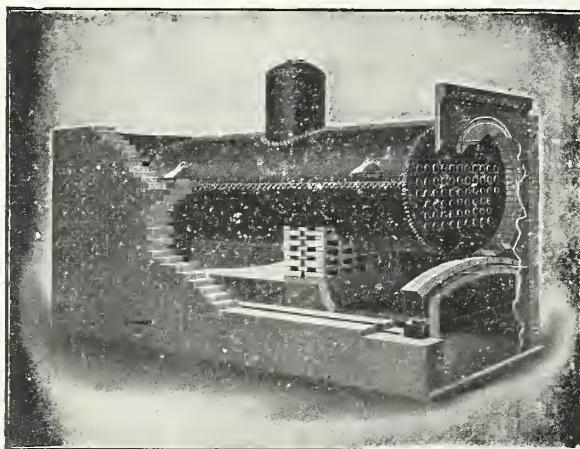
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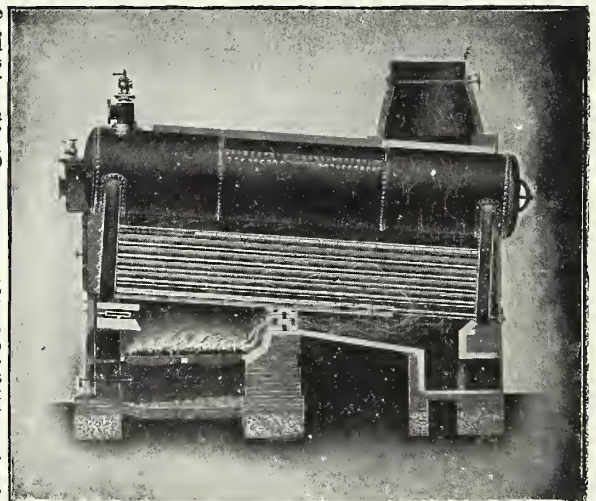
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 11. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM.
PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF P. O. DEPARTMENT.

"Statement of the ownership, management, circulation," etc., of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published monthly at Nashville, Tenn., is required by the Act of August 24, 1912. The name of the editor, managing editor, business manager, and publisher is S. A. Cunningham, who is also the owner. The report requires the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. This information is required of daily newspapers only, but it is given anyhow. The number of copies is 20,500. Occasionally 22,000 are printed.

Of the important articles held over to the next issue are reports of reunions from Texas, Tennessee, and Missouri; six papers in regard to Longstreet's forces at Chickamauga, one concerning General Butler and Mrs. Mumford; and many miscellaneous articles which will appear ere long. Indulgence is asked of patrons in this respect.

DAUGHTERS TO MEET IN WASHINGTON.

Much of this issue already in type is held over that features more particularly of concern to the United Daughters of the Confederacy may be used for their Convention, to be held November 12-16 in Washington City, which is to be more than ordinarily well represented.

Dixie Land may anticipate with assurance the efficiency of that Convention. Some important members may be unavoidably prevented from attending; but the organization is so perfected and it has so high a class of representative women who are so capable and so well informed that occupants of the national capital may confidently expect entertainment of the highest order and the promulgation of as high principles of patriotism as ever have been expressed in that beautiful city consecrated by its founders to the "God we trust."

Much regret exists because the prolonged severe illness of Mr. White will prevent the attendance of the President General, Mrs. Alexander B. White. He has been ill since the meeting last year in Richmond. The First Vice President General, Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, of Maryland, is capable and quite at home in Washington; while the Second Vice President General, Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, resides there, and Mrs. J. J. McAlester, the Third Vice President General, will

doubtless be present to represent the Trans-Mississippi Department.

These distinguished women and nearly all of the surviving Presidents General may be expected there and zealously acting for the principles that the Daughters of the Confederacy have been endeavoring so faithfully to establish for the truth of history and for the good of the entire country.

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, one of the efficient former Presidents General, as Chairman General of the Arlington Monument Committee will have much to do, as the laying of the corner stone to the Confederate monument will be the most important feature of the occasion, aside from the general Convention work. In this connection it is due to mention Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, President, and Mr. Wallace Streater, Treasurer of the Association, who have been constantly diligent for the success of the Arlington monument.

In mentioning members of the great Association of workers it would be difficult to find a stopping place. All honor to the United Daughters of the Confederacy!

LOUISIANA VETERANS, SONS, AND DAUGHTERS.

The Louisiana Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy had fine annual meetings at Baton Rouge October 14-17. Reports, according to the Picayune, are that there were more Veterans present than at any meeting for years. In the parade there were four hundred Veterans in line. Much that tends to the good of the cause was enacted. Only a mere mention can be given at present.

Gen. T. J. Shaffer was elected for the fourth term as Division Commander, and he will reappoint his former staff.

The next place of meeting to be named by General Shaffer.

The Sons of Veterans took an active part in the proceedings.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy attended the meetings of the Veterans, and a sort of love feast prevailed throughout the entire time. They elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, Mrs. Peter Youree, Shreveport.

Vice Presidents: Miss Doriska Gautreaux, New Orleans; Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Mrs. A. N. Simms, Tangipahoa; Mrs. W. H. Scanland, Benton.

Recording Secretary, Miss Battie McGrath, Baton Rouge; Corresponding, Miss W. M. Bannerman, Grand Cane.

Treasurer, Miss Mary Rallins, New Orleans.

Registrar, Mrs. E. T. C. Longmire, New Orleans.

Custodian, Miss Elise Allain, New Orleans.

State Organizer, Mrs. E. T. Denson, Amite City.

Resolutions were adopted thanking the citizens of Baton Rouge, the university authorities, and all who contributed to the success of the three days' reunion.

The annual reunion of the Veterans was closed with a ball given in the Louisiana State University pavilion to the visiting Veterans and Daughters.

ORDER OF THE GRAND PARADE.

The parade was headed by mounted police following the Louisiana State University band. Mounted came General Shaffer, General Castleman, and General Prudhomme, with the four hundred Veterans, marching two abreast. The State and Camp sponsors and maids of honor followed in automobiles. Next was the Cadet Battalion, under command of Capt. J. H. Cockran. The Baton Rouge Ladies' Mounted Cavalry wore red and white, their costumes attracting a great deal of attention. The Children of Dixie and the Children of the Confederacy came next on two floats. The children were dressed in white and red, and each carried a Confederate flag. Following them were the school children. A motion picture of the entire parade was taken.

Miss M. Louise Rogers, of Paris, Tex., applies for membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy and seeks information. Her grandfather, Benjamin Rogers, served under Captain Aaron from Columbia County, Ark., and died at Fort Pillow, Tenn., April 26, 1862. Send her information concerning Benjamin Rogers if you can.

INITIAL WORK FOR THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

Savannah, Tenn., is situated within eight miles of the battle field of Shiloh. From this point during the two days of that sanguinary battle could be heard the booming of cannon and even the rattle of musketry. Mothers and wives had sons and husbands in that battle, while all had friends in the strife. No wonder that these good women began in a humble way to erect a monument there.

In 1900 a few patriotic women of Savannah organized the Shiloh Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, with the prime object of erecting a monument in memory of the Confederate soldiers engaged in the battle. This Chapter was chartered with twenty-six members. These good women began the work with much enthusiasm and labored with unceasing zeal.

In May, 1902, the Chapter President sent a communication to the VETERAN setting forth the importance of the work and asking the coöperation of Daughters everywhere. This was the first published article from any source concerning a monument at Shiloh. Soon contributions were received from Chapters and individuals in other States, and it is worthy of record that the first contribution was from Mr. Jacobus S. Jones, of Washington, D. C.

The Tennessee Division having become enlisted in the work, a State committee was appointed and an annual appropriation of \$25 was voted by the Convention of 1904.

At San Francisco the General U. D. C. Convention voted to take up the work, coöperation was agreed upon, and through the management of the able Director General, Mrs. A. B. White, it certainly will be brought to a happy consummation.

Since the election of a Treasurer General all amounts secured by Shiloh Chapter have been sent to the general treasury. The amount at present in the hands of Shiloh Chapter is something over \$16,000, bearing interest with safe security.

The editor of the VETERAN calls attention, not for credit to himself, to the fact that in that Convention the suggestion was made that this monument by all the people of the South should be surmounted by a statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, so that no monument committee will fail to consider this obligation in its plans. Of course there could be no opposition to this in the South or North. This suggestion created magic interest in the monument, and it is important.



A FEW OF THE CHARTER MEMBERS OF SHILOH CHAPTER.

Names of officers in front row, reading from left to right: Mrs. D. A. Welch, Treasurer; Mrs. L. V. Sevier, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. W. Irwin, President; Mrs. D. J. Hughes, Second Vice President; Mrs. H. E. Woodside, Corresponding Secretary.

BROWN McMILLIN, A GIFTED YOUNG JOURNALIST.

There is general sorrow in Tennessee over the death of Brown McMillin, a gifted young journalist, which occurred in Bristol, October 25. He had gone there on a visit to friends when a fatal illness attacked him. A brief sketch of him appeared in the April VETERAN, on page 156.

The funeral services were conducted in the Episcopal church, Pulaski, on the Sunday following, by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, at the conclusion of which the Bishop read from the young man's poems, one of which, under the title "A Cross of Honor," described the going down of the Titanic, in which are the words, "God blessed that waste of sea," and the anthem, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

In discussing the life work of Mr. McMillin the Nashville Press Club brought out the exquisite characteristics of his faithful career as a journalist in never having willingly written a line that injured a human being.

Brown McMillin, while never knowing life's greatest blessing in the care of his gifted mother, who was conceded to be the most popular woman in Washington (her place was filled as nearly as could be by his grandmother), was favored with a distinguished ancestry. His father was twenty years in Congress and later Governor of Tennessee. His grandfather, John C. Brown, was a major general in the Confederate army, President of the Constitutional Convention, Governor of the State, and President of the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company at the time of his death, and whose eminent business capacity was shown in the rehabilitation of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company. While his grandmother, who reared him with fondest and unceasing care, was the second President General of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C. IN NEW ENGLAND.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, while sojourning in New England with Mr. White, who was there ill, was an invited guest on Flag Day, and the North Adams (Mass.) Herald states in regard to it:

"Under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps, Flag Day exercises were carried out last night in the parlors of the Grand Army Hall. The meeting was one of unusual interest from the fact that as the guest of honor the Corps had with it President General Mrs. White, of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who spoke of the South and its part in the war.

"Mrs. White is a most forceful sepeaker, possessed of a strong magnetism that gripped every one who heard her. Of graceful presence and possessed of an excellent command of language, she moved her listeners from laughter to tears and from tears to laughter. Her word pictures of Southern slavery, of the devotion of the slaves to their Southern masters, could not but impress any one who was present. The Corps was not only honored but extremely fortunate in having such a noted woman present at its gathering.

"Patriotic Instructor Mrs. Josephine Burdick presided over the meeting in her usual able manner."

SUBSTANCE OF MRS. WHITE'S ADDRESS.

"I was born and reared in Mississippi, which, as you know, is Jefferson Davis's State, and my first appearance as a public speaker was when I welcomed the State Press Association and President Davis to my home town. I was only a young girl then; but as I look back on that day I recall it as the greatest day in my life. I sat among men who were statesmen, men who upheld the Confederacy and its principles.

"You talk of the enthusiasm of the South. As I look back to that summer afternoon when we stood at the railroad station awaiting the coming of that great man who had suffered more than any other man for the Confederacy, I can see the children as they went forward strewing flowers in his path. Then as the tall, gaunt man walked forth men and women rushed toward him to touch his hand. The next day I was chosen to sit beside Winnie Davis, his daughter, at a dinner. Jefferson Davis was there also. He talked and chatted with the men about him. They talked about battles, about incidents of their childhood, and I with rapt attention sat and listened. My friends, you can't wonder at our devotion to this great man. You can't wonder at the work which the women of the South have taken up. Had it not been for the women, the war would never have lasted as long as it did. Oftentimes I have heard veterans of the South say that had it not been for the women at home, who were urging them on, the war would have ended long before it did. The women of the South were the bitterest rebels that you men of the North had to contend with. We women of the South are now trying to show our appreciation of the efforts of those who fought to uphold the principles.

"Your own Congressman Lawrence asked me but a short time ago why it was that the men of the South did not carry on guerrilla warfare and carry the war still farther. I told him that Robert E. Lee said to the men of the South after he had surrendered to U. S. Grant, "Go home, be good citizens," and that is what they did. They went home, and what homes they were! They had been devastated. You of the North have no idea of the extent of our plantations. Thousands of acres extended as far as the eye could reach. These were useless. There were no workmen to cultivate them.

And after the war a negro, a man who could not write his own name, was sent to the Senate from Mississippi! That was hard and humiliating. You have no idea what that meant. The slave was placed above his master. But the South believes that if Abraham Lincoln had lived it never would have occurred.

"Many of you think our slaves were treated harshly. I only wish you could go to the South with me and see the devotion which some of those one-time slaves have for the families who once owned them. Many of them are still with the children of their old masters and consider it a high honor to be allowed to remain. It was not real slavery; it was more like a patriarchal government. The slaves looked to their masters and mistresses for everything. If they were ill, they were cared for; if they were hungry, they were fed. They were treated humanely. But the young negro of to-day is not like the old negro of yesterday.

"People have written to me from the South and asked me how the Yankees were treating me. I can write back and say to them that I am being treated beautifully. I have been made a guest of honor, and they will be proud and delighted to know that I am with such fine people."

In further expression of her devotion to the cause of the South Mrs. White said: "I am glad to meet with you this evening on Flag Day to honor that flag hanging there, for it is my flag as much as yours; it is the flag of the South as well as of the North. My people and my family helped to make that flag. My family has had a representative in every war this country has had, beginning with colonial days, and my grandfather was in the War of 1812 and my father's eldest brother was in the war with Mexico. It is true that my father and his brothers and every male of my family capable of bearing arms, from fifteen-year-old boys up, fought against that flag from 1861 to 1865; yet they accepted the result in good faith and came back into the Union, and now there is no section more loyal to the stars and stripes than the South."

ARLINGTON CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MONTH ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1912.

Mrs. Clementine W. Boles, Director for Arkansas, \$25.30. Contributed by Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 133, U. D. C., Batesville, Ark., \$5; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, No. 1149, U. D. C., De Witt, Ark., \$5; D. C. Govan Chapter, No. 281, U. D. C., Marianna, Ark., \$5; T. J. Churchill Chapter, No. 1373, U. D. C., Little Rock, Ark., \$10; Etta English, Dutch Mills, Ark., 30 cents.

Mrs. Jerry A. Lovell, Director for Colorado, \$3. Contributed by Gibson Clark, Cheyenne, Wyo., \$1; H. W. Lloyd, Fort Collins, Colo., \$1; S. B. Robuck, Denver, Colo., \$1.

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U. D. C., Florence, S. C., \$10; Sam Davis Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, \$5; Marion Chapter, No. 38, U. D. C., Marion, S. C., \$20; Marion Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, \$5; Margaret Gaston Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, \$1; Pendleton Chapter, No. 585, U. D. C., Pendleton, S. C., \$1; D. A. Dickert Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, \$1.

Veve Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 17, U. D. C., Galveston, Tex., \$60.

Turner-Ashby Chapter, No. 162, U. D. C., Harrisonburg, Va., \$10.

Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Director for Virginia, \$251.50. Contributed by Greenville Chapter, No. 1247, U. D. C., Emporia, Va., \$12; William R. Terry Chapter, No. 580, U. D. C., Bedford City, Va., \$15; Middlesex Chapter, No. 1054, U. D. C., Saluda, Va., \$10; H. A. Carrington Chapter, No. 1055, U. D. C., Charlotte C. H., Va., \$2.50; New River Grays Chapter, No. 513, U. D. C., Radford, Va., \$6; Sally Tompkins Chapter, U. D. C., Mathews, Va., \$5; Virginia Division, U. D. C., \$25; Petersburg Chapter, No. 155, U. D. C., Petersburg, Va., \$10; Mrs. T. Griffin, Bedford City, Va., \$1; Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., ———, Va., \$5; Surry Chapter, No. 498, U. D. C., Surry, Va., \$10; Wythe Grays Chapter, No. 136, U. D. C., Wytheville, Va., \$15; Dixie Chapter, No. 1162, U. D. C., Jenkinsburg, Va., \$5; sources not enumerated, \$15; Sally Tompkins Chapter, No. 96, U. D. C., Gloucester, Va., \$1; Washington-Lee Chapter of Westmoreland, No. 1189, U. D. C., Kinsale, Va., \$25; Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., ———, Va., \$20; Richmond Chapter, No. 158, U. D. C., Richmond, Va., \$25; Waynesboro Chapter, No. 160, U. D. C., Waynesboro, Va., \$5; Agnes Lee Chapter, No. 168, U. D. C., Franklin, Va., \$5; Fredericksburg Chapter, No. 163, U. D. C., Fredericksburg, Va., \$10; Chapters not named, \$24.

Mrs. Walter C. Pollock, Director for West Virginia, \$10. Contributed by Parkersburg Chapter, No. 385, U. D. C., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mr. John Sealy, Galveston, Tex., \$50.

Receipts for September, 1912, \$545.30.

Amount on hand September 1, 1912, \$20,971.24.

Total to be accounted for, \$21,516.54.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, fourth payment as per contract on work on monument, \$5,000.

A. C. Weeks for typewriting specifications for bids on concrete foundation, \$2.25.

Balance on hand October 1, 1912, \$16,514.29.

WALLACE STREATER, *Treasurer*.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM
SEPTEMBER 7 TO OCTOBER 7, 1912.

Arkansas: W. C. Sloan Chapter, Imboden, \$5; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, De Witt, \$5; T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, \$10; W. C. Denson Chapter, Arkansas City, \$1.

Georgia: James H. Gresham Chapter, Social Circle, \$1; Vienna Chapter, \$2.50; Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, \$10; Bartow Chapter, Cartersville, \$10; Morgan County Chapter, Madison, \$5.

Illinois: Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, \$25.

Indiana: Evansville Chapter, \$10.

Kentucky: Alex Poston Chapter, Cadiz, \$1; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, \$5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Guthrie, \$5; Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, \$1; Paducah Chapter, post cards, \$2.50.

Mississippi: Gen. Charles Clark Chapter, Beulah, \$5; John M. Stone Chapter, Iuka, \$7.50; Beauvoir Chapter, Biloxi, \$5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Aberdeen, \$10; Tupelo Chapter, \$10; Bolivar Troop Chapter, Cleveland, \$15; Julia Jackson Chapter, Crystal Springs, \$5; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, Laurel, \$5; Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston (personal), Raymond, \$2.50; Vaiden Chapter, \$1; Durant Daughters Chapter, Durant, \$4.25; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson (personal), \$40; Coffeeville Chapter, \$10; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Oxford, \$5; H. D. Money Chapter, Carrollton, 60 cents; Mississippi Division, \$25; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$10; R. S. Thomas Chapter, Verona, \$10; Dr. Zeno S. Goss Chapter, Columbia, \$10; Kosciusko Chapter, \$5; Jefferson County Chapter, Fayette, \$5; William Fitzgerald Chapter, Webb, \$5; B. F. Ward Chapter, Winona, \$3.30; Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, Clinton, \$30; Corinth Chapter, \$16.30; G. B. Shelby Chapter, Shelby, \$10; Mississippi Point Chapter, Moss Point, \$2; John M. Stone Chapter, West Point, \$5.50; Mrs. J. D. Beck for post cards sold, \$1; Mildred Humphries Chapter, Ita Bena, \$3; Beauvoir Chapter, Biloxi, \$1; post cards sold, \$5.

Missouri: Missouri Division, \$15.

Oklahoma: Stanley-Posey Chapter, Atoka, \$2.50.

Tennessee: Mrs. J. D. Beasley (personal), Paris, \$1; Capt. A. J. Harris Chapter, Nashville, \$5; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, \$15; F. M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, \$5.

Virginia: Sallie Thompkins Chapter, Gloucester C. H., \$1; Fluvanna Chapter, Palmyra, \$5; Middlesex Chapter, Saluda, \$2; H. A. Carrington Chapter, Charlotte C. H., \$2.50; Radford Chapter, \$20; Surry Chapter, \$10; William R. Terry Chapter, Bedford City, \$2; Petersburg Chapter, \$10; Wythe Grey Chapter, Wytheville, \$1; Suffolk Chapter, \$10; Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, \$5; Mildred Lee Chapter, Martinsville, \$5; Richmond Chapter, \$33.85; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, \$1; Fredericksburg Chapter, \$1; Bland Chapter, \$1; Madison Chapter, \$5.

Interest, \$5.35.

Total collections since September 7, \$466.65.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, \$15,360.84.

Total collections to date, \$15,827.49.

To expense of Director Mississippi Division, \$5.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, \$15,822.49.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

R. H. Jennings sends a contribution from Columbia, S. C., and states: "I am in sympathy with your scheme. I was a prisoner in Fort Delaware in 1862, and I wish that the officer in command of that den had been such a man as Owen."

Mrs. Julia A. Kern, Historian Edward Pickett Chapter, Kansas City, Mo., with remittance writes: "I regret to see that the U. D. C. and Camps of Veterans are showing so little interest in the Richard Owen Memorial, which you have so nobly initiated. Surely we must appreciate a human spirit in the breast of an enemy. Tears well into my eyes when I read of a kind deed by a soldier to his helpless victims of the other side. No matter if a subsequent administration at Camp Morton was cruel, it reflects greater credit on this man who would alleviate the sufferings of a helpless foe, bringing as it did criticism upon him from his own people. I am urging my own and other Chapters to respond liberally to your magnanimous enterprise in paying belated tribute to a generous foe."

Louis Bennett, of Weston, W. Va., in sending \$5 states: "I was on the Confederate side, and think such a monument

by us a worthy tribute to Colonel Owen for his kindness to Confederate prisoners."

E. J. Fry, of Marshall, Tex., in sending \$5 states: "I trust a creditable amount will be raised, and feel certain that it will. This monument has done a great deal in creating a kindlier feeling for us who wore the gray toward old 'Yanks' who did the fighting, nearly all of whom know the war is over and are glad to shake hands with an old 'Reb.'"

Isaac R. M. Beeson, of Savannah, Mo. (called "Marion Beeson" by his comrades), sends one dollar each to the Richard Owen Memorial and to the Jefferson Davis Home Association. Comrade Beeson was wounded twice. He was also captured twice, and escaped each time. He can appre-

ciate kindness to prisoners. He sends these contributions after passing his threescore and ten years. While in college at Georgetown, Ky., he was a classmate of Rev. J. M. Frost, D.D., Secretary of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Church.

W. W. Heartsell, of Marshall, Tex., inclosing a subscription to the Richard Owen Memorial, writes: "I spent the winter of 1862-63 in Camp Butler, Ill., and know what a mean, tyrannical keeper we had—old Colonel Lynch."

Charles B. Munford, of Kansas City, Mo., sends \$3 for it. The sentiment grows splendidly. Will those about to decide do so now, that it may be dedicated by Gov. Thomas R. Marshall before he retires, January 16, 1913?

COMPLETE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL TO DATE.

A Friend	\$ 5 00	Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.	\$ 2 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, N. C.	\$ 1 00
A Friend, Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W. Va.	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
A Friend, Nashville.	1 00	Gilmer, Peachy, Breckinridge Camp, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn.	1 00
Addison Harvey Chapter, U. D. C., Canton, Miss.	5 00	Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.	1 00	Gordon, R. H., New York	1 00	Pleasants, Edw., Richmond, Va.	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.	1 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone.	2 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark.	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.	5 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00	Powell, Rev. Lewis, Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.	1 00	Granger, J. A. H., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.	1 00
Anderson, S. B., Mineola, Tex.	1 00	Graves, Theo. H., Anderson, Tex.	1 00	Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss.	1 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Springs, Miss.	1 00	Hamman, P. A., Learned, Miss.	1 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.	2 00
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Memphis, Tenn.	25 00	Hammer, M. R., Newton, Iowa.	2 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky.	1 00	Harbaugh, T. C., Casstown, Ohio.	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville, Mo.	6 00	Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.	1 00	Harris, C. I., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rosenberg, Mrs. M. R. Macgill, Galveston, Tex.	5 00
Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.	5 00	Harris, Miss Emma S., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Beeson, R. M., Savannah, Mo.	1 00	Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.	5 00	Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.	1 00	Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
Bennett, Louis	5 00	Heartsell, W. W., Marshall, Tex.	1 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00
Bevens, Dr. W. E., Newport, Ark.	1 00	Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.	1 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, Ohio.	2 00
Boger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington, D. C.	5 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.	1 00	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00	Shafer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00
Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex.	50	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.	2 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00
Brooke, St. George T., Charles-town, W. Va.	1 00	Hinson, Dr. W. B., Charleston, S. C.	2 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.	1 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.	1 00	Holiday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria, Tex.	1 00	Hopkins, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.	1 00	Sims, T. H., Texarkana, Ark.	1 00
Bruslie, C. A., Plaquemine, La.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	35 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City.	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.	1 00	Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga.	1 00
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Jennings, R. H., Columbia, S. C.	1 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson, N. C.	1 00
Byers, H. C., Sidney, Ia.	1 00	Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W. Va.	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.	1 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00	Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex.	1 00
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, G. W., Chicago, Ill.	1 00
Carr, Gen. Julian S., Durham, N. C.	10 00	Jones, M. B., Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelousas, La.	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.	1 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va.	1 00
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.	1 00	Kern, Mrs. J. W., Kansas City, Mo.	2 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.	5 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	Stones, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Clarkson, R. A., Ft. Smith, Ark.	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.	2 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.	1 00	Lee, W. F., Piedmont, S. C.	1 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.	1 00	Lester, John H., Deming, N. Mex.	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.	10 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
Corser, Lieut. E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.	5 00	Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.	50	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Thompson, R. M., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.	50	McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch, Miss.	1 00	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.	1 00	McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.	2 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00	Tyler, C. W., Clarksville, Tenn.	10 00
Currie, A., Shreveport, La.	5 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio	10 00	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green, Ky.	5 00
Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.	10 00	Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50	Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Davidson, H. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Means, James, Columbus, Ohio.	1 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	1 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Iowa.	5 00	Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W. Va.	6 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00	Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvidere, Ill.	1 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.	5 00	Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla.	10 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.	1 00	M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00	Westbrook, M. L., Waco, Tex.	1 00
Dickinson, Hon. J. M., Nashville.	5 00	Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	2 50	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex.	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Moore, A. J., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn.	1 00
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Morrisett, F. T., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie, Tex.	1 00	Mumford, C. B., Kansas City, Mo.	3 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky.	1 00	Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga.	2 00
Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ky.	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	2 00
Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark.	1 00	Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Fletcher, Dr. Frank, Jenkins Bridge, Va.	1 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York City.	5 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Baltimore	10 00	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.	2 00	Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00
Fry, E. J., Marshall, Tex.	5 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00		
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.	1 00	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00		
Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.	1 00		
		Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00		
		Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.	1 00		
				Total to date	\$509 00

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DO UNDERSTAND ME.

In connection with so much printed about subscriptions an erroneous impression prevails. It is painful that so many who owe for one, two, or three years complain that they had ordered the VETERAN discontinued; and that others, instead of paying what they owe, write a lecture upon the injustice of continuing the publication after the time paid for has expired, when it is published again and again that the indulgence rule has been for poor comrades to whom such extension has been extended as a special personal favor. But to oblige that class the "pay in advance rule" would have been adhered to long ago. Many persons to whom the VETERAN is sent seem to feel that advantage is sought to be taken of them. Such is a sad reflection. The VETERAN has never been sent intentionally to anybody who had requested its discontinuance. The founder, who has done his best these twenty years in achieving all the good possible, has never knowingly done a selfish thing. He has never asked anybody to take it, assuming that they know about it; he has never sold a single copy, but has given away thousands singly; he has never failed to show unstinted hospitality to any patron when having the opportunity; he has never urged a patron to pay a cent and has rarely stopped sending it to anybody who seemed to enjoy it, regardless of the pay. It is not the money for which he has pleaded, but information as to whether it was being received and if sending it on was desirable. Thousands have not had the courtesy to respond, even with a stamped and addressed envelope supplied them. Now when indulgence is extended in this way, is it fair to withhold a reply? Is it fair to refuse payment or explanation?

With the new year new rules must be adopted. Answers must be sent so that it will be understood whether the continuance is desired. During the past twenty years, with all the deaths—much more than half—there has been no dropping back in the circulation. For this blessing gratitude is expressed first of all to the Daughters of the Confederacy, and they will still do their part. It will be a Herculean task with the change of rule to keep the list at 21,000. It is necessary to add more than fifty every day (or the average of it) in renewals or new subscribers, and it will be necessary to put forth such efforts as never before to hold up against the cutting down of the list by those who fail to answer the pleading letters. Don't imagine that if you are known by the owner it will be continued on that account. He cannot possibly undertake to go over the great list and see "who's who" on it. So don't consider that without writing.

Every person can tell what he or she owes. Next to the name the figures tell to what time subscription is paid. If "June 11" or "March 12" appears by the name, it means that you owe from June, 1911, or March, 1912. A letter opened as this explanation is being written states: "On the yellow slip of the VETERAN is the date 'April 13.' Please tell me how much I owe you." The subscription is paid to April, 1913.

By a recent proposition many have taken advantage of the offer to send \$2.50 for three years. There is so much saving

by this, so much economy in typesetting, that the offer is made to everybody. It is gratifying to enter the three years for \$2.50. A rich comrade once said after paying the three years: "Well, now I have paid three years, and I hope we will both live the time out." Was that spirit narrow? Was he doubtful of having made a risky investment? If so, he should remember that with every issue several hundred dollars is given to comrades and the cause. Suppose he should lose part of the \$2.50, are his patriotism and liberality in helping the cause worth the risk?

Friends can help a reduction in the list when thousands are cut off, and there is not a man nor a woman who can't help in the way proposed. Send names for sample copies.

Don't wait for an agent to pay and don't hesitate. Something is written about him who hesitates—he is lost.

Through twenty years of zealous endeavor the VETERAN has been made the most influential periodical that has ever been in the South. It is not mercenary but patriotic, and this fact ought to bestir every man and woman who would honor the service and sacrifice of loved ones. Now is the time to render helpful service, and nobody is exempt. Many persons have sent articles that should long since have appeared. There are thousands of them on hand. Delay has not been from lack of merit, and it is grievous that they are so long held.

In conclusion, a request is made of every friend everywhere, and it is modest. Send the names—a post card will do—of one or more persons by whom sample copies would be appreciated and who might become patrons. Thousands of Southern people would take the VETERAN if they could see a copy, and these samples will be sent free. Please do this now. When you speak to friends, tell them that it will be sent from now to the end of 1913 for \$1. This request ought to bring ten thousand answers at least and the names and addresses of at least 20,000. Now just a word. Is it intended for you? Do you think of somebody near or far that you believe would enjoy reading a copy free? If so, send the name.

Illustrative of the spirit that ought to prevail as to promptness, the liberty is taken to copy a card from Miss Katherine McIntyre, one of two girls who have been traveling abroad for a year. She wrote as follows to Mrs. Randolph Richmond:

"Dear Mrs. Richmond: I am separated from writing paper and check book, so I am asking you to do something for me. I think the subscription of Captain W—, at Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, is about to expire. Will you renew it for me? I don't want the old man to miss it."

Several days have elapsed since the foregoing was written, and meditation has strengthened the conviction that such prolonged silence which has caused the loss of thousands of dollars to the VETERAN is unjust to it and to patrons who pay promptly, and a change will be made after December. All subscribers not paid to within this year will be stricken from the list and request made to pay what is due to that date. It is not expected that many will do it. As a rule, the families of those who die are not interested, hence the importance of every friend who realizes the good that is being done by it soliciting those who would appreciate it if they only realized its mission. Having samples sent would often be sufficient.

A sense of gratitude to coworkers in the cause of the South in the struggle, the issues of which are enough to make us feel that it is well we lived in the time, is humbly acknowledged. Men and women are perfected through suffering.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

The General Convention of the U. D. C. convenes in Washington, D. C., November 12, lasting four days.

The Tennessee delegation is expected to travel *en route* by way of the Southern. Rates will be put on the 8th of November on the certificate plan. A large delegation is hoped for by the State President. It is the first time our organization has ever met north of Mason and Dixon's line, and a loyal love for the cause should prompt many to go.

Mrs. White offers a certificate of merit to that one of the thirty Divisions which sends the best representation, by payment of general *per capita* tax, that has the largest increase of membership, best number of new Chapters and Auxiliaries, and the largest delegation.

Tennessee is offering a resolution for the endowment of a chair in history at the Peabody College for Teachers, located at Nashville, that correct history may be taught our descendants. All the other Divisions have been asked to coöperate. All the Chapters over the State are urged to send their credential blanks ten days before the Convention to Mrs. Roy McKinney, Paducah, Ky.

The laying of the foundation of the Arlington monument will occur on the afternoon of the 12th of November. Let all be there to witness this longed-for event, when our feet will stand on sacred soil.

Board has been secured at special rates for delegates at the New Willard, the Raleigh, the Dewey, and surrounding good stopping places on the European plan, from \$2 to \$7 per day.



ONLY GRANDSON OF MRS. PRESIDENT HOLLAND.

The Tennessee State President wishes her delegation to meet her in the committee room at the official headquarters, the New Willard, Tuesday at 7 P.M.

NAMES OF NEW PARISHES IN LOUISIANA.

REPORT FROM MRS. B. ORY, FIRST VICE PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The name of Jefferson Davis has been appropriately honored in New Orleans and in the State of Louisiana. First came the naming of a parkway Jefferson Davis, in which

has since been placed the splendid bronze statue of the great chieftain. Since then a parish in the richest and most fertile part of the State has been created and named for him.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association takes special pride in this last honor which will still further immortalize the name of Mr. Davis. It was through the efforts of a committee from that Association with the President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, that this consummation was brought about.

In 1908 the committee appeared before the General Assembly in an endeavor to secure an appropriation toward the erection of their monument. Just about this time a bill was submitted to the legislature providing for the division of Calcasieu Parish. The names selected for the new parishes were Pine, Rice, and Sanders. The committee, realizing that the names of Rice and Pine were not dignified enough, called upon Hon. E. O. Bruner, of Rayne, La., the framer of the bill, and offered as a substitute the names of Jefferson Davis and Beauregard. The arguments and reasons advanced were convincing, and the amended bill was passed. The acts creating these parishes, however, failed of confirmation by the people of Calcasieu Parish. This necessitated the re-introduction of the bill by Hon. Frank L. Powell, of Calcasieu, at this year's session of the General Assembly. When it is known that this parish of Calcasieu is larger than the States of Rhode Island and Delaware together, containing about 36,000 square miles, collecting millions of dollars' worth of taxes, having varied agricultural interests, etc., it may readily be seen that the division, with its boundary lines, names, and all else pertaining thereto, was of much importance.

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association, however, continued to storm the citadel of government, added aids and allies to their forces from the veterans' organizations and other friends, and finally saw Jefferson Davis, Beauregard, and Allen Parishes rise from out the ashes of Calcasieu. Thus not only has the chieftain and his Louisiana general been honored, but the State's great war Governor, Allen, as well.

Now the Jefferson Davis Monument Association is having made a handsome oil painting of Mr. Davis, to be presented to the parish seat of Jefferson Davis Parish just as soon as the town has been designated. Beauregard and Allen Parishes will also be appropriately honored by other bodies.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, expressed great satisfaction at the naming of the new parishes, and in a letter to Gov. Luther H. Hall says: "Louisiana deserves the thanks of all the survivors of the great struggle and of all their descendants who appreciate the courage and valor and patriotism of those who were engaged in the great struggle for the independence of the South in 1861-65."

Louisiana is singularly free from prejudice in the naming of all her parishes. We have a Lincoln Parish called for the War President, a Grant Parish called for the commander in chief of the Union forces, and having for its parish seat the town of Colfax, named in honor of the Vice President of that name. Then Cameron, the first of the Northern war Secretaries, was honored by a parish being named for him, while the parish of Union "tells its own story." It is doubtful if such a broad American condition exists in any other State in the reunited country. It is a vibrant, healthy condition, breathing of the "signs of the times."

[It seems that they went far to honor so many Northerners in Louisiana.—EDITOR.]

DEDICATION OF HENRY WYATT MONUMENT.

Near the tall, clear-cut shaft to "Our Confederate Dead" in Raleigh, N. C., stands the handsome statue of Henry L. Wyatt, who fell at Bethel, the first soldier to give up his life for the Confederate cause. When the string was pulled by Master W. Henry Wyatt, his nephew, the flag of the Old North State fell away, revealing the noble figure in bronze of young Wyatt in Confederate uniform. With his musket grasped in his hand and Southern patriotism burning in his eye, he stands poised forward, and his old comrades who were with him when he fell could see him again as in response to the command to take possession of the house behind which the Federal forces were intrenched he rushed forward only to be shot down.

Shortly after noon on June 9 the procession moved up Fayetteville Street. Banners, martial music, and uniforms of gray stirred the patriotism of every one who witnessed the procession. The order was as follows:

Chief marshal and assistant marshal; Third Regiment Band; Edgecombe Guards, Co. A, Second Infantry, N. C. N. G.; Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry; Franklin Guards; Co. F and Co. B, Third Infantry; Raleigh Light Infantry.

Gen. Julian S. Carr and staff.

L. O'B. Branch Drum Corps.

H. L. Wyatt Camp, Confederate Veterans, Vance County. Visiting Camps, Confederate Veterans.

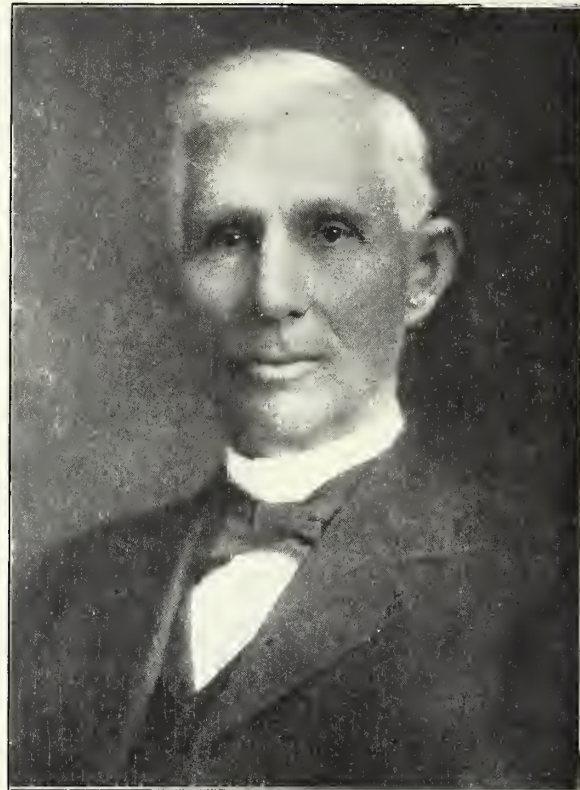
L. O'B. Branch Camp, Confederate Veterans, Raleigh.

Ambulance Company, No. 1, Raleigh.

Automobiles and carriages containing the Governor, the orator of the day, Maj. E. J. Hale, Mrs. F. M. Williams, President North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and guests.

Circling the Capitol, the procession entered the north gate.

The veiled statue was near the platform, which was draped in State and Confederate flags. Orators, Daughters of the Confederacy, and special guests occupied seats. Among the banners so proudly carried in the procession were two of the Edgecombe Guards, one bearing the dates 1861, 1865, the other 1898. A large banner of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was carried by the State President, Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams. The famous Tarheel banner, a large



R. H. HICKS, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

[He gave \$1,000 for the Wyatt statue, and thereby brought about the early completion of the undertaking by the Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, U. D. C.]

foot with a tar heel, was in evidence. While the guests were being seated the famous L. O'B. Branch Confederate Drum Corps called forth applause and Rebel yells with "Dixie."

Hundreds of visitors, many of them from other cities in the State, witnessed the exercises. Music by the Third Regiment Band began the exercises, after which Hon. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State, as master of ceremonies, presented Rev. A. D. Betts, who served through the Army of Northern Virginia as chaplain of the 30th Regiment of North Carolina. While men stood with uncovered heads the old chaplain, once more in his uniform of gray, stood and offered thanks to God, craving his blessing on the people gathered there, especially the old Confederates.

In introducing Maj. E. J. Hale, of the Bethel regiment, Colonel Grimes spoke of the day just fifty-one years ago when the battle of Bethel was fought and of the 1,000 men selected from the 10,000 men gathered in Raleigh that were sent by D. H. Hill to Virginia. The story of the five men who volunteered to burn the house behind which the Federal troops were intrenched was recited, these men being Thomas Tollin, Capt. J. H. Thorpe, of Edgecombe County, Hon. R. H. Hicks,



THE HENRY WYATT MONUMENT.

and Maj. R. H. Bradley. The fifth man was Henry L. Wyatt, whose fortune it was to give his life for North Carolina.

In 1909 the legislature supplemented with \$2,500 the money already raised by the Daughters of the Confederacy to build the monument.



R. H. BRADLEY. T. H. THORP. R. H. HICKS.
(Associates and Comrades of Henry L. Wyatt)

On behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Mrs. Fannie Ransom Williams, State President U. D. C., presented the statue. As the daughter of Gen. Robert Ransom, a gallant Confederate, she loves the Confederacy as her father did. Mrs. Williams said in part: "To-day is a glad day in the annals of the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina. From one end of the State to another hearts beat with pride to see the completion of a work in which every Daughter feels a pride." She expressed the true sentiment that the United Daughters of the Confederacy is the grandest organization ever known for the heritage it claims.



JOHN A. MITCHENER.

Mrs. Williams recited the efforts of the Daughters to raise the money for the monument. Inspired by John A. Mitchener, of Selma, they undertook the work. The little Chapter at Selma came to the mother, the State Daughters, and they in turn went to their mother, the State, for aid in the work, a

committee being appointed by the legislature and \$2,500 being donated to supplement that already raised by them. Mrs. Williams thanked Miss Margaret Etheridge, of Selma, chairman of the committee, and her assistant, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, for their part in the work.

John A. Mitchener, who started the movement and worked as secretary of the local Wyatt Memorial Committee, was appointed by the Henry L. Wyatt Chapter, U. D. C., at the start and was with them to the end, made a few remarks, saying that he felt too profoundly thankful to make a speech. Mr. Mitchener gives credit to all who worked for this monument and contributed to it. But he claims that special credit and honor is due R. H. Ricks, a companion of Wyatt's and who was near him when he fell, for giving him \$1,000 for the fund on condition that the Wyatt Chapter raise \$1,000 by January 1. This they did, and Captain Ricks promptly paid one thousand dollars for the fund. All honor to him, for without his aid we could not have secured the result.

North Carolina claims the honor of being the first at Bethel, foremost at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox. It claims also to be first to erect a statue to a private soldier.

Senator L. V. Bassett, of Edgecombe, then on the part of the legislative committee presented the statue. He recited something of the ancestry and family history of Wyatt, who was a carpenter's apprentice.

His excellency Gov. W. W. Kitchen, of North Carolina, then in his usual direct manner accepted the statue for the State, expressing the pride that for two generations North Carolina has felt in the fact that Wyatt was the first soldier to fall in battle. "No greater sacrifice," declared the Governor, "can be made than that a man lay down his life for his country. The spirit of Wyatt was the spirit that has actuated North Carolinians in all great periods."

Master W. Henry Wyatt, third cousin of the man in whose honor the statue was erected, assisted by Mr. Gulzon Borglum of New York, the artist and sculptor, then pulled the cords that released the flag veiling from the statue. Mrs. Williams with the flag of the Daughters of the Confederacy, with Miss Margaret Etheridge, chairman of the committee, stood just in front of the statue as the flag slipped away. Maj. E. J. Hale was the orator of the occasion.

While the crowds cheered the Edgecombe Guards, Company A, Second Infantry, N. C. N. G., fired the salute. There was music by the Third Regiment Band, and the exercises were concluded with taps by Darnell Thomas.

Col. James B. McGruder (afterwards a major general) wrote officially: "Henry Wyatt was one of the four who volunteered to set fire to a house in our front which was thought to afford protection to our enemy. Advancing alone between the two fires, he fell midway pierced in the forehead by a musket ball. Henry L. Wyatt is the name of the brave soldier and patriotic member of the gallant North Carolina regiment."

[The VETERAN has designed a more elaborate tribute to Henry Wyatt and his associates, but it must forego more that was intended for the present.]

Information is sought by Mr. George R. Brown, Secretary of the Little Rock Board of Trade, concerning the service in the C. S. A. of Dr. R. P. Bateman. Mr. Brown, who married Dr. Bateman's daughter, understands that he was sergeant major of his regiment, but what regiment is not known. Dr. Bateman resided in Memphis soon after the war.

A GOOD NAME—ITS RESPONSIBILITY.

On Saturday, June 28, 1890, an address was delivered at the laying of a corner stone in Nashville, which it has been intended ever since to reproduce in the VETERAN. It was that of the magnificent high school building for Nashville on the most prominent corner lot in the city. It was a happy coincidence that the speaker was a grandson of the distinguished citizen for whom one of the two old and honored institutions was named.

Although a very young man, the orator, Dr. Alfred Hume, had recently been chosen to fill the chair of mathematics in the University of Mississippi, and he had recently been honored with the degree of Doctor of Science by Vanderbilt University at Nashville.

In the year 1883 Dr. Hume graduated from the public schools of Nashville with the first honors of his class, and his valedictory was on the "Influences and Uses of Imagination." Four years later he graduated from Vanderbilt University at the head of his class and secured the Founder's Department medal in engineering. The Nashville American said of him: "No alumnus of Vanderbilt has ever been able so soon after his graduation to step into so honorable and so lucrative a position in an institution of such high grade as the University of Mississippi."

RESPONSIBILITY TO EMINENT ANCESTRY.

The prime purpose of this sketch is to quote Dr. Hume's sense of responsibility in perpetuating the name of his ancestor for whom the great school is named and of which he said:

"A good name is indeed a goodly heritage, one to be transmitted to posterity without a stain. Respectable parentage is a blessing not so much to be proud of as to be profoundly grateful for. Ancestral pride, though pardonable possibly in private, finds no proper place for expression in public. No man should boast about that for which he was not in any sense responsible or claim credit for that in which he had absolutely no part. Honorable ancestry simply levies obligations to be something worthy and to do something worth while. It cannot bestow exemptions or relieve of responsibilities. Every one must stand on his own individual merit. Nothing but shame to him who misuses or abuses his birthright, and, on the other hand, honor to that one who, rising from obscurity, makes for himself a place among men.

"Doubtless very few within the sound of my voice ever saw the man whose name, linked with that of Francis B. Fogg, is to grace the building whose corner stone we lay to-day. And yet many of the older citizens of Nashville felt the friendly touch of his hand, came under the magic spell of his school, and learned lessons in right living from his unselfish soul. All too rapidly these gentlemen of the Old South are passing away. But even after their tongues cease to tell of his virtues we shall look upon his likeness and see stamped upon his face the unmistakable evidences of gentle breeding, genuine refinement, kindly disposition, inexhaustible patience, and willing sacrifices.

"Little wonder that such a man is remembered and revered, for he left the impress of his own personality upon his boys and gave them that kind of culture which comes from contact elevating and ennobling. Let us not forget amid the confusion and complexity of our more modern world that true teaching, with the culture that accompanies it, has more to do with manhood than with subject-matter, methods, or school management. A teacher's strength is influence, that intangible thing which defies analysis and baffles every attempt at dis-

section. It cannot be measured by material standards; its value cannot be estimated in dollars and cents; its effects cannot be tabulated or expressed in percentages. It is a spiritual



DR. ALFRED HUME, UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

force as powerful and all-pervasive in the realm of mind as is gravitation in the realm of matter."

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

We have enrolled the Immortal Six Hundred Memorial Association in our C. S. M. A. It was organized in June, 1912, at Lyon, Miss., with Miss Jeanie W. Fontaine as President and Mrs. John Mays as Secretary. This band of patriotic women are endeavoring to erect a monument in memory of the Immortal Six Hundred of their community.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Chattanooga, Tenn., has been reorganized and is affiliated with the C. S. M. A. Mrs. M. S. Armstrong is President and Miss Eva D. Bachman is Secretary. In its membership are numbered many daughters of the old charter members who consider it a privilege to be allowed to serve in place of their mothers. As our next annual meeting will be in their city, we hope to clasp the hand of each member of that organization and feel that our hearts and hands are bound closer in one great and common cause of love and sympathy.

ATTENTION, ALL ASSOCIATIONS!

Our President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, is very desirous of disposing of the four hundred volumes of the "History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South" as soon as possible, as there is urgent need of funds. The book is a treasure for patriotic women who cherish the memories of our fallen heroes. It is full of interest and incidents of the work of our women of the South, and no Southern library is complete without it. The book is well bound and a beautiful and fitting gift for birthday or Christmas. It can be purchased for \$1.20 delivered. Write to Mrs. W. J. Behan, New Orleans, or Mrs. W. W. Whitfield, 23 East Gonzales Street, Pensacola, Fla., and the book will be promptly mailed to you.

O. A. Williams, of Butler, Pa., has a Bible with "C. C. Wall, Company K, 16th Georgia Regiment," written in it.

NOW GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.

BY MRS. M. T. NORRIS, RALEIGH, N. C.

James T. Adams, lieutenant colonel of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, was born in Wake County, N. C., September 7, 1839. His ancestors, both paternal and maternal, were among the sturdy, substantial families who assisted in forming the colonies. He was a son of James Adams, a direct descendant of Abram Adams, one of the oldest settlers in Beaufort County (or old Bath) early in 1700. His mother's, Elizabeth Avery Adams, forefathers came from New England about 1707, Alexander Avery having been a member of the Provincial Congress and several times a member of the assemblies during and after the Revolutionary period.

Lieutenant Colonel Adams was a young man when the call to arms was given in defense of the South. He rose from second lieutenant in Company D to be lieutenant colonel of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, and during the last days of the War of the States he was in command of the regiment, and on the retreat from Petersburg was at times in command of the brigade.

The 26th North Carolina Regiment was first Ransom's Brigade, but in 1862 it was assigned to Pettigrew's Brigade, the one to become so famous in military annals. Lieutenant Colonel Adams was wounded in the right hip at Malvern Hill on July 1, 1862, and seriously wounded in the left shoulder at Gettysburg July 1, 1863, just one year after, and except while on furlough from these wounds he was never excused from duty. He was in every battle in which the 26th North Carolina Regiment was engaged in the war except the battle at Bristol Station, at which time he was at home wounded on furlough.

At the brilliant victory of Reams's Station, after Colonel Lane was wounded, Lieutenant Colonel Adams took command, and was ever thereafter present with his regiment until its surrender at Appomattox, when he signed the parole of his command. Since that time he has been a useful citizen of Wake County and is now living in his old home in Holly Springs, N. C. He is in his seventy-third year, and his faith-



LIEUT. COL. JAMES T. ADAMS AND WIFE, LUCY BECKWITH ADAMS.

ful companion cheers him in his old age, although he is quite feeble, the two living a most beautiful and restful life happily surrounded by children and grandchildren.

Just a few months ago Lieutenant Colonel Adams compiled for a niece who is an enthusiastic Daughter of the Confederacy a complete history of the 26th North Carolina Regiment from the time it left Raleigh in 1861 until the close of

the war in 1865. This shows his activity and clearness of mind and still proves his loyalty by leaving a certified account for coming generations of this gallant regiment which General Heth pronounced to be one of the best-drilled regiments in Northern Virginia.

McLAWS'S DIVISION AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY RUFUS LEDDEN, SPRINGVALE, GA.

[The author was sergeant in Company H, 51st Georgia Infantry, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps.]

In the *VETERAN* for September, 1912, page 422, is an article to the effect that McLaws's Division was not at Chickamauga with General Longstreet. Dr. Conway, of Athens, Ga., says that we were at Chancellorsville. That is true, but after the battle of Chancellorsville General Hooker (Federal) moved back from the Rappahannock River to the fortification near Washington City. So McLaws's Division went to Gettysburg with General Lee and recrossed back into Virginia, when General Longstreet was ordered to Chickamauga to reinforce General Bragg. That battle was fought on September 17, 1863. After the battle of Chickamauga, General Longstreet with his corps passed the winter up in East Tennessee, and on our way McLaws's Division attacked Fort Sanders at Knoxville, Tenn., on October 9, 1863. Bryan's Brigade of McLaws's Division attacked the south side of the fort and landed two regiments on top, the 50th and 51st Georgia. We went into winter quarters at Greeneville and Bristol, Tenn. In April, 1864, we went back to Virginia; were in the battle of the Wilderness in May and on those lines all summer.

STATE COMMITTEEMEN FOR GETTYSBURG CELEBRATION.—Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Charleston, S. C., Chairman; Alabama, Col. W. W. Screws; Arkansas, Gen. Thomas Green, Sr.; Florida, Gen. A. D. Williams; Georgia, Col. W. N. Harrison; Kentucky, Col. John H. Leathers; Louisiana, Gen. T. W. Castleman; Maryland, Col. Bartlett S. Johnston; Mississippi, Hon. T. E. Cooper; Missouri, Gen. J. William Towson; North Carolina, Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn; Oklahoma, Gen. John Threadgill; South Carolina, Col. C. K. Henderson; Tennessee, Col. S. A. Cunningham; Texas, Gen. Felix H. Robertson; Virginia, Gen. J. Thompson Brown; West Virginia, Col. R. Preston Chew; Northwest Division, Col. J. P. Reins; Pacific Division, Gen. W. C. Harrison.

In a postscript to a letter General Walker writes: "General Robertson, of Texas, suggests that the date of our 1913 Reunion at Chattanooga be fixed for the last week in June, so that we can go on to Gettysburg for the first week in July. It would be a capital arrangement. The double attraction will insure, I think, an increased attendance both at our Reunion and at the Gettysburg celebration. It would enable many a comrade to take in both, if one followed the other, who could only make one or the other. Unfortunately there are many of our comrades who would have to consider this, particularly from the Trans-Mississippi Department and the Southwest."

In printing the suggestion due deference is given our host, Chattanooga. The entertaining city is given the privilege of naming the time for Reunions in conformity with the Commander in Chief and the three Department Commanders; but it is without question that Chattanooga will endeavor to conserve the best interest of the organization. The date suggested being late, it is all the greater reason for confidence that her authorities can the more certainly conform to this suggestion. Other letters of like nature are at hand.

SENTIMENT ON THE "EASTERN SHORE."

BY T. C. KELLEY, ADJUTANT U. C. V. CAMP, HALLWOOD, VA.

The annual reunion of Harmanson-West Camp, U. C. V., No. 651, of the eastern shore of Virginia and Maryland, was held on October 3, 1912, at Eastville, Northampton County C. H., Va. It was a delightfully successful occasion. The eastern shore is composed of Accomac and Northampton Counties, Va., and Worcester County, Md. These three counties make a peninsula nearly one hundred miles long by ten miles wide, lying between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. The N. Y., P. & N. Railroad runs through this peninsula from north to south, terminating at Cape Charles City and connected by ferry with Norfolk. This road is very convenient to the people at any point.

Early on reunion day the people began to arrive at Eastville by train, carriages of every description, and automobiles until a large assemblage filled the park, variously estimated at from two to four thousand. The parade was along Main Street, leading from the station to the park. The veterans were escorted by the Red Men and citizens on foot and in automobiles and young ladies and men on horseback. Hon. William Bullet Fitzhugh was marshal of the day. The houses were beautifully decorated with Confederate flags and bunting, and the trees, the dinner tables, and booths were profusely decorated with Confederate colors. The large residence of Mr. Arthur Saunders in the park was exquisitely decorated with the Confederate colors and the United States flags. Everybody seemed intent on a good time, and all vied in doing honor to the old "grizzly" veterans who were present. Five veterans answered the last roll call since our last reunion a year ago.

The Camp was called to order by Commander Dr. Frank Fletcher, and the invocation was offered by Chaplain Rev. John W. Hundley. The address of welcome in behalf of Eastville was by Hon. John S. Wise, and the oration of the day was by Hon. S. W. Williams, Attorney-General of Virginia. Immediately after dinner Mr. Thomas Downing delivered a fine address and Mrs. Crockett, of Pocomoke City, Md., recited a beautiful poem of her own to the memory of our fallen comrades. Fine music was interspersed during the day by the Italian brass band of Norfolk and a choir of young ladies of the shore.

This Camp, by the aid of their lady friends, has erected a beautiful monument at Parksley, Accomac County, Va., to the memory of their fallen comrades, and now we have nearly enough money on hand to erect one in Northampton County to the memory of comrades there. It will soon be erected so that it may be seen by them. We had one Confederate mother at our reunion past ninety-five years old and cheerful.

HOME FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

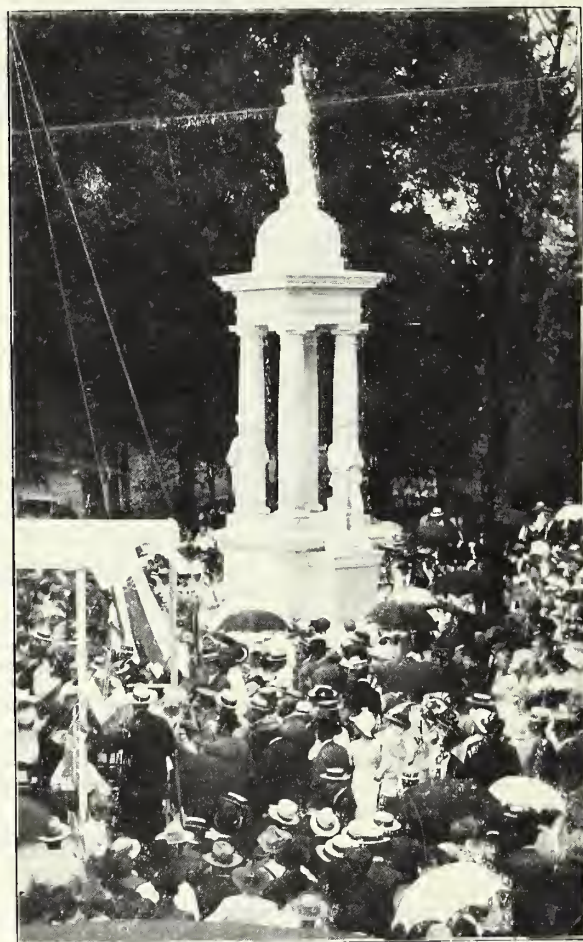
Although established October 15, 1900, it already shelters twenty-seven worthy widows and sisters of gallant Confederates who did actual service on the field of battle, with a trained nurse, matron, and four servants. This Home has no State aid and is dependent solely upon voluntary contributions from its friends. Money and provisions will be gratefully received at the Home, No. 3 East Grace Street, Richmond, Va. Persons desiring to honor the women of the Confederacy can do so in no better manner.

The wife of former Governor Montague made an earnest appeal for this Home to the Grand Camp at Pulaski at its 1912 Reunion.

FINE MONUMENT AT COLUMBUS, MISS.

"Let history that lives to-day not die to-morrow;
Plant it deep in that richest soil, a child's heart."

The unveiling of the monument to the Confederate veterans of Lowndes County, Miss., by the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Columbus, Miss., August 9, 1912, was an event



DEDICATING THE MONUMENT AT COLUMBUS.

of much interest and importance. The invocation was by Rev. J. B. Lawrence. "Maryland, My Maryland" was played by the Seventeenth Infantry Band, U. S. A. An address was delivered by Gov. Earl Brewer. The presentation address was by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, State President Mississippi Division, U. D. C. The unveiling was by seventeen children. During the unveiling the Seventeenth Infantry Band played "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The address of acceptance was by Gen. E. T. Sykes, followed by an address by Hon. Blewett Lee, the son of Gen. Stephen D. Lee. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. B. de Waddell, of Meridian. The master of ceremonies was by Hon. Thomas J. Locke, Jr., aided by John A. Stinson.

An appropriate account of the dedication of this magnificent monument cannot be given at present. While its cost is but \$5,000, the Stephen D. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., has made a superb showing with the money. The monument is thirty-two feet high and is embellished with three handsome statues. As was fitting, the ceremony was participated in by Mississippi State and Federal troops. It was an occasion well worthy of an extended account.



MEMBERS OF STOCKDALE CAMP, U. C. V., MAGNOLIA, MISS., JULY 4, 1912.

CASUALTIES AMONG GENERALS OF BOTH ARMIES.

BY MAJ. W. A. OBENCHAIN, BOWLING GREEN, KY.

The number of Federal generals in the War of the States as shown by the list given in the "Photographic History of the Civil War," Vol. X., pages 306-316, was 1,991. According to the "Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army," Vol. II., pages 176-179, there were in all 464 Confederate generals. The number of Federal generals killed, or who died of wounds received in battle, was forty-six. (Page 173 of the same volume.) The number of Confederate generals killed, or who died of wounds received in battle, as given on pages 174 and 175, was seventy-five. To this list should be added the name of Gen. W. H. C. Whiting, who was seriously wounded when Fort Fisher was captured in February, 1865, and who died, evidently from the effects of his wound, some three weeks afterwards while a prisoner of war on Governor's Island, N. Y. This makes the number seventy-six. It will thus be seen that, while the number of Federal generals was more than four times as great as that of Confederate generals, the number of Confederate generals killed in battle was thirty more, or nearly twice as great.

Taking it by percentage, the Federals lost in battle 2.3 per cent of their generals; the Confederates, 16.3 per cent, a percentage seven times as great. The Federals lost in battle one general out of every forty-three; the Confederates one out of every six.

As the Federal sharpshooters were no better marksmen than Confederate sharpshooters, these figures show conclusively that Confederate generals led their troops oftener and exposed themselves more in battle than did Federal generals.

Two Confederate generals fell at critical moments in the midst of victory: Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh and Gen. Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville. And doubtless their loss was at the time most fortunate for the enemy.

Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston was the only commander of an army on either side killed in battle during the war.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT QUITMAN, MISS.

Over a thousand people gathered in Quitman October 24, 1911, to witness the unveiling of the monument erected to the Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Lewis, President of the local Chapter, U. D. C., assisted by eleven young ladies (Misses Ruth Edmiston, Mattie Neal, Gladys Barbour, Pauline Neal, Christine Lewis, Bessie Arrington, Lillian Doby, Grace Barbour, Mary Alice Massingale, Anna Lou Adams, Minnie May

Boykin), all clad in white, represented the Confederate States. The monument was presented to the local Camp, U. C. V., in a beautiful speech by Mrs. C. S. Edmiston, and was accepted in behalf of the veterans by Col. L. B. Brown, who in turn presented it to Clarke County through the board of supervisors, and it was accepted by Joe E. McCartz, a popular member of the board from the Enterprise District. A delicious dinner was served by the ladies near the courthouse.

ABOUT THE ATTACK AT COLD HARBOR.

BY J. H. COSGROVE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

In a review of Major General Hoke in the September issue it is stated that the attack at Cold Harbor was made "upon that portion of the line occupied by Hoke's command," leaving the impression that his division alone repulsed with bloody effect that disastrous assault made June 3, 1864. I was on the picket line the whole of the night before with a comrade of my regiment, 4th Texas (Hood's) Brigade; and as the enemy was advancing through a heavy fog to the charge, he was sent to the lines to inform the command and to have them prepared to meet the shock.

When he returned we stood and saw the enemy's lines emerge from the fog and converge to the left not two hundred yards from where we were. We both fired and chased to the breastworks, where we found the men in line four deep. The impact of the assault fell largely upon Law's Alabama Brigade, ours pouring a heavy flank fire into the enemy's lines of battle as they moved on. The artillery also played havoc with a heavy cross-fire at close range. I saw General Law quite plainly standing on the works about the center of his brigade, and that volley of that grand Alabama command I can never forget. Law was wounded in the head by a shot from the enemy as he stood on his works. General Hoke may have been to the left of our division, that of General Field's, Longstreet's Corps, therefore to the left of Law; but that the brunt of that assault fell upon his command is news to me.

The evening before the assault our line was driven out, the line captured, and we were rushed to cover the break.

H. C. Harlan writes from Dialville, Tex.: "I wish to find some member of my regiment, Company K, 7th Tennessee Cavalry (Col. J. D. Bennett), who can make proof so that I might enter the Confederate Home at Austin. I am now seventy-two years old and can't work. I enlisted in the above company and regiment at Hartsville, Tenn., in 1863."

IMPORTANCE OF SOUTHERN HISTORY.

[Rev. R. Lin Cave, Chap'n Gen. U. C. V., in Nashville Banner.]

I wish to thank you for your editorial of the 3d inst. in regard to the election of Mr. S. A. Cunningham as President of the Association of Confederate Soldiers in Tennessee, and heartily indorse all you say, especially as to the great value of his services as editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in preserving a correct history of the South. I agree with you fully in your statement that "if a real history of the War of the States is ever written, the writer of that history must depend largely upon the files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for fully half of his material." I wish so much that our young people would take the VETERAN and read it and other Southern history also, for many of them are ignorant of the subject, and, worse still, they do not take interest in it, and some have said they don't care to know anything about it. This is really pathetic. Many of them think that we fought for slavery. At our State reunion in Shelbyville I heard Professor Webb make this statement, and his contact for many years with thousands of young men of the South certainly makes him good authority.

It seems to me that if my father had been a Confederate soldier I would know all about the war, its causes, that if need be I might defend his course and conduct. Instead of this ignorance our young people should be fully posted as to all the essential facts and could anywhere, at any time successfully defend the cause of the South. Many are still trying to fasten upon the South the stigma of slavery and that we fought for it. If they succeed in doing so, the Southern soldier will go down in history dishonored; and they will unless we while we can see to it that a correct history of the cause of the war and the South's relation to it is established.

It has been truly said that the luster of glorious achievements on the battle field is dimmed by time; but the stain of treason, like the "damned spot" on the hand of Lady Macbeth, will not "out." Benedict Arnold is a striking example of the truth of this statement. His valiant deeds as a soldier are obscured by his treason and no longer remembered with honor, while his name always suggests only the blackest infamy. And so, to some extent at least, it may be with the soldiers of the South if we allow unfriendly historians to write our history. I am proud of the Daughters and their work in this most important service and of many of the Sons, but I do wish they would as a body take more interest. It will soon be too late. Now is the time.

CONFEDERATE GIRLS' HOME FOR TENNESSEE.

Mrs. N. B. Dozier, of Franklin, the originator of the movement to erect on the campus of the George Peabody College for Teachers a Confederate Girls' Home as a memorial to the women of the Confederacy and the Confederate soldiers of Tennessee, and at the same time a home for their women descendants during their term in school, addressed the Association. She came as chairman of a committee appointed by the President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Harriett B. Holland, to confer with the veterans at their reunion and to urge them to unite with the U. D. C. in building this home.

After a fitting tribute to the valor of Southern soldiers, Tennesseans in particular, she spoke in the interest of the Confederate Girls' Home. When Mrs. Dozier had finished, Prof. W. R. Webb, of Bellbuckle, than whom no man in Tennessee has done more for education in the South, spoke

in the highest terms of this movement and gave to it his strong personal indorsement. On motion of McEwen Bivouac and Starnes Camp, the veterans gave to the movement their hearty indorsement and pledged their moral and financial support to the Confederate Girls' Home.



MISS RIJINA E. RAMBOLS, MARIETTA, GA.

[Miss Rambols took the responsibility of inviting the Georgia Division for their State Convention to Marietta. Its success is known.]

GEN. ROBERT WHITE RETIRES.

On October 12 at the State reunion of West Virginia in Moorefield formal official action was taken in regard to the retirement of Maj. Gen. Robert White. A committee composed of John S. Pancake, W. B. Colston, H. C. Avis, Wayne P. Ferguson, H. C. L. Gatewood, William H. Cackley, and Henry Mitchell approve the following:

"Whereas Gen. Robert White, of Wheeling, W. Va., has been the able Commander of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., since its organization, in 1897, with the rank of Major General, and has devoted his time and money at heavy expense to the duties of said Division, and having arrived at the age of fourscore years requests to be retired from the arduous duties of said office; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is our duty to General White, in order that he may spend the remainder of his years with his family in the quiet of private life, that we accede to his request and that he be retired with the rank of Honorary Major General of this Division during the remainder of his life.

"This Division also desires to express to General White its appreciation of his faithful service as chairman of the Battle Abbey Executive Committee since its organization, in 1897, and congratulate him and his associates on the erection to Confederates of the grandest monument on earth.

Resolved, further, That these resolutions be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN."

WHEN PRESIDENT DAVIS WAS RELEASED.

BY HIS NIECE, MRS. CHARLES J. MITCHELL.

Just after the release of President Davis from the prison of Fortress Monroe he went South to visit his brother, Joseph Emery Davis, whose home was in Vicksburg, Miss., with his son-in-law, Dr. Charles J. Mitchell, my husband. Although he wished to enjoy the privacy of intimate communion with his brother, who had been as a father to him, being twenty-one years his senior, it was impossible, for the entire country wished to meet him. Crowds from far and near came to express their happiness on seeing him alive. Many fell on their knees to touch his ankles that had worn the cruel shackles for us all. They in spirit exclaimed: "He has been the victim to suffer indignity, imprisonment, insult, and calumny so unjust, so cruel for his people."

He was so emaciated and so feeble that women and even children wept when they beheld him. Gen. Wade Hampton and Governor Humphrey and such men shed tears. He was much beloved, even idolized. There was a charm about him that drew affection from all who knew him. His wonderful voice, so musical, so impressive, and his manner were always adapted to his audiences. His elder brother was in many respects a great man. He directed Jefferson's studies, after he resigned from the army, in statesmanship, reading the works of Calhoun, Jefferson, General Washington, and Webster, and taking the political papers of the day, noting the acts of Congress and the administrations. Through these studies Jefferson Davis was induced to enter Congress, where he made a record that led to the Senate. Afterwards he was Secretary of War under President Pierce. In that office he introduced many important measures which still reflect upon his ability. His farewell address to the Senate after the secession of Mississippi should be cherished as a masterpiece of oratory and as a guide to patriots. His enemies join in praising him.



MRS. LUCY BRADFORD MITCHELL.

[The foregoing was contributed by the widow of Dr. Mitchell, as she states, "to fulfill my promise to write something." She is very much like her distinguished uncle in manner and disposition. Recently she has been visiting friends in Kentucky,

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and she took part in the centennial celebration of the school at Nazareth where she and her sisters were educated. The notice furnished by her is altogether too modest and too brief. During his first weeks of convalescence Mr. Davis was extremely emaciated and feeble, but his great soul overcame nature's heavy draft upon the system and his restoration to fairly good health was a blessing to his people in their vindication before the world despite Reconstruction infamy.]

MOTHER OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Elizabeth M. Adams was born in Wilson County, Tenn., May 1, 1826, and was taken by her parents to Missouri when eight years of age. She was married to Lavi Stites in 1841. To this union were born ten children, five of whom are living. The first child of this family, William R. Stites, was born July 14, 1843—less than seventeen years younger than the mother. He enlisted in the Confederate army in January, 1862, and served faithfully throughout the entire war in the Army of Tennessee. He was severely wounded at Thompson's Station, Tenn. Mother and son live in Benton County, Ark.

WOULD HELP MAIMED CONFEDERATES.

BY D. H. B. ABERNATHY, BUFFALO, ALA.

In the September VETERAN a statement is made that a friend wants to give five dollars to aid one-legged or one-armed veterans. I send you the names of four: Edward McClendon, minus right arm above elbow, wounded near Dandridge, Tenn.; D. H. B. Abernathy, minus left arm above elbow, wounded in battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; J. J. Robinson, Sr., minus right arm, wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., a member of the 4th Georgia Volunteers; also J. W. Stallings, minus right leg above knee, a member of a Mississippi regiment. All of these except the writer are of Lafayette, Ala.

This makes four of the five that he asks for. I am not begging for any gift. I also have a brother, S. J. S. Abernathy, of Palo Pinto, Tex., who was wounded in the hip so high up that amputation was impossible; so he has both legs, but is a permanent cripple. All five of us are past seventy years old. All of us have reared families of sons and daughters. I have four sons. Two of them belong to the Alabama militia in the 4th Alabama Infantry.

If I could, I would pay the subscription price of the VETERAN for every one of my old brigade (Law's), of Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V.

SOLDIERS FROM DIFFERENT STATES, C. S. A.

BY J. W. TINSLEY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

It is usually stated that there were not over 600,000 enlistments in the Confederate army. The claims set up by the various States of the South of the number of men from each State are approximately as follows: Maryland, 20,000; Virginia, 125,000; North Carolina, 125,000; South Carolina, 60,000; Georgia, 80,000; Florida, 10,000; Alabama, 75,000; Mississippi, 60,000; Louisiana, 60,000; Texas, 40,000; Arkansas, 35,000; Tennessee, 100,000; Missouri, 35,000; Kentucky, 40,000. These give a total of 865,000. Conservative estimates give some States credit for fewer men than they furnished.

[The VETERAN disagrees with Mr. Tinsley in this opinion and explains: Each State has ever been anxious to make the best possible showing for its reputation, and yet all want in the aggregate to make low figures. Tennessee claims 25,000 or 26,000 more than his estimate. It seems now impossible for any accurate report ever to be made.—EDITOR.]

THE SOUTHERN CROSS OF HONOR.

'Twas on the Gila River,
 Eleven thousand altitude high,
 When the wild things sought for kiver,
 For a huntsman he was nigh.

I had heard of his arm's prowess,
 Of his ghastly wounds had heard;
 His death escape I trow is
 Nearest told in writ or word.

For the grizzly b'ar he tore open
 His brave breast to his beating heart;
 His fierce claw it had holpen,
 His scalp from his skull to part.

"How kum in this wilderness, stranger?
 How did your path hap to stray so fur?
 These wild woods are full of danger;
 Here a tenderfoot dar' not stir."

His eyes strayed to the face before him,
 His lips framed the words "Old Pard."
 He's beset with emotions that tore him;
 Tears trickle down his lineaments marred.

"Lord, Bill, I no more thought I'd seen you
 Since we parted at Bull Run
 And I threw my body between you
 And the Yanks to sp'ile their fun!

What's that cross you've on your lapel?
 Cross of honor, 'sign of the old Confed!'
 Makes a man feel like he's in a chapel,
 His old blood course virile and red.

'Pears to me I'll start out for mine;
 I'll hitch up these Shanks' mares.
 You don't know how for old times I pine,
 To know how the old home fares.

But you say I can't get it now;
 That they won't give it any more?
 You break my heart, Bill; and how
 Can they make an old soldier so sore?

Don't they know when the war was ended
 Many men sought the wildest haunts
 To hide their hearts so rended
 And flee from the gibes and taunts?

Of the cross of honor I never heard tell
 More than the infant unborn,
 Though in my ears rings the Rebel yell
 Of many a battle's fateful morn.

And my heart is but as a great grave
 For Lee, Jackson—all our brave boys.
 I can't tell how that cross I crave,
 Sign I shared their sorrows and joys.

Tell this, Bill, to the ladies who give the cross
 As they ride in their satins and laces:
 Search out each man whom Fate did toss
 Into most distant and desolate places.

As long as a veteran's heart beats
 And can answer the roll call
 To the reveille and retreats
 Search them out, one and all.'

On this mundane sphere we'll enroll them,
 Heroes of the honor cross.
 Thus "on the great divide" they'll toll them,
 While we here bemoan their loss.

As Constantine in the days of yore
 Saw the cross supreme in the sky,
 So our heroes won the cross they bore,
 The crown awaiting them on high.

In sending the foregoing "Chalmers of Virginia" writes:
 "I have been thinking much of the distant veterans and those
 on the frontier, having lived out there myself. I doubt if the
 one mentioned here has yet heard of the cross of honor.
 Many never have."

TRIBUTE TO JAMES Z. GEORGE, MISSISSIPPI'S SON.

BY SOPHIA GRAVES FOXWORTH, COLUMBIA, MISS.

'Twixt North and South 'twas said that peace was made;
 We heard no more the army's cannonade,
 But war clouds thickly hung o'er battle field,
 And greedy hordes our wreck and ruin sealed.
 Like hungry wolves they came with open mouth
 And, all devouring, preyed upon the South,
 Defenseless and unarmed to meet a foe
 Whose base-born spirit stooped to deeds so low—
 To deeds so dire that phantom armies, 'mazed,
 Arose to crush a foe that greed had crazed,
 That came in Reconstruction's shameful mask
 And set the low on high a bootless task:
 As water seeks its level in a way,
 So spirits do the selfsame laws obey.
 Our J. Z. George amidst the State's alarm—
 He came a spirit born to rule the storm;
 His genius saw the cause, the means applied,
 And soon a people on his strength relied.
 His faith his armor or his coat of mail,
 He fearless stood to conquer, not to fail;
 He sought in steady, forceful way to rule
 The different factions trained in different school.
 His faith prevailed, the ear of reason heard
 The tale of crime and wrong of laws absurd,
 And mighty cohorts rose and cleared the State
 Of demagogues that ruled at ruinous rate,
 And banished all disorder and misrule.
 Then sat the wise where erstwhile sat the fool;
 Our peaceful era then in truth began;
 Our losses to repair when every man,
 His shoulder to the wheel, did glorious work,
 And Heaven's blessings fell on State and kirk.
 Then higher rose our J. Z. George's star.
 In conjunction with our L. Q. C. Lamar
 He labored hard, achieved a hero's part,
 And died the idol of a people's heart.

[Read on the occasion of Col. J. Z. George's anniversary.]

The battle was growing hot and a fellow who had lost a
 finger was making much noise when an Irishman upbraided
 him, saying: "Dry up, you bloody booger. A man yonder has
 just lost his head, and divil the word you hear out of him."

An inquiry comes as to when and by whom the first surgical
 operation was performed in the War of the States. Whoever
 can, please answer through the VETERAN.

NEGRO SERVANTS WITH HARVEY'S SCOUTS.

BY JAMES L. GOODLOE, MEMPHIS, TENN.

Reference to monuments to our servants in the Confederate army in the *VETERAN* for September recalls a work of that grand patriot, William H. Howcott, of New Orleans. With the hearty approval of the citizens of Canton, Miss., from which locality many of us enlisted in Harvey's Scouts, of General Forrest's army, he, at his individual expense, bought a lot adjoining the Canton Cemetery and erected a very imposing monument to our faithful negroes. It is splendid and cost about \$3,000. Like "Black Hawk," who has a letter in the September *VETERAN* on the same page (410) as your notice, my "boy" Ben was captured by the Federals, escaped, and returned to our company. Mr. Howcott belonged to it.

MONUMENT TO MARYLAND WOMEN.

Mr. Charles E. Campbell, of Macon, Ga., has sent to Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, 815 Park Avenue, a handsome check as a contribution to the proposed monument to the Confederate women of Maryland.

Mr. Campbell writes: "When I went to Baltimore in 1866 to secure my brother's body, among other articles found in his satchel was his notebook, one page of which is dedicated to Mrs. Charles J. Baker, Mrs. Loyal Cowles, Mrs. S. A. Berry, Mrs. Anna Hoffman, and Miss Ellen Charron. On the occasion of the visit above mentioned Mr. Charles Baker took me to his home, Athol, where I met his lovely family. Mrs. Baker and other ladies helped me to locate the temporary resting place of my brother in Greenmount Cemetery. The treasury of the nation could not measure in money the gratitude of my sainted mother to these dear women for their loving care while he lived and suffered and for his final rest until we could bring him home—her oldest son. So as the last representative of my family I beg to add my mite in the inclosed check to the proposed memorial to the dear women of Baltimore."

Maj. Samuel H. Lyon, 101 East Preston Street, is the treasurer of the fund, which already amounts to some \$2,000.

BIRTHDAY VISIONS.

BY J. W. SANDELL, MAGNOLIA, MISS.

For the twentieth year and the eleventh number I write for the *VETERAN*. I was born in Pike County, Miss., September 18, 1829, and hence I am at the close of my eighty-third year. A half century has passed since the beginning of the war against the Confederate States.

Andrew Jackson was President of the United States when I first saw the light of day, but vision has increased and many Presidents have had their day and passed away.

The birth of the Confederacy had its vision in the single term of "chief magistrate." That vision is growing and a great party is committed to it, while second- and third-term parties are contending for the presidency.

During the war against the Confederate States the writer viewed it as a beastly attack of the Republican administration on the rights and principles of the States. An illustration of that view is contained in a little book, "The United States in Scripture," which reveals the work of the beast in this nation. If the readers of the newspapers will read now the nature of the beasts used by the cartoonists in the fight for the presidency, they may learn more about the beasts of prophecy as we read of them in Scripture. The vision of the Confederacy grows brighter.

HARD TIMES ABOUT MURFREESBORO.

BY S. EMORY SWEET, WIDENER, ARK.

On December 15, 1862, the 9th Tennessee Infantry was detached from the army at Murfreesboro and sent to La Vergne, sixteen miles from Nashville, and there deployed as skirmishers to combat the entire Federal army. This position was maintained until the night of December 28, when we burned a bridge across Bacon Creek and delayed the battle of Murfreesboro one day, the Yankees having to rebuild before they could cross with their artillery.

On the night of the 30th we were placed in line of battle on the north bank of Stone's River; and although the ground was frozen hard, we were not allowed a spark of fire. The Yankees were in line on the Wilkerson Pike with a battery composed of eighteen Napoleon guns, with their line of pickets and sharpshooters only three hundred yards in our front. We had orders from the commanding general to watch for the skyrocket that would go up in the town of Murfreesboro the next morning for Cheatham's Division to open fire and advance on the enemy. The signal was given; we caught the Yankees asleep and got some of their good coffee and ham.

Well do I remember that on the night of the 31st we were in line of battle all night, still cold and without fire or light, and that on January 1 the gallant General Rains charged those masked field pieces on the Murfreesboro Pike and thereby lost his own life. I served in Company C, 9th Tennessee Infantry, and am now Colonel in the U. C. V. I should be glad to hear from any comrades.

WORK OF A GEORGIA WOMAN.

BY T. L. MITCHELL, ATLANTA, GA.

At the Little Rock Convention, U. D. C., in 1910 the fact was elicited that the State of Georgia owned over three times as many free scholarships for indigent descendants of veterans as the State owning the next highest number. At present Georgia possesses something like sixty. Georgia owes her position in this respect to Miss Ada Ramp, a clever young woman of Augusta, Ga., who has secured about thirty of the scholarships owned by the Division. As an active Daughter of the Confederacy she is at present Corresponding Secretary of the Augusta Chapter, Director of the Children's Chapter, and Chairman of Scholarship Committee in Georgia Division.

Miss Ramp is a very bright and talented young woman. For some years she has been a teacher in the public schools of Richmond County, and she is a talented artist. A magnificent oil painting of the Confederate flags which hangs in the U. D. C. hall in Augusta is her work. Recently she was the winner of the prize offered by the Philomathic Literary Club, a prominent local organization, for the best short story written by a member. She is the daughter of a native Persian, who was an intrepid member of the Louisiana Tigers. Her mother, a Miss Sinclair, was a relative of Carrie Bell Sinclair, author of "The Homespun Dress" and other poems. One of the scholarships secured by Miss Ramp at the Tubman School for Young Ladies, of which she is a graduate, was named by her the "Carrie Bell Sinclair Scholarship." Her work in securing scholarships is indeed marvelous.

She said to your correspondent: "I find that all one has to do is to ask, and that is a very easy matter when one has in mind the hundreds of poor boys and girls who find an education out of their reach. Why, for one scholarship our Chapter had twenty-seven applicants!" Let us continue to hustle.

GENERAL LEE AND THE APPLE TREE.

[Col. Henry E. Young, in the Charleston Sunday News.]

On the morning of April 9, 1865, General Lee went with Colonel Taylor to the end of his lines looking toward Richmond to meet General Grant. There he received a message from General Grant that he would meet him as soon as possible at the other end of the line; that he was on the march and was sure that this would be earlier than to return, and that he would notify General Lee as soon as he was in reach. Consequently General Lee returned to the other end of his line and there awaited General Grant.

The day was comparatively warm and the shade of the celebrated apple tree was pleasant. However, it was damp, and the staff spread their waterproof coats under the apple tree, and General Lee took his seat there. As soon as this was seen an owner of a neighboring house came out and insisted on General Lee's taking a more comfortable seat in his house, near by. There General Lee was sitting when General Babcock came with the message from General Grant asking General Lee to meet him at Appomattox Courthouse. General Grant then occupied the house of Mr. McLean. As General Lee came up General Grant stepped out of the house and, offering his hand to General Lee, apologized for having no sword on, as it was several miles behind in his wagon.

General Lee and Colonel Marshall, the only staff officer who accompanied him, were invited and went into Mr. McLean's house. Here a general and pleasant conversation took place, which, General Grant tells us, led into various subjects, divergent from the immediate purpose of the meeting, talking of old army matters and companions and recollections with General Lee.

In Mr. McLean's house, upon a small table, the articles of surrender were reduced to writing, with Colonel Marshall acting as secretary, though several of General Grant's staff were also present. This ended, General Lee returned to his army, to be met by his men in tears at the surrender. General Lee's short address to his army is well known.

There was no surrender under the celebrated apple tree, nor did General Lee remain there more than a few minutes, awaiting the message from General Grant, before he was invited to enter the house of which I have spoken. I do not remember the name of the owner of the house.

[Colonel Young served as staff officer to Gens. R. E. Lee, R. D. Jones, and Drayton. He was for more than a year on the staff of the commander in chief and was promoted.]

APPLE TREE FOR ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

A contributor from the Army of Tennessee states: "I was with a scouting party from General Wheeler's cavalry corps near the Virginia line when we began to meet small squads of General Lee's paroled soldiers on foot going home. As proof of their paroles being genuine they showed us small twigs cut from that famous apple tree so much mentioned in connection with General Lee's surrender. Now, small bits of the twigs were much sought after by the citizens along the road on our return to Greensboro and all the way through Georgia to our home. Our Western army had no 'apple tree.' Being handicapped thereby, the boys supplied themselves from overhanging apple trees along the road, filling their pockets with short sticks which were distributed from Greensboro, N. C., through South Carolina and Georgia to Alabama in exchange to citizens for any favors shown us. After these years, the twigs from North Carolina trees have proved to be as good as those from Appomattox, Va."

TO WHOM THE FLORIDA GIRL GAVE HER SHOES.

Z. I. Williams writes from San Angelo, Tex., in reply to Mrs. Enoch J. Vann, of Madison, Fla., concerning the giving of her shoes by a Florida girl to a drummer boy of a Georgia regiment. (See page 443, September VETERAN.) Comrade Williams states that the boy belonged to the 23d Georgia instead of the 32d. He was present, a member of Company E of that regiment, and shared the basket dinner and the delightful company of the young ladies. It was Nelson Mosby for whom the young lady removed her shoes and gave them to him.



MISS ETTA HARDEMAN, GAINESVILLE, GA., AND THE FLAG SHE GAVE TO THE GEORGIA CAVALRY, U. C. V.

Miss Hardeman's father, Andrew Jackson Hardeman, enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of thirty-three years with the 38th Georgia Regiment in August, 1862, and served to the end of the war. He died at his home in Forsyth County May 18, 1912. This daughter was maid of honor for the Georgia Brigade of Cavalry at Rome, Ga., in 1912; and seeing that the command had no banner and after a conference with Adjutant General Lester, they agreed between themselves to have one ready for the Macon Reunion. General Lester died very suddenly a few months later, and Miss Hardeman determined to carry out their agreement individually, so the beautiful flag was in the parade at Macon. General Gilmore appointed her ensign (color bearer) at Macon and sponsor for the Georgia Cavalry at Marietta. She expresses gratitude to Maj. and Mrs. A. J. Julian for encouragement in the work. Miss Hardeman does not propose to rest on her laurels now, but says she is ready at any time to do anything in her power "for the men of the sixties."

INFORMATION WANTED FROM COMRADES OF 54TH GEORGIA.—Edward J. Ritchey, of Company A, 54th Georgia Regiment, Mercer's old brigade, transferred to Walker, General Cleburne's division, wants to hear from some of his old comrades in order to secure a pension. Comrade Ritchey was in the service from May, 1862, till he was mustered out at the surrender. He was wounded seven times, six of these being by bullets and once by a shell. Any one reading this who recalls him will please write him at Ashburn, Ga.

THE KIMBERLINS IN THE SIXTIES.

BY J. N. KIMBERLIN, A SOLDIER UNDER CHARLES W. QUANTRILL.

The author of this sketch was born in Washington County, Ky., December 18, 1846. In 1862 the father moved with his family to Jackson County, Mo. In 1855 the elder Kimberlin began hauling freight from Missouri to the government posts, situated in the far distant West. The first trip was from Kansas City to Salt Lake City. In 1856 the second trip was made, this time from Kansas City, Mo., to Santa Fe, Mexico. The next trip was made in the year 1858 from Kansas City to Fort Union. The fourth and last trip was made to Fort Scott, Kans. His father had five sons, all of whom accompanied him on these long and perilous journeys. The youngest, J. N. Kimberlin, although but ten years of age, served as a full-grown hand, driving two yoke of long-horned oxen, hauling the mess wagon. The country through which these ox trains traveled was a continuous wilderness, uninhabited by white man and without any indication of civilization.

The wild scenery presented the most attractive picture that had ever met the gaze of man—the beauty and grandeur of the landscape with its oceans of wild flowers, the twittering brooks, the unhampered rivers as clear as crystal rushing madly on to contribute their limpid burdens into the moaning sea, the gorgeous snow-capped mountains clothed with a verdant mantle of cedars whose lives are made a picture of beauty by the melting snows from their summits. These mountains afforded a sure and safe retreat for vast herds of wild deer, turkeys, bears, elks, and, in fact, thousands of other animals too numerous to mention.

The vast plains were covered with a grass known as the mesquite, which is very hardy and prolific and will produce firm animal fat quickly. In those days Indians were the "land-lords" and the buffalo their tenants. But at this time these redskins were on friendly terms with the Americans, and would visit the teamsters' camps almost every day for the purpose of trading their beaded wares for sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Those Indians wore very little apparel; indeed, some of them wore nothing except their frail imaginations, while others wore a "breech clout" of buckskin extending down halfway to the knees, the upper portion of the body remaining absolutely nude.

These early experiences of young Kimberlin prepared him for the terrible scenes of war soon to be encountered.

In 1856 we first heard of old John Brown. He did not then molest the freighters, for they were well armed. He sent his jayhawkers into the State of Missouri, where most

of his depredations were made—in Jackson, Cass, and the counties bordering on the Missouri and Kansas line. This band of outlaws invaded the homes of the helpless, murdering the old men and burning their once happy homes. It was not long, however, until the sturdy sons of old Missouri became acquainted with their deeds of outlawry and promptly organized into small companies, arming themselves with such implements of warfare as they could get, and went in pursuit.

These home guards used the tactics of their enemies—took no prisoners and asked no quarter. Soon John Brown and his jayhawkers were back in Kansas with their ranks sadly depleted. Quiet reigned for about one year, until they had been reinforced by a few more cutthroats, when they began another series of raids in Jackson and Cass Counties. They had now changed their tactics, and seemed to be bent on stealing all the negroes they could get. This state of affairs continued until the winter of 1860, about which time Brown went to Virginia and was captured at Harper's Ferry.

Just prior to the beginning of the War of the States Charles Quantrill and an older brother started from Leavenworth, Kans., for the reported gold mines at Pike's Peak. On their second night out, after they had encamped and had fallen asleep, a band of jayhawkers fired into them, killing the elder brother and seriously wounding Charles. They then robbed them of everything they possessed and left both for dead. Charles was rescued by a Kaw Indian and taken to his tepee and nursed back to life and health, after which young Quantrill taught school near Fort Scott under an assumed name, being ever watchful for an opportunity to avenge the death of his brother.

Eventually he joined old Jim Lane's band of jayhawkers, and as opportunity offered succeeded in killing about eighteen of the men who engaged in the murder of his brother. The jayhawkers finally became suspicious of him, and he made his escape to Missouri. However, before he (Quantrill) left the jayhawkers he was awarded this opportunity of vengeance: An old gentleman named Walker in the country near Independence, Mo., owned many negroes, and John Brown had made unsuccessful efforts to steal them. After Brown's death a brute named Montgomery assumed command of the Brown outlaws, and in December, 1860, Montgomery, at the suggestion of Quantrill, delegated him to make the final effort to get Walker's negroes. Montgomery also told Quantrill to select three men and go after the negroes. This suited Quantrill, as it enabled him to select the very men who he knew had assisted in the murder of his brother. Well, on the 12th of December they arrived in the neighborhood of Mr. Walker. The three men hid in the brush about half a mile from the Walker home, and Quantrill went to the house to get dinner and look over the ground, preparatory to taking the negroes. Quantrill's chief purpose was to acquaint Mr. Walker with the whole plot, whereby a plan could be laid for the summary vengeance upon these men who had in cold blood murdered his brother.

On Quantrill's arrival at the home of Mr. Walker he was met by the host with a hearty Southern handshake and a cordial greeting. After a good wholesome dinner, Quantrill laid his plans before his unsuspecting host, who was more than willing to assist in spinning the web to entrap these three cowardly murderers. The Walker home was a large two-story structure fronting the west, with a gallery on the east side, and on the north of this gallery was a room connected with a door which led out on to the gallery. It was



I. J., W. G., P. S., AND J. N. KIMBERLIN.

arranged between Walker and Quantrill that the former was to secure men and place them in this room. These men were to be armed with shotguns and there to await the coming of the bushwhackers. Accordingly at the appointed hour, 8 P.M., "the negro stealers," accompanied by Quantrill, entered the Walker residence. Mr. Walker met them at the door and invited them into the parlor, where they were seated. One of the men wore a long black beard and did most of the talking. He told Mr. Walker the object of their mission, and continued by saying: "Now, if you make any attempt to prohibit us from taking your negroes, we will kill you." Mr. Walker replied by saying: "Gentlemen, it seems as though you will never be satisfied until you take my negroes. Now if they will go with you, take them." Thereupon all arose and started out on to the gallery before mentioned, Quantrill bringing up the rear. As soon as the three stepped on to the gallery they were fired upon from the adjoining room, one of them falling dead at the first volley. One of the other two also fell, but got up and ran, as also did the black-whiskered man, who was not touched.

The following day a great number of the citizens went to the Walker home to view the dead men. During the evening the two that had escaped the previous night were found in the near-by brush on the banks of a small creek, one of whom was mortally wounded; the whiskered man had remained with his comrade. They were promptly killed, and Quantrill was happy.

Thus ends the first chapter of the history of one of the grandest figures who took part in the War of the States—Charles William Quantrill. It mattered not where he was, whether on the battle field amid the rain of bullets and bursting shells, or at the midnight hour with nothing for a bed except a cold, sweaty horse blanket and nothing for a covering but the twinkling stars, the ghastly vision of his murdered brother and the John Brown murderers was ever before him. He was loved by his friends and feared by his enemies. Although he possessed a heart as tender as that of a schoolgirl, when his passions were aroused by the unscrupulous and blood-stained deeds of the enemy he at once became a swift-winged demon. In the Louisville (Ky.) cemetery his body is moldering back to its kindred dust.

We now return to the Walker home, where we left the curious throng gazing upon the dead jayhawkers. The author of this sketch assisted in burying the dead, which was only three miles from the author's home.

Quantrill remained in that neighborhood until the spring of 1861, when he raised a company of twenty-three men in and around Blue Springs. They were young and anxious for the fray, were well armed and equipped. The majority of the able-bodied men in Jackson County enlisted in the Southern army and were soon in the front ranks of battle. This left practically none at home but the aged men, helpless women, and children. As soon as these conditions were known, the "Red Legs" (jayhawkers) from Kansas seemed wholly intent upon the destruction of the country. A man named Jenison had charge of the Brown forces, and old Colonel Pennock also had a company or part of a company of jayhawkers, aided by old Jim Lane.

The cutthroats from Kansas would rob the women and children by taking their clothing and their bedding from them. They would then apply the torch, leaving the helpless women and children wholly without food, clothing, or shelter. If they met men who were too old to go into the army, they would

ask them if they were sympathizers with the South; and if answered in the affirmative, they were shot down like dogs.

Listen to the following told in the words of Mr. Kimberlin, the author of these notes:

FATHER AND FOUR SONS IN C. S. ARMY.

"My father and four brothers went out early in the defense of the South. I was too young at that time, but remained at home and did all that I was able to do for Quantrill. Father was severely wounded, which disabled him for active service, and he came back home to nurse his wounds. On reaching home he soon learned that his life was in great danger, and took refuge in hiding with the hope that he would soon be able to return to his command. The Federal commander, Colonel Pennock, by some means learned that father was at home suffering from wounds, and at once began a scheme to capture him. We had a neighbor named Massey, who was a sympathizer with the Federal army. He and father had been for years close friends. Pennock, having gained this information, at once sought out Massey and had him go to my father and pretend great friendship for him and advise that if my father would come in and surrender and take the oath of allegiance he could then return home and remain under the protection of the United States flag. After considering the proposition made by Pennock through the lying, deceptive Massey, my father accepted the offer, and in company with Massey they went direct to the Colonel's quarters. Immediately on my father's being introduced, Pennock turned to one of his guards and said: 'Put this old devil in jail.' On the following morning father was sent under guard out home, where he was brutally hanged in his own barn amid the cries and pleadings of my heartbroken mother and her helpless children. This was September 2, 1862. The home was then stripped of its contents and burned to the ground. The barn, having a great deal of feedstuff stored therein, was not burned at that time; but about two weeks later, after hauling all the feed away, the barn was burned. Not content with what they had already done, they set fire to the rail fence around the farm and burned it to the ground.

"About one month after the brutal murder of my father these same robbers captured old man Sanders and another old gentleman named Crawford and brought them to where my mother then lived and killed them both in our yard. Mr. Sanders was about seventy-three years old and Mr. Crawford was about three years younger.

"The killing of old men was done all through that country. So great was the destruction of life among the older men that by the summer of 1863 there were very few left. During this havoc of human life by the jayhawkers Quantrill was not idle nor asleep, for he was killing the 'Red Legs' about as fast as they could be hauled off and buried. His little company of twenty-three had been reinforced until he had about two hundred active men ready to answer their captain's call.

"The Federal commander, then realizing that it was only a question of time when they would all be killed unless Quantrill and his men could be suppressed, sent a report to the Governor (Ewing), who on receipt of the report issued his notorious Order No. 11. This order was issued on August 3, 1863, and directed that everybody should either leave the counties of Jackson and Cass or move into the city of Independence. This order required the people to vacate their homes within ten days. The Southern families were thus forced to leave the county, as they dared not go to the post. The

people were in straitened conditions—no teams, no wagons, and no food, or but little at best. What had not been taken by one army was taken by the other; so all that was left were oxen or blind horses or mules wholly unfit for service, and there was not one-half enough of even this kind of stock to move the people. The families went to work by splicing oxen and blind mules and horses together, and by the 12th of the month they were on the move, there being about three families to each old wagon. This was one of the most pathetic scenes that earthly eyes had ever gazed upon.

"The wagons being loaded to their full capacity, the hungry and ragged women and children were forced to walk. Like a funeral procession they slowly wended their way eastward; they dared not go toward Kansas. My mother's family and party consisted of four wagons and twelve families, numbering seventy-three women and children. All, even the smaller ones, were forced to walk. The trip was slow and tedious, averaging from four to five miles a day. The little ones traveling barefooted over the flinty roads could be trailed by the blood upon the cruel rocks; their cries were piteous. The party finally reached Lafayette County. The people of that county had not suffered from the ravages of the jayhawkers as had those of Jackson and Cass, and our little band were met with outstretched Southern arms. Food and clothing were given those who most needed them.

"These noble Southern women who had been driven from their once happy homes in Jackson and Cass Counties were now among strangers in a strange land, their men in the army. They were brave and industrious, however. Their helpless children must be fed and clothed. As a consequence the loom and the spinning wheel could be heard by day and by night. The good people of the community assisted them in every way possible.

"When Governor Ewing banished the good people from Jackson and Cass Counties, he thought it would afford a better opportunity for killing Quantrill, in which he was seriously mistaken. He soon found out that it was just what Quantrill wanted, for he now had an open field. * * *

"President Jefferson Davis indorsed Quantrill's acts and commissioned him as colonel of his regiment, and no honest man can truthfully say that Jefferson Davis was not honest and conscientious. I joined Quantrill's army in the fall of 1862 and remained with him until the surrender, and I know that he was honest, brave, and true to every principle of justice, and that this statement will be verified by every member of his command.

"When the war was over, we returned to our former homes, and the sight that we beheld was enough to destroy every hope of recovery. On every side could be seen lone chimneys, charred and blackened by incendiaries. These grim sentinels were seemingly keeping watch. Around these hearthstones there once gathered a happy and contented family.

"Quantrill's men, like other overpowered soldiers, armed with axes, mauls, and wedges, went forth into the forests to reëstate their wasted homes. They worked as they had fought, with a will power that knows not the meaning of failure; they built new homes on the ruins of the old ones; they built schoolhouses and churches; they cleared away the briars and forests, and soon the country emerged from a state of dormancy to a land of civilization and prosperity. For many years after the close of the war the Indians were a great menace to the frontiersmen of Texas. They being armed and rationed by the government rendered it very difficult for the

people to stand their ground; but they fought for their homes as they did in the sixties, and after years of hardships and privations they finally succeeded in driving the enemy back to the government reservations. And to-day where the war whoop was heard and where the tomahawk flourished beautiful homes abound. In the upbuilding of these homes and the reëstablishment of commercial prosperity no men were more conspicuous than were the men who followed Quantrill through fire and blood. We ask no praise or credit for doing our duty. We owed it to our homes and to our country, and we are satisfied that no man can truthfully say that we did not 'fight a good fight,' always keeping the faith that we were right.

"We are all now under one flag and have clasped hands with all true and honest men who opposed us in the unequal contest. We are willing to let bygones be bygones and remain as such. I entertain a sacred respect for those who were honest in their convictions, but we still hold and will die with a death grip of hatred for the men who shed innocent blood and destroyed the home of my sainted father."

SKETCH OF THE MURFREESBORO BATTLE.

BY BETHENIA H. NANCE, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

The clouds were black and sounds of heavy firing were such that the souls of men, women, children, and slaves were trembling, and every fresh manifestation of horror heightened their terror. The battle of Murfreesboro was in progress that bitter winter's day. We were between Nashville and the opposing forces. The enemy had swept over us, leaving little but our horror-stricken selves. We were all weeping. Our father, a minister of the gospel, sat on his front balcony and groaned at every belching forth of the terrible cannonading.

At sunset the troops filed into the front lawn with clanking and rattling accouterments. A small gentleman stepped forward, saying: "My men have strict orders to touch nothing, sir." Then, turning to my pale-faced mother, he said: "We have had nothing to eat for"—"Millie," she called to the cook, "put on both ovens and have them ready quick." Then, turning to her flour barrel, she filled the old-fashioned bread tray and deftly made dough which she rolled into journey cakes. When the first were done, she said to General Wheeler: "Call the men." He told them to step forward, and they received from my mother's hands the fresh warm light bread, while tears fell from her eyes and her lips moved in prayer. As fast as the cakes were cooked she gave them to the men, who passed along, making room for others.

Two miles north was the N. & C. Railroad, and the General had orders to tear it up. They struck it after dark, and no doubt some of the noble band died before their bread was eaten. It was a holy sacrament.

NICKNAMES GIVEN SOLDIERS OF THE STATES.

BY E. M. HICKS, WISNER, LA.

In reply to a request for nicknames of the States I give the following: Louisiana, Pelican; Texas, Lone Star; Georgia, Goober Grabbers; North Carolina, Tarheels; South Carolina, Palmetto.

During the war Governor Vance made a speech in camp to the North Carolina soldiers in which he said he could not say "Fellow citizens" or "Brother soldiers," but "Fellow Tarheels."

Please see if you can help me find A. F. Mardis, who belonged to a Louisiana regiment, surrendered at Vicksburg.

GOSSIPY LETTER FROM GEORGIA.

BY EDWARD S. LATHROP, DECATUR, GA.

I have just read the September *VETERAN*. I wish I had a thousand copies to distribute. If the old soldier is to be remembered, it will be the work of the *VETERAN*. I much regret that these memories are not brighter in the minds of our young people. You'll never lose anything on my subscription, for my estate will pay you if I don't. I'd a thousand times rather have it than your poor \$100 histories that don't know what they are talking about.

Here in Decatur, Ga., Captain Hunter, a faithful soldier now dead, one evening sat with the boys around him, each with his ration of bacon on the end of a stick ready for his hardtack, the Captain being honored with the frying pan. The Federals came rushing down with the cry, "Surrender!" Captain Hunter, a big, strong man, grabbed his frying pan, and with the voice of a bull cried: "Come on, boys; they can't get our bacon." He waved the frying pan over his head, and soon the Federals were prisoners.

I was in charge of two thousand Federal prisoners at Macon, Ga., under Gibbs. I had four pieces of light artillery, one fifteen feet high on a platform pointing down into the stockade. When our men went to capture Stoneman, they left me with twenty-five men and orders that if these men (all officers) attempted to break out to fire until all were dead. Of course they knew and I knew that they could bolt out any moment if they undertook to do so. This was just before the surrender. Imagine their surprise when Gen. Howell Cobb rode in with Major General Stoneman, a superb-looking soldier over six feet and elegantly equipped. His saddle cost \$500 in gold, he said. I was made provost marshal to examine and take care of all our officers. Stoneman had my deepest sympathy as he sat on a small stool, putting his face in his hands with his elbows on his knees, and bitter tears were flowing. His major was a dark-skinned Kentuckian for whom I was very sorry. I asked why he was in the Federal army, and he replied that Wheeler had his family out in the woods and he sought revenge. Of course they tried to give me all sorts of things which I refused; but one day this major knocked off the silver spurs from his heels and handed them to me, saying: "You can't refuse these." Of course I put them on. I've found out only recently why Gen. Howell Cobb summoned me to headquarters and handed me a commission in — Battery.

Your last several copies speak of the Fayetteville (N. C.) fight. I was there. General Kilpatrick was not in his uniform, but in an elegant closed carriage with his woman. Things were so mixed in the town by the unexpected coming together that little fighting could be done. But the saddest yet most laughable sight was to see our poor boys as the dear women came to their front doors to feed them. The boys would hold the rags over their nakedness and sidle up to the ladies, grab the food, and get out of sight. I was almost naked myself, but had a piece of cloth on my saddle. I heard of an old Savannah friend who was a tailor. I put spurs to my horse and found him at his front door. "Will you cut these out for me?" "Yes, come in." And soon he did it. I put spurs to my horse for the bridge, and as it burned I cleared the other side. My tailor was thoughtful enough to put in thread and needles.

Next day I went to a little house on a hill and found two old ladies with white caps on reading the Bible. Raising her specs, one of them said: "My son, what can I do for you? Did you know this was Sunday?" "No, ma'am, I did not.

But I'm the ox in the ditch, and I'll make them myself." I went back to camp and made them. I surrendered in them and wore them when I met my wife, whom I had not heard from in six months. They were the first pants I ever made.

THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. DUNBAR ROWLAND, HISTORIAN MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Among the armies of the world no fairer host ever paid its vows to Mars than that which gathered in 1861 on the plains and valleys of Old Virginia. As if by some power of the gods, it seemed to spring into existence instantly—full-grown and purposeful—a glorious embodiment whose deeds were to leave the pages of history illumined with heroic figures upon which the world must ever look with breathless wonder.

From epauletted officer to slim young private, its serried gray ranks were clothed with the grace of knighthood. It was composed of the fairest bloom of Virginia and the South's young manhood, and ever bore itself with a Cavalier grace and pride. Like some swift-rushing stream seeking broader seas, it had gathered from the far-famed Carolinas to the Gulf shores upon the soil of Virginia in answer to her country's call. The blood of the Old Dominion flowed plentifully in its veins. From her loins had sprung much of the sturdy yeomanry, and the heraldic lines of the lower South, a rare and goodly race whose knightly bearing, dauntless courage, and devotion to duty were full worthy of the mother State. As in the days of Washington, she was gathering her army once more about her, and with the battle song upon its lips from city and hamlet and open country in defense of its chartered liberties it pressed forward valiantly to the front.

Not the Grecian Phalanx of Alexander, nor the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, nor the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, nor the Six Hundred at Balaklava charged the foe with more intrepid spirit. Not Xenophon's Ten Thousand bore itself with more heroic courage in retreat.

How the eye kindles and the heart flames as we see the Army of Northern Virginia advancing at Manassas, when we behold it with the battle light in its eyes at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and witness its courage at Gettysburg!

But the picture darkens, for a thousand battle fields have wrought their havoc upon the gray host of the Confederacy, until at last, after weary years, we see it, gaunt-visaged, ragged, and starving, in the trenches at Petersburg, and a little later on the weary seven days' march that the Muse of history has with hushed and mournful voice called "the retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia."

How the cheek pales at the picture of that shattered but godlike remnant of Lee's gray soldiery, wasted by hunger, sickness, and disease, dying along the roadside by hundreds, stumbling over the rough, rain-soaked roads and through the darkness of night without sleep or food for seven days, disputing with their lifeblood every mile and foot of the weary way, to finally surrender with crushed and broken columns to a strong and victorious foe! Around them were strewn the dead forms of their comrades, and on the brows of the living was the shadow of the seal of death; but still with sobs shaking their gaunt frames like reeds they begged to longer defend their country.

O Army of Northern Virginia! Not Roland and his paladins were more worthy of the battle song, nor King Arthur and his knights of the Grail, nor Bruce and his clansmen of triumph, nor Washington and his patriots of freedom than thou of victory!

MEMORIALS TO THE STARS AND BARS.

BY W. B. SHEARER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

It is doubtful that in any city in the fair Southland the heroic deeds of the Confederate soldier and his memory are honored by a greater number of monuments and cherished with deeper affection than in New Orleans.

In the beautiful Metairie Cemetery, just as you enter, is a high mound upon the top of which is a life-size statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston seated upon a horse, with his hand pointing as though directing the movements of his troops in battle. Under the mound are a number of burial vaults, in which rest all that is mortal of many of the bravest veterans of the Louisiana Division of the Army of Tennessee. At the entrance to the vault is the statue of a soldier with a pad and pencil, representing the last roll call. This beautiful inscription by the soldier, scholar, and historian, John Dimitry, is carved upon a snow-white marble tablet: "Albert Sidney Johnston, a general in the army of the Confederate States, who fell at Shiloh, Tenn., on the sixth day of April, 1862. A man tried in many high offices and critical enterprises and found faithful in all. His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience. Not wholly understood was he while he lived, but in his death his greatness stands confessed in a people's tears. Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting in that finer ambition which makes men great and pure. In his honor impregnable, in his simplicity sublime. No country ever had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion, no people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim than the dead soldier. His fame consigned to the keeping of time which, happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine shall in the years to come fire modest worth to nobler ends. In honor now our great captain rests. A bereaved people mourn him, three commonwealths proudly claim him, and history shall cherish him among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed with blame, have been in all conjunctures true to themselves, their people, and their God."

In the center of the cemetery is a massive shaft towering heavenward on which stands the life-size statue of a Confederate soldier, marking the last home of the brave soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia. In this tomb were interred the remains of President Jefferson Davis, which were afterwards removed to Richmond, Va.

The Washington Artillery, to commemorate the deeds of their heroic dead, have also a beautiful monument. This famous military organization was engaged in sixty battles during the War of the States, and the names of the battles, as also the names of its members who were killed in service, are engraved upon the base of the monument.

The memory of the beloved chaplain, Rev. Thomas R. Markham, soldier and minister, has been perpetuated by a marble shaft erected by the grateful contributions of a loving people. The remains of the great minister, citizen, and patriot, Rev. B. M. Palmer, repose in the family tomb in the Washington Cemetery. Dr. Palmer delivered the last prayer and address to the volunteer soldiery from the steps of the City Hall as the troops were leaving for the four long years' struggle, and, like Dr. Markham, was laid to rest with the tears and love of the entire city.

Perhaps one of the most touching and pathetic inscriptions upon the many tombs commemorating the deeds of the Confederate soldier is the tribute of a mother to her son. It tells its own story of grief and heartburning: "To the memory of my son John, aged nineteen years, a lieutenant in

the Confederate States army, who fell in the battle of Shiloh. The last of my cherished band, humbly I bend beneath the chastening rod and give him to his country and his God."

To the memory of the Confederate soldiers the women of New Orleans have erected a magnificent monument in Greenwood Cemetery.

On St. Charles Avenue, said to be one of the most beautiful residential avenues in this country, a marble shaft of great height, with a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee in bronze, occupies a conspicuous place.

A park has been named for Jefferson Davis, and in this park a monument of the President of the Confederate States has been erected, the cost of same being defrayed by popular subscription.

There are many other statues and monuments to the Confederate soldiers in the metropolis of the South.

In Camp Street the Confederate Memorial Hall holds thousands of records, flags, cannons, and guns that are dear to the hearts of the citizens of this great city, particularly those who have lived and seen the city grow and prosper since the days of the fierce, bloody conflict.

While the progress of time has developed the resources of the South, its people are loyal to the stars and stripes, and there is in every child of Louisiana parentage an innate love for the cause for which his father fought. As time wears on and the old Southern veterans cross to the mysterious beyond, the younger generation will continue to record their brave deeds upon tablets of marble and bronze.

[Substance of the foregoing has appeared in the *VETERAN* from time to time, but is given again "lest we forget."]

DATA ABOUT THIRD TEXAS CAVALRY.

BY W. C. TERRY, DE LEON, TEX.

Seeing in the June issue a statement from Comrade Todd in regard to Col. H. P. Mabry, and seeing the death of Comrade S. B. Barron recorded in the same issue, I give a brief statement of the history of the 3d Texas Cavalry to verify the statement of Comrade Barron. I was a member of Company B, of the regiment under Capt. R. H. Cumby, and was with the company from June 13, 1861, until the end of the war, in May, 1865.

Captain Cumby commanded the scouts that went within four miles of Springfield. Captains Mabry and Johnson went into the town on foot, and upon their return it was reported that in escaping Captain Johnson jumped through a window, when his spur caught on the curtain and was cut loose by a lady.

The regiment was transferred east of the Mississippi in May instead of April. At the reorganization of the regiment Capt. R. H. Cumby was elected colonel, H. P. Mabry lieutenant colonel, and J. L. Barker major. The latter was killed at the evacuation of Corinth. In July or August Colonel Cumby resigned, but led the regiment in the battle of Iuka.

In the fall of 1863 we were making a charge on the breastworks of Yazoo City, and in crossing a ditch I threw my gun over. Being almost unable to get out, Colonel Cumby said: "Give me your foot." But just at that time I did not care whether I got out or not.

The last I knew of Colonel Mabry was in the early spring of 1864. When General Polk went through to Georgia to reinforce General Johnston, Colonel Mabry was on detached duty, commanding a brigade under Forrest, and that is the last I knew of him until his death. J. S. Boggess was lieutenant colonel, and was paroled as such in May, 1865.

SHY'S HILL—WHENCE THE NAME?

BY PARK MARSHALL, ESQ., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In the September *VETERAN* A. E. Glanville, of Poe, Kans., speaks of "Shy's Hill, one of the Overton Hills," as connected with the battle of December 16, 1864, and you say the purpose is to start an inquiry, etc.

The origin of the name is clear. I have been on it twice in the past three years. The breastworks were built on its crest by Brigadier General Ector, of Stewart's Corps, the night of December 15, 1864, and occupied by Maj. Gen. W. B. Bate, of Cheatham's Corps, after General Ector had returned to his own corps, and are the most distinct now of any of the lines around Nashville. They are nearly as they were on that day minus the head logs, and there are signs of stumps built minus the head logs. The hill is thick with timber, brush, and buck bushes. The line ran west to the top of the hill, where it curved south, descended into the depression and to the top of the smaller hill southward. Later the line was extended a short distance east from the smaller hill and faced south. The Confederate lines thus formed a hook, facing north, west, and south. Cheatham's Division was moved to this position on the evening of December 15 after he had repulsed Steedman near the Murfreesboro Pike. Tom Benton Smith's brigade was placed on the hill, and Col. William Shy's 20th Tennessee Regiment was on the top of the hill. Colonel Shy was killed, his head being powder-burned around the hole made by the shot. Gen. T. B. Smith was captured at the same time, and was struck on the head with a sword after he surrendered.

General Bate's report in the "War Records," Vol. XLV., gives an account of these events. He says that the hill was called Shy's Hill because of Colonel Shy's death there. J. A. Smith's report (somewhat mutilated) in the same book gives further information.

The hill is not strictly one of the Overton Hills, as it is an isolated hill lying within the curve of the Overton Hills, but hardly over four hundred yards from the main Overton Hills range. It lies between the Hillsboro and the Granny White Pikes, about a quarter of a mile from each. On the Granny White Pike you reach it through the gate of Obe Sawyer, nearly opposite the famous Lea home.

The Nashville Industrial Bureau is just now in the act of putting up about twenty large metal markers on the lines of December 15, and this fall expects to place others on the lines of December 16, including Shy's Hill. Their plan is also to publish a booklet description of this battle field and to have,

if the County Court will so direct, a new road opened across the country at Shy's Hill. The Nashville Battle Field Association is coöperating with the Industrial Bureau in the undertaking. Mr. Cunningham will recall that this Association attempted to get the government to take up this work and found the committee of Congress favorable, but the bill has never for some cause reached a vote. Hon. J. W. Byrns has done all he could for it.

[The Editor of the *VETERAN* was near the top of Shy's Hill during the battle of December 16. The eastern slope was covered with blue grass. The right of Cheatham's Division extended to within about one hundred yards of the top of Shy's Hill. The Federals broke Bate's line near the crest, but they would have been forced back had it not become so apparent that the Federals were getting in our rear on the left and that the only hope of the Confederates was in running out. As gallant men undertook to rally the Confederates there as ever contended for Southern rights and homes. Retreating from the Federal forces there was the most patriotic service that could possibly be rendered, as that only saved the army. Private soldiers realized that the greatest generals that ever lived could not have done anything to save the army.]

FROM MRS. EMILY C. THOMPSON, OF BIRMINGHAM.

In the September *VETERAN* Mr. A. E. Glanville, of Poe, Kans., asks why the hill between the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes was called Shy's Hill. As I claim to be a veteran, especially of the battle before Nashville (for I was in my old home with my parents a very short distance from the place), I shall reply.

Colonel Shy fell on the afternoon of December 16. His body, with many others of both armies, was laid upon the front gallery of our home. Shortly afterwards a Federal guard called my attention to Colonel Shy. Then turning back from the face a gray blanket which some kind friend had placed over the body, I saw him as he lay so peacefully there with that cruel hole in his brow. I know of no other reason for the name.

The hill was owned by my father, Felix Compton, for years, and was known as Compton's Hill. It is not a part of the Overton and Lea range, but stands alone, facing the hill, which was also my father's, on which the Yankee batteries were placed on the afternoon of December 15. The Overton and Lea range of hills crosses the Granny White Pike about three miles south of Compton's Hill and blends with the Harpeth range to the Hillsboro Pike. Both the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes ran through the Compton farm.



SHY'S HILL, WEST OF GLENDALE PARK, NASHVILLE, BETWEEN THE GRANNY WHITE AND HILLSBORO PIKES.

Many places around Nashville are spoken of as historical and some are to be marked as such, but I have never seen the Compton home mentioned as historical, while surely it ought to be. The first night that Hood's army camped in front of Nashville Gen. James R. Chalmers established his headquarters in my home. After ten days he moved across to the Harding Pike, and General Walthall came with his staff and were at our home until the afternoon of December 15. O what a flood of memories comes over me as I write! Both of these generals were from Mississippi.

Old Compton Home Still Exists.

The old home of my girlhood is still standing, and my brother, who saw it last spring, says it is just as it was in the sixties. My personal experiences during those years of trouble were venturesome. They had even some dash and much of pathos. The old home was built in 1857 by my father. It fronts the Hillsboro Pike on the left-hand side just five miles from the Public Square in Nashville. It is a two-story frame with long galleries in front and back. It shows now only two marks of the shot and shell that rained about it. One is a Minie ball hole in the front door, which is stopped up with putty and painted over. This ball passed into the staircase. Then at the south side of the house a shrapnell shot went through a tin gutter that my mother would never allow repaired.

General French's command was just one mile nearer town on the 15th of December. They fell rapidly back to the Compton Hill, on which General Bate's command was intrenched. From the windows of our home I watched the camp fires of our boys all night of the 15th of December. They were camped in my father's hills and the hills of my great-uncle, Harry Compton, between the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes. The next day our line gave way and passed on to the south. There were one hundred and fifty dead and wounded in our home at one time, so I was told. My mother and I were permitted to give water to the Confederates and some bread and milk, for that was all we had for three days except what an old black mammy stole and begged from the Yankees for us. For seventeen days the house was a hospital. In the first three days Lieutenant Giles, of Franklin, Tenn., and Lieut. John Chambers, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., died in the house. We buried Mr. Chambers in the garden. After the war his father came for the body. Lieutenant Giles's family buried him at his home.

Shy's Hill will long be regarded with much interest in connection with the battle of Nashville.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP BEAUREGARD.

Camp Beauregard is located one mile northeast of Water Valley, Ky., which is situated on the Illinois Central Railroad, on the Louisville Division, about midway between Fulton and Paducah, Ky. It was named in honor of General Beauregard, who at one time commanded the western division of the Confederate forces. At this place there were considerable fortifications. The timber was cut and deep trenches were made one hundred feet wide and half a mile long. Although there was never any battle fought at Camp Beauregard, the loss of life in camp was considerable, caused by camp diseases and measles, the latter being an epidemic, with continuous cold rains. General Beauregard was never there himself, but the ten regiments of soldiers under him were encamped there from September, 1861, to March, 1862. General Bowen was in command of two Arkansas regiments, General Biddle of

troops from Mississippi, General Alcorn had mixed troops from Tennessee and Mississippi, and Clay King was commander of the Kentuckians commonly known as "Clay King's Hell Hounds." The regiments there the longest were the 1st Missouri Infantry, 25th or 1st Mississippi, 9th and 10th Arkansas Infantry. It is said that the 10th Arkansas lost over four hundred men there. Camp Beauregard was considered a very important fort on account of being so near the middle of the dividing line between the Northern and Southern troops, this line of battle running from Columbus, Ky., to Fort Donelson, Tenn.

Gen. Virgil Y. Cook, now living at Batesville, Ark., says the following troops, or regiments, were stationed at Camp Beauregard—viz.: 1st Missouri Infantry, 22d Mississippi Infantry, 25th Mississippi Infantry (also called the 1st Mississippi Valley), 9th Arkansas Infantry, 10th Arkansas Infantry, 22d Tennessee (this regiment was there only a few days, leaving October 31, 1861), 27th Tennessee Infantry, King's Battalion Kentucky Cavalry, composed of Boyd's, Pell's, and Swan's companies, recruited respectively in McCracken, Graves, and Calloway Counties. Neeley's and Haywood's companies, Tennessee cavalry, were there only a few days. These two Tennessee companies were afterwards assigned to the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Hutson's Mississippi Battery, Beltzhoover's Louisiana Battery, and Williams's Tennessee Battery. These troops were commanded while there by Brig. Gen. John S. Bowen, a West Pointer and formerly colonel of the 1st Missouri Infantry and later a major general in the provisional army of the Confederate States.

King's Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry was afterwards merged into the 1st and 6th Confederate Cavalry, respectively. Col. H. Clay King was a native of Paducah, Ky.; his regiment was composed of Tennessee, Alabama, and the three Kentucky companies. This consolidation, however, occurred after they left Camp Beauregard.

Mr. E. M. Taylor, now deputy warden of the Kentucky branch penitentiary at Eddyville, gives the following information: "The 1st Missouri Infantry was commanded by Colonel Rich, the 9th Arkansas Infantry by Colonel Dunlap, the 10th Arkansas by Colonel Meredith, and a Mississippi company by Colonel Bonham, who died there. His body was carried to his home in Mississippi. The Mississippi Valley regiment was commanded by Colonel Martin; a battalion of cavalry from Mississippi was commanded by Colonel Miller; Colonel Logwood's battalion of Tennessee cavalry was in camp from December 27, 1861, until the place was evacuated; Col. Burrell Williams was in command of a Mississippi regiment."

Dr. Don Singletary, of Clinton, Ky., contributed the following: "Colonel Russell, who was in command of the 12th Tennessee, soon after the battle of Belmont with his regiment spent two nights at Camp Beauregard. Captain Holt, of Murray, Ky., and Captain Outlaw, of Moscow, Ky., were in command of two Kentucky companies there also."

There were only a few Kentuckians, if any, who died there, because when taken sick they were removed to their homes by their people.

The compiling of the history of Camp Beauregard has been neglected so long that it is difficult to obtain the exact number of deaths and how many were buried there, but it is estimated that there were between 1,210 and 1,500 of our unknown Confederate dead.

[A suggested plan for the monument at Water Valley is a shaft twenty-five feet high to cost between \$2,000 and \$2,500.]

CONTRAST OF COMMANDERS AT CAMP MORTON.

BY A. CURRIE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

The writer hereof happened to become a guest at the hostelry Camp Morton while commanded by Colonel Stevens toward the close of the war, when the name of Col. Richard Owen was apparently a lost tradition and kind-hearted prison overlords had become an obscurity in the literature of the period. But as evidence of the chivalrous character of the gentleman is unquestioned and that he honored the soldiers' garb with such fortitude and admirable soldierly qualities in times of fanatical tempest, discharging his duties with such distinguishing kindness and sympathy as to greatly endear him to those who, following the fortunes of war, fell under his charge, it makes the proposed tribute to his memory proper and appeals to one who suffered by contrast in a similar way to that expressed by Dr. Wyeth, of New York, whose shadow, like many others, flits across my memory like skeletons who discarded their flesh to economize on their shrouds. I hope the fund will swell to proportions that will honor the cause and the lesson it affords. Add my \$5, if you please.

During our last experiences in prison, when the sutler was ordered to discontinue offering provisions for either love or money to those who were famishing, we all became Chinese in taste and discovered that rats were a real delicacy, and the adjutant's bulldog, that accidentally strayed into camp, was good enough for a Christmas feast, the preparation of which was a mystery, and a share in the same required several "chaws" of currency (tobacco) that outranked the wealth of Midas to get a morsel, but resulted in a few comrades being tied up by their thumbs.

A contribution to your journal a few months ago relating to a tunneling episode that occurred soon after my introduction to the camp had its initiation in a tent which adjoined the one I occupied with a comrade named Julius Goetz. The writer overlooked the method adopted to put us out of business after discovery. The hospital scavenger wagon that was daily hauled and emptied at a point on the outside of the prison was brought to the mouth of the tunnel and its contents dumped into same until it overflowed. And as none of us possessed the latest style of diving suit, we respected the process. We were soon after separated from the tents to one of the sheds called barracks.

To my mind the most inhuman and cruel regulation was in forcing those called by nature to painfully discharge their very meager voids during the winter nights and to appear without wraps and almost naked and mark time in ten or more inches of snow until the guard declared a vacancy, which in freezing weather superinduced pneumonia, the greatest cause for decimating our ranks, although smallpox was common and the vaccine virus poisonous. We had an overlord sergeant in my division, or barracks, named Baker whose dyspeptic and apparently consumptive physique was animated only by the liveliest germs of rancorous hatred, impelling him to make frequent gun plays on the slightest apparent infraction of prison rules.

I was acting as a special scout for Provost Marshal General Hill when captured, and the circumstances attending the event marked me for special investigation and surveillance which followed me from Rome, Ga., near where I was captured and imprisoned, through various other prisons to Camp Morton. I have a very grateful recollection of the loyal and courageous attention of some ladies of Rome who watched for opportunities to supply me with abundant provisions. This

is the only medium I have since had to acknowledge their kindness, which I do now with heartfelt gratitude. After reaching Camp Morton, the adjutant for a while at roll call ordered me out of ranks, to salute and answer present to him personally. My prison status being so clouded always inclined me to play hooky from that college in every way possible, but without success until too late.

It was announced in January, 1865, that the sick would be exchanged. I promptly enrolled. Soon after it was reported that our commissioner refused the sick and would accept only the well. There was little difference, but my bunkmate, William Enders, exchanged his last \$5 worth of sutler's tickets for my last \$100 Confederate cotton bond. After the fall of Richmond, the severity of prison rules relaxed and the sutler reopened with some supplies. Provisions and clothing withheld at headquarters during the winter were delivered very moldy and in a bad condition; but a moldy doughnut even tasted good. Ben Sinclair, Pete Kinney, "Thugs" Hughes, and others of Morgan's command from about Lexington were generous sharers and very cheerful companions. Misery loved company. Jack London, whose vivid mentality raises "horror upon horror's head," might do the subject justice; but mine is doubtless a thrice-told tale, only reiterating a few of the experiences of prison life which Dr. Wyeth has no doubt depicted faithfully in the way you mention. He saw more of it.

Best wishes for and appreciation of the value of the *VETERAN* as a conservative medium for recording the events of our four years' struggle.

PRISON COMMANDER AT POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

BY A. J. CONE, RALEIGH, FLA.

Does any reader of the *VETERAN* who was in Point Lookout, Md., ever think of the officer in command of the prison at that place in 1864-65? The memory of him is ineffaceably stamped on my memory; and if I were to live a hundred years and all recollection of comrades dear by blood and association in those perilous times could be effaced, Maj. A. G. Brady as I saw and knew him would have the sole distinction of having impressed his brutal image, his cowardly and inhuman conduct to the prisoners in his keeping (the lowest and the meanest of whom were incomparably his superiors) as the lowest and most consummate villain of which history makes record.

He was a typical commander of Federal prisons, arrogant, domineering, without the slightest approach to human virtues. He was the commandant from October 19, 1864, to the time I was exchanged, March 19, 1865, five months to a day. He was about forty years old, with florid complexion, sandy beard, long nose, small head, goose-eyed, fidgety, wolfish in countenance, savage and cruel. His Sunday exercises were riding through the streets of the camp on a tall, large-footed horse at a breakneck speed when the poor men were out in the prison streets to get the benefit of the sunshine, to restore their benumbed limbs from the cold and cramped tents, where only a little green pine wood was allowed, which in the attempt to burn would fill the tents with suffocating smoke which could be endured only by lying prone on our faces. I saw Southern men cringing and patronizingly approach him and talk to him. I would have died a thousand deaths before I would have sought his revolting presence or asked his aid.

To take out a work gang under a boss was quite a distinction, and I sought the boss and he took me out one fine morning to work on an old fort—under guard, of course. I heard

a prisoner ask the guard if he could give him a chance to take the oath of allegiance, and the guard asked me if I wanted to take the oath too. I told him no; that I would stay there until they starved me to death before I would desert my country and comrades. He replied, "You are the kind of soldier I like to see;" that if the other man was out on oath he would have no confidence in him.

On returning to the prison I got permission to go to a large sirup kettle near the road, and I found it filled with odds and ends of rusty bacon boiled to a jelly of which soap was to be made. I fished out and filled my haversack with the best of this putrid mass and carried it into the prison and gave to my starved comrades, who ate it with avidity and thanked me for the favor.

We were guarded by "buck" niggers clad in greatcoats, boots, and gauntlet gloves, who stalked through the streets at night. One of these devils shot into the tent next to mine simply because one poor fellow could not suppress a cough when ordered to do so by the black brute. I saw a gentleman from Virginia meet one of his own slaves in uniform and on guard in the prison. He cursed and abused the nigger, who cowered and moved on with a musket on his shoulder.

MEMBER OF THE SIXTH AND NINTH TENNESSEE.

BY R. S. MATTHEWS, GADSDEN, TENN.

I am one of seven sons and the smallest. I was subject to rheumatism early in life, and when twenty-one weighed only ninety-six pounds. When the struggle commenced between the North and South, Dr. W. J. McKinney was raising a company of volunteers at Gadsden, Tenn. He called on me to enlist. I told him that I would not be of any service as a soldier, but he replied: "I will take you; and if you can't stand it, I will send you home." My health improved, and my weight in 1863 was one hundred and forty-four pounds. The name of the company was Gadsden Spartan's Company, 6th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade. They were in thirty-three battles and skirmishes. I was in all except the battle of Murfreesboro, and was wounded at Shiloh and Perryville, Ky. My Bible was shot in my breast pocket while in the ditches at Chickamauga, I was struck by two spent balls while on picket duty, my gun was struck while entering a picket post, and my knapsack was struck by a piece of cannon ball which exploded near us. So I have felt the effects of two Minie balls on my body, besides the cannon ball on my knapsack and the shock of my gun on picket.

Of the one hundred and two men in the company, only four were present at the surrender. The 6th and 9th, which contained over a thousand men each, consolidated in '63. Only thirty-three of these were present at the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. Thirty-two of this number had been wounded, some of them from three to five times, and the one who was not wounded had a hole shot through his hat.

A memorable amusement in camp life was a snowball battle. I was on guard during one of the big snows when some one suggested the fun. Dividing the forces, they formed a line and the battle commenced, about a hundred engaging in it. Another interesting time was in dewberry season, when our mess had gathered a camp kettle full and prepared them for dinner. It was an enjoyable feast. Occasionally some one would receive a box of provisions from home.

We were with General Bragg in the Kentucky campaign. When the army left Chattanooga, the sick and weak soldiers were ordered in camp near that place to stay until they were

able to march. My captain told me to report to the doctor. I replied that I could keep up with the wagon train. The first day I managed to keep up with my regiment, but the second I failed to keep in ranks. A woman whose husband was a teamster was riding horseback. She passed me and offered to take my gun and knapsack. I gladly accepted, and she carried them for me that day. Next day as we were going through the mountains an old man overtook us riding a sorry-looking bay mare. He asked me to ride his horse and he would walk with my company. I accepted. That evening when he was about to leave for home I asked him if he would sell the horse. He said he would take \$60 for her. I had only \$50, so he accepted that. I rode old Kate on to Perryville, Ky. I was shot in the battle and old Kate was left in Kentucky.

I was one of the few wounded who were carried to Knoxville in an ambulance. It was a cold journey. One night I was left in the ambulance, and the driver fed and watered his mules in the back part of it. My blanket got wet and froze, and my feet became frostbitten.

SURVIVORS OF OAK HILL BATTLE.

[From Texarkana Courier, August 11, 1912.]

The survivors of the battle of Oak Hill met on August 10, the fifty-first anniversary of that bloody conflict, to talk over incidents of that memorable battle between the Rebels and the Yankees.

Prior to the war most of the railroads generally ran east and west, nearly all in the Northern States. To the people of the North the Rebels were a lot of heartless aristocrats. To the people in the South the Yankees were a bunch of wooden nutmegs, cunning, cowardly tricksters. This unfortunate condition was illustrated by Capt. Thomas H. Simms, who exhibited at the meeting a cap-and-ball pistol which he had made to shoot Yankees with. In addition to this, he carried a belt and large knife which had been made by a blacksmith, and with these he expected to kill many Yankees.

It is well known that the greater part of the Federal army when first called out enlisted for sixty days, or "during the war," presuming that all the Rebels would be wiped off the field before the expiration of that time.

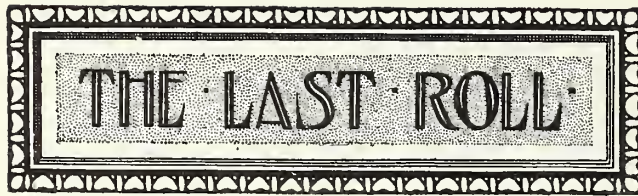
To-day, when transportation and commercial intercourse between the North and the South is so convenient and intimate, instead of meeting as strangers and each suspicious of the other, they meet as friends with common interests and under a common flag.

The survivors of the battle of Oak Hill living in Texarkana are: Col. F. M. Thompson, Capt. Thomas H. Simms, G. E. Cheatham, and H. P. Hudgins. The first three of these were in the Hempstead Rifles, from Washington, Ark., of which Jim Gratiot was captain and Dan W. Jones was a lieutenant. There are but few of these living to-day. One other survivor in attendance was Capt. Ed Alexander, of Shreveport.

Captains Simms and Alexander were both shot in the battle and were supposed to have been killed, and the grave in which the dead were placed was kept open for some time.

These survivors of Oak Hill have met for several years.

Addresses were made by J. Q. Mahaffey, Rollin Rodgers, and J. M. Carter, and interesting talks by the survivors and other veterans were made, including Frank M. Thompson and Thomas H. Simms. An old Confederate song was sung by a veteran who was also in the memorable battle. After the speeches the crowd had a feast of watermelon and ice cream.



"These grizzled, grim veteran soldiers,
These fellows that tramped it with Lee,
The frost of the winters have whitened
The locks that the bullets once kissed.
One by one they are meeting a foeman
That the stoutest can never resist.
To us they bequeath inspiration,
When at length mustered out they are free
And tramp it again with Lee."

W. A. WILCOX.

William A. Wilcox passed away at his home in Darien, Ga., on Wednesday, January 2, 1907, in his sixty-ninth year. In his death another valiant and brave Confederate soldier has gone to join his comrades. He was a native Georgian, and at the outbreak of the War of the States he enlisted in the 8th Georgia Regiment, serving throughout the war with the exception of a short time in which he was laid up from a severe wound in the leg and which ever gave him trouble.

Mr. Wilcox at one time represented McIntosh County in the Georgia Senate, and he served his county in other capacities faithfully and well. He was married in 1869 to Editha, only child of the late W. W. and Emma Churchill. His remains were placed in the family vault in St. Andrew's Cemetery, near Darien.

[From sketch sent by a friend.]

J. B. SIMPSON.

Comrade Hamilton presented to the Statham-Farrell Camp, of Winona, Miss., a memorial to the memory of J. B. Simpson, deceased, which is as follows:

"Comrade Simpson was born in Abbeville District, S. C., in December, 1836. He moved to Mississippi in early manhood with his father, who settled in Montgomery County. He united with the Presbyterian Church in early life, and was always a consistent member, a ruling elder, and a Sabbath school superintendent, discharging his duties faithfully, standing tenaciously to what he believed to be right and abhorring wrong. He may have been considered peculiar, but to know him was to love him.

"Comrade Simpson enlisted at the beginning of the war with the Carroll Rifles, the first company organized in Carroll County, which became a part of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. He served with that command until discharged on account of his health. As soon as he was able he reenlisted in the Vaiden Artillery, being elected orderly sergeant of that company at its organization. He continued in that capacity until the end of the war, having the confidence of the officers and men from a faithful discharge of duty.

"When the proposition to organize the old boys into Camps came, he entered into it heartily, and no one enjoyed the meetings of 'the old soldiers' more than he. He was always on hand at these meetings unless providentially prevented. He was elected Commander of the Statham-Farrell Camp

several times, and took great interest in keeping the organization intact. He loved his comrades and revered the cause for which they fought.

"In the death of Brother Simpson our Camp has lost one of its best members."

ROBERT DAVID JAMISON.

Prof. R. D. Jamison died at the home of his son, E. C. Jamison, in Brooksville, Miss., on August 12, 1912. He was reared in Rutherford County, Tenn., and the remains were taken to Murfreesboro and interred by the side of his wife, who had also lived long and usefully. They are survived by five children—viz.: Rev. A. T. Jamison, of Greenwood, S. C.; A. H. Jamison, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. W. L. Stooksbury, Los Angeles, Cal.; E. C. Jamison and Mrs. T. S. Gay, of Brooksville, Miss.

The last named in sending a notice stated: "It was my father's request that I send his photograph to the VETERAN, which he always enjoyed and delighted in extending its usefulness."

Many delightful visits were made to this office, and conditions were pleasanter and better for them. Extracts from the Noxubee County (Miss.) Review express beautifully what the VETERAN indorses:

"The dearest memory to us who knew him, who felt the pressure of his hand and saw the sunlight on his face, is the man himself. How gentle he was when sorrow folded her pallid wings and brooded about the homes or hearts of those he loved! In his presence sadness seemed less sad and a softer light crept in among the shadows, for in whatever he said and did there was something like the melting music of woman's speech and the delicate touch of woman's hand.

"Such was the man we loved, and we loved him all the more because we knew that behind this native gentleness, back of this charming companionableness was the strong, manly heart of a gentleman whose pleasure was always greatest when serving the needy.

"Will not the beautiful example of this man, who the other day walked at our side, worked, talked, laughed, and wept with us, but is now beyond the stars, bring peace to our toil-worn brains and grieved hearts?

"Professor Jamison bore himself to the age of seventy-four years not only untainted by the world but unworried with it. No frown of discontent, no scowl of misanthropy was ever seen upon his brow. He wrought for the welfare of others, and in so doing found his own, for love is its own exceeding great reward. Let us take this spirit with us, and we shall be truer and braver citizens, purer men and women, worthy to live and not afraid to die."

WILLIAM W. GORDON.

W. W. Gordon, of Savannah, Ga., who was a brigadier general commanding the 2d Brigade, 1st Division of the 4th Army Corps, United States Volunteers, during the Spanish-American War and a Confederate veteran, died September 11, 1912, at White Sulphur Springs, Va. He was born in



R. D. JAMISON.

Savannah on October 14, 1834, a son of William Washington Gordon, the first President of the Central Railroad of Georgia. General Gordon served the Confederacy as a staff officer and later in the infantry.

After the Spanish-American War he was one of the three commissioners to arrange for the evacuation of Porto Rico, serving with Rear Admiral Schley and Gen. John R. Brooke.

In 1857 General Gordon married Miss Eleanor Lytle Kinsie, of Chicago, the first white child born in Fort Dearborn in the city of Chicago. He is survived by his widow and three sons. In 1907 General and Mrs. Gordon celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage in Savannah, and the occasion was a brilliant social event. It was at the home of General Gordon that President Taft was entertained as a guest during his two visits to Savannah. For half a century he was the head of the cotton firm of W. W. Gordon & Co.



MISS LOULIE COMPTON.

Miss Loulie Compton died Saturday, July 29, 1912, at her home, the Birmingham Seminary, after an illness of a few days. She had not been in good health, however, for three years or more.

In 1897, together with her associate principal, Miss Hattie Morton, she established the school she loved and lived in for fifteen years. She was a native of Nashville, Tenn., and a daughter of Felix and Emily Webster Compton. Since childhood she had been a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. Her "works live after her."

[Miss Compton's childhood home was on the battle field of Nashville. Some account of the area and surroundings may be had in a letter about Shy's Hill in this VETERAN. It was a singular tribute to the gallant Colonel Shy to have named the hill in his honor when it had been so long owned by the family and so well known as Compton's Hill. Miss Loulie Compton had done efficient educational work in various places. She was well known and beloved in Dallas, Tex., but her crowning work was in Birmingham.]

WILLIAM DONIPHAN FRAZEE.

William D. Frazee was born in Kentucky November 17, 1843; and died in Okolona, Miss., August 17, 1912, aged sixty-eight years and nine months. He was a gallant comrade, an honored citizen, and a devoted friend. When a child his parents moved from Kentucky to Illinois, and he attended the common schools of that State.

When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861 and the famous Orphan Brigade was being organized in his native State, William Frazee, then a mere boy, hurried from his Illinois home to Louisville, Ky., where he enlisted as a private soldier in Company E, 2d Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A.

In "Thompson's History of the First Kentucky (Orphan) Brigade" the following authentic mention is made: "William Frazee, of Illinois, was one of the sergeants of the company (E, 2d Regiment), and fought at Donelson, Hartsville, Murfreesboro, and most of the other engagements to the close. He was wounded at Murfreesboro and awarded a medal of honor for gallant and meritorious conduct at Chickamauga."

Shortly after the close of the war Sergeant Frazee became a citizen of Mississippi, and at once studied law. He graduated at the Lebanon (Tenn.) Law School, and began practice in Okolona in 1868. In 1873 the Governor appointed him Chancellor for the First Chancery District of Mississippi, and in this at that time most trying and difficult position he acquitted himself with credit and to the entire satisfaction of the public at large. He was appointed postmaster of the little city of Okolona by President McKinley and served for a term, afterwards being Assistant United States Attorney for the Northern District of Mississippi. On the resignation of his principal he was appointed by President Roosevelt to be United States Attorney and reappointed by President Taft, which position he held at the time of his death.

As soldier, counselor, public official, and citizen he measured up to the full standard for courage in the face of the enemy, conservatism in council, honesty as an official, patriotic aspirations as a citizen, and unsurpassed devotion to his interesting family. He died as he had lived, respected by all who were acquainted with his virtues and sincerely mourned by those who knew him best.

CAPT. R. A. HARDIE.

Capt. Robert Alexander Hardie, born at Thornhill, Talladega County, Ala., in 1837, was the fourth son of John and Mary Meade Hardie. He received his education in the Mardisville and Talladega Academies. From an early age he had charge of his mother's farm until the spring of 1862.

He enlisted in the Confederate army. He was elected first lieutenant and later captain of his company in the 31st Regiment of Alabama Infantry. He served to the close of the war. In the fall of 1865 he took charge of the farm of Mr. T. C. Brown, near Newbern, Ala., in the canebrake section, and engaged also in commercial business with Maj. James Spence as Hardie & Spence. A few years afterwards he married Miss Daisy Walthall. He was a successful farmer as well as merchant, and accumulated much of the choicest land in Perry County. His wife died in 1887. In later years he married Miss Stella Polneitz, of Marengo County, who survives him.

Captain Hardie was a member of the Presbyterian Church from his early boyhood, and for many years was a ruling elder in the Uniontown Church. He was a member of the State legislature for several years. His two sons, John and Robert Hardie, succeeded to his business.

Captain Hardie was esteemed as a patriotic citizen, active in every movement calculated to promote the welfare of his community. He was a devoted husband, an affectionate father and brother, and a faithful friend. He had been ill for some weeks, but had gone to Claremont Springs, and was much improved in health when suddenly stricken with apoplexy and died in Talladega on the 13th of August, 1912. His funeral was largely attended at Uniontown. All the stores and places of business were closed. More than two hundred of the colored people attended "Marse Robert's" funeral, testifying their devotion to their "best friend." He was just and kind to the many colored people in his employ. He had no enemies.

[From data supplied by Joseph Hardie, of Los Angeles, Cal. Sketches and a group picture of the five brothers appeared in the VETERAN a few months ago.]

JOSEPH BYERLY DUNIVIN.

Joseph B. Dunivin, a gallant Confederate soldier whose many deeds of daring on the battle field won for him an enviable reputation among his comrades at arms, died early in August on his farm near Pleasant Valley. He was in his seventy-first year. The funeral was held from the McGaheysville Reformed Church, Rev. C. D. Lerch conducting the services. Interment was made in the cemetery there. The S. B. Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., was represented at the funeral by Col. Dorilas Henry Lee Martz, commander of the 10th Virginia Infantry, to which the deceased belonged.

Mr. Dunivin is survived by his wife, three daughters (Mrs. C. A. Bolton, of Pleasant Valley, and Misses Kate and Margaret Dunivin, who live at home), and two sons (Alvin, of Alberta, Canada, and J. Nicholas, of North Carolina).

Joseph Byerly Dunivin was born August 9, 1842. His father was John Dunivin, whose ancestors, of Scotch-Irish descent, located in Eastern Virginia, and his mother was Miss Elizabeth Byerly, of the Pleasant Valley district, a sister of Benjamin and Jacob Byerly. He was born and reared near Montevideo, Va., and lived on his father's farm until he was sixty years of age, when he located near Pleasant Valley.

Mr. Dunivin was a model citizen, a devoted husband and father, and a friend of all who were in need. He was rigidly truthful and honest. When only a boy during the war he sought the love and forgiveness of Christ in a revival meeting conducted by Rev. James Hyde, chaplain of the 10th Virginia Infantry. Though a Christian in his daily life, he did not unite with any Church until July, 1912, when he became a member of the Reformed Church of Pleasant Valley.

As a soldier he had a record that would do honor to Napoleon's "Old Guard." In the early part of 1861 he joined Company E, 10th Virginia Infantry, and was with Gen. J. E. Johnston's army at Harper's Ferry in Elzey's Brigade. During 1862 the 10th Virginia Regiment was placed under Jackson, and Mr. Dunivin was in all the battles of the Valley Campaign. Afterwards he was in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He fought in the battle at Fredericksburg. On the night of the second day's battle of Gettysburg he was in the memorable charge of Ewell's Corps which captured the heights and drove the enemy from the field. Here occurred an incident which he always related with great pleasure. The enemy in the darkness, searching for the Confederates, came upon them unexpectedly. After the usual challenge, the Federal officers deliberately gave the regulation order: "Ready, aim, fire!" But Captain Yancey impetuously shouted: "Shoot, boys, shoot!" On the skirmish line Mr. Dunivin was wounded in the leg by a Minie ball which the doctors never suc-

ceeded in removing. This was early on the third day. His next battle of importance was that of the Wilderness, where the gallant Gordon saved the army from destruction. In this battle he was wounded in the head, from which he lost the use of one ear. After his recovery, the severe winter of '64-'65 found him in the trenches at Petersburg. The untold suffering endured and the incessant fighting are readily recalled.

One morning about four o'clock General Gordon drew up a few regiments, including the 10th Virginia and a Louisiana regiment. Just across the level stretch of sand loomed Fort Steadman, grim and silent. "Forward over the breastworks!" came the clear, ringing tones of John B. Gordon. In a few minutes the sleeping enemy was driven from his bed and the fort was captured. Lee had pierced the Federal line. Grant had tried all winter to break through the thin line of gray. But these men must return. Back across the field they rushed, and upon them were turned all the deadly engines of war that Grant could bring to bear. In the fort Mr. Dunivin picked up a new overcoat which he wore in front of Grant's endless lines at Appomattox.

CAPT. JESSE C. McNEILL.

The recent death of Capt. Jesse C. McNeill in Mahomet, Ill., revives the unique position occupied by that gallant troop known as McNeill's Rangers and the splendid service they performed in Northern Virginia. General Lee had not in his service a more industrious and efficient force than that band which patrolled the mountains and narrow valleys of Northwestern Virginia and whose captures in proportion to the force employed were second to no other body of Confederates.



CAPT. JESSE C. McNEILL.

The capture of two major generals, Crook and Kelley, in Cumberland, Md., is celebrated as one of the most daring feats of the War of the States. It is so pronounced by Gen. John B. Gordon in his "Reminiscences of the War," and a similar tribute is paid by Gov. C. T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, in his "Four Years of Active Service." In the estimation of the

general public, McNeill won his spurs in that remarkable capture; but his men felt that this incident was matched by many others in daring and success. His audacious boldness, coupled with consummate skill, gave him mastery of a situation when all the odds were against him.

The intrepid young leader—young when as first lieutenant he succeeded his father, who had fallen mortally wounded in a charge, to the command of the Rangers—secured and held the confidence and good will of his men to the downfall of the Confederacy, and in the long years which have followed he grew in their esteem and affection, and remained till death the central and engaging figure in the group. The wide circle of devoted friends and the happy home which he loved most and served best testify to those manly and tender qualities which made him a leader in war and a favorite in peace.

At a memorial service by the McNeill Chapter, U. D. C., at its regular monthly meeting which was opened with the U. D. C. Ritual, Miss Hatch recited "Over the River," Miss Sue Sheetz read "The Psalm of Life," Mrs. C. S. Hoffman sang a solo, "Are You Tenting toward the Highlands?" Mrs. I. P. Carsadon read a beautiful tribute to Captain McNeill written by John B. Fay, and the service closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer in concert.

[Sketch by J. W. Duffey, of Winchester, Va.]

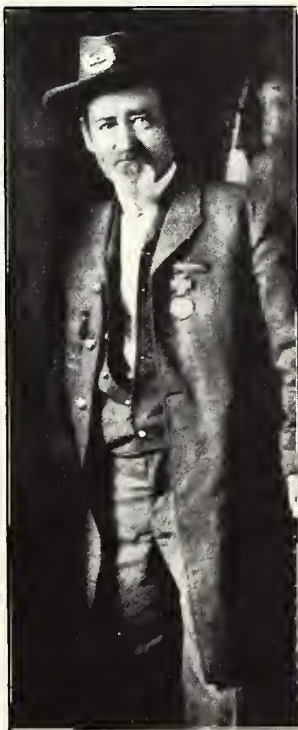
[In the VETERAN for September, 1906, there is an extensive history of McNeill's Partisan Rangers with pictures of father and son, also a map of their route to and from Cumberland, Md., when they captured Generals Crook and Kelley.]

D. C. RIETTI.

David C. Rietti, of Company D, 10th Mississippi Regiment, was born in New Jersey in 1845; and died in Jackson, Miss., August 25, 1912.

Comrade Rietti was a charter member of R. A. Smith Camp, No. 24, U. C. V., and a resident of Jackson from childhood. He enlisted in April, 1862, and served with credit through all the campaigns of the Army of Tennessee, and was present with his company at the surrender in 1865. He had attended all of the General Reunions, and they were the joy of his life. He never married, but leaves a devoted sister, Mrs. Lou Harper, to mourn his death. True to the last, he requested that he be buried in his gray uniform.

[He evidently was a brother of John C. Rietti, who was an ardent friend of the VETERAN and a gallant Confederate. He too was born in New Jersey, and served in the 10th Mississippi Regiment. He wrote a history of the engagement. The sketch was supplied by J. W. Clingan, of Jackson.]



DAVID C. RIETTI.

WILLIAM H. MELVIN.

[Green Ridge (Mo.) News, September 6.]

William H. Melvin was born in Logan County, Ohio, October 15, 1836; and died in Green Ridge, Mo., August 31, 1912. His parents moved to Missouri in 1854.

At the beginning of the War of the States he enlisted in Company D, 16th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., and served throughout the entire struggle. On December 2, 1864, he was transferred by special order No. 337, signed by Major General Magruder at Camden, Ark., to service under Major Burton on December 12, 1864, for special duty, and was under his command until the close of the war.

After his discharge he returned to Pettis County, Mo., and had resided there continuously since. He never married. Two brothers and five sisters survive him.

William Melvin never shirked a duty in his life; he was a good soldier and a good citizen.

The funeral was conducted at the home of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Koyle, Rev. George T. Beard officiating, and interment was in Green Ridge Cemetery. A large concourse of friends paid tribute to the departed.

LIEUT. COL. W. H. McCULLOCH.

Lieut. Col. William H. McCulloch was born in Talbot County, Ga., in November, 1839; and died at Waverly Hall, Harris County, Ga., on July 18, 1912, being in his seventy-third year. The company in which he enlisted and of which he was chosen captain was raised in Harris County in the fall of 1861. After reaching Virginia it was made a part of the 35th Georgia Regiment. Lieut. Col. Gustavus A. Bull, his predecessor in rank, while gallantly leading his regiment was killed in the battle of Seven Pines.

In all the battles of the War of the States fought by the Army of Northern Virginia the 35th Georgia Regiment bore its part, and many who fought beneath its banner fell to rise no more. Colonel McCulloch was with it to the end, yet escaped without a wound. Of the many who faced death for their beloved South, there was none more faithful, more devoted to the cause. In every relation of life, as husband, father, citizen, he was the same high-toned Christian gentleman. His wife and seven children survive him.

[Data from J. A. H. Granberry.]

"UNCLE DOCK" CRUTCHFIELD.

We offer tribute to the memory of our beloved comrade, F. M. (Dock) Crutchfield, who died August 19, 1912. He was in his eighty-first year, and was the youngest of a family of thirteen children, all of whom are dead except one sister, Mrs. M. A. Moore, now in the nineties.

"Uncle Dock" enlisted in Company F, 5th Tennessee Regiment, May 20, 1861. He served faithfully until July, 1862, when on account of physical disability he was honorably discharged. He was a charter member of Fitzgerald Camp, No. 1284, and when able met with us promptly and was always ready to contribute his means to the veterans generally. He was strictly honest and truthful, and possibly no man among us was more beloved or leaves more friends than he. Besides his only sister, he leaves a host of nieces and nephews and other relatives.

While he had grown quite feeble in his old age, he was sick only a few days, and his death was unexpected.

Fitzgerald Camp tenders its sympathy to his sister and relatives.

Committee: J. S. Orr, R. G. Kirby, and J. S. Aden.

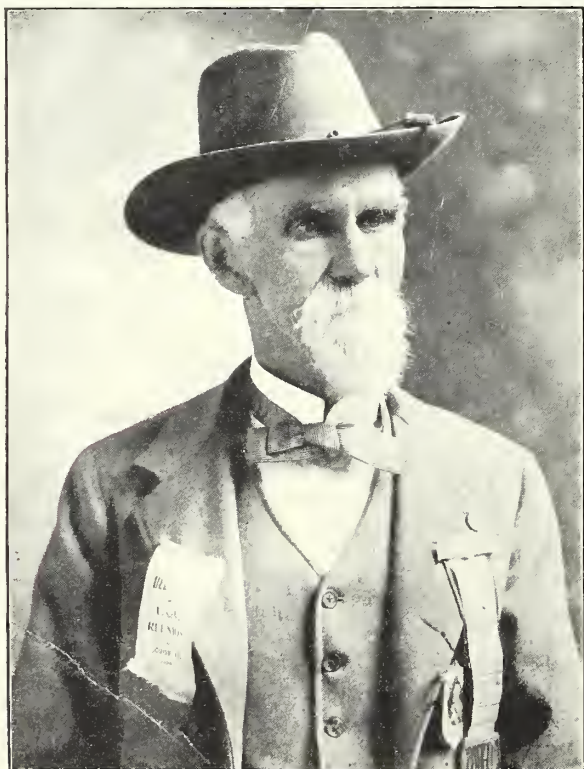
MAJ. E. H. McDONALD.

Entered into rest from his home, near Charlestown, W. Va., on September 20, after an illness of a few days, Maj. Edward Hitchcock McDonald in his eightieth year. He was identified with that section for the last twenty-one years of his life.

Major McDonald, the second son of Col. Angus William McDonald and Leacy Ann Naylor, was born in Romney, Hampshire County, Va., October 26, 1832, and named for his uncle, Col. Edward C. McDonald, and Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, his father's classmate at West Point.

Returning from Fauquier County, where he had gone for his examination as a law student, he met General Harper in Winchester while on his way to Harper's Ferry and joined him as volunteer aid. Harper's command was part of the first armed force that entered Harper's Ferry by the light of its burning arsenal, which had been fired by the retiring United States troops. From this time till the end came at Appomattox he was engaged in the active service of the Confederate States except about five months, during which period he was ill with typhoid fever or in a Federal prison.

At the beginning of the war he was made colonel of the 77th Regiment of Virginia Militia of Hampshire County, which rendered valuable service shortly after the commencement of the war, especially at Blue's Gap, when a part of General Kelley's forces from Keyser was driven back in their march upon Romney. Shortly afterwards he took a conspicuous part under General Jones in the battle at Brandy Station. Later he was made major of the 11th Virginia Cavalry in the regular army. He established a fine reputation for fidelity to duty and gallantry, yet not until the fight at High Bridge just before the surrender was he wounded. Then he was struck with a Minie ball that pierced his chin, shattered his jaws, and lodged in his throat. It came very near being fatal.



MAJ. EDWARD H. M'DONALD.

At a conference among the surgeons as to whether the ball should be extracted they feared the giving of chloroform. He was unable to speak; but learning what the trouble was, he took a pencil and wrote: "Leave off the chloroform; cut it out; I can stand it." So they cut the ball out.

About the year 1870 he and his brother William moved from Clarke County, Va., to Louisville, Ky. Shortly after his removal he organized the Kentucky Title Company, the first of its kind in the State. Of this company, which became very successful, he was made manager. He and his brother William established the Southern Bivouac, which became very popular. In 1892 he returned with his family to Jefferson County and made his home at Meda, where he died.

On October 12, 1869, he was married to Julia Yates Leavell, daughter of Rev. William T. Leavell, from which marriage there were ten children, all of whom are living except Julia T., who was the wife of Congressman John W. Davis.

R. S. CROWDER.

R. S. Crowder was born in Owen County, Ky., April 2, 1829, the son of James and Catherine Searcy Crowder, also natives of Kentucky. John Searcy, the maternal grandfather, was a Baptist preacher and a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

Comrade Crowder was educated in the common schools of his native State. In 1854 he moved to Cass County, Mo., and from there to Waco, Tex., in 1862. He joined the 30th Texas and served throughout the war. He was married twice, first in 1854 to Sallie Cull, of Kentucky. Eleven children were born to them. In 1866 he was married to Mrs. Hulda Bell, of Tennessee. To them were born three children. He was a member of the Baptist Church, a member of the Waco Lodge, No. 49, A. F. and A. M., and an Odd Fellow. He was a member of W. L. Cabell Camp, U. C. V., No. 1761, of Tulia, Tex.

He died August 2, 1912, at his home in Tulia, Tex., aged eighty-three years. In his death the veterans lost a brave and valiant comrade, his family an indulgent father and devoted husband, and the country one of its best citizens.

Committee: Thomas Bruce, W. H. Denson, C. W. Ford.

DEATHS IN STONEWALL CAMP, GAINESVILLE, FLA.

[The Gainesville (Fla.) Stonewall Camp pays tribute to its dead. A committee composed of James Doig, James Chesnut, and E. C. F. Sanchez furnishes through the Adjutant, J. C. McGrew, sketches of deceased members.]

SPIVEY.—J. M. Spivey died March 20, 1912. He was a member of Company A, 15th North Carolina Volunteer Infantry, serving through most of the war. He was an ardent defender of Dixie during and since the war. He was a farmer and a zealous member of the Methodist Church.

BENNETT.—W. L. Bennett was born in South Carolina; and died at Trenton, Alachua County, Fla., on December 7, 1910. He enlisted in Company F, 7th Florida Regiment, at Gainesville, and his regiment was soon ordered West, where they became a part of the Western Army. He served throughout the entire war. His command underwent great trials and hardships. He was a brave and faithful soldier. He was a successful planter and a citizen who will be greatly missed.

MATHESON.—James D. Matheson was born January 7, 1836, at Camden, S. C.; and died at Gainesville, Fla., July 11, 1911. He was a graduate of the South Carolina College. After graduation he entered the army in the 7th South Carolina Regiment of Cavalry, and was soon after made a commissioned officer. He served faithfully throughout the war. He

was a leading merchant and business man. For several years he was Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and at his death was Treasurer of Alachua County. He was a devout churchman and was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was trusted by all men in all things. His death was universally regretted.

GEORGE SMITH NORRIS.

At his home in Bel Air, Md., George Smith Norris answered the last roll call on June 2, 1912, bringing to a close the life of a fearless Confederate soldier and Christian citizen.

In the spring of 1862, fired with patriotism and inspired by the rights of the Southern States, Mr. Norris, twenty-one years of age, with his brother, Alex Norris, and a friend, started for Virginia to join the Confederate forces. They endured dreadful perils, traveling by night and hiding during the day. These valiant sons of Maryland reached the Potomac River in lower Maryland. After securing a rowboat, they were pursued by a Yankee gunboat, and they abandoned their little craft as soon as they were near enough to the Virginia shore to wade. Wet and weary, with bleeding hands but faithful hearts, they scrambled ashore and found shelter in a hospitable Virginia farmhouse. Walking from there to Richmond, they joined the forces and served with the immortal Robert E. Lee until he met Grant at Appomattox.

Mr. Norris was a member of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, being first corporal and then sergeant of Company C. He was an active member of the vestry of Emmanuel P. E. Church, Bel Air, and it was said of him by one of his many friends:



GEORGE SMITH NORRIS.

"He was a man young in heart as he was in physique and manner. His versatile personality built up around him a wide circle of friends who will ever hold in remembrance his kindly disposition and unquestionable loyalty toward all among whom his lot was cast."

The Harford Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy (of which his wife was the first President and is now Honorary President), with reverent hands placed beautiful flowers, entwined with tender memories of his brave and heroic deeds as a Confederate soldier, on his new-made grave.

Mr. Norris was a member of an old Maryland family, being the son of Alexander and Cornelia Norris. In early manhood he married Miss Mary Crawford, who survives him with three daughters, Mrs. S. W. Bradford and Marie and Mamie Norris.

[L. Goldie M. Smith, Historian Harford Chapter, U. D. C., Bel Air, Md.]

PRESTON G. PRICE.

P. G. Price was born June 9, 1834. He was educated in Georgetown, Ky. At the age of eighteen years he went to Frankfort and learned the printing business. He went from there to Nashville, Tenn., where he remained until the breaking out of the War of the States, when he joined Col. James E. Rains's regiment, the 11th Tennessee Infantry.

He was war correspondent for the regiment while stationed at Camp Cheatham, and was made ensign of the regiment later. He participated in all the battles in which the 11th took part, and was paroled at Augusta, Ga., May 1, 1865. He was wounded once in the shoulder by the explosion of a shell.

In 1867 he married Miss Bell Brothers, of Rutherford County, Tenn., who, with his son Mortimer and three grandchildren, survives him.

Comrade Price had been a member of the Baptist Church for thirty-five years, and was active in Church and Sunday school work. In 1888 his health failed, so he left Nashville to live with his son near Dyersburg, and died there on May 18, 1912.

HORATIO DAVIS.

Horatio Davis was born at Wilmington, N. C., May 16, 1840. He entered the Confederate military service at Wilmington in 1861 as a private in Company E, 10th Regiment (artillery), North Carolina Troops, under Capt. Alexander Moore and Col. J. A. Bradford.

Horatio Davis was promoted to lieutenant of artillery during the war. His company was assigned largely to coast defense service, and therefore did not participate in many of the great battles of Virginia; but in the battle of the Crater it fought valiantly. Lieutenant Davis was highly complimented for bravery there. During the winter of 1864-65 and up to the evacuation of Petersburg his guns were in the trenches at Petersburg; but on account of the scarcity of forage several months before the surrender many of the horses and some of the men under his command were sent into the interior of Virginia, where forage was more plentiful.

During the latter part of the war his brother, George Davis, was made Attorney-General of the Confederacy in the Cabinet of President Jefferson Davis.

In 1890 he removed to Gainesville, Fla., where he engaged in the practice of law. He became a member of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, United Confederate Veterans, and was twice elected Commander of the Camp. On October 5, 1910, he was chosen Brigade Commander. He died June 2, 1912. His life was unobtrusive, peaceful, honorable.

CAPT. J. M. PACE.

Capt. James M. Pace, of Covington, Ga., died at his residence there on September 7, 1912, in his seventy-seventh year.

Captain Pace was a widely known and well-loved man. He had been a prominent member of the Georgia bar for the past fifty years, and during that time was honored with many trusted positions. He was at one time law professor at Emory College, and was still a member of its board of trustees. He represented his section several times in the legislature both as a senator and a member of the lower house. During the war he served on General Gordon's staff.

The deceased married Miss Leonora Haralson, one of the famous Haralson sisters, one of whom married Gen. John B. Gordon, another Chief Justice Logan Bleckley, and a third Judge D. H. Overby. Surviving Captain Pace are his wife, two daughters (Mrs. Lucie Pace Owsley and Mrs. Annie Pace Wooten, both of Covington), and two sons (Louis Pace, of Washington, D. C., and Haralson Pace, of Blue Ridge, Ga.).

WILLIAM F. BUTLER.

William F. Butler was a native of Richmond, Va.; and when the bugle called to arms in 1861, although but a youth, he volunteered in the 15th Virginia Infantry, and nobly did battle under our grand leader, Robert E. Lee. When the war ended, having married a Wheeling (W. Va.) lady, he went there to live, and ever since then had gone in and out before this people quietly yet manfully performing life's varied duties until strength and vigor failed him.

Gentle in his manner and ways, yet a manly man, of strong, fixed convictions, and of the highest sense of honor, thoughtful and kind, he passed through life loved by his friends, trusted by the business men with whom he mingled, and was considerate of all. His friends will miss him, and that dear family to whom he clung with so much affection will miss his manly life, his gentle ways, his love and tenderness.

As was his life, quiet and peaceable, so in his death he peacefully passed away from earth to the reward which awaits the true soldier and man in the great hereafter.

[Tribute from Gen. Robert White, Wheeling, W. Va.]

JAMES WAYNE DEUPREE.

James Wayne Deupree, a native of Noxubee County, Miss., was born on November 9, 1845; and died where he had always lived, at the paternal homestead, on July 10, 1912, deeply lamented, for none knew him but to love him.

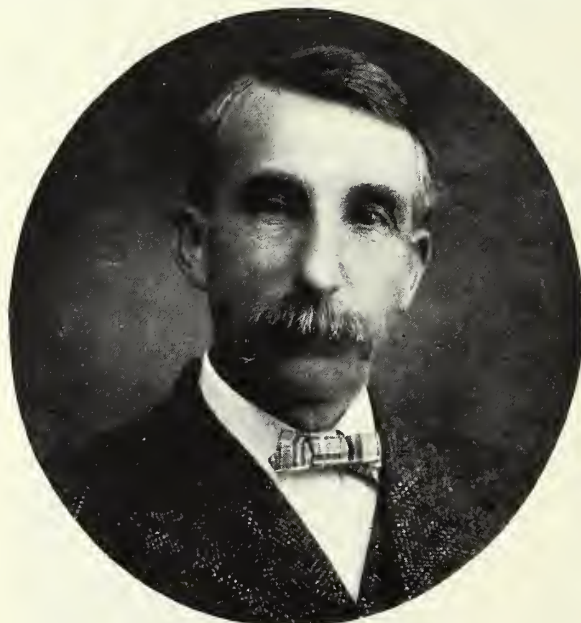
He was a bright and cheerful Christian, a member of the Baptist Church for forty-four years, an active deacon and Church clerk for thirty-six years, and for many years Secretary of the Columbus (Baptist) Association and leader of the Laymen's Movement, in which he delighted and achieved great success. He was often heard to say: "We are happiest when doing our best for the Lord and Master."

He entered the Confederate army in 1862 at the age of seventeen, enlisting in the Noxubee Cavalry to be with six other Deuprees, three brothers and three cousins, who had been mustered into service a year before. This was Company G, 1st Mississippi (Col. R. A. Pinson), Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Van Dorn's Cavalry. With this gallant command he participated in the capture of Thompson's Station and 1,157 prisoners, as well as in other important engagements. Within a year, however, he was transferred to the company of his oldest brother, Capt. W. D. Deupree, in Colonel Spence's regiment, the 16th Confederate Cavalry, where he continued to render constant, faithful, and heroic

service till the close of the war. During the last arduous campaign in front of General Canby at the siege of Mobile, Ala., his service was especially severe. Without naming incidents, let it suffice to say that on picket, in camp, on the march, and on the firing line he was a true soldier, cheerful, optimistic, aflame with patriotic fervor, and resolute in the discharge of every duty. A thorough believer in the right of secession and in the doctrine that allegiance to Mississippi preceded allegiance to the Union, he was ever a worthy comrade in the bravest of all legions, the army of the Confederate States of America.

At the close of the war he returned to Noxubee County, Miss., and after finishing his education under Dr. J. L. M. Curry at Howard College, Alabama, he became a prominent and useful citizen. In 1868 he married Miss Della Bush, daughter of Mr. John Bush, an eminent citizen of Macon, Miss. They were a full complement to each other and never ceased to be devoted lovers. If matches were ever made in heaven, this one certainly was.

Born of Christian parents, reared in a community cultured, refined, and religious, coming home from the war ennobled rather than degraded, he gave his services freely to the restoration of his country's prosperity and to the uplift of humanity. His indeed was a model life, worthy of universal emulation.



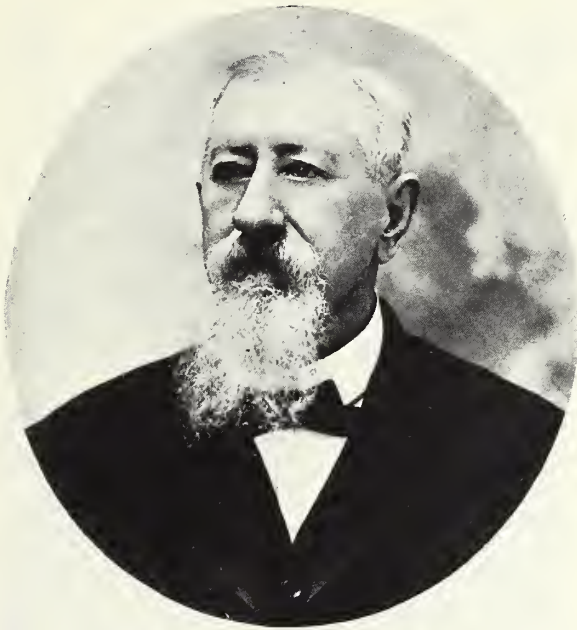
JAMES WAYNE DEUPREE.

Noted for purity of character, courageous fidelity to duty, gentleness and courtesy in all the relations of life, as well as for philanthropic benevolence, and fondly remembered by countless friends in many parts of the State, James Wayne Deupree sleeps peacefully, awaiting the trumpet call to take part in the resurrection of the righteous with the Johnstons, the Lees, the Jacksons, Leonidas Polk, Jefferson Davis, and the long roll of Confederate worthies that have gone before.

CAPT. R. W. TINSLEY.

Capt. R. W. Tinsley entered into rest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. S. W. Pryor, in Chester, S. C., on May 24, 1912. He was a native of White Stone, Spartanburg County, and was sixty-seven years of age. At the outbreak of the war, although only a boy of sixteen years, he promptly en-

listed in the Confederate army, becoming a member of Company C, 13th South Carolina Infantry, commanded originally by Capt. D. R. Duncan and later by Capt. John W. Carlisle. On the battle field of Cold Harbor, July 27, 1862, young Tinsley was shot through the body by a Minie ball which killed a man directly behind him, and he was left for dead on the



R. W. TINSLEY.

field. He remembered that in the near vicinity there was a small stream of water, and he worked his way to it, quenched his thirst, and dressed his wound. The next morning he was picked up by the ambulance corps. When he was being lifted into the ambulance, he was helped by a soldier getting around on one foot, the other foot having been shot off in the same battle.

His mother dreamed that her son was in a certain hospital badly wounded. So vivid was the impression that she persuaded her husband to commence in the night preparations for the journey early next morning. The father went to the hospital and found that the condition was even as the anxious mother dreamed, the son being in almost a dying condition.

Mr. Tinsley was color bearer in the South Carolina Division for years. He was first on General Davis's staff and later, until his death, with Gen. B. H. Teague. He was for years a member of the Union County Pension Board, and the veterans of the county attended his funeral in a body.

Mr. Tinsley was a member of Grace M. E. Church and a member of the board of stewards. He settled in Union in 1866. He was a watchmaker and jeweler, and continued at the same business until within a few weeks of his death. He always took a great interest in all that helped to perpetuate the memory of the deeds of the veterans, and the Reunion at Macon was the first he had failed to attend for ten years. He also was a prominent Mason and the oldest member of the Union Lodge, No. 75, F. and A. M. He was always interested in the affairs of the city and had served as alderman.

Golding Tinsley, of Revolutionary fame, was his great-uncle and Col. William White, of the Revolution, was his mother's cousin.

In July, 1866, he was married to Miss Sarah Rogers, of

Union, S. C., who died in 1906. Of this union the surviving children are: Mrs. S. W. Pryor and Messrs. Eugene and Theodore Tinsley, of Chester, S. C.; Misses Edna and Clarice Tinsley, Mrs. L. G. Meador, and Mr. J. E. Tinsley, of Union.

The deceased was upright in all the relations of life and was highly esteemed.

JOSEPH C. FOWLER.

Joseph C. Fowler was born in Tennessee June 28, 1836, and at the age of three years moved with his parents to Mount Vernon, Mo., and grew to manhood in Southwest Missouri. He died at Crane, Mo., on the 24th of March, 1910, at the age of seventy-three years. His wife, a true mother of the Confederacy, and six children survive him.

When war was declared between the States, he was residing in Carroll County, Ark., and enlisted in one of the first companies that went out from Carroll and Madison Counties. He was with General Price in his last brave and chivalrous march through Missouri, fighting bravely throughout the entire war, during which time he did much valuable service as scout for Generals Price and Shelby. He was a true Christian, a Southern gentleman, and a true soldier in time of war.

CAPT. J. A. STRIKELEATHER.

Capt. J. A. Strikeleather died September 12, 1912. We were comrades in the army and had lived in the same village for forty years. I was his family physician through that period. He displayed the heroism all through his sickness that he did while color bearer of the 4th North Carolina Infantry. Those who knew him best loved him for the many beautiful traits of character which he possessed. He renewed his subscription to the VETERAN not more than ten days before his death.

Captain Strikeleather was over seventy-three years of age. He had been a member of the Methodist Church for many years, and was buried by the Masonic order, of which he was a popular member. A large circle of friends and neighbors attended his funeral.

[Sketch by Dr. William P. Parks, Olin, N. C.]

GEORGE L. WRENN.

George Leonidas Wrenn was born in Lancaster County, S. C., January 6, 1838; and died at his summer home at Mont-eagle, Tenn., August 27, 1912. At the age of seventeen he went to Waxhaw, Miss., which was his home until some years after the war, when he bought a plantation on which the town of Gunnison is partly built.

When the McGehee Rifles of one hundred men were organized in 1861, they became Company A, 20th Mississippi Regiment, and were ordered to Iuka. It was the finest drilled company in the regiment. They did some skirmishing in West Virginia under Gen. Robert E. Lee; but Fort Donelson was their first real battle. The ensign was killed during the first artillery fire, and the soldier appointed in his place was killed the next morning during the first charge.

G. L. Wrenn raised the flag and maintained it. (This flag had been given them by the daughter of the gentleman for whom their company was named.) When surrender was ordered, the flag was burned on the banks of the Cumberland River and their guns were thrown into the river. The prisoners were all put aboard boats and taken to Cairo, where they were placed in box cars and sent to Chicago. When they reached that city, they were marched through deep mud to Camp Douglas, where they remained prisoners about seven months.

After being exchanged they reorganized at Clinton, Miss., with the same officers in command. G. L. Wrenn was formally appointed ensign, a particularly dangerous position, which he held until the close of the war. He led his command in many severe battles; and although his clothes were often perforated with bullet holes, he was never wounded.

Just before the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, eight or ten of the McGehee Rifles were detailed to go to Port Gibson and Grand Gulf to see if Grant's troops were crossing the Mississippi River and to learn what they could of the numbers and movements. They were a jolly set, and as they rode along one day Ensign Wrenn was in the rear enjoying his lunch of hard-boiled eggs. They were approaching Big Spring, near Port Gibson, when they were startled by the enemy's guns. In a flash they wheeled and fled, but several were killed and wounded. The others escaped except the ensign, who was overtaken by a Federal soldier who tried hard to kill him with his saber. Being armed with only a pistol, he feared to turn and meet him. On he went in a mad race for life and liberty until his horse was shot. He fell over the animal's head to the ground, and was much stunned and bruised. When he became conscious, the Federal soldier was standing over him and said: "Well, Johnnie, what are you going to do?" The poor ensign replied: "What can I do but surrender?"

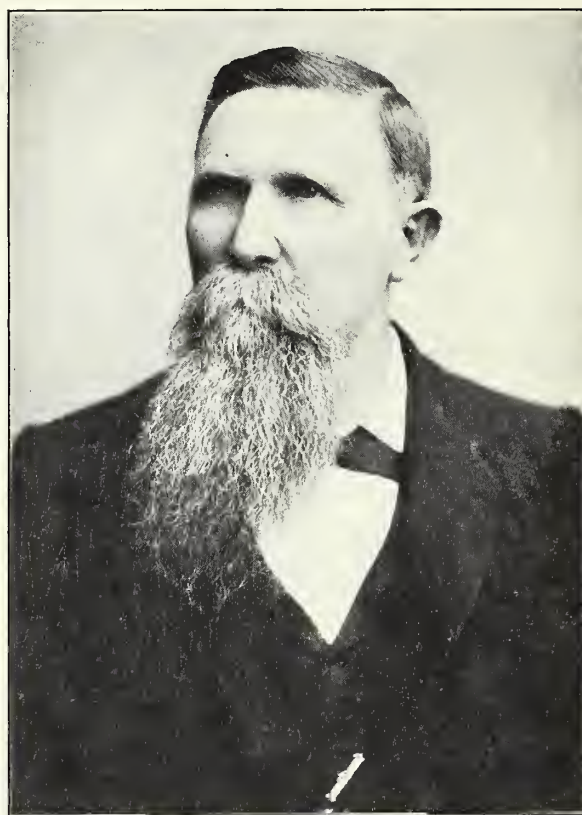
They rode back to General Austerhass's camp near Port Gibson. Along the way the hard-boiled eggs were seen scattered on the ground. The prisoner was too sore to dismount; but the eggs were too precious to lose, so the Federal picked them up and divided them between them. Arriving at headquarters, he was taken before General Austerhass and questioned as to the number of their troops and their positions. His only reply was: "Go on a little farther, General, and you will find out." "Well, Johnnie," said the General, "you seem pretty sore. Can I do anything for you?" "Yes, General," replied the prisoner, "I would enjoy a cup of your hot coffee and some crackers." An orderly was directed to supply him.

An hour afterwards he was placed in a wagon and guarded to Grand Gulf. On his way up the Mississippi River, as he was nearing his old home, he saw a negro that belonged to his aunt in a dugout filled with watermelons. He had carried the melons to sell to the Federal soldiers, but he was so glad to see his young master that he wanted to give him all of the melons. Through this servant he was able to send a message to his aunt that he was again a prisoner and was being carried North, he knew not where. He was taken to the old State prison at Alton, Ill., where he remained a month.

His love, kindness, and justice to every one was very great, especially to his servants. Many of the negroes remained with him on the plantation from the close of the war until his death. The Federals carried away all of his aunt's slaves; but the negro who wished to give him the melons worked his way back from St. Louis and brought his family to serve again the mistress they loved so well, and they were the only help the family had in the house and field until the close of the war. After the death of his aunt, the family lived with Comrade Wrenn until their death.

The McGehee Rifles served in the Army of Tennessee, fighting all the way to Franklin. All of the color corporals were killed or wounded in this bloody battle, and so many others that when they were reorganized in North Carolina after the Tennessee Campaign it took three regiments to make a company. It was surrendered shortly after this with Gen.

Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, but G. L. Wrenn and some of his comrades reached home under many difficulties. Having only one horse, they had to ride by turns until they bought a blind horse for six hundred dollars. In this way they traveled two hundred miles through mud, sleet, and rain. Twenty-four surrendered, but now only two are living.



GEORGE LEONIDAS WRENN.

After the war Comrade Wrenn became a cotton planter, and on April 8, 1886, married Nora C. Corsan, of Chester, S. C. Only one child, a son, was born to them, who died in infancy. Five years ago Mr. Wrenn built a summer home at Monteagle, Tenn. On August 19 he was attacked with appendicitis and an operation was performed, but it was too late. He was a Southern gentleman, and it was said at his funeral by one of the ministers officiating that he was like Barnabas of old—"a good man and full of faith."

CAPT. WILLIAM H. ATWOOD.

At Hebard Mills, Waycross, Ga., on June 4, 1912, Capt. William H. Atwood passed from this life. On June 1 he had gone there from his home, near Darien, to visit his two sons. He seemed in the best of health, but after a brief illness he was taken away from us. His children have lost a most devoted father, McIntosh County one of her noblest sons, and the command of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler its last commissioned officer. He was brought again to dear old McIntosh County, which to him was always home, and laid beside the devoted and beloved wife whom he had sorely missed for nearly three years. All were grieved at his going, and a pathetic feature of this occasion was the sorrow of the few faithful old family servants who felt that in giving up "Marse Henry" they had indeed lost their best friend, as he was just, true, and kind.

In a little volume entitled "Representative Georgians," by H. W. S. Ham, is a brief sketch of his life written by Mr. H. A. Dunwoody, of Macon, Ga., who states: "If called upon to answer the question, 'Who is W. H. Atwood?' the writer, who has known him from boyhood, would answer: 'Captain Atwood is a true and typical Southern gentleman of the old régime.' No title of nobility, no spurs of knighthood, no decoration bestowed by crowned heads upon the proudest scion of nobility implies such nicety of honor, such social refinements, such warm-hearted hospitality as are expressed in these words. They describe a race peculiar to the coast of the Southland in ante-bellum days not inaptly called 'the cavaliers of the South.' Born September 7, 1836, in the county of McIntosh, where for generations his ancestors had held the highest social positions, nurtured amid the refining influences peculiar to the wealthy planter of the South before the war, and carrying in his veins the blood of that noble band of Highland Scots who settled that portion of our State, it is no wonder that Mr. Atwood should bear the impress of the true gentleman and charm all who know him by his genial manners and versatile accomplishments. On the paternal side he is descended from one of the oldest Connecticut families. His father, Henry Skilton, of Watertown, fresh from his *Alma Mater*, having cast his fortunes with the South and wooed and won Miss Ann McIntosh, a descendant of the clans McCoy, McKenzie, and McIntosh, warmed for generations under a Southern sky. It is no wonder that such a union should have resulted in a chivalric and noble race of whom the subject of this sketch is the oldest surviving male representative. Answering his country's call, he went to the front as a private in 1861 with a troop of kindred spirits in the famous 5th Georgia Regiment, and remained true to his manhood and his country through war's dread strife and surrendered at its close his stainless sword and the few bleeding survivors who had followed him. He did not remain a private, but in one year as a reward for gallantry he was made captain of his company. He married soon after the war the eldest daughter of Mr. James R. Butts, of Macon. His fellow citizens brought him from his retirement and sent him to the Lower House of the General Assembly in 1876-77. In 1886 he was their choice for Senator, having been nominated by acclamation, and he discharged the duties of both positions with ability and devotion characteristic of the man."

Captain Atwood's first wife, Catherine Grantland Butts, lived only a few years, leaving one little daughter. Later he married his deceased wife's sister, Tallulah Ellen Butts, of Macon, Ga., and she left six children. Their home was Cedar Point, the beautiful seaboard estate which has been in the family for seven generations and for which the children hold the original grant from King George III. of England.

Captain Atwood leaves twin brothers, Messrs. John M. and George E. Atwood, of Valona, McIntosh County, Ga. He also leaves seven children and six grandchildren. The children are: Mrs. R. P. Hudson, Eola, La.; Henry Grantland Atwood, Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. J. Bryce La Bruce, Charleston, S. C.; James Roger and E. McIntosh Atwood, Waycross, Ga.; Misses Jane Camp and Sibyl J. Atwood, Crescent, Ga.

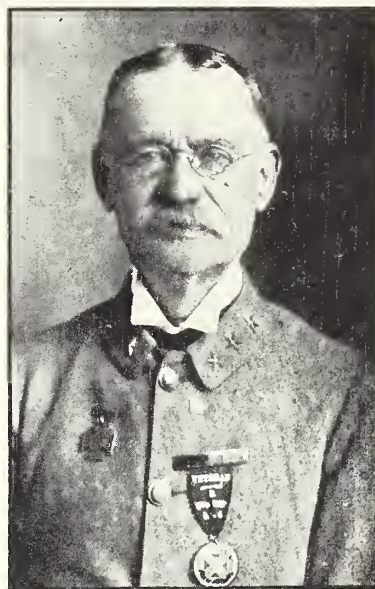
CAPT. IRVING A. BUCK.

[From the Reporter, of Front Royal, Va.]

Our community was never more shocked than when Capt. Irving A. Buck died on September 8, 1912. In the full bloom of health, without a moment's warning, the summons came, as

he had often expressed the wish that it should, with no lingering nor long suffering. He was in his seventy-second year.

Irving A. Buck's boyhood was spent in his ancestral home, Belair. When the War of the States began, he volunteered in Company B, 17th Virginia Infantry. After serving a few months he was detailed as a clerk in the office of General Beauregard, and from thence was made adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Pat Cleburne. General Cleburne greatly appreciated him and a warm friendship existed between them.



CAPT. IRVING A. BUCK.

He was relied upon in time of danger, and never failed. His career as a soldier was marked by ability and distinguished service. His courage was evinced in most trying ordeals. He was wounded while bearing an important dispatch to the front for General Cleburne in the battle of Jonesboro, Tenn., September 1, 1862.

Succeeding the war, with desolation on every side, Captain Buck was for many years a popular and successful merchant in Baltimore. In later days he moved to Front Royal, Va., the

town of his birth, and remained there till the end. He wrote a history entitled "Cleburne and His Men" which was highly regarded both in Europe and America. He was united in marriage with Miss Fannie Ricards, of Maryland, in January, 1871; and though no children were born to them, they were through life as young lovers.

Captain Buck had a singularly bright mind. He was ever polite and gentle in his nature, and impressed all who knew him with his own delightful personality. Courageous and firm in his belief of the right, he was charitable to the views of others. He was for several years Commander of William Richardson Camp, U. C. V., and his interest in and brotherly love of his comrades was a distinct characteristic. He was active for the erection of a monument to the Confederate veterans of his native county, and he was proud of the completed work as it stands near the courthouse at Front Royal.

The funeral exercises were conducted by the Camp Chaplain, Dr. J. W. Webster, on September 10. The interment was largely attended. The pallbearers were composed of the officials of the Front Royal National Bank, with which he had been connected for several years. A large number of veterans followed his bier to Prospect Hill Cemetery. He was a prominent Mason, and the Masonic honors were conferred at the grave, after which there was a military salute by Company D. Beautiful flowers covered the grave.

The editor concludes: "We wish we could pay a proper tribute to his unselfish and loyal friendship. He has gone from us and the circle he adorned is broken, but in the heart his memory will ever be green."

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—III.

BY SAMUEL W. HANKINS.

I now began to consider seriously the advice that my dear father had given me which, if I had followed it, would have spared me this bitter pill.

We pulled along miserably through the mud and rain until after dark, when we halted for the night, stacking arms on the roadside. The distance we had gone that day was estimated at thirty miles. None of the wagons containing our tents had arrived; and as there was no attempt made to start a fire, not a light was to be seen anywhere. We were so completely worn out that after partaking of a few bites of hard-tack and boiled beef we searched for places to sleep. I found some drifted leaves near, and, unrolling my wet blanket, I spread it out and got on it in my soaked condition, covering my head and ears and using my cartridge box for a pillow. Notwithstanding that the rain still poured, I was soon asleep, and did not wake until the bugle sounded for roll call the next morning.

When I got up I found, to my horror, that our company had occupied an old abandoned graveyard, and I had slept full length in a sunken grave. I could not have been persuaded to sleep there had I known the surroundings, having been reared with ghost-telling darkies. Many a night had I sat in a split-bottom chair in Uncle Sam's cabin and listened to an old darky's dreadful stories. When my mother called me to go to bed, Uncle Sam had to go with me to the house, and once in bed I covered my head tight. The impression made then remains with me still.

Soon our company was on the move again, with but little change in the weather. The road we traversed was said to be the one that Washington had gone over *en route* to Yorktown, and it must have been from its old, worn appearance. Pulling along as we had done the day previous, I became a full-grown prodigal before many hours passed, and gladly would I have returned to my father's house if such a privilege had been allowed me. I never let them know at home about my hardships; I was too proud. We marched about the same distance that day and slept under wet blankets.

The next morning we found that our scanty third day's rations had soured and were unfit for use. We threw them all away and started out on empty stomachs. The weather had now changed to a slow, drizzling rain. Soon I grew very hungry. When night came, the outlook for rations was poor, and we stacked arms hopelessly. However, in about an hour the joyful call, "Come and draw your rations," was heard, and there was no delay. The rations consisted of one cup of flour, one pound of beef, and a tablespoonful of salt. Then the question arose as to how we were going to prepare the flour. We had no cooking utensils of any kind. Some enterprising fellow discovered that by cutting through the bark of the green hickory tree it would peel off and answer for a tray; so after mixing the flour, salt, and cold water, we soon had our dough in the shape of snakes which we twisted around our gun rods and stuck in the ground in front of the fire, changing front to rear occasionally. Bread cooked in this way had to be eaten hot, if at all, so we had no bread for breakfast.

We had one instinctive business man in our company, Billie McC., who seemed to realize the importance of having a skillet, and he secured a nice light one, made some straps, and when on the move strapped it on his back where he had once worn his knapsack. Much fun was poked at Billie and his

skillet, which he took good-naturedly; but he hung on to the skillet, and at night would sleep with it under his head. No one dared to take issue with Billie upon any subject for fear of offending him and being denied the loan of the skillet. Soon the cooking utensils dwindled down to that one skillet, which sixty-five or seventy men had to use. It was never allowed to cool. Billie took it to his Mississippi home, and some of the boys said that he had it at his marriage some months after the war closed, and had the officiating clergyman add an additional obligation that the bride would not only honor and obey him, but that she would be careful of that skillet.

The sun rose bright the next morning for the first time since leaving Fredericksburg. We moved off, but only a short distance, when we halted and stacked arms in the vicinity of Yorktown. Thus ended what I consider the most disagreeable march of the war. True, we had some tough, cold, and forced marches, but they were not so severe. We soon unrolled our blankets, spreading them in the sunshine, and we stood in the sun so as to dry our clothes.

About noon the wagons arrived and we arranged to live in more comfort. Just then we were startled by a volley of musketry all along our front, and we were quickly ordered into line. I had not been feeling well, though the excitement caused me to forget my condition. A detail of two or three was made from each company to remain and guard the camp. To this detail were handed by those in line watches, pocket-books, and finger rings, with instructions as to whom the articles were to be sent in case the owner was killed. We remained in line a few moments, expecting to be ordered to advance. Soon the firing ceased, and it was found to be a false alarm caused by some foolish picket firing at an imaginary enemy. We were ordered to break ranks and return to our quarters.

The next morning found me with a high fever and the measles well broken out. About ten o'clock a couple of my messmates assisted me to an open-top wagon to be sent to the hospital at Richmond. The wagon contained only one other person, a little Virginian, who also had measles. We had room to lie down in the wagon, where my comrades spread out my blanket and bade me good-by. We started off in the direction of Williamsburg, but had not proceeded far when it began to rain, and continued the remainder of the day. Having no protection, both of us got soaking wet. I had often heard it said that it was sure death to get wet with measles, and I felt very uneasy.

We reached Williamsburg at dark, and our driver assisted us into an old vacant house, where he left us to shift for ourselves. That house must have been built a century before, as the moss was three or four inches thick over the leaky roof and hanging all around the building at the eaves from four to six feet long.

The next morning our driver returned and assisted us into his wagon. In a short time we were at a landing on the James River and helped aboard a boat that was bound for Richmond. On our arrival there we were conducted to a fish cart propelled by an old mule and driven by an ex-convict. I wanted to know of him our destination, and he replied: "The hospital."

After jolting us around some eight or ten blocks, we halted in front of an old tobacco factory that had been converted into a so-called hospital, though it had more the appearance of a morgue, as there was on each side of the main entrance a stack of plain coffins of various lengths that extended to

the second windows. Surely, thought I, they did not send us to such a place to be nursed back to health!

My little friend and I were consigned to Ward 4. The number I shall never forget. That ward contained eighty cots, all occupied save the two for my friend and myself which had been that morning vacated by death.

The officials and nurses, all of whom had been detailed from the army, received us cordially. The steward then came to enroll us. After giving him my full name, company, regiment, and brigade, he wanted to know what county in Mississippi I was from. I told him Itawamba. After surveying me for a few moments, he remarked that I had no business in the army; that I had better be back home attending school.

The second night after our arrival my little friend passed away and was placed in one of the boxes that we saw at the front entrance. I decided that my box required another day's seasoning. Every morning the hospital undertaker with his measuring pole would visit each ward to get the measure of those who had died during the night. There would always be from five to six taken out. One poor fellow was sleeping on his back with both eyes open, having all the appearance a dead man, when the undertaker in taking his measure woke the poor fellow, who was frightened half to death. He jumped up, yelling, "I am not dead! I am not dead!" knocking the undertaker's measure winding.

I remained there about ten days and left at the first chance, fully determined that if they ever attempted to send me to another hospital they would have to tie me, and I would squeal like a hog all the way.

Our brigade had moved from Yorktown nearly to Richmond during the time I was confined at the hospital, so I had to go only a short distance upon returning to find it. I reached there just in time for the battle of Seven Pines. That battle was more of an artillery engagement than one with small arms on our part of the line. We supported our battery, one of the most dangerous of positions. I had rather charge two batteries than support one. In the latter case you are as helpless as a babe, awaiting orders when it appears that everybody and everything are trying to murder you. 'It is true that we had the privilege of lying down, which is some protection if in an open field; but if the engagement is in timber, soldiers are in greater danger of being crushed by falling tree tops. The enemy fell back into another position, and our battery moved up to where they commanded a lively "engagement."

While passing over the ground evacuated by the enemy Thomas B., a member of our company, picked up a Northern newspaper. Now, Tom was not a fellow to shirk duty by any means; for, like myself and many others, he was a great fighter on leaving home, but had by this time cooled down to the opinion that all such matters should be settled by arbitration. After reaching our position, we were ordered down. Tree tops and branches were falling thick and fast, with grapeshot and fragments of shells whizzing in every direction. After cannonading had been going on for some time, Tom raised his head and said to Jim C., who was also of our company and noted for being the best reader we had, "Jim, O Jim!" (you had to talk loud to be heard at all in that uproar) and Jim yelled, "What is it, Tom?" he too having his face to the earth like the rest. "I wish you would look in this d— Yankee paper and see whether peace negotiations are on hand or not." "Tom, this ain't any place for reading newspapers," said Jim. "We all had to smile at Tom's request in spite of our serious surroundings.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING CAREER OF A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

STATEMENT BY MRS. ELLA K. TRADER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I was born in Brandon, Miss., May 3, 1836, or 1838 (the family Bible was destroyed by Federal soldiers, hence the doubt about exact date). During the war I was wealthy, gave much money, the labor of five servants, and service of myself to the Confederate hospitals for four years. A few years after the war I was left penniless, and continued dependent on the kindness of friends and charity for about twelve years. I then came to Washington and secured a position at \$1.50 for each work day. My daughter was a schoolgirl, and had no employment. Senator Bate, of Tennessee, afterwards had my daughter appointed to a position at \$900 a year. After a number of years I was promoted until my present salary is \$900 per annum. I am compelled to take leave without pay every year, as I am too feeble to continue the whole year through, even with the month's annual and month's sick leave allowed government employees. I have never since the war owned a home; I am totally blind in one eye, and almost entirely deaf, being compelled to use a trumpet. My daughter has always been delicate, but has assisted me in every way she was able. I have been discharged from my position several times, but the Republicans on the last occasion, because of my care of sick and wounded Federal prisoners, had me reinstated or permitted me to remain. I will be unable to stay in office much longer on account of my age and infirmities.

My hospital work is fully vindicated in a book, "Gleanings from Southland," written by Miss Kate Cummings, of Alabama, a coworker in hospital service, and by letters from Generals Hardee, Palmer, Polk, and by Governor Marks, of Tennessee. I have also a book in manuscript—typewritten.

[Col. W. H. Trader had command of the Arkansas State troops, was on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was complimented officially by Gen. W. L. Cabell for his service in the battle at Poison Spring, Ark., in an engagement on April 18, 1864. In his report General Cabell said (see Vol. XXXIV., Part I., page 792): "I must mention, however, the gallant conduct of Colonels Monroe, Gordon, Trader, and Morgan." In several volumes there are references to Colonel Trader's service. Finally he was relieved from the command of State troops upon his own request to serve on the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith. The official order from the State's Adjutant General, Gordon N. Peay, is as follows: "Col. William H. Trader, having reported for duty at these headquarters under special orders from the headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department September 4, 1863, and having been assigned to the command of the volunteer forces organized for State defense, is now, in compliance with his own request, relieved from command and ordered to report in person to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department." Mrs. Trader resides at 1311 North Street, N. W. Washington.]

"RISE AND FALL CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT."

THE GREAT HISTORY IS BEING REPUBLISHED.

It will gratify many Southerners especially to learn that "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" is being republished and will be on the market soon exactly in the same quality of paper, print, and illustrations of the original Appleton edition. This work in cloth may be expected to be ready for delivery before the holidays. Postage or express paid for \$7.50. For early copy write the VETERAN promptly.

OKLAHOMA DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. RUTH D. CLEMENT, RETIRING PRESIDENT, ADA, OKLA.

In presenting this second and last report of the work intrusted to your President she wishes to express her gratification at the very material and substantial things accomplished by the Division. She rejoices that her term of office came at the time of the completion of the Confederate Home; that it was given to her to help gather into one the many threads of action that have for so long had this one purpose.

Last year I reported having visited sixty-five cities of the State in this work, and this year I have thirty-eight more to add, making a total of one hundred and three. I assure you that this has been a privilege and a pleasure and a rare opportunity to tell many people from many sections what the Daughters of the Confederacy stand for and what they have accomplished in Oklahoma.

Having submitted to every Chapter a printed report of the General Convention, meeting in Richmond, Va., last November, this will be passed with the mention of the third vice presidency coming to us in the person of Mrs. J. J. McAlester, a charter member of the charter Chapter of the State, the Stonewall Jackson of McAlester. Ten years of existence as a Division, first as Indian Territory, Oklahoma Territory following, then by their union as a State Division, and being duly represented at a number of the General Conventions, prompts the statement that this is a late though none the less appreciated and welcomed honor.

The educational work of the Division was taken up methodically only two years ago, but it has already three scholarships to its credit. An Oklahoma girl, Miss Flo Alexander, of Ardmore, won the \$1,000 Bristol scholarship at Washington, D. C.; Miss Willie Shipley, of Mangum, was awarded the Alabama scholarship; and our own scholarship at the Chickasha Industrial School and College is held by Miss Marita Baldrige, of Mountain View. It is with no small degree of pride that these items are given, for your President is truly glad to share with the Educational Committee in the establishment of so great things for Oklahoma.

The programs arranged by the State Historian have been very generally used. Two of them devoted exclusively to Oklahoma Confederate history have proved of much interest.

During the year your President has written two hundred and ninety letters and sent out circular letters to all Chapters three times, making a total of three hundred and eighty-nine letters. She has had the credentials and convention call printed and has signed one hundred and ninety-one certificates of membership.

Four new Chapters are under process of organization, and in many places a little personal work on the part of the Daughters would result in the formation of other thrifty Chapters. This year your President has given this work into the hands of the Chapter Extension Committee, composed of the Second, Third, and Fourth Vice Presidents, as prescribed by our by-laws, with a subcommittee appointed to aid each.

Only a general outline of the year's work is given in this report in the belief that it is the prerogative of the committee chairmen to give in detail the result of the year's endeavors.

In the matter of the State textbook adoption, your President made some recommendations to some members of the State Board of Education, and will later submit for your consideration a resolution bearing on the adoption of histories. The child forms his standards in a great measure from the

history he learns at school, and it behooves us to see that his book presents history in a fair and unprejudiced manner.

No further bestowal of crosses of honor will be allowed after November 1. Because of this the recommendation is made that a special day be set apart for cross-giving before that date. October 20, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Anne Carter Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is submitted for consideration. Nothing perhaps gives our veterans more satisfaction than the possession of these crosses of honor. It means much to them, and this last bestowal should be made a memorable one, and one wherein no soldier may be overlooked.

A more general and liberal subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is urged. Every month it contains a letter from the President General giving much information for the Chapters. The VETERAN is the official publication of all our Southern societies, and too much cannot be said in its praise and in commendation of its editor and publisher, Mr. S. A. Cunningham.

The silk flag, Oklahoma State design, offered by your President to the Chapter making the greatest increase in membership during the year is before you for your inspection. No matter which Chapter is the winner, all must have profited by the friendly contest.

Arlington and Shiloh are most heartily commended to you, and each will be presented by the director thereof.

Many courtesies have been tendered you through your President during the past year. Of particular interest was the invitation from the Betsy Ross Association to be their guest and respond to the toast, "Our Flag," at their annual meeting held in June in Guthrie. Representatives of a number of the patriotic societies of the State participated, and the occasion was most enjoyable. Other invitations were to the unveiling ceremonies of the Arkansas monument at Shiloh, the monument to John H. Morgan and his men at Lexington, Ky., the monument to Confederate dead in Philadelphia, the woman's monument of South Carolina; invitations to conventions of three sister Divisions, to the Reunion, and to the reception given by the Georgia Division to our President General during the Reunion at Macon. Realizing that official invitations were tendered in part in compliment to you, suitable acknowledgment was made in each case.

In closing let me beg that the keynote of our work be harmony. The greatest danger in all organizations is from within its own ranks, and those dangers are greatest when growth and strength and a measure of success may engender a forgetfulness of the "tie that binds" and of the first struggling efforts. Let us not lose sight of the real purpose of our organization. Through my love for the Daughters of the Confederacy, my heart's devotion to the Oklahoma Division, and the faithful service I have tried to give you for the years past, I pray you let us in the busy days before us keep uppermost in our minds and thoughts and actions such things as are for the best interest of the work and for the good thereof. Let us remember that this association is a memorial of men and women who died for love of home and honor. If personal acrimony and bitterness are to rule our conduct, if prejudice and not patriotism must sway our judgment, if the work is to be memorial in name only, then are our efforts useless; then truly shall our banners be furled and their glory be a thing of the past. Rather by far let us make our Association a living, breathing, eternal monument to the memory and the glory of our dead and an ever-present comfort and source of happiness to the living.

RESOLUTION AGAINST FALSE HISTORY.

The Oklahoma Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy condemns the "Gordy Elementary History of the United States," the "Gordy History of the United States for Grammar Schools," and the "James and Sanford American History for High Schools," recently adopted by the State Board of Education for use in the public schools in that State for the next five years. Said books are strongly partisan and sectional. They contain inflammatory illustrations and quotations, and practically all of their references are strongly partisan for the North. The entire spirit of these books is such that it will prejudice the child's mind against the South.

A committee of three was appointed to act with a committee from the Veterans and the Sons and instructed to present resolutions embodying the above to the State Board of Education, together with a list of books that are fair to the South, and demand of the Board that they supplant these books with some text that deals fairly with the South.

The committee for the Daughters is composed of Mrs. W. R. Clement, Oklahoma City; Mrs. T. C. Harril, Wagoner; Mrs. G. A. Brown, Mangum.

The Sons' committee to cooperate in this matter is composed of Reuben M. Roddie, Ada; Rev. Percy Knickerbocker, Tulsa; J. H. Payne, Oklahoma City.

The Division officers, U. D. C., are: President, Mrs. T. D. Davis; Vice Presidents, Mrs. W. B. Crump, Mrs. J. H. Copass, Mrs. G. H. Hancock; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. L. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. M. C. Farmer; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Walcott; Registrar, Mrs. Kelly; Historian, Mrs. G. A. Brown; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. William Beal; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Ellis; Auxiliary Director, Mrs. Durham. Mrs. W. R. Clement was made Honorary President, sharing that honor with Mrs. W. T. Culbertson.



MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.



MRS. HOMER F. SLOAN, PRESIDENT ARKANSAS DIVISION,
U. D. C., SLOAN, ARK.

SPIRIT OF THOSE WHO DELAY TO RENEW.

BY D. A. ARNOLD, KEYSER, W. VA.

I must offer an apology to you for neglecting so long to renew my subscription to the VETERAN. I assure you that it is from no lack of appreciation of the VETERAN.

Mrs. Arnold and I read the VETERAN together with a great deal of interest, and consider it about the cleanest magazine that comes to our table. Though we were both born a good many years after the war, our fathers fought through it, and we learned from them the principles for which they fought. We are trying to teach younger generations that the South had rights that she was honor bound to protect and which she did most gallantly. The VETERAN is doing more to correct wrong impressions than all other periodicals of the day.

My father was the late John S. Arnold, of Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry. He was at home on a furlough when Generals Crook and Kelley were captured and volunteered to go with McNeill, as he was familiar with the country around Cumberland. He got hold of General Kelley's fine charger Philippi, and afterwards gave the horse to General Rosser.

Mrs. Arnold is a granddaughter of the late Mr. George Washington, of Hampshire County, at whose home the gallant Ashby died after he was wounded at the railroad crossing near Cumberland.

COMMENTS BY SUBSCRIBERS TO THE VETERAN.

"You may discontinue the VETERAN to ——. She died in June. She was my mother." Not only does this person decline to renew for that which was good enough for his mother, but doesn't propose to pay what is due.

"My father has been dead about two years. Do not send it any longer." Not a word about what is already due.

"Now, you say that I owe you \$2.50. You are in error that much. I will not pay your claim." Strangely enough, he adds: "I expect to take the VETERAN until I die and pay for it."

T. J. Butler sends two dollars in currency with no address. We hope he will see this and send it. The letter was mailed on a railway route and the postmark is indistinct.

"THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS."

[From a Review by Porter McFerrin, Nashville, Tenn.]

In "The Strife of Brothers" (by Joseph Tyrone Derry, Atlanta, Ga.) the author gives an elaborate poem which constitutes the story of the War of the States. It is in smoothly flowing iambic verse, after the style of the "Iliad," and it recounts the scenes and incidents of the war with historic accuracy. It is an epic poem of superior merit written by a Confederate soldier who was a participant in many of the scenes that he so vividly portrays. The poem possesses the vigor and ardor of one thoroughly *en rapport* with his subject. He twines a laurel wreath around the brow of every Southern State, and the book breathes the spirit of lofty patriotism. It is a remarkable production and ought to be in the library of every home in the North as well as the South.

In describing the first battle of Manassas and the gay and rollicking crowd that followed the army from Washington to see the "Rebels" so quickly and easily thrashed, whose watchword, "On to Richmond," was so precipitately changed to "Off for Washington," he says:

"In gorgeous uniforms, a splendid sight,
With bayonets glancing in the morning light
And silken banners floating to the breeze,
Marched the brave host whose leader proudly sees
In their firm ranks advancing buoyantly
The hope assured of certain victory.
Behind the army moved a pleasure train
Whose every thought was frivolous and vain,
Planning a merry fête upon the field
When vanquished rebels in defeat should yield
And on to Richmond, by McDowell led,
The victors march o'er wounded and o'er dead.
But heroes brave from each seceding State
Stood to contest the field upon whose fate,
All felt, the hopes of their dear Southland hung.
Virginia great and noble Tennessee
In this grand march and battle for the free
Joined with fair Maryland, who now again
Met with fond pride her sisters on the plain,
When her brave exiles, led by Elzey bold,
Fought with the dash of the proud days of old.
And how all cheered Jeff Davis on the field
Just as the foe in headlong flight did yield!
Th' influence of that great triumphant day
Was felt in ev'ry step of that dark way
Which our Confed'racy so bravely trod,
On ev'ry field that stained Virginia's sod
Or dyed the plains and hills of all our land,
From broad Potomac to the Rio Grande."

(Address the author. Cloth, \$1.10. Neale Publishing Company, Washington, D. C.)

"GEN. JOS. WHEELER AND ARMY OF TENNESSEE."

The author of this book, John Witherspoon DuBose, says it is a memorial to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A., to Gen. Joseph Wheeler, the chief of cavalry, and to the officers and members of Wheeler's Corps, including four brothers of the author that enlisted in that corps: Lieut. James Henry DuBose and Private Eugene DuBose, killed in battle; Private Francis Marion DuBose, who died in a military hospital; and Private Nicholas Williams DuBose, survivor of the War of the States.

In referring to service rendered the Confederacy by its

cavalry, the author is of the opinion that "the mounted arm of the Confederate service represented with historic emphasis the peculiar military capacity of the Southern people." He illustrates this truth by citing instances—the ability of General Johnston to come to the rescue of Beauregard and save him from impending defeat through the leadership of General Stuart "with a regiment or two of raw, half-armed cavalry." The author says further that Bragg's retreat from Kentucky the next year was safely covered by the 3,000 cavalry of General Wheeler's command; that General Van Dorn some months later burned the stores accumulated at Holly Springs by General Grant and compelled Grant to abandon his invasion of the plantation region of Mississippi and Alabama and return to Memphis; that General Stuart utterly defeated Pleasanton's Cavalry at Beverly's Ford after the battle of Chancellorsville (showing the superiority of the Confederate to the Federal cavalrymen) and enabled Lee to cross the Potomac River undisturbed; that Morgan's raid into Ohio arrested the march of the Federal forces into East Tennessee and gave Bragg time to fight at Chickamauga; that Forrest struck Smith's picked force of cavalry at Okolona, Miss., and with less than half its numbers drove it pell-mell back to Memphis in February, 1864; and that in June of the same year Hampton struck Sheridan at Trevillian Station, Louisa County, and brought Sheridan's expedition to join Hunter at Lynchburg, Va., to a close, so that Sheridan reported to Grant: "I regret my inability to carry out your instructions."

The author quotes from a letter written to Halleck by Sherman in which the latter said: "The young bloods of the South, sons of planters, the lawyers about town, good billiard players and sportsmen, men who never did work and never will—war suits them, and the rascals are brave, fine riders, and dangerous subjects in every sense. They are the best cavalry in the world."

In so far as General Wheeler's career is concerned, Mr. DuBose outlines in brief the incidents of his birth, lineage, and education, which was finished at West Point and destined him for the United States army; his resignation when Georgia withdrew from the Union, his experiences in Pensacola and Mobile, and his baptism of fire on the field of Shiloh and the beginning of his career in August, 1862, when with five hundred men much worn and jaded he made a successful raid into West Tennessee in the rear of Halleck at Corinth.

Other chapters deal with the Kentucky and Murfreesboro campaigns, the Horse Marine expedition and Dover, the Streight raid, the Shelbyville fight, the evacuation of Tennessee, the Chickamauga campaign, the Sequatchie Valley raid, the Knóxville and Dalton-Atlanta campaign, and that of Hood at Atlanta, coming before Wheeler's last raid and the destruction of Hood's army, soon followed by the downfall of the Confederacy. A chapter is devoted to a sketch of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in which a high tribute is paid to this great soldier. The author in referring to the wounding of General Johnston at the beginning of McClellan's attack on Richmond says that in the moment of returning consciousness Johnston inquired for a Revolutionary sword his father had given and a pair of revolvers, a present to him from the inventor, Colt. To a young courier volunteer who sought and found these relics Johnston presented the pistols. In the winter at Centerville General Johnston saw the colonel of a regiment going out to the picket line without a waterproof. He immediately handed him a coat, saying that he had two.

The book ends with the text of General Wheeler's farewell

address to his soldiers, written from cavalry corps headquarters April 29, 1865. Afterwards General Wheeler was arrested near Washington, Ga., taken North with Mr. Davis and Mr. Stevens, and placed in solitary confinement at Fort Delaware. After some months' imprisonment, he was released by order of the Secretary of War. Mr. DuBose's book is written from the vantage of intimate personal acquaintance with General Wheeler and a correspondence with him that extended through years. His former biography, "Life and Times of Yancey," established a standard that causes the reader to expect in this book on a great soldier-leader in a great army just what he has given—a true Confederate story worthy of the man about whom it is written.

(The Neale Publishing Company, of New York. \$3 net.)

"THE SOLDIER-BISHOP"—CAPERS.

In review of this very attractive biography of the late Bishop Ellison Capers, of South Carolina, who was during the War of the States a distinguished Confederate soldier, the reader will soon realize that the enticing appearance of the volume, with its attractive title, "The Soldier-Bishop," is but a foretaste of the interesting reading matter therein contained.

Bishop Capers's biographer, his son, Rev. Walter B. Capers, President of the Columbia (Tenn.) Institute, has written a most interesting biography of a great and good man who throughout his distinguished career as soldier, educator, priest, and bishop was a prominent figure in the South, and he has also made a definite contribution to the history of our country during the eventful years of our great war.

The literary style of the book is pleasing. The author relates ancestral history in a simple, direct, and most engaging manner; while the whole narrative is replete with amusing anecdotes charmingly told, as side lights, so to speak, illuminating the character of the valuable historic work.

To the Confederate veteran the biography is of much interest in its relation to the war. In this part of the work the author has displayed an intimate knowledge of the details of the engagements described. He tells of the initial maneuvers preceding the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the James Island campaign, in which engagement Colonel Capers distinguished himself, as evidenced by rapid promotions. Grant's campaign against Vicksburg the author describes as "Grant's masterpiece." It is sketched here to bring the reader to the battle at Jackson, Miss., May 13, 1863, where Gist's Brigade made its first appearance in the battles of the West. This chapter gives a most interesting account from a trenchant pen of the great battle of Chickamauga, Johnston's campaign from Dalton to near Atlanta, and Hood's campaign from there by Atlanta to Jonesboro and then into Tennessee. The battle of Franklin is graphically described. With the advantage of his father's carefully kept journal the author has brought many new facts to light concerning the Tennessee Campaign under General Hood, and infuses new interest into this part of the record of the War of the States. This is particularly true in regard to Hood's failure to take advantage of his opportunity at Spring Hill, which caused the battle of Franklin under such disadvantages and resulted in the destruction of Hood's army. A letter of the late Gen. John Q. Lane, of Pennsylvania, to Gen. Ellison Capers, written in 1884 and published in this volume for the first time, gives new light about the failure to attack at Spring Hill and demonstrates how disastrous such an attack would have been to the Federal army.

That part of the volume dealing with Bishop Capers's ministerial and Episcopal career maintains the standard of interest and literary excellence conspicuous throughout the first part of the biography; while the chapter devoted to a discussion of the good Bishop's churchmanship shows him to have been some years in advance of many of his contemporaries in theological and ecclesiastical thought and ideals. His steady adherence to the Church of the prayer book and his repeated refusal to form entangling alliances with ecclesiastical parties in the Church, which he felt rather gendered strife, left him free; and he never impaired his influence nor curtailed his opportunity to advance the kingdom of God.

The tributes from the bishops, clergy, laity, and the press with which the book closes show the good Bishop to have been a man whose life and work merited the perpetuation of his name and influence in the libraries of our nation. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

"SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER."

This is a booklet of intensely interesting reminiscences of a Mississippi soldier in Virginia and in prison. It has sixty pages, entirely void of bitterness, and its humor is a fascinating feature. The entire story is being published in the *VETERAN*, but it is now ready in pamphlet form and will be mailed for twenty-five cents. In remitting for your subscription get a new subscriber and the book will be sent free, and both can read it. Do this and you will not regret it.

A Federal veteran writes from Minnesota: "You publish much that is not of interest to me, but I get enough that rewards me richly for the investment. The 'Simple Story of a Soldier' is worth the subscription price for several years."

BOOKS OFFERED BY THE VETERAN.

The constant and zealous endeavor for nearly twenty years by the *VETERAN* to procure the best Confederate literature at the lowest prices is recalled with satisfaction. Its unequalled facilities for advertising have enabled its management to procure exceptionally low prices on most of the Confederate books, and the advantage has been shared with patrons. Many valuable volumes can be supplied at half price, and anything as low as the publisher's price with postage furnished. The "Confederate Military History" at \$24 and \$30 is just half the publisher's price; and this set of twelve volumes is of too much importance to be left out of any Southern library, whether public or private. In the December *VETERAN* there will be a list of many books suitable for Christmas presents.

WHAT ADVERTISERS THINK OF THE VETERAN.

The Southern Tobacco Company, composed of three progressive young gentlemen, in ordering their advertisement continued, state: "We are highly gratified with the results of our advertisement in the October *VETERAN*. We have received orders, as a direct result of this ad., from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Your circulation, as shown by the results we have obtained, is far more widely distributed than we had any idea. We believe that much of its success is due to the confidence that its readers have in the *VETERAN*; that its publisher would not accept an advertisement that was without merit and that he could not personally recommend."

D. J. Kendall, Mayor of Sulphur, Okla., wishes to find some member of his company, F. 34th Texas Cavalry.

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THE SCOUT

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By JUDGE C. W. TYLER

This book should be in the hands of every lover of an endeared cause and every seeker after truth. Judge Tyler forcibly insists that in our great Civil War the South contended not for secession or slavery, but for the right of self-government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence.



The story deals with the tragic fate of Sam Davis, and here again the Judge delves into history and maintains that Sam Davis was not betrayed by his chieftain, Shaw, as has been generally asserted, but that the plans found on his person were stolen from Federal headquarters at Pulaski by a negro boy, who gave them to his master, an old farmer, in Giles County, who in turn gave them to Davis.

The heroine of the story is a Nashville girl and very attractive. All the characters are natural. The incidents are stirring, and the book is written in the kindest spirit. As a work of fiction it is both instructive and very entertaining. The first limited edition is exhausted, and the second will be on sale soon.

All who have read the book speak of it in the highest terms.

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CLEBURNE AT RINGGOLD GAP.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, 9TH KENTUCKY
CAVALRY, C. S. A.

Early on November 25, 1863, General Grant, commanding the Federal army at Chattanooga, moved against Bragg's army on Missionary Ridge. Grant had with him Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, and "Pap" Thomas, the last named commanding the Army of the Cumberland, whose desperate fighting saved the Federal army at Chickamauga.

After a bloody contest of nearly all day, our army was driven from the ridge to the Chickamauga Valley beyond, where it remained during the night. On the following morning the Federals pursued, General Thomas leading. The rear division of Confederates, commanded by Gen. Pat Cleburne, an Irishman, was overtaken at Ringgold Gap, in Taylor's Ridge, near Ringgold, Ga., through which passes the Western and Atlantic Railroad, also Chickamauga Creek. Here Cleburne masked a battery, and just back of it he concealed his infantry.

The following lines by this writer, who witnessed all, tell the whole story:

From his perch on Orchard Knob,
Facing the frowning hill,
Grant saw he had an ugly job,
Though he had an iron will.

With Sherman on the starboard,
With Hooker on the right,
With Thomas also in the ring,
He made a winning fight.

I stood among the booming guns
On Missionary Ridge,
Close to where the river runs,
Just above the wooden bridge.

Upon our left, not far away,
With field glass in his hand,
Stood General Bragg that autumn day
Watching brave Cumberland.

I saw the charge the Yankees made
That broke our battle lines
Just as the light began to fade
Among the giant pines.

'Twas this that lost to us the day,
And thus the Yankees won;
But many a dying soldier lay
Beside his smoking gun.

Our brave boys made a manly fight,
But the Union soldiers won;
And so he left the rugged height
Just with the setting of the sun.

On Chickamauga's bloody shore
We spent a sleepless night,
Listening for the cannon's roar
And watching for the morning light.

At dawn of day the Yankees came,
"Pap" Thomas in the van—
He of Chickamauga fame—
Trying to catch our Irishman.

And he caught him, too, at Taylor's Gap,
Where Pat had turned at bay,
And there they had another scrap,
And Cleburne won the day.

Thomas had his very best,
And they were bravely led;
But when they struck the hornet's nest,
A thousand soldiers bled.

The general was a gallant man,
A soldier tried and true;
But when he caught the Irishman,
He caught a fighter too.

"Pap" buried his head and faced about,
A wiser man, I know,
For he'd found he couldn't rout
Our Pat that licked him so.

"Bedad! I think we served him right;
And though mighty bad he feels,
He'll be a little more perlit
And keep off o' gentlemen's heels."

On Franklin's gory field this son of
Erin fell—

Among the bravest and the best—
In the cause he loved so well—
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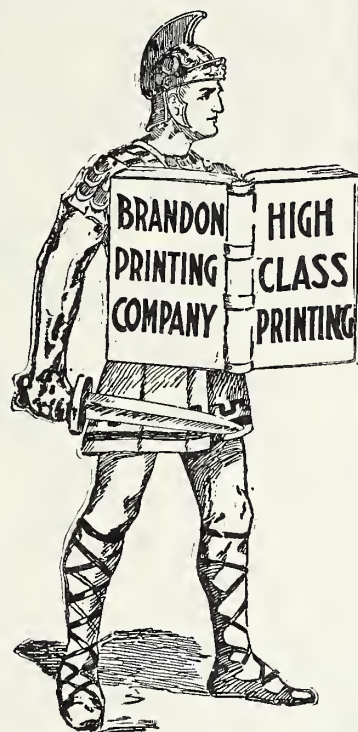
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loss to the weight of tobacco is a very considerable item, and increases the cost of the finished product to such an extent that various steps are taken to hide the presence of the stems in the manufactured smoking tobacco. This can easily be done as far as the eye is concerned, but the tongue is the never-failing test for the stems and testifies to their presence by the biting and burning which has driven thousands of smokers from the greatest of all tobacco luxuries—a good pipe smoke.

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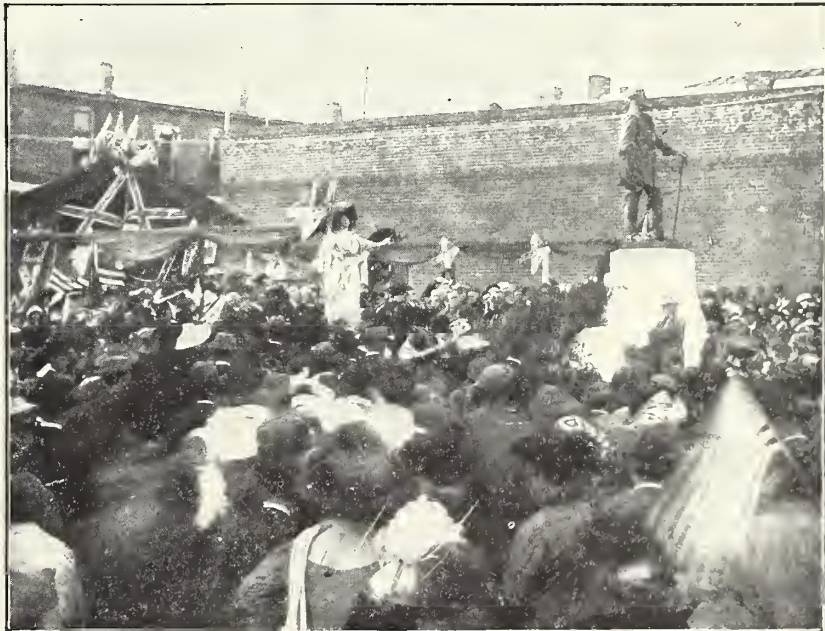
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TWENTIETH YEAR

DECEMBER, 1912

TWELFTH NUMBER



DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AT DALTON, GA.

The sculptor, Miss Belle Kinney, who made the monument to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton, wired objection to the use of the above illustration and sent a photo of the statue, but it is withheld for a report of the ceremony. Her objection is evidently because of her prominence in the picture. But she did not pose for it; it was made while Miss Kinney was explaining her conception of the proper pose for the statue, etc., which she did in a pleasing and edifying manner to 7,000 or 8,000 persons, although it was her first appearance before the public and she had worked the entire night previous in the cold to have everything ready.



"The enemy is there, General Longstreet, and I am going to strike him," said Marse Robert.

JUST A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE LETTERS

"The enemy is there, General Longstreet, and I am going to strike him," said Marse Robert in his firm, quiet, determined voice.

About 8 o'clock I rode with them along our line of prostrate infantry. . . . and though they had been forbidden to cheer they voluntarily arose and lifted in reverential adoration their caps to our beloved commander. . . .

Our line of battle faces Cemetery Ridge. Our detachments have been thrown forward to support our artillery, which stretches over a mile along the crests of Oak Ridge and Seminary Ridge. The men are lying in the rear. . . .

Well, my sweetheart, at one o'clock the awful silence was broken by a cannon shot and then another, and then more than a hundred guns shook the hills from crest to base, answered by more than another hundred—the whole world a blazing volcano, the whole heaven a thunderbolt. . . . My brave Virginians are to attack in front. Oh, God, in mercy help me as He never helped before!

Now, my darling, I go; but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul. . . . It is almost three o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers. I'll keep up a shoo-kum-tum-tum for Virginia and for you, my darling.

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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application.
The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.
The terms "New South" and "lost cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. XX. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1912. No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } PROPRIETOR.

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS AT WASHINGTON.

Proceedings of the U. D. C. Convention in Washington, D. C., November 12-15, may be expected in the January VETERAN. Brief data about the laying of the corner stone to the Arlington monument is given now. A flag episode in a paper to the President General, U. D. C., by Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General of the D. A. R., and the welcome address by the President of the United States are here given in their written text for the first time. The manuscript of each was given to the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, by Mrs. Scott and Mr. Taft, and she held them for the VETERAN. Mrs. McKinney at much inconvenience prepared the large list of subscriptions to the Arlington monument made by the Daughters in convention, as it is very desirable to have corrections made and sent to her so they may appear accurately in the minutes. The Daughters should be diligent to examine the list and report to her very promptly at Paducah, Ky. See pages 581 and 582.

The official address by Mrs. Alexander B. White, President General, was read to the Convention by the First Vice President General, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, of Maryland, the large Convention body, with copies, going over the lengthy and able booklet carefully as she read it.

It is proper to state here that in the main the same officers were reelected for another year, and that Mrs. White, though absent because of the severe affliction of Mr. White, shared the tenderest sympathy of the great body of women who composed the Convention. She had done her year's work well despite her necessary vigil at the bedside of Mr. White, and she grieved over the calamity which necessitated her absence. The VETERAN anticipated a message from her in this issue, but the news from neighbors in Paris is such that nothing of earth outside of her present care should be expected now. It is fitting to bespeak the sympathy and prayers of the women of the South, and the men too, in behalf of the twain and of their only beloved daughter Mildred.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL MRS. A. B. WHITE.

After the foregoing was ready for the press, a letter and a message came from Mrs. White stating that Mr. White had been so ill that "we feared he would leave us every day."

Her brief message to the United Daughters of the Confederacy contains the following:

"Your appreciation of my report for the Washington Convention is evidenced by the beautiful telegram the Convention sent me, and your setting the seal of your approval on the work I did last year for our beloved cause in reflecting me by acclamation to the high office of President General is deeply appreciated, and I want to assure you that my interest in our success will continue as heretofore.

"It was very gratifying to me to see how attentions and honors were showered upon the Daughters of the South at the national capital, and every one, from President Taft on down the list, gave you such a cordial welcome.

"The reports of the officers for 1912 show the best year we have ever had financially and an increase of membership; and now I ask all of you, collectively and individually, to do all you can to make 1913 even more successful along all lines. As soon as I can I will call your attention to certain matters and outline some work. Until then help me all you can, as you have done in the past."

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY PRESIDENT TAFT.

Ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy: I beg to welcome you to Washington. You have captured this city beautiful and made it more lovely by your presence. As its temporary head I give you the freedom of the city, and recognize that in what you have done you have founded a shrine and an altar here which will be visited in the future by many a faithful pilgrim.

If the occasion which brings you here were the mourning at the bier of a lost cause, I know that the nice sense of propriety of a fine old social school would have prevented you from inviting me as the President of the United States to be present. You are not here to mourn or support a cause; you are here to celebrate, and justly to celebrate, the heroism, the courage, and the sacrifice to the uttermost of your fathers and your brothers and your mothers and your sisters and of all your kin in a cause which they believed in their hearts to be right and for which they were willing to lay down their lives. That cause ceased to be, except in history, now more than half a century ago. It was one which could elicit from half a nation and a brave and warlike race a four years'

struggle in which lives, property, and everything save honor were willingly parted with for its sake. So great was the genius for military leadership of many of your generals, so adaptable was the individual of your race to effective warlike training, so full of patriotic sacrifice were your people that now, when all the bitterness of the struggle on our part of the North has passed away, we are able to share with you of the South your just pride in your men and women who carried on the unexampled contest to an exhaustion that few countries ever suffered. The calm observer and historian, whatever his origin, may now rejoice in his heart that the Lord ordained it as it is. But no son of the South and no son of the North with any spark in him of pride of race can fail to rejoice in that common heritage of courage and glorious sacrifice that we have in the story of the Civil War and on both sides in the Civil War.

It has naturally taken a long time for the spirit of hostility that such an internecine struggle develops completely to die away. Of course it has lasted a less time with those who were the victors and into whose homes and domestic lives the horrors of war were not directly thrust. The physical evidences of war were traceable in the South for decades after they had utterly disappeared in the North in the few places in which they existed. Then there are conditions in the South which are a constant reminder of the history of the past. Until within recent decades prosperity has not shed her boon of comfort upon the South with as generous a hand as upon the North. Hence those of us at the North who have been sometimes impatient at a little flash now and then of the old sectional antagonism are unreasonable in our failure to appreciate these marked differences.

For years after the war the Republican party, which had carried the nation through the war to its successful conclusion, was in control of the administration of the government, and it was impossible for the Southerner to escape the feeling that he was linked in his allegiance to an alien nation and one with whose destiny he found it difficult to identify himself. Time, however, cures much, and after a while there came a Democratic administration of four years and then another one of four years. Southerners were called to Federal offices; they came to have more and more influence in the halls of Congress and in the Senate, and the responsibility of the government brought with it a sense of closer relationship to it and to all the people for whom the government was carried on.

I speak for my immediate Republican predecessors in office when I say that they all labored to bring the sections more closely together. I am sure I can say that, so far as in me has lain, I have left nothing undone to reduce the sectional feeling and to make the divisions of this country geographical only. But I am free to admit that circumstances have rendered it more difficult for a Republican administration than for a Democratic administration to give to our Southern brothers and sisters the feeling of close relationship and ownership in the government of the United States. Therefore in solving the mystery of that providential dispensation which now brings on a Democratic administration to succeed this, we must admit the good that will come to the whole country in a more confirmed sense of partnership in this government which our brothers and sisters of the Southland will enjoy in an administration in which Southern opinion will naturally have greater influence and the South greater proportionate representation in the Cabinet, in Congress, and in other high of-

ficial stations. While I rejoice in the steps that I have been able to take to heal the wounds of sectionalism and to convey to the Southern people as far as I could my earnest desire to make this country one, I cannot deny that my worthy and distinguished successor has a greater opportunity, and I doubt not he will use it for the benefit of the nation at large.

It fell to my official lot with universal popular approval to issue the order which made it possible to erect in the National Cemetery of Arlington the beautiful monument to the heroic dead of the South that you founded to-day. The event in itself speaks volumes as to the obliteration of sectionalism. It gives me not only great pleasure and great honor but it gives me the greatest satisfaction as a lover of my country and as President of the United States to pronounce upon this occasion the benediction of all true Americans.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG IN WASHINGTON.

EXPLANATION BY MRS. M. T. SCOTT, PRES. GEN. D. A. R.

[The following paper to the President General and members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is official.]

I esteem it my good fortune, my especial privilege and honor, that with the national officers of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, I have been permitted in our Daughters of the American Revolution hall to extend to your society the official welcome that so brilliantly inaugurated your meetings on Monday evening, the 11th.

It is but natural that on this occasion I find my new sense of what God has wrought in uniting so many and so widely separated commonwealths in a common spirit with a heritage and a common destiny almost overpowering to the imagination.

Participating in the splendid pageant that marked the recent ceremonies at Arlington, my whole heart went out to my sisters of my own Southland, land of unrivaled gifts from the Giver of all, of unequaled woe and losses, of matchless heroism in an enduring struggle against them, of splendid promise of a still more glorious future. In this great commemoration on Tuesday last of a triumph, not of war, but of peace, I challenge any living soul—any soul not dead to compassion, to love, mercy, and justice—to have looked in imagination upon that Confederate monument, as sketched by the President of the Arlington Association, without a mist rising in the eyes, a swelling in the throat, a quickening of the heart, and a lifting of the whole soul to a higher level.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," and this spirit embodied in marble of compassionate womanhood and of manhood's passion of patriotism speaks more eloquently, teaching the deep significance of this historic event, than is possible to any phrase of orator or poet of the North or of the South, of any Jefferson or Webster, of any Longfellow or Lanier, the Georgian poet laureate of peace.

And so with strengthened confidence in and affection for each other, riveted by this week of glorious companionship and the quickening touch of fellowship, may we be encouraged and uplifted with new impulse to that larger life and toward those higher ideals we are striving for! May we have caught fresh inspiration for our work in behalf of those noble interests to advance which both our noble organizations were brought into being!

Ladies, in view of an article that appeared recently in Tennessee papers to the effect that I and the Daughters of the American Revolution had opposed the placing of the Confederate flag in Memorial Continental Hall on the occasion

of the U. D. C. meeting there, I wish to say that part of that statement was true; that a certain faction of the Daughters of the American Revolution who are opposing and always have opposed most bitterly the present administration, of which I am the head, did most virulently oppose the placing of the flag in the hall, even going so far as to declare that the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in that hall and the placing of the Confederate flag there would be a desecration.

Ladies, the situation became so acute that I was forced to go to the President of the United States, and I received not only his indorsement of my action in placing the Confederate flag in that hall, but also his permission to place his personal flag over it in conjunction with Old Glory.

[In an address to the Convention Mrs. Scott proclaimed in loyalty of sentiment the substance of the foregoing except as to the flag matter which she adds to "the flag episode."]

LAYING THE CORNER STONE AT ARLINGTON.

The program for the corner stone dedication was arranged by Mrs. Marion Butler, Mrs. Drury C. Ludlow, and Mr. Wallace Streater. The fine music was by the United States commandant's band at Fort Myers. In a personal letter Mr. Streater writes: "And whatever you publish, I do hope that Corporal Tanner's magnificent extemporaneous address will be featured. He had no idea that he would be expected to speak or to have any part in the exercises other than as guest."

The announced orator was the eminent William Jennings Bryan, who seemed as happy as on any occasion of his life. He was present at the dedication of the Jefferson Davis monument in Richmond a few years ago, as great an event of the kind as has ever occurred, and he knew what the United Daughters of the Confederacy represent. He read his speech from manuscript, and it was beautiful, of course; but it was more like a sermon than a talk to representatives of the hundreds of thousands of men who had stood for him for many, many years. In his acceptance of the invitation it was expected, by some at least, that he would pay particular tribute to the people whose dead that occasion was intended to honor.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT HILARY A. HERBERT.

[After a disquisition upon the causes that led to the revolution and consequent withdrawal of the Southern States from the Union, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, President of the Association from its organization, said:]

The present is the era not only of honors to the dead but of justice to the motives and patriotism of both Union and Confederate soldiers. The historian no longer repeats the falsehood that the men who lie here before us and their comrades who sleep on a thousand battle fields died that slavery might live, or that the soldiers who rest in those graves over there enlisted to set the negroes free. That was not the issue upon which the war between the North and the South was fought. Four-fifths of the Confederate soldiers were non-slaveholders, and the soldiers in blue did not enlist to emancipate the slave. They fought for the Union, the Confederates for independence. All were freemen, fighting for the perpetuity of free institutions. The survivors of the two armies and civilians as well, North and South, now vie with each other in honoring both the Federal and Confederate dead. Robert E. Lee, once called a traitor because he resigned from the old army to offer his services to his native State, is now recognized as one of nature's noblemen.

His name adorns the Hall of Fame in the city of New York. His statue is in the Capitol at Washington. Charles Francis Adams in his noble eulogy at Lexington, Va., Morris Schaff, another brave Union general, in his "Sunset of the Confederacy," and many others have joined in the chorus of praise for Lee and his soldiers that is coming up from the North.

It is to those soldiers that we are to erect this monument—the rank and file of the Confederate armies, the men whose courage and devotion lifted Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Stonewall Jackson higher and higher till they wrote their names among the stars. The rank and file of the Grand Army of the Republic are joining Northern orators and historians. A typical instance is a monument erected in 1907 on the hard-fought battle field of Salem Church, Va., by the Survivors' Association of the brave 23d New Jersey Regiment. On one side is an appropriate inscription to their own gallant comrades, on the other a tablet with the inscription: "To the brave Alabama boys who were our opponents on this field and whose memory we honor, this tablet is dedicated." This is magnanimity that is unparalleled in history.

A few days since I passed by the Tomb of Grant on Riverside Drive in New York City. There at the gateway of America, looking out upon the harbor, stands that noble gift of the American people to the memory of the great captain of the Union army, a mausoleum whose massive proportions suggest that it is to be as nearly as possible as everlasting as the fame of him whose services it commemorates. Before it every thoughtful passing Confederate now lifts his hat, a silent tribute to the magnanimity of that great chieftain.

Congress years ago provided for battle field parks at Gettysburg, at Shiloh, and at Chickamauga with monuments to commemorate the deeds of both Federals and Confederates. It was at the request of Gen. Marcus Wright, an ex-Confederate, that a Union soldier, Senator Hawley, introduced and Congress passed unanimously the bill under which the Confederate dead were gathered and reinterred in this beautiful spot. This mound was left here in the center for the monument of which we are about to lay the corner stone. The first thousand dollars for that purpose was collected by the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in this District. Next followed a like contribution from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. Then came the organization of an Arlington Confederate Monument Association composed of representatives of five resident Chapters, of Camp 171 of the Veterans, and of Sons of Veterans in the District. An Executive Committee was formed. Funds grew to some nine thousand dollars, but the magnitude of the task we had undertaken also grew upon us. It was a great work. Here in this National Cemetery, side by side with the many monuments to the Union dead, was to be a single Confederate memorial to testify to all visitors of the love of ex-Confederates for their dead. The task was beyond us, and we asked the Daughters of the Confederacy to take it over. They complied and retained as theirs our Executive Committee. Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Mississippi, the President of the Daughters, and her successors, Mrs. Stone, of Texas, Mrs. McSherry, of West Virginia, and Mrs. White, of Tennessee, with State directors under them, through our committee have carried on this work.

The organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy now consists of Chapters in thirty-three States and one in the City of Mexico. The membership exceeds 60,000.

This body was organized to educate and care for the descendants of dead Confederates and to see justice done to their memory. Contributions toward the monument, excepting one generous gift of \$500, have come in little by little from many thousands. The memorial will thus represent Confederate sentiment. It will represent even more than that. The survivors of the 23d New Jersey Regiment, unsolicited, sent us \$100. Other contributions have been voluntarily made by Union soldiers.

The monument is being constructed on his own design at Rome, Italy, by the great artist, Sir Moses Ezekiel. The chief figure is that of a woman representing the South. Her extended right hand holds a wreath of laurel with which to crown the Confederate dead; her left rests upon a plowstock on which is a sickle. Underneath an inscription reads: "They have turned their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

Our hope is to unveil the completed monument on one of the last days of June next year, just prior to the great reunion between the survivors of both armies on the battle field of Gettysburg that begins on the 1st of July, 1913.

We are in America's second era of good feeling. In the first it was only a dream of the fathers that the Union would be perpetual—a dream inspired by the belief that the theory of State rights was then generally accepted and there never would be cause for secession. Now we know that the Union is to be perpetual, because there never can be secession, that question having been settled forever. To us has come, instead of uncertainty, certainty. Ours is the substance of what the fathers only hoped for. It has been given to us to see with our own eyes what their prophetic vision could not have forecasted—the material prosperity, the grandeur, the power of this united republic as it is to-day. Our eyes have seen, too, the unspeakable horrors of disunion, an outpouring during four years of war of blood and treasure which never could have entered into the imagination of our ancestors to conceive and for which nothing could atone except the exultation of this hour in which there come to us from every battle field of our great war memories of heroic deeds that have brought us closer together in a union to preserve which our posterity will never be called upon to make sacrifices.

And now, speaking for myself and my surviving comrades, we thank the noble body of women who have made sure the noble monument that is soon to rise on this spot. We thank the Giver of all good that he has bounteously lengthened out our lives that we might behold this glorious day, and that he gave us the courage to stand in the day of battle by the side of, and be able to claim comradeship with, the soldiers in whose memory I now lay this corner stone.

SPEECH OF CORPORAL TANNER.

[The sensation of the event, after the interesting and most worthy address of the President, Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, and the beautiful words of William Jennings Bryan, though disappointing in their lack of expressing a tribute to the people of the South who for decades had shown their merit in his unstinted indorsement (it was the best opportunity that has or can come to him), was in the bold heart utterance of James Tanner, known everywhere as "Corporal" Tanner. While the speech was brief, it was a sensation, and its unctious convinced the great audience of his absolute sincerity.]

I would have serious reproach to make of my friend Herbert for drafting me on this occasion if I did not know that

his act which places me before you, to your surprise and mine, was born out of the generous impulse of his heart. I could have wished in justice to myself that I had a little more notice, an hour or so, that I was to have this honor; for it is a fact that it was only when we stood down there laying the corner stone that he told me he was not going to close the exercises until he had called on me to say something. I felt that I could not decently say "No," and I had no disposition so to do. I accept his detail; I obey his order. I expected on coming here to remain a quiet spectator and listener, glad to be here, cordially approving with all my heart the purpose and the occasion which have brought us together.

I recall that just after the bill was introduced in Congress setting aside this plot in which to inter the remains of the Confederate dead, when our latest martyr President, the lovable McKinley, was in the White House, I had business with him one evening; and when we had finished the matter in hand and I had arisen to depart, he detained me and asked if I had noticed the bill in question. I replied that I had. Then he asked me what I thought of it. I answered him that he and I served and fought, and that we did not make war upon dead men nor bear animosity toward them; that I hoped and believed that the bill would pass unanimously, and that if I sat where he did I would certainly sign it. His hand came out in a warm grasp as he said: "I am glad to hear you talk like that, Tanner. I shall sign it as soon as it reaches my desk."

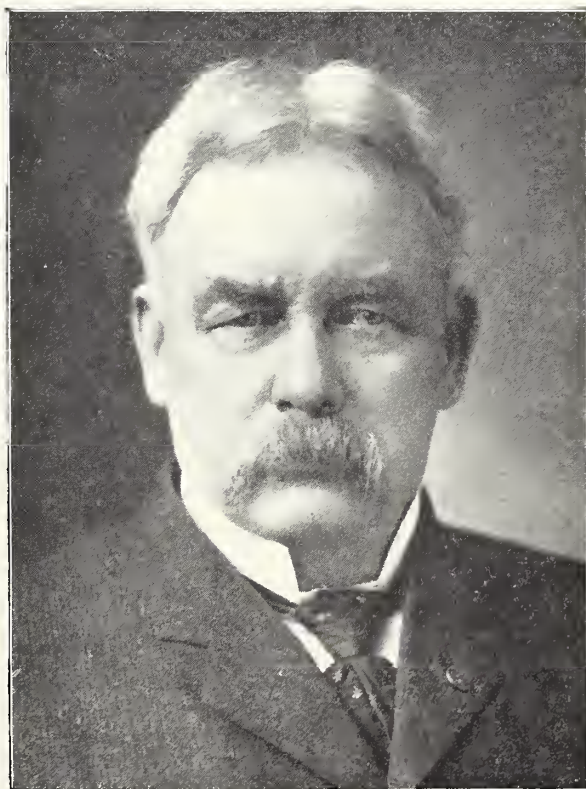
I am happy in the knowledge, standing in this presence to-day and on an occasion bound to be of historic note in all the future of our nation, that I have not to attune my tongue to any new line of thought to express to you, no new ideas to present on the subject of the South's erecting memorials to her battle field heroes. Years ago I expressed myself clearly and unmistakably on this subject. The time that I did so some of you can locate easier than I. It was when the news went out on the wings of the press that it was proposed to erect in Chicago a monument in memory of the six thousand Southern dead buried there.

This notice brought to me a much-inflamed letter from one who claimed to be a Union veteran. He was very peremptory in his demand to know what I thought of "this proposed outrage of erecting on Northern soil a monument in memory of the Rebel dead," and he demanded that my "voice ring out in denunciation thereof." I answered him at once, and I said to him, as I say to you to-day, that wherever on this broad earth there exist a people who will encourage their manhood of any and all ages to go out and battle for a cause and then will permit those who gave their lives in sacrifice to that cause to lie in unmarked sepulchers and the memory of them to die out, they are a people regarding whom I have no power of expression with which to convey to you the measure of scorn and contempt I feel therefor, and I gave my correspondent full permission to ring those sentiments out as loud and as far as he cared or could.

In my library there is a small but treasured volume, rich in its expression of lofty sentiment, which was sent to me by the author who, I am frank to confess, was one of the loves of my life among men. He wore the gray; I wore the blue. On the fly-leaf of that volume he inscribed the sentiment: "All brave men are true comrades." The signature was that of the lion-hearted, sweet-souled John W. Daniel, of Virginia. He and I had much in common, symbolized in part by his crutch and my cane.

As we sat at times in social converse, though each carried physical reminders of the searing effects of the contest which would remain with us until the grave should close over us, and though our brows might be furrowed with pain, there was never a moan in our hearts. We had each played our part in the mighty game of the sixties; and if to us had fallen the rough end of it, still it was in the game. We resolutely set our faces to the front for the speedy restoration of unity, good feeling, and perfect peace between the hitherto discordant sections of our country. Daniel kept his face consistently that way until God took him. I face that way yet, and shall until the end comes; and it is that spirit which has so readily brought me to my feet here to-day.

We of both sides, as we were aligned of old, want you young men—the men of to-day—to bear in mind that we old fellows met these issues in the long ago and we fought them out; we settled them for all time. To-day the feet of innocent children picking flowers press the sod once torn by the ruthless wheels of artillery. Cannon rusting in disuse are enmeshed in clinging vines, and the birds in safety build their nests in the mouths that once belched death and destruction. We have brought to you a great united nation, a republic founded on principles that shall carry it along till the end of time. Thirty millions in the sixties are a hundred millions to-day. The United States, a fourth-rate power then, is in the front rank now, and your Uncle Sam in the parliament of the world occupies a front seat, coequal with all the monarchs of the earth.



CORPORAL TANNER.

[James Tanner, farmer's son, born at Richmondville, Schoharie County, N. Y., on April 4, 1844. Education, district school and business college. School-teacher 1861.

Enlisted September 21, 1861. Corporal Company C, 87th New York Infantry. Engagements: Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Seven Days, Malvern Hill, and Second Bull Run, in which on August 30, 1862, he was wounded and both legs amputated on the field under fire.

Clerk in Ordnance Bureau, War Department, Washington, D. C., 1865. Reported in the Peterson House on the night of President Lincoln's assassination, the first testimony taken therewith, and was present at his deathbed.

Clerk of committee in New York Legislature. Studied law and admitted to the bar in 1869. Clerk in customhouse in New York City and Deputy Collector of the port under General Arthur, 1869-77. Collector of Taxes of the city of Brooklyn four terms, 1877-85. On the lecture platform 1885-89.

United States Commissioner of Pensions from March to September 1889. Resigned. Practiced law in Washington, D. C., 1889 to April, 1904.

Appointed Register of Wills for the District of Columbia in April, 1904, by President Roosevelt, and still holds that office.

Married in 1866 to Miss Mero L. White, of Jefferson, N. Y., who died in June, 1906. Four children: James Alfred, lawyer, Philadelphia; Earle White, captain in the 11th United States Infantry; and Misses Ada and Antionette Tanner. Residence, No. 1733 P. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Joined Grand Army of the Republic in February, 1869, member of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Brooklyn. Twice Commander of the Department of New York, 1876-77 and 1877-78. While such was the moving spirit in establishing the State Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y.; laid the corner stone and saw the roof on while Department Commander.

Served many years on the National Pension Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was Judge Advocate General of the order on the staffs of Commanders in Chief Weissert, of Wisconsin, and Black, of Illinois.

Elected Commander in Chief of the Grand Army in 1905.

Member of the Union Veteran Legion and Past National Commander thereof.]

It is expected that a carefully prepared report of all the official proceedings of the U. D. C. Convention will appear in the VETERAN for January. To make place for essential matter in this number there has been unavoidable delay, and articles have been withheld that were planned for it. Indulgence in these delays has been so gracious as to elicit deepest gratitude.

PLANS FOR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.—An interesting ceremony occurred in the Methodist church at Franklin, Tenn., on November 30 the forty-eighth anniversary of the great battle. The Daughters of the Confederacy were of course the inspiration of the occasion. Mrs. Owen Walker, the President of the Chapter, directed everything in her own happy manner. The leading address was by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, who, though chaplain of his regiment, was quite in the midst of the conflict, and a brother of his was one of the multitude killed in the battle. Steps were taken to invite all survivors of both armies to meet there on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle on November 30, 1914. The VETERAN repeats what it has stated previously that doubtless in no battle of the war was there more to the credit of the contestants on both sides. Confederates would like to meet and greet the men who rallied and re-rallied in that circumscribed area of carnage.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TWENTY YEARS, AND ALL IS WELL.

The rounding out of twenty years' service through the VETERAN has long been the wish of a contrite heart. Twenty years in directing a periodical—a monthly magazine—from its founding by one ownership and management has rarely occurred in the history of journalism, and to have secured and maintained the largest circulation for it ever maintained in any State of the South for so long a period makes it an occasion for thanksgiving. And then to be the authorized representative of all the great Confederate organizations, created for charity and the maintenance of truth, and the prolonged service accepted by all of them without a murmur, should satisfy the ambition of any human being. This gratitude becomes the more heartfelt in the fact that through all these years the founder has been in personal charge, except in the closing of two numbers, each time near death, making the achievement doubtless unparalleled.

The character of work has ever been an inspiration, while the responsibility has been constantly exacting. Throughout this fifth of a century the one purpose has been to give expression for eternity. Faults in the work have been many, more than readers have detected. Articles have been given too much space or not enough, and better articles have been in hand and too long withheld, while many were not printed until after the death of contributors. But at all times the best has been done that could be under the circumstances, and scores of thousands of readers have been so considerate as to create lasting gratitude, with renewed resolutions to continuously do the best possible on and on to the end.

During these twenty years the Editor has come to know better and better men who stood for the Union during the strife, and he gratefully expresses the belief that many of them realize through the VETERAN as they did not before the truth about the issues and the motives of those who maintained them. With these let us make common cause. But the more the questions are considered, the less the inclination to apologize in any sense. The South fought for as just a cause as ever engaged mankind.

The promoter has in this work been given a prominence far beyond the conception of many people. He has been greatly blessed with personal friends of long standing, and this is the only class to whom he submits complaint. They ought to become interested more generally, while thousands of men and women who have never known him contribute on and on, faithful, unstinted patrons, and have diligently solicited the cooperation of others.

There are other data on this subject on page 583, to which all patrons are referred, designated as IMPORTANT, and it is.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO MOTHER AND THREE SISTERS.—Mrs. Mollie MacGill Rosenberg, formerly of Maryland, now of Galveston, Tex., has sent her check for four hundred dollars toward the fund for the projected monument to the Confederate women of Maryland. Mrs. Rosenberg states that

the check is in honor of her mother and three sisters, "all of whom suffered during the war, and who deserve a monument as much as did any of our brave soldiers." Mrs. Rosenberg's father was Dr. Charles MacGill, of Hagerstown, Md. Maj. S. H. Lyon, who is treasurer of the fund, writes as follows to Mrs. Thomas B. Gresham, of Baltimore, through whom the check was received: "Mrs. Rosenberg's father was one of my fellow prisoners at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor—a big man physically and mentally. His companionship was like a breeze from a sunny mountain side. Spontaneously kind to all men, he brought strength and cheer with him. I wish that the men he knew in prison could know all that his daughter has done for her father's cause."

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL FUND.

In making common cause, as stated in another column under "Twenty Years, and All Is Well," an illustration is cited by the VETERAN in honoring the memory of Col. Richard Owen, whose every act, while loyal to the Union, and offering his life that it be preserved, was so faithful to the principles of our fathers and to Christianity as to deserve the lasting esteem of all patriots. While the VETERAN is grateful in having done much for the reconciliation of the sections, this tribute to a man who stood the test through the crisis promises more than any other undertaking in the half century. The bronze bust to be located in Indianapolis, his capital city, by Confederates who were prisoners and their friends is being made and it will be paid for by the Editor of the VETERAN at whatever sacrifice. He seeks not notoriety by it, and he solicits the cooperation of all who come under the heading, "Confederates and Their Friends." Do you wish to cooperate in this? If so, please do it now.

The Durham (N. C.) Sun gives an interesting review of the Richard Owen memorial monument, in which it states:

"There is a movement on foot to erect to the memory of Col. Richard Owen a memorial in the Capitol of Indiana at Indianapolis. S. A. Cunningham, Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who was a prisoner at Camp Morton under Colonel Owen, accompanied Miss Belle Kinney, who is the official artist of the United Confederate Veterans Association, to Indianapolis to locate the memorial. Col. Richard Owen was in charge of the Southern soldiers in prison at Camp Morton during the war. By his humane treatment and courtesy to and consideration for the prisoners they all came to respect him very greatly, and there will be erected as a monument to his memory a bronze bust to be placed in a niche in the walls of the Capitol building.

"Governor Marshall escorted Mr. Cunningham and Miss Kinney throughout the building; and after showing the choicest places, he said: 'You may erect it where you wish.'

"Miss Belle Kinney is now engaged upon the model of Colonel Owen, and when completed it will be unveiled with proper ceremonies as a tribute to the honor and memory of Colonel Owen from the Confederate prisoners and their friends. Such a tribute is unparalleled in all history, and the unveiling will doubtless be the occasion of a great and notable gathering.

"What particularly pleases us in the matter is that a Southern woman, born of Southern parentage, reared amid Southern environments, and who understands Southern character, was selected to do this great work. All hail to Miss Belle Kinney, the official artist of the Confederate Veterans Association!"

J. W. Minnich, of Grand Isle, La., adds his contribution to the fund for the memorial to Col. Richard Owen, and writes: "As you know, I was in Rock Island, and we were not so fortunate as to have an Owen there. Such characters as Colonel Owen in command of the military prisons of the North were so rare that it is a pleasure to be able to contribute a mite toward the perpetuation of the name of a man who at a time when sectional prejudice and hatred ran riot in the land could and did remember that those placed under

this charge were brothers in distress and were worthy of his humane consideration. Whatever may be our political beliefs, whatever sectional or national prejudices, a noble character should always awaken and hold our respect and admiration. Let the memorial stand as a lesson in kindness and humanity that future generations may read and profit by it. Unfortunately our great war developed far too few such characters as Col. Richard Owen. May his memory live green and golden and grow the brighter as time grows old!"

COMPLETE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL TO DATE.

A Friend	\$ 5 00	George E. Pickett Chapter, U. D. C.		Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C.	\$ 1 00
A Friend, Vernon, Tex.	1 00	C. Kansas City, Mo.	\$ 10 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, D. C.	1 00
A Friend, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.	2 00	Parker, P. P., Washington, N. C.	1 00
Addison Harvey Chapter, U. D. C., Canton, Miss.	5 00	Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W. Va.	1 00	Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss.	1 00
Alderson, J. C., Charleston, W. Va.	1 00	Gilmer, Peachy, Breckinridge Camp, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.	1 00	Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va.	1 00	Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn.	1 00
Allen, P. E., Grand Cane, La.	5 00	Gordon, R. H., New York, La.	1 00	Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Anderson, John, Enfield, N. C.	1 00	Gorgas, Col. W. C., Canal Zone	2 00	Pleasants, Edw., Richmond, Va.	1 00
Anderson, S. B., Mineola, Tex.	1 00	Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss.	1 00	Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark.	1 00
Anderson, W. A., Holly Springs, Miss.	1 00	Granberry, J. A. H., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00	Powell, Rev. L., Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Armstrong, Mrs. Nora Owen, Memphis, Tenn.	25 00	Graves, Theo. H., Anderson, Tex.	1 00	Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex.	1 00
Arnold, J. M., Covington, Ky.	1 00	Haman, P. A., Learned, Miss.	1 00	Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss.	1 00
Arrowsmith, F., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00	Hammer, Dr. M. R., Newton, Ia.	2 00	Rice, James T., Iva, S. C.	2 00
Asbury, Col. A. E., Higginsville, Mo.	6 00	Harbaugh, T. C., Castown, Ohio	1 00	Riddle, George T., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Barron, S. B., Rusk, Tex.	1 00	Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex.	1 00	Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bean, William H., Howe, Tex.	5 00	Harris, C. I., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.	1 00
Beeson, R. M., Savannah, Mo.	1 00	Harris, Miss Emma S., Mebane, N. C.	1 00	Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Behan, W. J., New Orleans, La.	5 00	Hays, X. B., Kent's Store, La.	1 00	Rosenberg, Mrs. M. R. Macgill, Galveston, Tex.	5 00
Bell, G. W. R., Galesville, Ala.	1 00	Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Bennett, Louis	5 00	Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Bevens, Dr. W. E., Newport, Ark.	1 00	Heartsill, W. W., Marshall, Tex.	1 00	Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Boger, A. T., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.	1 00	Rudisill, S. A., Arkadelphia, Ark.	1 00
Bradley, J. P., Linneus, Mo.	1 00	Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington, D. C.	5 00	Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
Bradstreet, J. R., Vernon, Tex.	50	Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00	Saunders, E. W., Red Bluff, Cal.	2 50
Brooke, St. George T., Charles-town, W. Va.	1 00	Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.	2 00	Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla.	1 00
Brown, B. R., Shouns, Tenn.	1 00	Hinson, Dr. W. B., Charleston, S. C.	2 00	Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, O.	2 00
Brownson, Mrs. J. M., Victoria, Tex.	1 00	Holiday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00	Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn.	1 00
Brusle, C. A., Plaquemine, La.	1 00	Hopkin, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.	1 00	Shaifer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00
Bryant, D. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	35 00	Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md.	2 00
Bulow, T. L., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.	1 00	Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark.	1 00
Byers, H. C., Sidney, Ia.	1 00	Jennings, R. H., Columbia, S. C.	1 00	Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn.	1 00
Campbell, J. M., Martinsburg, W. Va.	1 00	Jewell, Gen. William H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00	Sims, T. H., Texarkana, Ark.	1 00
Cannon, J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.	1 00	Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City	1 00
Carnes, W. W., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00	Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga.	1 00
Carr, Gen. J. S., Durham, N. C.	10 00	Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson, N. C.	1 00
Chachere, Dr. Theogene, Opelousas, La.	1 00	Jones, M. B., Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	50
Chachere, J. O., Opelousas, La.	1 00	Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.	1 00	Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C.	1 00
Chiles, T. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00	Kern, Mrs. J. W., Kansas City, Mo.	2 00	Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex.	1 00
Clapp, J. W., Memphis, Tenn.	5 00	Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Smith, G. W., Chicago, Ill.	1 00
Clarkson, R. A., Fort Smith, Ark.	1 00	Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	1 00	Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C.	1 00
Colvin, R. M., Harrisonburg, Va.	1 00	Lee, I. S., Mayerville, Miss.	2 00	Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va.	1 00
Comb, J. H., San Marcos, Tex.	1 00	Lee, W. F., Piedmont, S. C.	1 00	Stone, J. B., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Batesville, Ark.	10 00	Lester, John H., Denning, N. Mex.	1 00	Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Corser, E. S., Minneapolis, Minn.	5 00	Lewis, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00	Stone, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex.	1 00
Crain, J. H., Lawrenceburg, Ky.	2 50	Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00	Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex.	1 00
Creager, J. A., Vernon, Tex.	50	Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00	Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La.	1 00
Cromwell, T. W., Cynthia, Ky.	50	Lipse, R. C., Lexington, Miss.	1 00	Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Croom, Dr. J. D., Sr., Maxton, N. C.	1 00	McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch, Miss.	1 00	Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	1 00
Crouch, R. C., Morristown, Tenn.	1 00	McCaskay, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Crutcher, T. E., Saco, Mont.	2 00	Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00	Thompson, R. M., Culpeper, Va.	1 00
Currie, A., Shreveport, La.	5 00	Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio	1 00	Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La.	1 00
Daugherty, J. R., St. Louis, Mo.	10 00	Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50	Tilghman, Sidel, Madison, N. J.	10 00
Davidson, H. C., Montgomery, Ala.	1 00	Meaus, James, Columbus, Ohio	1 00	Towson, J. William, Shelby, Mo.	2 00
Davis, B. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia.	1 00	Tyler, C. W., Clarksville, Tenn.	10 00
Davis, J. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00	Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia.	5 50	Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green, Ky.	5 00
Dawson, G. W., Kansas City, Mo.	1 00	Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00	Van Pelt, S. W., Farmville, Va.	1 00
Devenport, J. J., Devenport, Ala.	5 00	Minnich, J. W., Grand Isle, La.	1 00	Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga.	1 00
DeYoung, R. M., Chase, Ala.	1 00	Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla.	10 00	Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La.	1 00
Dickinson, Hon. J. M., Nashville.	5 00	M. M. Parsons Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00	Warden, J. M., Wardsville, W. Va.	6 00
DuBuisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00	Moore, A. J., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Watson, G. W., Jefferson, Tex.	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark.	2 50	Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvidere, Ill.	1 00
Edmonds, J. S., Ridgeway, S. C.	50	Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex.	1 00	Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga.	1 00
Edmondson, Y. C., Waxahachie, Tex.	1 00	Morriett, F. T., Newbern, Ala.	1 00	Westbrook, M. L., Waco, Tex.	1 00
Ellis, J. C., Bucatunna, Miss.	50	Mumford, C. B., Kansas City, Mo.	3 00	Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Faulkner, E. C., Montgomery, Ky.	1 00	Myers, J. M., Fisherville, Ky.	1 00	Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex.	1 00
Ferrell, W. S., Vernon, Tex.	1 00	Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C.	1 00	Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn.	1 00
Fletcher, Dr. F. J., Bridge, Va.	1 00	Norwood, J. P., Locksburg, Ark.	1 00	Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla.	1 00
Franklin-Buchanan Camp, Balto.	10 00	Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla.	1 00	Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex.	5 00
Flynn, W. M., South Boston, Mass.	1 00	Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla.	2 00	Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga.	2 00
Foster, Maj. W. F., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00	Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 00	Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn.	2 00
Fry, E. J., Marshall, Tex.	5 00	Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00	Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Gaines, J. N., Brunswick, Mo.	1 00			Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York	5 00
Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00			Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky.	10 00

A typographical error occurred in the total to this cause. We have not half enough.

by November print. The work is being done speedily. Let your Christmas present be

TENNESSEE CONFEDERATES IN REUNION.

On October 2 and 3 the Tennessee Association of Confederate Soldiers, the Bivouacs, and the Divisions of the United Confederate Veterans held their 1912 meetings in Shelbyville. The attendance from the different sections of the State was very representative, and Bedford Countians demonstrated that indeed "there's life in the old land yet." The expressions of gratitude for genuine hospitality showed the sincere appreciation of comrades generally.

Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, President of the State Association, presided, and the business was transacted in a manner highly creditable to the organization.

The leading issues of importance—the Pension Board and the Confederate Soldiers' Home—were reported upon.

In the report of the Pension Board, submitted by Capt. Frank A. Moses and adopted by the Association, it was shown that there were 7,668 pensioners on the roll, 5,306 being soldiers and 2,362 widows, the cost of administering the law being a little more than seventy-five cents *per capita*. Relative to the application from Confederate widows for whom no appropriation was made by the last legislature, the Board said:

"By reason of the lack of funds no widows have been added to the roll since the April (1911) meeting, and the same condition will exist until the legislature of 1913 makes an appropriation sufficient to enable us to put all worthy widows on the roll as fast as their cases can be perfected. This will entail a vast amount of work, as we have now on file seven hundred and seventy-nine widows' applications which have been filed since we ceased adding widows to the roll. Furthermore, quite a number of cases filed before that time have been or can be perfected and made pensionable. In view of these facts we intend to urge the legislature to act with as little delay as possible and to authorize the Pension Board to sit continually until the docket shall be cleared.

"In view of the fact that we have possibly reached the high-water mark in pensions, and the further fact that it will be but a few short years until the pension roll will be a thing of the past, we feel that the old, decrepit, needy, worthy soldier and widow should be better provided for in their declining days. The cost of living is greater; the ability of the State to pay is growing greater every day.

"We do not favor a further horizontal increase of pensions. Some pensioners need more than others. A further horizontal increase might give some pensioners more than they need and others less than they deserve.

"We suggest that the laws be so amended that the widows shall be included in the general pension system, and that there be but one law and one appropriation which shall be large enough to properly provide for all soldiers and widows who are found to be eligible. We can see no good reason for two separate laws and two separate appropriations.

"We suggest that the new law create at least two new classes, one at \$150 and one at \$200 per annum. This would give us classes at \$100, \$120, \$150, \$200, and \$300 per annum and enable us to give each pensioner what the circumstances and conditions demand.

"The pension for widows is now limited to \$100 per annum, while many of them need more than that amount to provide the actual necessities of life. We can see no good reason why a man should receive more money than a woman who is in the same physical and financial condition and circumstances. We therefore suggest that all pensioners be made eligible for any class that their circumstances may seem to demand.

"We suggest that the Pension Board be instructed to provide and furnish upon application proper blanks for applications for increase of pensions; and when properly filled out and filed, such applications should be acted upon at as early a date as possible.

"We suggest that in the consideration of new applications for pensions and all applications for increase the Board shall look to the following points: The age of the applicant, the physical condition, the financial condition, the age and physical condition of those claimed to be dependent upon the applicant for support, and the ability of such alleged dependents to care for themselves and to the amount of the applicant's income from all sources. We think these provisions or similar action should be urged by these associations, and we respectfully submit these for your consideration.

"We are often asked to define a 'good war record.' As a general proposition, we hold that a soldier should have served either in the army or in prison until the surrender of the Confederate armies in April and May, 1865, unless disabled for service by an actual continuing physical disability. An honorable discharge for actual physical disability, a parole issued at the point of surrender of any one of the Confederate armies in 1865, of a release from prison after the surrender of the armies in 1865 are the very best evidences of what we call a 'good record.' However, there are many men who were neither discharged, nor were with their commands, nor in prison at the close of the war, who have been placed on the pension roll after furnishing satisfactory proof."

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

The Secretary, John P. Hickman, read the report of the Soldiers' Home, which was unanimously adopted. One hundred and four Confederate soldiers were reported inmates of the Home. The following resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

"Whereas one of the objects of the Confederate organizations of the State of Tennessee is to look after the interests of the worthy Confederate soldiers and the widows of our comrades who have answered the last roll call; and whereas the State of Tennessee, through its representatives in the legislature, has for many years made liberal appropriations for pensions for old soldiers and widows of soldiers and for the maintenance of our indigent and disabled comrades in the Soldiers' Home; and whereas the Confederate soldiers are rapidly passing away and in the course of nature will soon be known no more except as a tender memory; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the Tennessee Association of Bivouacs, U. C. V., hereby tenders to the old Volunteer State thanks for her tender and loving recognition of the boys in gray; and we feel confident that this just tribute to the soldiers of Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Forrest, Stewart, Bate, Cheatham, and many other gallant Confederates and Tennesseans will be continued as long as there shall be any necessity therefor.

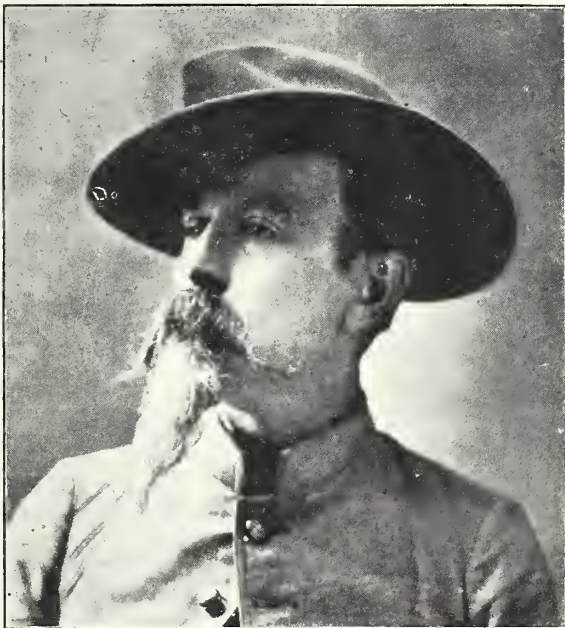
"2. That we, the members of the Tennessee Association of Bivouacs, U. C. V., hereby call upon and urge every Camp and Bivouac of Confederate soldiers and every Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy in Tennessee to join in a concerted movement to assist the Tennessee Board of Pension Examiners and the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home in securing such additional legislation and appropriations as they deem necessary to enable them to carry forward the work of making the last days of the old soldier and the widow comfortable and happy. We feel that it is right and proper for us to plead in behalf of our comrades and their widows. The

Trustees of the Soldiers' Home and the members of the Pension Board by reason of their long service are better acquainted with the necessities of these matters than those who have not made a special study of the subject, and therefore we call upon our comrades and friends to give these officials the assistance of their active influence.

"3. That, distinctly disclaiming any desire or intention to meddle in politics, we suggest that our comrades and friends use their influence with candidates for the legislature to secure their promises that, if elected, they will confer with the above-named officials and, so far as their suggestions are reasonable and proper, do all in their power to have them enacted into law.

"4. That, without intending to discriminate unduly, we suggest that in some parts of the State there are candidates who have served us before and have been of great assistance to these boards. By reason of such experience they are better fitted to do what we want; and looking at it from the standpoint of Confederate soldiers, we think these gentlemen are entitled to fair consideration and, other things equal, should receive our hearty indorsement."

An invitation was accepted to meet in Nashville in 1913.



MAJ. GEN. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

In the election of Division Commander for the ensuing year the honor and responsibility were placed upon Comrade John P. Hickman as Major General. He has his new work well in hand. Later will appear some account of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, with some humor by the President elect, who went to the war from Shelbyville.

AGES OF A DOZEN VETERANS AT MEETING OF CHAPTER.—At the meeting of the Magnolia (Miss.) Chapter at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Sparkman the ages of the veterans present were taken, which are as follows: Rev. J. W. Sandell, 83; W. T. Coumbe, 80; W. L. Varnado, 79; T. M. Lard, 79; W. H. Barremore, 77; W. L. Walker, 76; J. F. Tull, 74; A. P. Sparkman, 72; W. C. Vaught, 71; R. G. Terry, 69; J. M. Hutson, 68; W. M. Wroten, 65. The ages of the twelve aggregate 893 years, an average of 74 years, 5 months.

ERRORS IN DATES CORRECTED.

BY CHARLES DUCLOUX, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

In the November VETERAN, page 509, Sergt. Rufus Ledden, of Company H, 51st Georgia Infantry, corrected Dr. Conway, of Athens, Ga., for having stated in the September number, page 422, that McLaws's Division of Longstreet's Corps was not in the battle of Chickamauga. In this article Sergeant Ledden made two mistakes which should be corrected. He states that the Chickamauga battle was fought on September 17, 1863. It should have been stated "September 19 and 20."

Again he states that the attack on Fort Sanders at Knoxville took place on October 9, 1863. I am surprised that a member of Bryan's Brigade, which stormed that fort so gallantly, although unsuccessfully, does not remember that it was on the 29th of November instead of October 9.

I was reading the other day the accounts of the Chickamauga battle as given by various writers, and was very much surprised to find that Mrs. Jefferson Davis in her magnificent book entitled "Jefferson Davis: A Memoir by His Wife" begins thus on page 449 of the second volume: "On August 20 the bloody battle of Chickamauga was fought." I can't understand such a mistake from such a well-informed person as Mrs. Davis. But it seems that accidents will continue to happen.

I sincerely hope [Comrade Ducloux has represented the VETERAN faithfully for many years] that your efforts to eliminate from your subscription list all deadbeats and require payment in advance will succeed. I find it very difficult, if not impossible, to collect from parties who are two or three years in arrears or from the families of subscribers who, having died, have allowed the paper to come without giving notice that it was no longer desired.

ERROR IN AMOUNT FROM SHILOH CHAPTER.

The type on page 503 of the November VETERAN gave an erroneous account of the money in hand by the Shiloh Chapter, U. D. C., at Savannah, Tenn. The error was observed in a hasty preparation of the brief sketch, and for the moment it was a question as to whether the statement was intended to include the total amount collected, and by that hesitation the error was allowed to occur. The first contribution to the monument was by Dr. L. B. Irwin, of Savannah, Tenn.; while it was in response to a circular letter that Mr. Jacobus S. Jones, of Washington, D. C., made the first subscription.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES ABOUT GETTYSBURG.

In a letter to W. A. Coursen, of Marietta, Ga., Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, a surviving major general, writes:

"I am glad that a large attendance of Southern veterans is expected at Gettysburg in July, 1913. As one who took part in the battle of Gettysburg I shall be happy to meet the surviving veterans from Georgia. Having fought those brave men, I shall be especially pleased to shake hands with them. I am commissioned by my State to take 25,000 New York veterans to the battle field and return them to their homes.

"I quite agree with you that separate counter-marching columns would be an effective formation for the great parade of the gray and the blue, and shall suggest it to the commanding officer on the field.

"General Longstreet, my great adversary at Gettysburg, was my intimate personal friend. I hope his widow may come with the Georgia veterans to Gettysburg."

FACTS ABOUT THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE CASE.

BY A RESIDENT OF FREDERICK, MD.

Perhaps no more persistent specter knocks at the door of fame than that of old Dame Barbara Frietchie, of Frederick, who in her day tried to live faithfully her daily life, and sought not the limelight into which she is being thrust by those who have come into the world since the sounds of the Rebel horde and their martial tread have long passed away from our streets. The shades of Dame Frietchie and Mrs. Quantrill strive each for the other's honor almost as unceasingly as do those of Shakespeare and Bacon.

For the benefit of those who live far away from our old-fashioned little town which has sent real heroes to the front and has helped to make real history, for which we are justly entitled to honor, I want to say just a little about the photographic poem about which there has been much discussion.

I have met those who thought Barbara Frietchie a myth. Far from it. Barbara Frietchie did really live, move, and have her being among the German families who largely occupied Frederick during the sixties, having moved there from Lancaster, Pa., where she was born in 1766; so by simple deduction we realize that

"On that pleasant morn in the early fall,"

September 10, 1862, "Gros-mutter Frietchie" (as she was called by the children) was within a few weeks of having rounded out ninety-six years. Two days before this date her pastor, the late Dr. Zacharias, visited her home, where she was sick, and administered the rite of communion to her, she being propped up in bed to receive it. This fact would almost convince us that so few hours later, no matter how patriotic her spirit might have been (and I doubt not that she was a brave, true daughter of the North), she could not have had the physical strength to

"Lean far out on her window sill
And shake the flag with a royal will."

But even granting that Barbara Frietchie had both the strength and will to have defied the ungallant and unmanly order to "fire" which Mr. Whittier puts into the mouth of our chivalrous Jackson, the opportunity was never given, since historians of repute and unfailing reliability have proved that General Jackson and his staff passed some yards to the west of the Frietchie home.

J. Thomas Sharf in his "History of Western Maryland," Vol. I., page 564, says: "Dr. Samuel Tyler, the biographer of Chief Justice Taney, says that Stonewall Jackson never passed Barbara Frietchie's house, but passed down Mill Alley and entered Patrick Street, west of Carroll Creek, about one square, while the Frietchie house is on the east side of the creek. All that relates to the Confederate general and his troops is pure fiction."

Maj. Gen. Kyd Douglass, late of Hagerstown, was riding by General Jackson's side, and testifies in Sharf's history to the fact that they never saw Barbara Frietchie nor her house, as does also Col. J. S. Mosby.

Mr. Jacob Englebrecht, Mayor of Frederick from 1865 to 1868, and Mr. Henry Nixdorff, both Northern sympathizers, who lived just across the street from Mrs. Frietchie, state that they spent the morning watching and counting the troops on September 10, but did not see Barbara Frietchie at her window, and that while Lee passed Jackson never did. One of them relates the fact that a Mrs. Quantrill, living

several squares farther west, did wave a flag, and they say a private is known to have parleyed with her on the subject. Here let me say that I believe from what eyewitnesses have told me that General Jackson himself saluted her and joked with her, saying, "Madam, that flag would do you better service as an apron," to which Mrs. Quantrill quickly replied, "And if you had enough of them to make shirts for your men, they would be much more comfortably clad," at which General Jackson smiled and rode on. This has been told me by two pupils of Mrs. Quantrill's who were standing at her side and who had a brother in the Union army. [One of Jackson's officers might have so joked with Mrs. Q., but it isn't probable that he would under those circumstances.—EDITOR.]

The poet says:

"Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one."

A note still in existence, which the leader himself left at the Presbyterian manse for Mrs. Ross, the wife of the clergyman, disproves the above. It reads:

"September 10, '62, 5:15 A.M.

"Regret not being permitted to see Dr. and Mrs. Ross, but could not expect to have that pleasure at so unreasonable an hour.

T. J. JACKSON."

There is nothing more needed, it would seem, except to quote Mr. Whittier himself in an article in the Scrapbook of July, 1908 (first edition), published by Frank A. Munsey: "I deplore the fact that through erroneous information given me by Mrs. Southworth I gave to the reading world the poem of 'Barbara Frietchie.'"

It is a beautiful description of Frederick and the country round about, but thoroughly unjust in its references to our beloved Jackson. History is a narration of facts, and it behooves the Daughters of the Confederacy to prove that

"The 'shade of sadness and blush of shame,'
Which the poet alludes to, never came."

The fact that the Barbara Frietchie Monument Association had to consider which version to give out as the true one brings to my mind a short but very terse letter on this subject in the columns of the Baltimore Sun recently. The writer says: "In reading of the Barbara Frietchie Monument Association I am reminded of Mark Twain's experience. He said that when he was a boy he could remember things whether they happened or not, but as he grew older he could remember only the things which hadn't happened."

ABOUT TIME FOR THE CHATTANOOGA REUNION.

A comrade makes a suggestion as to the time for holding the annual Convention, U. C. V., at Chattanooga next year, stating that if the Reunion should begin on the 26th of June, continuing for three days, then those who desire to do so could go on to Gettysburg from there for the great meeting of the gray and blue on the fiftieth anniversary days of the battle there. This would make it much less expensive for those who have to travel a long distance and who want to participate in both events. This comrade, B. M. Hughes, of Aqua Dulce, Tex., says he was wounded at Gettysburg and lay out in the woods of the Butts place without bed or cover for one month and five days, and now he wants to go back to that place of misery. He belonged to Company G, 11th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

ADDRESS BY HON. W. J. BROWN AT JACKSON, MISS.

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than I have been before."

Standing to-night in the eventide of life and glancing down the flight of years, my best and fondest thoughts go back to "the girl I left behind me." The Confederate soldier, whether he left his books in the schoolroom, his merchandise in the store, his plow upon the farm, or the office of his chosen profession in the town or city, was the man of the hour. He imbibed the spirit of '76. He knew the right and dared do it, and he stands forth to-day one of the grandest characters that ever graced the pages of either ancient or modern history. But all that he was—every noble impulse of his nature, every act of heroism on the field of battle—he owed, and owed alone, to "the girl he left behind him."

Well do you remember that eventful day more than half a century ago when you were called upon to leave home and loved ones and go to the front. I see that fond mother placing her hand upon the head of her boy and looking up to the God of her fathers and her God and calling down the choicest blessings of heaven upon him as she bids him go forth and do battle for God, for country, for home, and for the right.

There lingers with me to-night the fond recollection of the handclasp of that dear girl when with tear-dimmed eye she gave that promise true—a promise that amid all the vicissitudes of war stayed with you; a promise that, whether around the camp fire or on the weary march or amid the smoke of battle, inspired you to dare, to do, and to die.

And when the final hour of defeat came and with broken heart you furled that flag which you had followed for four weary years and for which you would at any time have given up your life, and when you laid down the gun that had been your true and tried companion through so many conflicts, and when you had started upon your weary homeward march, there was but one thought left you, and that was of "the girl you left behind you." Reaching home and realizing that war's destructive hand had not been idle during your absence; that the home had been burned, fences torn down, stock stolen and driven off, fields grown up in thorns and thistles, and you penniless; and when you were ready to give up all as lost, who was it that stepped to your side and with sweet words of encouragement said: "Nay, all is not lost, but trusting in God, hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder, we will make this wilderness to bloom as an Eden?" It was "the girl you left behind you."

Look abroad over our beloved Southland to-day. See its fields of waving green, its cattle upon a thousand hills, its growing towns and cities, its noble institutions of learning, its grand and magnificent public buildings, even this magnificent State Capitol in which we now stand, and remember that you owe it all to the Confederate soldier and "the girl he left behind him."

Comrades, a few more passing days and you and I will "cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees;" a few more fleeting years and places that know us now will know us no more forever. But when we shall have passed from the scene—yea, verily, when this grand old world of ours shall have crumbled into ashes, and when the angel of the Lord shall have stood with one foot upon the land and one

foot upon the sea and proclaimed that time shall be no more, the love of the Confederate soldier for "the girl he left behind him" will live on and on and on through the endless ages of eternity.

[The foregoing feast will be treasured by the closest literary critics, and it will revive memories delightful and pathetic by those who lived in those glorious times.]

"THE GIRLS FROM DIXIE."

[From the Washington Post.]

To say that Washington enjoyed the presence of the members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy would be to describe inadequately a really warm sentiment. Washington welcomed them with a cordiality that could not have been exceeded in any city in Dixie. * * *

Washington knows how to entertain with equal enthusiasm a convention of the Grand Army of the Republic or a congress of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and we should like to have the opportunity of demonstrating our hospitality to the Confederate Veterans too. When the ladies from Dixie return, we hope they will bring their husbands and fathers and grandfathers with them; and if it should come about that their visit coincides with a reunion of the men who wore the blue in 1861, so much the better.



MRS. W. W. WATT, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Watt, daughter of William Gibbons Reed, of Savannah, Ga., an officer in the Confederate army, with Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, organized Julia Jackson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, and was its first leader under her. Mrs. Watt served as State Registrar of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., and for three years was a member of the Committee on Education of the general organization. She is Regent of the Thomas Polk Chapter, D. A. R., of North Carolina, State President for the North Carolina National Society U. S. Daughters of 1812, and is the North Carolina member of the Jackson Highway Committee; also Secretary of Current Events in the President's National Cabinet, and a member of the Historical Society of North Carolina and German Hospital Aid Society.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST CONFEDERATE FLAG.

In presenting a facsimile of the first Confederate flag made by Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of North Carolina, Mrs. T. W. Thrash spoke at length after President Taft made his address (which he read from manuscript), in which she said:

"Madam President and Daughters of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C.: Go with me a few moments back fifty-one years to the town of Louisburg. It was there that young Orren Randolph Smith bought from J. Barrow's store some red, white, and blue material and with the assistance of Miss Rebecca Murphy (now Mrs. Winburn) made and sent aloft the flag that afterwards was accepted by the committee at Montgomery as the flag of the Confederate States of America. Major Smith, a brave veteran of several wars, is now living in Henderson and is eighty-five years old. In his name it gives me unspeakable pleasure and the greatest honor to present to you his flag, the stars and bars, that led the men in gray to such deeds of heroism and to the highest glory won by any soldiers of the known world—the boys of '61-65."



MRS. THRASH HOLDING THE FLAG.

Mrs. Thrash is a granddaughter of the late Col. Elisha Cromwell, of Tarboro, N. C., who commanded the 44th North Carolina Regiment, and the daughter of the late Sergt. Andrew Jackson Daniel, of Company F, 61st North Carolina Regiment. Mrs. Thrash is President of the William Dorsey Pender Chapter, U. D. C., of Tarboro, N. C., and is Recording Secretary of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C.

A QUICK AND CLEVER REJOINER.—Col. Phil. B. Spence, of Nashville, and a Texas judge who was one of the Colonel's subordinate officers incidentally met the late Senator Carmack in Memphis some years ago, and with the greetings and introductions Colonel Spence said: "I have but one objection to this—rascal. He got shot in the heel." Quick as a flash the judge said: "Yes, that is true; but Colonel Spence could not condemn me. I was obeying orders to follow him, and I was doing my best. He was running like the devil." Comrades of Colonel Spence sympathize with him in his long illness.

"INJUSTICE TO THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE."

BY REV. GEORGE E. BREWER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

I wish through the VETERAN to acknowledge the receipt of a number of letters commending my article on "Injustice to the Army of Tennessee" in the issue of October. The letters are from Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Texas. They show that I am not alone in believing that these brave and enduring soldiers are entitled to better treatment. Some of them are from men whose whole service was in Virginia. I wish to thank them all, and especially Mrs. Andrew (Bessie Williams) Rose, State Historian Texas D. A. R. Mrs. Rose's letter is as follows: "I want to commend you for your timely article. It is a fact that I have noted for years and had thought of writing a protest myself. My father, now with the great hosts 'over the river,' was with the Army of Tennessee, and I have felt this lack of justice keenly."

John Witherspoon, author of "Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee," has discussed this subject at length. In it the story of the army organized at Pensacola by General Bragg in 1861 is taken up in detail and followed through the Shiloh Campaign, the evacuation of Corinth, the Kentucky Campaign, the return to Tennessee, the Murfreesboro Campaign, the battle of Chickamauga, the campaign of Longstreet against Knoxville, and the rout at Missionary Ridge.

These events related, the career with this army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is entered upon, and preparatory to this part of the narrative an entire chapter is devoted to a biography of the great strategist.

The author takes up the Dalton-Atlanta Campaign in detail. An interesting comparison is instituted between Lee's contemporary retreat from the Wilderness to Petersburg and Johnston's retreat to Atlanta from Dalton. These two campaigns, it is contended, were phenomenal in the art of war. They were somewhat differently conducted, but in this difference Johnston loses nothing. The actual result was that Lee's victory over Grant at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864, broke the military prowess of the invading hosts there, and that Johnston's victory over Sherman at Kennesaw Mountain June 27, 1864, a little later, had the same effect in the Middle West.

Mr. DuBose argues, with no little claim to correctness, that if Lee had been permitted to continue his line of operations Grant must have been destroyed in North Carolina, even if he got that far down. Further, that if Johnston had not been removed Sherman would have been annihilated or driven in broken rout, with a starving mob at his heels, back to Chattanooga. He quotes Grant's "Memoirs" and a later work, "General Sherman's Letters to His Wife," to show that Grant and Sherman were confessedly at their wits' ends by the results of the two battles respectively.

Mr. DuBose makes the candid claim that Hood's battle at Franklin was fought more within the scientific rules of war than Pickett's historic charge at Gettysburg; that Hood's was the better battle, however great the blunder in ordering it.

[Controversy is not encouraged. All did their best.—Ed.]

R. A. Jackson, of Somerset, Ky., seeks information concerning George S. Barnes, who lived at Cowan, Tenn. He enlisted in the Confederate army early in the war, and was in prison at Fort Delaware. His widow makes application for a pension under the recent act of the Kentucky Legislature. Information concerning his service would be of lasting benefit to this destitute widow.

CONCERNING GEN. BUTLER AND MRS. MUMFORD.

BY CORPORAL JAMES TANNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have just returned from a five weeks' trip across and around the country, and in looking over the *VETERAN* for September my attention was attracted to your account of the execution of Mumford in New Orleans by General Butler's order. It calls to mind that which I had from Butler's own lips, which I think will be of interest to your many readers.

The incident, as the General related it to me, occurred sometime during General Grant's administration. He said that he was then a Republican member of Congress, and one morning while extremely busy a lady sent word that she wished to see him and was very insistent about it. He declined, requesting that she call again; but she so persisted that finally he directed that she be admitted. When she came in, he said to her: "Madam, I do not wish to be discourteous, but every second of my time is occupied, and I shall have to ask that you be as brief as possible in what you have to say." She thanked him and then said that she had come to see him in the belief that there was a very different General Butler in existence from the one portrayed in the newspapers.

"I have come to see you, General," she said, "in the interest of the widow of Mumford, the man you hung at New Orleans." "What about her?" asked the General. The lady told him that Mrs. Mumford was in dire need; that she was living out at Staunton, Va., in a little home on which there was a mortgage for, I believe, some twelve hundred dollars, the mortgage past due and the interest unpaid, and that a notice of foreclosure proceedings had been served upon her. She showed him a newspaper clipping which proved to be a legal notice of the foreclosure proceedings. "Why, madam," said the General, "I thought the South raised a fund of ten thousand dollars for the benefit of Mrs. Mumford." "So they did," she replied; "they intrusted it to an Episcopal minister and he stole every dollar of it."

Butler thought over the matter for a moment and said: "Madam, I am entirely too busy to give consideration to this matter at this time; but if you can manage to call on me the day after to-morrow about this hour, I will arrange the time to talk to you concerning this case." The lady withdrew, delighted that she had made this much progress. Turning to his stenographer, the General asked: "Have you got all this?" And the stenographer answered, "Yes." "Well," said the General, "I have no doubt but that the lady's statement is true. However, take this notice of foreclosure, go down to Staunton to-morrow morning, and see the attorney in the case. I will give you a blank check signed; and if you find the case as stated, fill out the check and clear up the mortgage. Have the satisfaction piece recorded and bring it back to me."

This was done, and of course when the lady called at the appointed time the interview was short, but eminently satisfactory to her. The General said that then, realizing that the poor woman could not eat the house, he went to the Treasury Department, saw the Secretary, and told him of the case, and that he wanted a place for Mumford's widow, and, to use his own expression, he didn't want any d—n Civil Service foolishness about it. She was appointed at his request to a position in the Treasury Department, which she held for some time, when, the General said, there came one of those periodical reforms in the Treasury Department which landed her, among others, on the outside. Then he said he went to the Post Office Department and secured for her an appointment there to a clerkship, "where she remained until President Hayes ap-

pointed that — Key Postmaster-General, and Key held that he could not afford to have the widow of the gambler Mumford in his clerical force and dismissed her." Butler added that he had lost track of her after that occurred.

General Butler's connection with the Mumford family was fated not to end in his effort to serve Mrs. Mumford, as he explained to me while lying on board the old yacht *America*, which the General owned and which at the time I speak of was anchored in Marblehead Harbor, Massachusetts.

After telling me of his action regarding the mortgage on Mrs. Mumford's home at Staunton, Va., he went on to say to me that in 1884 he went as a delegate from Massachusetts to the Democratic presidential convention held in Chicago. A day or two before the convention met the Chicago papers came out one morning with flaming headlines covering a dispatch from Kansas City dated the night before which stated that a young man who claimed to have been a son of Mumford had left Kansas City for Chicago that night, declaring that he was going to Chicago to kill Ben Butler. This matter naturally excited a good deal of attention and was the subject of considerable comment and consultation among prominent delegates from the South, many of whom had served with distinction in the Southern army.

Several of these leading men gathered together and consulted about the matter. They were unanimous in the expression of the belief that it would have a very bad effect politically if General Butler were even assaulted, and the result was that they concluded to form a volunteer guard who should make it their business to have some of them on the watch whenever Butler left his quarters at the hotel and try to protect him from any assault of any kind whatever.

Having come to this conclusion, they further determined that it was only fair to the General that they should wait upon and let him know what they had done. So eight or ten of them, as the General related it to me, waited upon him in his parlor and laid the matter before him, Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, being the spokesman. When Hampton had concluded his statement, the General responded by saying: "Gentlemen, this call on your part and the spirit which moved you to make it touch me deeply, none the less so because there is not the slightest occasion for your apprehension. I have never been a man," he added, "who has worn his heart upon his sleeve; and what I say to you now I prefer should be held confidential between these four walls. This Kansas City man, whoever he may be, is a liar. He is no son of Mumford's. If Mumford's son had any desire to assassinate me, gentlemen, he has had plenty of opportunities already, for I have educated that young man. He has spent his school vacations in my home at Lowell, and many a night he and I have sat alone in my library very late, he preparing for his examination, I engaged on whatever might have occupied my mind at the time. No, no, gentlemen," he added; "if I live until Mumford's son assassinates me, I shall rival Methuselah in the number of my years."

In relating it to me the General added: "I prefer, Tanner, that you never let this get out to the public—not, at least, until after I am dead and gone." I am satisfied that I commit no impropriety now in giving it to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

These statements made to me personally by General Butler can easily be verified by any one who has any disposition and time to search the records. Perhaps they will give some people an idea that there was another side to General Butler's character from what they had imagined.

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING BY W. B. MUMFORD, KANSAS CITY.

In the first place, we never lived in Staunton, Va., nor were we ever there. We left New Orleans via a flag of truce granted by General Banks, went to Pascagoula, Miss., from there to Mobile, Ala., and thence through the Confederacy to Richmond, Va., and from there we went to Wytheville, Va., where we remained until 1865, when the war was over. Then we went back to New Orleans; and when the cholera broke out there in 1866, we returned to Wytheville, Va., where we remained until either 1869 or 1870.

While in Wytheville my mother received a letter from one of her relatives in Massachusetts stating that she had secured a position for her in the Treasury Department at Washington. My mother went there with my brother and sister, and I soon followed. No minister ever had anything to do with the handling of the money that was given for our little home in Wytheville, Va. The dear people of Wytheville collected something over a thousand dollars and placed it in the hands of a Mr. McDonald, of Wytheville, a hat manufacturer (who afterwards taught school), who built us a small two-room house in the suburbs on a five-acre lot. It had no basement and was built on eight brick pillars. I helped dig the holes for them. If there was ever a mortgage on the house for more than a few hundred dollars, we are not aware of it. It could not have been \$1,200, as the property sold in 1880 or 1881 for about \$600.

The Durants of Massachusetts are relatives of my mother on her mother's side, and it was through this wealthy family, she said, that she got her position at Washington.

[In this matter there seems to be inconsistency. The VETERAN seeks to record the truth, and solicits evidence.]



MRS. WAYNE P. FERGUSON.

Mrs. Ferguson, of Kenova, W. Va., is the wife of General Ferguson, Brigade Commander of the Second Brigade, West Virginia Division. She was matron of honor of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V., at the Macon (Ga.) Reunion in May, 1912.



MISS JEAN MILLER.

Miss Jean Miller, daughter of Judge James H. Miller, of Bellepoint, W. Va., was maid of honor for the West Virginia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at Macon, Ga.

WANTS PENSION LAW CHANGED.

Dr. J. P. Clark writes from Trezevant, Tenn., that at the beginning of the great war he was in school in Nashville. He went home and enlisted promptly in the Confederate army. In the battle of Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, one of his hands was practically shot off. After the war he went West, but later in life he concluded to end his days in "Sunny Tennessee." He is now in his seventy-third year and a cripple; but according to the pension law of his native State he must wait three years before he can share in its pension fund. He, with others, favors the repeal of the law and that the former law of one year's residence be substituted. Dr. C. is informed that the three years' residence was adopted because, as Tennessee paid more pensions than border States, there was an influx of men across the border, especially from the South, solely to secure that benefit. Some change in the law should be made for the benefit of just such cases as this, and no doubt it will be enacted. The Pension Board of this State is diligent to have such improved legislation enacted.

NEW OFFICERS OF CAMP ROBERT McLAIN, No. 1469, U. C. V.—Commander, J. A. Fontaine; Lieutenants, J. H. Harper, T. J. Evans, H. H. Adams, J. J. Parker; Surgeon, Dr. W. J. McNair; Chaplain, J. H. Melton; Sergeant Major, R. M. McRee; Officer of the Day, W. G. Edwards; Color Sergeant, William Allred; Vedette, J. R. McRee; Color Bearer, J. F. Fass; Sponsor, Miss Bessie Adams; Adjutant, J. P. May; Delegates to State Reunion, R. M. McRee, J. P. May; Alternates, J. R. McRee, J. H. Helton.

STORIES OF SERVICE IN VIRGINIA.

BY E. M. HICKS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

I kissed my mother and sister good-by on May 23, 1861, and left for the war—"a little skirmish with the Yankees." My company joined Maj. Bob Wheat's battalion of artillery and was soon off for Virginia. We were later transferred to Major St. Paul's battalion and served as guard for the Washington Artillery, and were afterwards connected with the 3d Louisiana Battalion, forming the 15th Louisiana Regiment and a part of the 2d Louisiana Brigade.

Our company was seventy-two strong, rank and file. We lost ten men killed and twenty-five wounded in the Seven Pines battle. Our total loss in deaths during the war was forty-six. We had some recruits, making the company one hundred and fifteen all told. Three of these surrendered at Appomattox, two have since died, leaving only the writer. I was in some close places during the mix-up. General Gordon asked for volunteers as sharpshooters, and I became one of three hundred.

On the night of March 24, 1865, in front of Petersburg we were called into line, when General Gordon stepped in our front and said: "Boys, I want you to take Fort Steadman for me at daybreak to-morrow morning, and I will give you furloughs. Will you do it?" Our reply was: "General, we will do our best." I can see that grand man now as he stood before us making this earnest plea to his "boys," as he always called us. The signal for the charge was to be three musket shots. We went over the enemy's pickets and into the fort, which was manned by a regiment eight hundred strong. We took some prisoners and killed and wounded a good many, some escaping in their night clothes. All the forts in reach

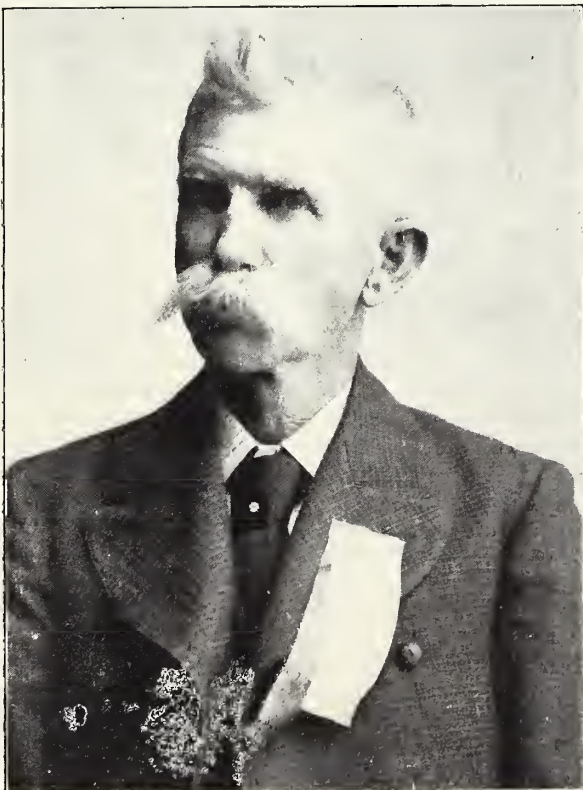
of us turned loose all of their artillery, and mortar shells seemed to be as thick as stars in the firmament. We were not reinforced, as expected, and had to retreat back to our breastworks, leaving many of our boys behind. On the way back I picked up a scalp with a heavy suit of hair. I suppose a cannon ball did this cruel work.

When General Grant took a part of this line, we were fighting across the bombproofs, and a fellow took bad aim at me not over twenty feet away. One of our boys was wounded, and I had a very narrow escape helping him out in full view of the enemy. The bombproof was an all-wise providence with us. I took refuge behind a rock pile at Gettysburg, and a cannon ball struck in my front, making the rocks fly. A good-sized rock hit me in the breast, but I soon got it again. Colonel Noland, leading the 1st Louisiana Regiment, was cut in two by a cannon ball. This was on July 2, and we made the biggest racket ever heard. Our Johnston was on the extreme left of General Lee's line of battle at the foot of the hills, so it was like shooting at squirrels up trees. When we would turn loose on the Yankees, they could not depress their big guns so as to do us any harm. It became so quiet in our front that General Walker concluded he would see what was going on, and he rode to the works, putting his hand on them and carefully examining the place, but no Yankees were there. This was one of the most deliberate brave deeds I ever witnessed.

We had a fine time on our advance march into Pennsylvania. Cherries were ripe and the Dutch people gave us plenty of onions, light bread, milk, and butter, with apple sauce to spread on our bread. On the retreat we had to ford the Potomac River. General Lee went into Pennsylvania with one of the best armies ever mustered, but we had our Waterloo. I had a talk with Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and remarked to her that what we needed at Gettysburg was her husband, and she said that was what General Lee said was wanting.

After the surrender I walked to Culpeper County, about one hundred miles, to visit some relatives. Soon after my arrival a cavalry brigade came by on its way to Washington City to be mustered out of service. About dark four of the men rode up and wanted to spend the night with us. This was fortunate, as they helped me to guard our horses against exchanges for broken-down animals. They kept guard by relief, and near daybreak the one on guard said that if I would keep a lookout he would take a nap, and I agreed. I had noticed a big bundle rolled up in an oilcloth and tied behind one of their saddles, and curiously I examined the contents. I found some nice clothes and riding gloves, a good fit for a man wearing a dead Yankee's pants; so I replaced his goods with some greasy sacks and retied the bundle just as I found it. I presume the owner was a little disappointed on opening his package. I hope he may see this and that we may bump against each other some day so that I can explain conditions and make things all right with him.

Another bad trick I played was on General Early's retreat from Maryland. We were in sight of Washington City and had a fight with Lew Wallace at Monocacy. General Gordon told the sharpshooters to capture horses and ride back to Virginia. I saw a bunch of saddled horses grazing on the roadside, and I took my choice for a mount. On my way to them I happened to look down in the darkness and another step would have put my foot right on "Old Jube," as we boys called him. He was fast asleep, and these horses belonged to him and his staff. Knowing the old man's horse,



E. M. HICKS.

I thought it would be too bad to put our commander afoot. I happened to get hold of the horse of Colonel Moore, our inspector general, and as soon as it was light enough I made for the first farmhouse on a trading expedition and swapped without his consent, leaving the old woman and children crying. The woman said it was their old family horse. I tried to tell them that they got the best of the bargain; but the old man put in that the next Reb coming along would leave him afoot. I rode into Virginia, turning my steed over to the quartermaster. I can't say just what kind of a talk the colonel would put up if we ever meet, but you know that everything is fair in war.

I will close by saying that I lost my Virginia girl. She married a Scotchman and now lives in Nairn, Scotland, and is a widow with nine children, four boys and five girls.

OVER THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

BY REV. W. D. BARGER, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Nearly half a century has passed away since the great battles lasting three days were fought by gallant soldiers of the North and South around the hills and low valleys of this famous and much-talked-of field. Twenty-five square miles of territory in and around the town of Gettysburg was fiercely contended for by men maddened in the heat and strife of those never-to-be-forgotten July days in 1863. The historian has made it one of the greatest conflicts of arms in modern times, one in magnitude and mortality to compare strongly with Waterloo, where Napoleon and Wellington fought for the supremacy of Europe.

The battle opened early in the forenoon of July 1 by that superb soldier and princely gentleman, Gen. A. P. Hill, who met strong resistance west of the town and to the right of the Chambersburg Pike. General Reynolds, commanding the 1st Army Corps, was instantly killed by a sharpshooter said to have belonged to Archer's Tennessee Brigade. At the southwest edge of this wood by an unfortunate movement General Archer and a part of his Tennessee brigade were captured. To the north a few hundred yards in the railroad cut Gen. Joseph R. Davis and his Mississippi brigade suffered heavy loss in killed and captured. Around this point and near the Theological Seminary the battle raged long and hard until Rhodes's Division of Ewell's Corps filed in by the left flank, and soon everything in his front gave way. When the sun went down behind the smoky line of hills, the Federals had lost more than a mile of their ground and thousands of men in prisoners, killed, and wounded. In confusion the remnant retreated to the rocky ridge known as Cemetery Hill. It was a glorious victory for the South. All seemed well. Amid the dead and the dying the weary men bivouacked for the night and "thought of to-morrow."

THE SECOND DAY.

General Longstreet was on the field stretching his magnificent line of battle to the Round Tops. Taking Little Round Top, at that time unoccupied by the enemy and the key to the situation, would have enabled Hood to enfilade Meade's line all along Cemetery Ridge and win the day for the Army of Northern Virginia. But, alas! too late. A few years ago General Sickel told me when looking over this ground that he saved the day for the Union. Moving his corps without orders from General Meade, he met the divisions of McLaw and Anderson in the famous peach orchard, when he lost his leg and half his men. Yet he said he would do the same thing over again under the same circumstances, for

the reason that if the impetus of the Confederate attack had not been checked at the peach orchard they would have swept the lines away and held the ground.

Around here was close and bloody fighting, reaching to the wheat field, the Valley of Death, and about Devil's Den. Distinguished officers on both sides were killed in this neighborhood, among them the fiery-souled Barksdale, of Mississippi, Wier and Vincent, of New York, with many under-officers and private soldiers. In this battle many States were represented, New York suffering the greatest loss. Organizations from thirteen States made up the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. Eleven States had seceded from the Union, making the republic of the Confederacy. Yet fourteen States furnished large numbers of troops for the Southern cause, three of which had not seceded, they being Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. The little State of Maryland had sent some twenty thousand men to the ranks of the Virginia Army. Some of the guides about Gettysburg have much to say of the charge that the Louisiana Tigers made on the evening of the second day. At that time the Tigers had no organization. Major Wheat, who commanded the battalion, was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor in May, 1862. This fighting battalion was disbanded and the men absorbed by the 5th, 6th, and 8th Louisiana Regiments, and no doubt many of the Tigers were in the desperate charge made on Cemetery Hill by the brigades of Hoke and Hays on that memorable evening when blood flowed as water on the green hillside.

THE THIRD DAY.

Gen. George E. Pickett and his splendid division of Virginia troops had reached the field late that night and were anxious for the fray. They had been tested many times and found true on more than one bloody battle field.

The supreme test was now at hand. At 1:15 P.M. on the 3d of July Gen. E. P. Alexander ordered the signal gun to be fired by the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Shots were fired in quick succession, then such cannonading as had never been heard on this continent before or since. About three hundred guns began a rapid and prolonged fire, shaking the firm foundations of the hills around. The division moved grandly out from under the smoke and marched across the almost level valley toward a cluster of low trees near Meade's left center. They were brave men and not afraid to die, for they faced the test of death at every step.

In crossing the Emmitsburg Pike, General Garnett and his horse were both killed at the same instant. His brother had been killed just about a year before at Carrick's Ford, on Cheat River, in West Virginia. General Kemper was shot through the center of the body while within a few feet of the enemy's works. The brave and chivalric Armstead had crossed the works and died within the Union lines. General Pender being killed and the supporting columns giving way, the bravest of the brave could do no more.

I have thought and wished that the new Confederate monument might mark the ground where the heroic sons of Virginia made their farthest advance. It was a pleasure to meet and talk with Gen. L. L. Lomax, who is now the Confederate officer on the battle field commission, having succeeded the late Major Robins, of Alabama. He commanded a division of cavalry at Yellow Tavern when the dashing and brilliant Gen. J. E. B. Stuart received a death wound. The spirit of the sixties comes back and thrills the soul as we walk or drive over this ground where death held high carnival on the first, second, and third days of '63.

REASONS FOR FAVORING THE BLACK FLAG.

[Gen. P. T. G. Beauregard wrote a letter to Gov. James D. Porter in regard to it, as shown by Mr. Robert Quarles, in charge of the archives at the State Capitol of Tennessee, who came upon an autograph letter written in 1875 by General Beauregard to Gov. James D. Porter in answer to Governor Porter's inquiry as to the truth of a statement made by Gen. Frank Sherman that General Beauregard advocated raising the black flag during the War of the States. His letter, though dated at New Orleans, was mailed in Havana, Cuba.]

NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 23, 1875.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 18th inst. has been received, inclosing the form of an invitation adopted by a general meeting of the soldiers, sailors, and citizens of Chicago to be sent "to all who recognize the American flag as an emblem of nationality, undivided and undivisible, to attend a grand reunion of all the soldiers and sailors of the United States to be held at Chicago May 12-14, 1875," and inquiring how much truth there is in the remarks of a certain Gen. Frank Sherman, who objected to the invitation being sent to me, as "he was not in favor of extending an invitation to a man who had said he was in favor of shooting all prisoners taken under the American flag." I had hoped that the passions and enmities occasioned by the late war were replaced by kindlier feelings; but it seems that there are hearts still rancorous enough to be ever anxious to stir again into a flame the dying embers of the war.

In this section of our country such exhibitions of animosity are confined to those who during the war were farthest from the enemy, gathering up the spoils in the wake of the contending armies. Is not this Gen. Frank Sherman one of those despicable characters?

Not from any regard for such windy declamation, nor for the man mean enough to sink to such base pandering to popular passion, but out of respect to myself and to that cause whose high and holy purpose history will some day vindicate I will very briefly and frankly state the position I took in regard to Federal prisoners.

After the battle of the First Manassas, when it was reported that the Federal government refused to recognize Confederate prisoners as "prisoners of war," that Christian hero and able soldier, Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, and myself advocated that the Confederate government should then proclaim a "war to the knife," neither asking nor granting quarter. We, moreover, thought that the war would thereby come sooner to an end with less destruction finally of life and property. We thought also that such a mode of warfare would inspire greater terror in the armed invaders of our soil and reduce greatly the number of army followers, bummers, etc., who are ever the curse of all armed invasions.

Subsequently when the Federals had penetrated certain portions of the South and developed a system of warfare so diametrically opposed to the one practiced by the Confederates when they invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania under their great commander, Gen. R. E. Lee, and I saw the emaciated forms and wretched condition of our returned Southern prisoners, I again advocated the hoisting of the black flag, willing at any time to forfeit my life in the deadly struggle.

Notwithstanding these views, I always treated my prisoners with humanity and proper consideration. I had the fortune of taking many thousands of them at Manassas, Shiloh, Charleston, Drewry's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, and Petersburg, most of whom are, I suppose, still alive and can (and certainly

would) testify to the fact. After the fall of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, I granted to the garrison the same considerate terms which I had offered before the attack.

Through my intercession the Federal surgeons and ministers of the gospel taken at Manassas were released without exchange by the Confederate government. The day after that battle one of the Federal officers (whose friends I knew in New York) applied to me for a small loan for himself and friends, which I furnished at once from my private funds. It was faithfully returned.

Shortly after the battle of Shiloh I sent under a cartel a certain number of able-bodied Federal prisoners to General Halleck, who several weeks after returned an equal number of convalescents from St. Louis to Fort Pillow. The officer in command there refused to receive them, because several of them were just from a smallpox hospital. General Halleck failed afterwards to make good the exchange.

At Charleston I authorized Admiral Dahlgren to send supplies of clothing, etc., to the prisoners we had taken from him. These supplies were scrupulously issued to them.

At Bermuda Hundred in May, 1864, when passing in front of a large body of Federal prisoners who had gallantly defended a position which I considered indispensable to us, I took off my hat to them and they answered with cheers.

Terribly as I desired the effects of the war to fall on all armed invaders of our country, I wanted the noncombatants—that is, the old men, women, and children—exempted from them, and wished also that private property not contraband of war and not needed by the contending armies in the field should be entirely protected from seizure or destruction. Such would have been my course had I penetrated with an army into Federal territory, unless it were in strict retaliation for material departures by the Federal forces from this civilized code of carrying on the war, as, for instance, their operations in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Virginia, the inexcusable burning of Atlanta and Columbia, and the destructive march of General Sherman through Georgia and South Carolina, whose track was marked by smoking ruins and blackened chimneys; the suggestion of General Halleck to destroy Charleston and sprinkle salt on its site that not even grass should grow thereon, to which General Sherman replied that no salt would be needed, as one of his most reliable corps formed the right wing of his army, and that it always did its work thoroughly; the devastating march of General Sheridan through the Shenandoah Valley, relative to which he reported to the general in chief of the United States army that "a crow flying over the country would have to carry its own rations," but he did not say what became of the old men, women, and children who then lived in that fertile valley.

With regard to the mortality of prisoners on both sides, the Washington Union (Radical) of October, 1868, contained the following article: "In reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives calling upon the Secretary of War for the number of prisoners of either side held and that died during the war he makes the following report: Number of Union prisoners South, 260,940; died, 22,590. Number of Confederate prisoners North, 200,000; died, 26,435." That is, two of the former out of twenty-two and two of the latter out of every fifteen. Comment is here unnecessary in view of the condition and resources of those two sections of country. [The published official record shows beyond question that "the black flag" was not proposed through personal hate.]

LONGSTREET'S FORCES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. J. H. MARTIN, HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

My esteemed friend, Dr. William B. Conway, of Augusta, Ga., in attempting to correct the misstatement relative to Longstreet's forces at Chickamauga has fallen into error himself. Longstreet's Corps in the Army of Northern Virginia was composed of Hood's, Pickett's, and McLaws's Divisions. No part of Pickett's Division, which was composed exclusively of Virginians, was at Chickamauga. Hood's Division at the time of the battle of Chickamauga was composed of five brigades—Anderson's Georgia Brigade, Benning's Georgia Brigade, Law's Alabama Brigade, Jenkins's South Carolina Brigade, and Hood's old brigade, then commanded by General Robertson, known as the Texas Brigade and composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments and the 3d Arkansas. Only three brigades of Hood's old division were at Chickamauga—to wit, Robertson's, Benning's, and Law's Brigades. Two other brigades, Kershaw's and Humphrey's, of McLaws's Division, A. N. V., were in the battle. These five brigades were the only troops from the Army of Northern Virginia that participated in the battle of Chickamauga.

General Longstreet commanded the left wing of the Confederate forces, and had under him, in addition to the brigades of his own corps above named, the following Western troops: Hindman's Division, composed of Patton Anderson's, Deas's, and Manigault's Brigades; Johnson's Division, composed of Johnson's, Gregg's, and McNair's Brigades; Buckner's Corps, composed of Stewart's Division, made up of the brigades of Brown, Bates, and Clayton, and Preston's Division, made up of the brigades of Gracie, Trigg, and Kelly, making in the aggregate six divisions and seventeen brigades constituting the left wing of the army under Longstreet. The foregoing is an accurate statement of the forces under Longstreet at Chickamauga.

On the 19th of September, 1863, Benning's and Robertson's Brigades attacked the enemy on his right and drove him back. I was wounded in the foot directly after we had driven the enemy across the Lafayette road. I think this was the name of the road. General Benning rode down the line between the two forces, had his horse killed, and was shot through his clothing. On the 20th we were moved to the right and captured an eight-gun battery.

In less than twenty feet of this battery, while trying to capture a flag, I was shot through my under jaw, the bones on both sides being crushed, from the effects of which wound I have never recovered. In the battle of Chickamauga every officer and man in my company who went into the fight was killed, wounded, or struck with a ball. General Benning had three horses killed under him, and the last I heard of him before I was taken off the field he was rushing the enemy, riding bareback an artillery horse without taking time to take the harness off; and when some one suggested putting on a saddle for him, he said it was no time to saddle horses, as we had them going and must keep after them. I did not see General Benning riding bareback, as it occurred after I was shot, but I was told by men who saw it.

Dr. Conway states: "Longstreet's three divisions were again united and were with Lee at Gettysburg." This gives the impression that the battle of Gettysburg was after the battle of Chickamauga. This is an error. The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, and the battle of Chickamauga was on the 19th and 20th of the following September. Having been in both and wounded in both, I know the facts.

On September 19 our regiment fought the 8th Kansas, and just as our line was ready to advance a friend of mine in Company C, of our regiment, and I had a contest as to who should strike the enemy's line first, with the result that both of us ran into the 8th Kansas Regiment and were captured and held as prisoners for a short time, until some Confederate cavalry rushed out to our left with a yell, and the Federals fled, leaving us, and we rejoined our command, which immediately came up. Corporal Thomas J. Rutledge, of Company F, 8th Regiment Kansas Volunteers, shot at me not over ten feet distant after I got in the enemy's line, but missed. I now have his commission as corporal written on parchment at Winchester, Tenn., on July 17, 1863, and signed "John M. Martin, Colonel 8th Ks. Vol. Infy commanding the Regiment. James E. Law, 1st Lt. and Adjutant of the Regiment." Should this ever be seen by any of his relatives and they wish the commission, I shall give it to them.

J. W. MINNICK, OF GRAND ISLE, LA., ON THE SUBJECT.

Noting the corrections in regard to the above by Dr. William B. Conway in the September VETERAN, permit me to add thereto as taken from the Official Records, Series I., Vol. XXX., "War of the Rebellion."

Law's, Benning's, and Robertson's Brigades of Hood's Division were the only ones engaged. Jenkins's Brigade "did not arrive in time to take part in the battle." (Longstreet, pages 287-290.)

Only Humphrey's and Kershaw's Brigades arrived in time for the battle of the 20th. Bryan's and Wofford's Brigades did not arrive to take part in the action. (Humphrey, page 509; Kershaw, pages 502-507.)

The above five brigades were all the troops of Longstreet's Corps engaged at Chickamauga. According to the official reports, "Pickett's Division was left in Virginia." But there is an error in the assignment of one of those brigades, since one brigade which engaged Van Devere north of Jay's Mill on the 19th (after Wilson's attack on Croxton south of the mill) is wholly unaccounted for in any report. Yet they were there, and in the words of one of their officers to me in the rear of their line they had "been getting hell." These reports should settle any misapprehension in regard to the number of brigades of Longstreet's Corps at Chickamauga. They stand unquestioned.

J. W. PERRY WRITES FROM GREENVILLE, GA., ABOUT IT.

In the September VETERAN Dr. William B. Conway, concerning the forces that General Longstreet took to Chickamauga, states that only Hood's Division was there. He will find that part of McLaws's Division was on the ground and did the same kind of work there that it did at Gettysburg less than three months before. General Kershaw's brigade was certainly there and captured a battery on Sunday afternoon in spite of the orders of General Longstreet, who sent word to them to desist after they had passed over five or six hundred yards of ground under a withering fire and were nearing the enemy's guns. The order could not be enforced until they had the guns, and then it was "out of date."

Whether Semmes's, Barksdale's, and Wofford's Brigades, which were under General McLaws in the Gettysburg campaign, were on the ground at Chickamauga the writer is unable to say. But General Long in his "Life of General Lee" says that Longstreet with two divisions was withdrawn from the Army of Northern Virginia to reinforce General Bragg in Tennessee, and the third division (Pickett's) was sent to

the district south of Petersburg. At the reorganization following the battle of Chancellorsville General Lee's army was divided into three army corps of three divisions each, and the divisions in Longstreet's Corps were commanded by Hood, McLaws, and Pickett. Of course General Hood was at Chickamauga, as he there lost a leg.

But there were troops at Chickamauga that had been part of Pickett's Division. Gen. Micah Jenkins's brigade of South Carolina troops was sent to Chickamauga, but not all arrived in time for the fight. Some were in Atlanta awaiting transportation while the fight was in progress. But at least one regiment, the Palmetto Sharpshooters (possibly others), arrived on the train Sunday afternoon and took part in the closing events of the battle. This fact I received from a member of the regiment some years ago.

I suppose Jenkins's Brigade had been transferred from Pickett's to one of the other divisions, as it went to Knoxville with Longstreet, wintered in East Tennessee, and got back to Lee's army in the early morning of May 6, when General Jenkins was killed at the same time that General Longstreet was wounded and by the same fire. I enjoy the VETERAN immensely.

W. H. MORGAN, FLOYD, VA., AUTHOR OF THE BOOK.

In the September VETERAN Dr. William B. Conway, of Athens, Ga., brings into question the accuracy of a statement in my book, "Personal Reminiscences of the War of 1861-65," on page 176—viz., that Longstreet's two divisions, Hood's and McLaws's, were in the Chickamauga fight. He contends that only Hood's Division was with Longstreet in Tennessee, and cites authority to show that McLaws's Division was at Chancellorsville. I infer that this comrade is under the impression that the battles of Chancellorsville and Chickamauga were fought about the same time, when the truth is that Chancellorsville was fought in May, 1863, and Chickamauga in September, 1863. No fact in that great war is better established by history and by the memory of many veterans still living than that Longstreet led Hood's and McLaws's Divisions into the severe battle of Chickamauga, and that they rendered splendid service in the fight.

Comrade Conway says: "Some Northern historians claim that General Longstreet went into Tennessee with his whole corps (Hood's, McLaws's, and Pickett's Divisions)." This is not surprising. The Yankees always overestimated and exaggerated the "Rebels" opposed to them on the field of battle, and their historians keep it up.

[Statement by W. F. Clark, of Chase City, Va., who served in Company I, 56th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps.]

In the VETERAN for September, 1912, page 422, about Longstreet's forces at Chickamauga, there seems to be doubt as to the troops General Longstreet took with him to Chickamauga. It says that Pickett was near Suffolk, Va., and McLaws was at Chancellorsville with Lee and Jackson. This statement gets the cart before the horse.

I belonged to General Garnett's brigade, of Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. The battle of Fredericksburg was fought on December 13, 1862. Burnside was defeated and recrossed the Rappahannock River to the Stafford Heights and went into winter quarters. It seemed that the next move to take Richmond would be made by the upper crossing of the Rappahannock River above Fredericksburg or move down and cross the James River and advance by way of Petersburg.

During the latter part of December and in January, 1863, General Longstreet marked off the lines for rifle pits, etc., along the upper fords and banks of the Rappahannock River. In February, 1863, he was ordered to take Pickett's, Hood's, Dearing's, and Henry's artillery and occupy the country south of the James between Petersburg and Suffolk and a portion of Eastern North Carolina, leaving Generals McLaws and R. H. Anderson with General Lee at Fredericksburg.

With this disposition of his army General Lee was able to meet either move General Burnside might make. Just before the battle of Chancellorsville General Longstreet, with Pickett and Hood, was in Southeastern Virginia, and he was ordered to rejoin General Lee, but did not reach him until he had defeated General Hooker, when the whole Army of Northern Virginia was reassembled. In June, 1863, the battle of Gettysburg was fought. The Army of Northern Virginia returned to Virginia and Longstreet's Corps was camped on the Mine Run between Orange Courthouse and the Rapidan River. General Longstreet took from Pickett's Division Gen. M. Jenkins's South Carolina Brigade and General Hood's and McLaws's Division and went to the Chickamauga field, arriving in time to take part in the battle of September 30, 1863.

W. S. CHAPMAN WRITES ON THIS SUBJECT ALSO.

Dr. Conway contends that Longstreet brought with him only Hood's Division, and quotes approvingly a letter from his brother, Catlett Conway, who was a member of Kemper's Brigade. This brother of Dr. Conway states that McLaws's Division was at Chancellorsville with Lee and Jackson, while Pickett's Division was in Southeastern Virginia near Suffolk, and that Pickett made a forced march to reach Chancellorsville, but did not get there until the battle had been fought and won.

Comrade Conway has lost sight of the fact that the battles of Chancellorsville and Chickamauga were not fought contemporaneously. The battle of Chancellorsville began May 2, 1863, and ended the next day. The immortal Stonewall Jackson was wounded the first day of that battle and died on Sunday, the 10th of May, succeeding. Reference is also made to the fact that the three divisions of Longstreet were subsequently reunited at Gettysburg, where the battle between General Lee and General Meade began July 1 and ended July 3, 1863, holding the inference that this battle was subsequent to the battle of Chickamauga. The battle of Chickamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, more than four and a half months after the battle of Chancellorsville and two months and a half after the battle of Gettysburg.

Longstreet started Hood's and McLaws's Divisions to Chickamauga, including three of Hood's and two of McLaws's Brigades. Kershaw and Humphreys got there in time to engage in the battle, but two of Hood's Brigades and two of McLaws's Brigades with General McLaws never reached the battle field in time to participate. General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," page 440, states: "General McLaws and two of his brigades, two of Hood's, and Alexander's Artillery were on the rails speeding for the battle as fast as steam could carry them, but failed to reach it."

The writer belonged to Cheatham's Division and fought in the battle of Chickamauga.

[Others have written on the subject, but not on these lines]

This VETERAN contains reference to many valuable books which it will supply at very advantageous prices. All Confederate books supplied at publishers' prices or less.

ANNUAL REPORT OF TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH.

Maj. Gen. Felix H. Robertson, Commanding Texas Division, U. C. V.: I have the honor to submit my annual report as Historian of the Division at this its twenty-first reunion. We are assembled in Johnson County on historic ground which perpetuates the memory of one of the pioneers of the republic, who commanded a regiment of Texas Rangers guarding our frontier in the Mexican War and later raised a regiment for the Confederacy. And this fair city of Cleburne, with its many sacred spires pointing heavenward, honors one who died for his adopted country that the boon of home rule, so long denied his native Erin, might not perish.

Middleton Tate Johnson, for whom this county was named, was born in Georgia and tarried in North Alabama till manhood. He came thence to Shelby County in the days of the republic, and in 1847 was stationed with a company of rangers from Shelby County, now Tarrant County, at a station which bears his name.

In the spring of 1849 the War Department ordered Brevet Maj. Gen. William Jenkins Worth, late from the Mexican War, then stationed at San Antonio in command of the Department of Texas, to establish a cordon of posts from Red River to the Rio Grande to take the place of the Texas Rangers by the terms of the admission of the State in 1845, one of which was designated to be at the junction of the West Fork and Clear Fork of the Trinity River, and Brevet Maj. Ripley A. Arnold was ordered to build there a fort and officers' quarters and occupy it with his command, two companies of United States dragoons.

In 1893, while the present granite structure was going up, the commissioners requested the writer to compile a brief account of the history of the county and the establishment of the fort, which I did as to the fort—from Farrar, the last survivor of the six—in a letter dated September 23, 1893, which was published in the Fort Worth Gazette March 17, 1894, the day of the laying of the corner stone, and deposited it with other archives. * * *

A copy of the order from the War Department now before me states that the fort was established June 6, 1849, and first named Camp Worth in honor of General Worth, being changed to Fort Worth November 14, 1849. Major Arnold was a native of Mississippi and General Worth of New York, and a fine equestrian statue of him stands in Madison Square, New York City. Major Arnold's regiment was organized by Jefferson Davis while Secretary of War under President Pierce.

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was born in Cork County, Ireland, March 17 (St. Patrick's day), 1828; and fell at the bloody assizes of Franklin November 30, 1864, at the early age of thirty-six years. While a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he enlisted in the 41st British Infantry; and after three years of service in India he settled in Helena, Ark., where he read and practiced law till our great war arose, when he enlisted in an Arkansas infantry (Confederate) regiment as a private and ascended through every grade till his Celtic genius and superior military training crowned his collar with the stars of a major general, being one of the seven Confederate generals this patriotic old Southern city furnished the Southern Confederacy. On December 1 his body lay stark and cold by the side of our Texas General Granbury and many other general officers who perished there in a holocaust of men in ranks. Our sister county adjoining has hon-

ored itself in naming its county seat for Granbury and the county after Hood, the commander of this forlorn hope.

"They fell where the wage of battle was thickest
And the brief pang of death was quickest."

SCHOOL HISTORIES AS OUR FATHERS TAUGHT.

For the fourth time in 1911 a textbook law has been re-enacted which repeats again the requirement that United States histories for use in our public schools shall contain the construction of our constitution as placed on it by the fathers fairly presented. This is rendered imperative to avoid the false construction as contained in the case of Texas vs. White in a decision rendered by Chief Justice Chase in 1868 and followed ever since by Northern authorities—even down to the present time—to the effect that our government was founded on the plan of indestructible States in an indestructible Union. This is not history, but bench-made law during the Reconstruction period in violation of all law and when the South was voiceless and powerless under military rule. Up to 1830 the New England idea of secession was never questioned, and before that when Lee and Davis were students at West Point Judge Tucker's commentaries on the Constitution were in use, and followed the New Englander's.

NOT THE NEW SOUTH BUT THE OLD SOUTH GLORIFIED.

From the old files of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN we read that in Reconstruction days a New England carpetbagger floated down to Beaufort, S. C., and began the publication of the New South and the confiscation of Southern homes round about and the practice of miscegenation. * * * These were the days when the little satrap, Phil Sheridan, lorded it over Texas and declared that if he owned hell and Texas he would rent out Texas and live in hell. He is not in Texas now. But they still clung to the term "New South" till Bob Taylor in one of his transcendental bursts of eloquence exclaimed: "They call it the New South, those who would wipe us out and begin anew with their isms and schisms. It is not the new South; it is the same old South that needs must suffer for the sins of our fathers to render more perfect the Union aimed at in the very first line of our grand charter and by her crucifixion on the blood-red Southern cross as a vicarious offering on the altar of constitutional liberty and race purity to bring peace and reconciliation to us all. It is not a 'lost cause,' but one after laying in its grave has risen again with a glorified body, with healing in its wings, and is yet to stand as a balance wheel of power between the contending Northern factions who are kicking, having waxed fat on the spoils of the desolated South. The Old South is the stone cut out of the mountain without hands as a sign for all nations everywhere that home rule may live forever."

Nothing is surer than that the opening of the canal will bring about changes in trade and commerce on the earth's surface equaled only by the discovery of Columbus when he sailed in these Panama waters four centuries ago. Among these is to be the beginning of the end of our race troubles. The great avalanche of labor overhanging us in the Northern States will gradually slide southward and cover the myriad of vacant opportunities now lying fallow in the South for lack of proper development.

The pension amendment is to be voted on next month to increase the monthly allowance to indigent pensioners. There still stand on the rolls about 12,000, one-third of whom are widows. It is feared that unless we pay more attention to it than the woman's home amendment its enactment there will be delayed so that but few can have it.

Our Soldiers' Home, under the care of Comrade Lyle, who succeeded our lamented Comrade Wynne, is sumptuously provided for, and the four hundred inmates have all the attention necessary to their comfort. The newly acquired Woman's Home, under the guidance of our talented Daughter of Hood's Brigade and many times President of the United Daughters of the State Division, is a model of its kind.

The Confederate Camps number 1,750, with a membership of 55,000, and yet there is a large number not enrolled. The United Daughters, numbering 1,200 Chapters, with a membership of 80,000, are diligent in gathering authentic historical data, and have ever led in erecting monuments to our Confederate dead all over our once stricken land. Our Sons are leading in the burdensome functions of our annual Reunions and are following the Veterans in thrilling oratory which inspires the present generation to look to the future glory of the South, which is again to equal its past, and to hear rehearsed at each annual gathering "the story of the glory of the storm-cradled nation that fell."

We have consulted the old files of the VETERAN for much of the matter in this report, and without it we frequently would be at a loss for accurate data of the past. It is now closing its second decade, and the editor has carved a unique niche in history. His name will be bound up with the truths of that history, and ages hence will be turned to by those who follow for the myriad of facts his industry has gleaned and reduced to these golden pages in recounting our great struggle for the right.

UNANIMOUS ACTION OF MISSOURI COMRADES.

At the General Reunion, U. C. V., held at Macon, Ga., this year the following resolutions were adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of five members to confer with a like committee from the Sons of Veterans with a view to effecting a closer union between the two organizations and report back to the next General Reunion:

"Whereas in view of the fact that the Veterans of the Confederacy are growing old, resulting in inactivity on the part of many Camps, and at the same time, unhappily, the Sons of Veterans do not seem to take the worthy interest in the cause that they should; and whereas many accounts of the War of the States contained in the histories from which our children are taught give but a part of the truth or treat with gross injustice the principles for which the South stood and the part her brave defenders acted in that memorable struggle; and whereas many men of Southern sympathy and connections who are neither Veterans nor Sons of Veterans manifest a real and abiding interest in our cause and its perpetuity and in some localities have been of material assistance to the Camps, and in view of this interest it would be highly beneficial to the Camps to admit such men as associate members; be it

Resolved: 1. That the United Confederate Veterans of Missouri do heartily favor the adoption of some plan whereby the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans may be consolidated into one organization and other men of Southern sympathy and connections may be brought into a closer working union with this body by being made associate members, to the end that a proper understanding of the noble principles for which we fought and the memory of the valorous deeds performed by the unfaltering defenders of the South may be perpetuated and strengthened.

"2. That a committee of five members of the body be appointed to consider the details of such a plan for consolidation, hear suggestions, and report their conclusions to the com-

mittee appointed by the United Confederate Veterans in their Reunion at Chattanooga in the spring of 1913.

"3. That as Maj. Gen. J. William Towson has been appointed to represent the Missouri Division of United Confederate Veterans at the Gettysburg Reunion, we hereby express our appreciation of this compliment to our honored Commander, and we herewith record our confidence in him and feel sure that Missouri Confederates will be honorably represented by our esteemed comrade."

The committee was composed of Gen. John B. Stone and Cols. John W. Halliburton and George W. Lankford.

EXPRESSIVE OF HOSPITALITY TO THE PEOPLE OF WARRENSBURG.

The Committee on Resolutions reported genuine sentiments of appreciation by stating:

"To the citizens of Warrensburg we tender our sincere thanks for their cordial welcome and their genial and generous hospitality, and assure them that our visit will always be remembered gratefully.

"Our comrades of M. M. Parsons Camp have endeared themselves to us by their efforts for our comfort and pleasure and have exemplified true comradeship and brotherly love.

"The ladies of Warrensburg (God bless them!) have made our lives better and brighter, and we assure them that they will ever be cherished in memory.

"Our one-time enemies, the Federal soldiers of Warrensburg, by their generous welcome and hearty coöperation in our entertainment have made us feel that the questions of the great war no longer separate us; that we are united in good faith for the welfare of our common country.

"As our Past Commander, Col. Elijah Gates, has passed his fourscore years and ten, and is suffering from affliction so that he cannot be with us in our meetings, we express to him our sincere sorrow for his afflictions and our heartfelt sympathy and assure him that we think of him with love and affection and cherish him as one of the bravest and best."

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S LAST ADDRESS.

Edward T. Denson, writing from Amite City, La., incloses a clipping in proof of the statement on his part that President Davis made one more public address after the touching and dramatic farewell described by Mrs. Augusta Evans Inge in the *May VETERAN*. This last public appearance of the aged former President was the nomination of the Hon. Thomas R. Stockdale by the Democrats of the Sixth Mississippi Congressional Convention at Mississippi City in 1888. Mr. Davis was very feeble at the time and was induced to address the convention solely through his love of fair play as well as of peace and harmony.

Mr. Denson presents his facts, not to make less of the memorable scene described by Mrs. Inge, but simply, he explains, "to keep the record straight."

Mr. Denson sends with his letter also some very interesting reminiscences of his father, who was captain of Company C, 14th Confederate Cavalry, and who died from the effect of a wound received in the battle of Harrisburg. Mr. Denson was too young for service, but during the Grierson Raid, in 1863, he served as courier and was with Captain Thomas, of his father's regiment, in preventing the burning of the Clear Creek railroad bridge, and thus enabled the Confederate government to run its trains from Summit south to Camp Moore until the surrender, this being the only section of the New Orleans, Jackson, and Great Northern Railroad still intact.

VIVID REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD PLANTATION.

BY CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.

Ring out, memory bells, and carry me back to the golden days of childhood and life on the old plantation, where my mother and father presided over their children in the "great house" and their large family of darkies in the quarters; where "marster" and "mistress" were often relegated to the trundle-bed when all the resources for sleeping were exhausted in order that with true Southern hospitality the best rooms might be given to the honored guests.

I fancy I hear again the soft, sweet melody of the banjo as the pickaninnies danced in front of the cabin door by the light of the moon, or when fair Luna's face was turned away by the lightwood torch burning so brightly on the high scaffold. In some of the cabins I hear the more religious of the old darkies holding prayer meetings and singing hymns, each line of which is given out by some one, making a regular break in the monotone of quavering voices. I was permitted to go with "mammy" on Sunday afternoons to the church that my father had built for his servants, and where a colored parson literally expounded the gospel and his audience responded lustily and shouted with energy as the "Sperit moved them." Mother once asked mammy what was the matter with Ben, the butler. "I dunno, Miss Anne, 'less Ben is seeking and is under conviction." This was their idea of the plan of salvation.

My father, Judge Edward Thomas Branch, was a native of Virginia, a graduate of the ancient college of William and Mary; and when he came back with impaired health to his widowed mother, she sent him to Jackson, Miss., where she had a cousin, Dr. Walker, a physician of eminence. His health was not improved by the change, and with two young men from Jackson he went to New Orleans to take a boat for a sea voyage to Cuba. The brig Montezuma, on which he sailed, was captured in the Gulf of Mexico by a Mexican cruiser which was on guard to prevent any aid being sent to the colonists in Texas, then under Mexican rule, who had become restive under the oppressions of that government. My father was put ashore near Anahuac, as the authorities did not wish to be troubled with a sick man, and his two companions were sent as prisoners to Mexico under the pretext that they intended to join the revolutionary movement in Texas.

After walking twenty miles, father reached the home of a pioneer settler, who kindly cared for him without charge, as his captors had relieved him of his money and all portable property. There being little or no postal facilities in Texas, no ready communication could be had with his mother; but he was soon well enough to organize a school, and by this means he expected to secure the necessary funds to return to his home in Virginia.

Fate, however, had otherwise ordained; for when the call came for volunteers to meet Santa Anna, who was invading Texas with an army of five thousand soldiers, father joined Captain Logan's company and fought at San Jacinto in Gen. Sidney Sherman's division. The decisive victory of that great battle—great in its far-reaching results—brought about the speedy organization of the government of the Republic of Texas, and father was elected to represent the county of Liberty in the first and second sessions of the Congress of that republic, and was later appointed by President Lamar district judge for one of the five judicial districts then organized; and by provision of the constitution of the republic these five judges constituted the supreme court, so that he had this

double honor. His marriage to Miss Anne Wharton Cleveland, the adopted daughter of Col. and Mrs. William H. Wharton, and the official trusts accepted, fixed his residence in the young republic. In 1842 he returned to Virginia to receive his inheritance of negroes and other property, the death of his mother, who had waited and wept for the absent son, having made such division necessary. This was a journey of two months in transit, with no railroads and with the uncertain navigation of rivers. Among these negroes was one who had been my father's nurse in his infancy and until he was seven years of age, when he dismissed her from such duty, as she said "he thought hisself too big a man to be nussed."

She was a high authority on the plantation, having many attentions and privileges not accorded to any other. By the time she came to our home in Texas she had been the mother of seventeen children, and was married but once. Her husband, Nero Meade, was also a remarkable character. His sense of honor and integrity was as high as that of any man's, and in recognition of this my father had intrusted him with his money on the trip from Virginia to Texas and told him that when the boat landings were made on one side of the Ohio River he was a free man; but he placed this treasure upon him as safer than with himself. It has been the regret of my life that I did not make record of his many expressions in grandiloquent language of his own coinage. Six feet three inches in height, of commanding figure, he seemed fitted to have been the descendant of some African king, and his high-sounding words were most impressive. He poured into my childish ears many accounts of scenes he had witnessed in "Ole Virginny." One of these that I recall was the surrender of "General Bugwine." The fact that he had never been out of Virginia did not shake my faith in the truth of this statement until my own education saw the discrepancy, and then so firm was my belief in him that I concluded he had perhaps been at Yorktown and had confused the Cornwallis surrender with that of Burgoyne at Saratoga. His wife, Phœbe Meade, with whom he lived more than fifty years, by virtue of her distinction and honor in having been my father's nurse, was installed as our "black mammy;" and very dearly was she loved and her authority respected by my brother, my sisters, and myself. She was very religious, of the orthodox kind, and was the only person that I ever heard speak to father on the subject of his faith.

My father was an Episcopalian, his mother having reared him in that Church; but his belief was of a sacred kind, "not to be worn upon his sleeve," so to speak. Whenever he was sick, mammy came into his bedroom with this leading question: "Marster, does you pray?" Which question, considering his dignity and reserve, seemed rather audacious; but she was ever ready to declare herself as "not ashamed of Jesus."

When the emancipation proclamation was published, I drove from my own home to my mother's plantation to tell her the news, and then went out to mammy's room to tell her that she was free. She quietly replied: "What do I want with freedom? The Lord set me free many years ago."

One of her daughters was my maid, and her husband had been purchased from a neighbor at a cost of \$1,600 in gold just one year before he was emancipated to prevent the possible separation of the pair; and when they were freed, my husband gave them a home, where mammy went to live when my mother's financial condition could no longer afford her support. She did not long survive, and mother and I were summoned to see her "cross the river." When we reached

her bedside, she was speechless. I asked her: "Mammy, do you still keep the faith and trust of your lifetime?" A radiance not of earth but of the celestial world came over that dear old black face, transfiguring it, as though she saw the gates of Paradise opening to receive her, and she nodded her head two or three times in reply. So sure was I that she was entering the eternal city that on the impulse I said: "Tell Lena and father that I hope to meet them." She sleeps in our family burial ground at the feet of the "marster" she loved so well.

My father died a short time after the first battle of Manassas, and with prophetic vision he said to me when I went to see him and tell him of that great victory: "I am sorry for it, my child, for I fear that the South will underestimate the obstacles that confront her and the valor of the foe that opposes. This will be a long and bloody war." With all of the fire, enthusiasm, and hope of youth I felt that the end would soon come and the Confederacy be established, and his words were a great shock to me. In a few days he passed away, bringing to me the first great grief of my life, for I gave to him the love and loyalty that a good subject gives the king—"he could do no wrong."

Christmas on the plantation was a gala time, and the servants thronged into and around the house in the early morning with their chorus of "Christmas gift!" to each one of the family; and none went away empty-handed, for a great baking of cakes and pies, with making of homemade candy, had been kept up by the house servants for a week that all should have an extra share of good things. There were new suits for the men, women, and children to be worn on Christmas day. Big bowls of eggnog were beaten up and served to the older darkies, and all were made happy.

Weddings too were great occasions, and the "infair," or banquet, was the gift of the "marster" under the direction of his wife, and she gave the bridal outfit, in which the veil and orange blossoms had important parts. It was one of the forms observed to ask the consent of "marster" and "mistess," which in nearly all cases was granted, and the ceremony took place on the long veranda of the mansion performed by a colored minister, who made it long and imposing, as the white folks were all present and the darkies were gathered on the lawn to witness the interesting scene. Then the feasting began with much merriment and concluded with a dance, in which the family from the great house were observers for a while.

The darkies prided themselves on the high position of their owners, and fixed their own caste on that basis, boasting that "we are no low-class niggers; we belong to quality folks." In the cabin or in the field their hearts and voices were full of song, and in looking back they seemed to me to have been the happiest people I have ever known, free of all responsibility or care. With plenty to eat and wear, to them there was nothing more to be desired.

My father was a typical gentleman of the old school, cultured and refined, with that high sense of honor which would have scorned to abuse the authority that he possessed as lord of the manor; hence his servants and dependents were always kindly and justly treated, and he taught his children that there was an evidence of bad breeding to be otherwise than polite and respectful to the servants and considerate to all who were less fortunately placed in life than themselves.

The negro character takes very naturally to a disregard of personal responsibility, and the freedom of that race has tended to increase this characteristic. Another marked feature of the negro character, either in servitude or as free-

men, is that in physical exertion they have a limit and will not go beyond that gait. So they were rarely if ever overworked. Public sentiment in the South was opposed to any cruel treatment of the negroes, and a planter who was not kind to his slaves lost caste and the respect of his neighbors; and even if humanity had not so prompted, it was to the interest of the planter to give the best care to his slaves. It cannot be denied that there were occasional cases of the abuse of this power, but even under the boasted civilization of the twentieth century men are sometimes brutal to their wives and children.

Those who did not live in the ante-bellum days cannot realize the warm tie of mutual affection which bound together the master's family and these simple, faithful people. This was fully shown during the War of the States, when the wives and mothers of our soldiers in the field were left alone on the great plantations to the protection only of their negroes with no fear of harm from them. My widowed mother was so situated for four long years. "Mammy's" husband, "Uncle Nero," insisted on sleeping on the back veranda in summer and in the mansion in a rear room in winter to serve as a "bodyguard for 'mistess' and her children."

These thoughts are not expressive of a desire to see the institution of slavery again established, for there is only rejoicing in the hearts of the Southern people that it is no more. Aside from the wrong of such servitude, I have the memory of the labor that devolved on my mother in caring for this large family. She was the greatest slave on the plantation, as upon her fell so largely the burden of care "in sickness and in health." The people of my dear Southland have been misjudged and misunderstood in dealing with that problem of wrong which was inherited at the formation of this government and in which all of the thirteen colonies became participants by signing through their representatives that compact known as the Constitution of the United States, which recognized negroes as property and left the settlement of this question to each one of the States. At that time all of the colonies were slave-holding except Massachusetts, but slave labor was not profitable in the New England States; yet it is a little singular in view of the "irrepressible conflict" and aggressive agitation on this subject, later developed in that section, that the sense of moral wrong was not awakened in these States until most of their slaves had been sold in Southern markets, and only a small proportion were emancipated.

Many planters of the South felt that slavery was wrong, but so difficult and varied were the problems to be solved in abolishing it that concert of action was not easy to secure. In the trend of progress it would have come in time with less of political and financial revolution and without the loss of so many precious lives had the Southern people been allowed to settle this question in each State.

Happily these national differences are all adjusted, and under one common government and one flag this republic under wise administration will grow greater and grander from year to year.

[The foregoing was written for the Galveston Chapter in competition at the State Convention, but the Historian was in Colorado on vacation; so this paper failed to reach her in time. However, many thousands of women, and men too, will enjoy anything from Mrs. Stone's pen, and the paper will be cordially welcomed. Such papers should be commended and, if necessary, urged upon boys and girls so that they will know of ancestral times and realize their noble lineage.]

TRIBUTE TO MAJ. GEN. ROBERT F. HOKE.

BY CAMP HARDEE, NO. 39, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Maj. Gen. Robert Frederick Hoke was born in Lincolnton, N. C., on May 27, 1837; and died in the town of his birth July 3, 1912. He was the son of Michael Hoke, a descendant of William Hoke, who was among the first settlers of York, Pa. Michael Hoke died when his son was only seven years old; but his mother, who was of a strong character with splendid business management, prepared him for the distinguished career which he filled so well. He received his education in the schools of Lincolnton, N. C., and at the Kentucky Military College; but he did not finish his education, leaving this institution at the age of seventeen in 1853. His training was best in mathematics and engineering, which knowledge was very useful to him as a soldier and as a general officer.

He became the head manager of his mother's business, and at an early age he engaged successfully in a business which consisted of a cotton mill, a paper mill, and in the manufacture of iron. These connections also had the first cotton seed oil mill ever established in North Carolina.

In 1861 he entered the service of the Confederate States as a private in Company K, 1st North Carolina Infantry. He was soon promoted to second lieutenant of said company, and after the battle of Big Bethel he was made its captain. He was complimented for coolness and judgment by Gen. Daniel H. Hill. He was promoted to major of the 33d Regiment on November 27, 1861. On January 17, 1862, he was advanced to lieutenant colonel of the same regiment, and on August 5, 1862, he was promoted to colonel of the 21st regiment of North Carolina Troops. His next promotion was to brigadier general on January 17, 1863. In this capacity he served until the battle of Plymouth, N. C., on the Roanoke River. Immediately after the battle of Plymouth and its capture by the Confederates he was promoted to major general; but as the senior brigadier general he commanded all the Confederate forces engaged in the heroic attack upon the strongly fortified and garrisoned town of Plymouth. The Confederate troops engaged in this heroic attack were: Kemper's Virginia Brigade, under Colonel Terry; Hoke's Brigade, composed of the 21st Georgia, 6th, 21st, and the 43d North Carolina Regulars, under Colonel Mercer, of the 21st Georgia, the senior colonel; and Ransom's Brigade, under Gen. Matt W. Ransom, composed of the 24th, 25th, 35th, 56th, and 8th North Carolina Troops; also a part of a cavalry regiment under Colonel Dearing, and several batteries of artillery under Lieutenant Colonel Branch and Major Reed, nearly all from Virginia; and the ram Albermarle on the Roanoke River in the rear of the city. These are the troopers who captured Plymouth, N. C., on April 20, 1864.

This telegram was sent by President Davis to Brigadier General Hoke: "In the name of the Confederacy I thank you for your success. You are a major general from the date of the capture of Plymouth, N. C."

General Bragg sent from Richmond on April 21, 1864: "Congratulations upon the brilliant affair at Plymouth under the leadership of the young North Carolina brigadier general, R. F. Hoke."

This attack upon the strongly fortified garrison is regarded by military critics as one of the most brilliant of the war. On April 20 the town was surrendered by Gen. Henry W. Wessell, in command of Plymouth, together with all his troops of all branches, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, numbering in all about 7,000 men, with the large and entire supply of

commissary and quartermaster's goods which had accumulated in the town for two years or more. The Congress of the Confederacy and the Legislature of North Carolina passed complimentary resolutions upon both Hoke and Ransom and all the troops under their commands and upon the gallant Captain Cooke, commander of the ram Albermarle in the rear of the town on the Roanoke River.

After the surrender of the Federal General Wessell, this author saw Wessell ride up on his jet-black horse and hand his sword to General Hoke. General Hoke turned over the captured town to Brig. Gen. John G. Martin and his troops and took up his march for New Bern, N. C., via Washington, on Tar River. We drove the enemy out of this town, capturing a number of prisoners. New Bern is situated between the Neuse and Trent Rivers, near the junction. This city would have had the same fate of Plymouth and Washington but for the arrival of couriers in hot haste at General Hoke's headquarters with the surprising news that General Butler had been transferred to City Point, near the James River, and that there were not more than 1,500 men under General Beauregard between him and Petersburg, Va. It was the intention of Butler with his large army to capture Petersburg and thus enable General Grant to enter Richmond "by the back door." General Hoke marched his army to Kinston, N. C., taking trains and making all possible haste to Petersburg.

From New Bern to Kinston, a distance of about forty miles, General Hoke with his weary troopers made the most rapid march known in any warfare. After his arrival at Petersburg, Va., General Hoke with his troops engaged in battle with General Butler, and after several days of hard fighting drove General Butler's army into Bermuda Hundred and "completely bottled them up." It was well known that at the time of this wonderful feat Secretary of War Stanton telegraphed from Washington to General Grant: "What has become of Butler's army?" General Grant replied: "The Rebs have driven them into Bermuda Hundred, bottled them up, and driven the stopper in."

In addition to General Hoke's strategic victorious attack in capturing the strongly fortified town of Plymouth, N. C., his long and tedious march to New Bern, and his quick march from New Bern to Kinston, he engaged in the following important battles: Mechanicsville, Hanover Courthouse, Gainesville, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Cedar Run, second battle of Manassas, and Sharpsburg, Pa. He also commanded a brigade on General Lee's right wing in the battle of Fredericksburg. In the second battle of Bull Run General Hoke received special praise for gallantry, as he frequently did throughout the war.

General Hoke was a born soldier, brave, chivalrous, courteous, daring, and considerate. He was idolized by his soldiers and subordinate officers alike. He had the confidence and esteem of his great commander, Gen. Robert Edward Lee, to whom he bore a striking likeness in physique and also in qualities of mind and heart, gentleness, and modesty.

General Lee had such implicit confidence in General Hoke as not to be afraid to put him forward at all times in the most dangerous positions. He said that whenever and wherever Hoke struck the enemy a blow victory followed. The name of Lee is "one of the few immortal names that were not born to die," and Hoke's name is and will forever be linked with that of his chieftain. The last battle in which General Hoke engaged was that of Bentonville, N. C., under

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He then struck General Sherman's army in a terrific engagement and drove his left wing back several times. After this battle Hoke fell back with General Johnston and surrendered at Durham, N. C., May 9, 1865.

General Hoke made the following patriotic and sublime address to his soldiers: "You are to-day paroled as prisoners, not as slaves. The love of liberty which led you into this conflict burns as bright in your hearts as ever. Cherish it; teach your children the principles of State rights and the rights of freemen, and teach them ever to maintain these principles. Teach them that the proudest day in all your career was that on which you enlisted to fight for your own beloved Dixie Land, for God and native land. Farewell."

When this great soldier died, our Southland lost one of its most heroic defenders. He died as Christian heroes do. His body was carried from his Lincolnton home to his Raleigh home and lay in state for an entire day, and thousands went to take a farewell look at the sleeping form of one they loved in life and revered in death. Veterans from nearly every Camp in North Carolina went to pay tribute. The Capitol and all other public buildings in Raleigh were draped in mourning; the flag on the Capitol hung at half mast. His funeral was held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, the Church of which he had long been a member. * * *

In view of the facts herein set forth Camp Hardee, No. 39, U. C. V., expresses its heartfelt sympathy with his immediate family and commends them to the God of all grace.

Committee: John G. Smith, E. A. Wright, John W. Dixon.

[Compiled and improved by one of Hoke's "boys," E. A. Wright, 1218 North Thirty-Second Street, Birmingham, Ala.]

The author of the above was second lieutenant of Company I, 35th North Carolina Regiment, Brig. Gen. Matt. W. Ransom's brigade, in the battle of Plymouth, N. C., and was engaged throughout that heroic struggle. After the surrender of Plymouth he was in the long march from there to New Bern, from New Bern to Kinston, and on to Petersburg. On arriving at Petersburg they dismounted in front of the old Jarrett Hotel and marched across the Appomattox River and went forthwith into battle with Butler, driving him back to Bermuda Hundred. Then Ransom's Brigade took position behind the breastworks near Drewry's Bluff, near Centerville, Va., halfway between Petersburg and Richmond, Va. On May 14, 1864, he was shot down on this battle field by a musket ball through the right leg just below the knee joint, from which wound he has never fully recovered. This ended his services under his beloved commander, Gen. Robert F. Hoke; but after he recovered sufficiently he returned from the hospital to Gen. Matt. W. Ransom's brigade and served until September 1, 1864, and thereafter, until June 20, 1865, in Capt. William R. Bass's company of Independent Rangers, and surrendered with this company on the date above mentioned to Colonel Sheppard, of the 12th New York Cavalry, at Stantonburg, N. C.



REV. E. A. WRIGHT.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER—IV.

BY SAMUEL HANKINS, GULFPORT, MISS.

After the battle of Seven Pines we went into camp near Richmond, where we remained a few days, when our brigade was sent to Stonewall Jackson, in the Shenandoah Valley. This trip was made by rail from Richmond to Staunton via Lynchburg. It required three long trains of box and flat cars to move us. The train that contained our regiment and a few additional companies, comprising fifteen hundred men, was propelled by two engines.

At Farmville, Va., we came to the noted long and tall bridge. This bridge had been reported unsafe, and the traveling public between Richmond and Lynchburg would go through Danville, Va., many miles out of the way, to avoid it. We had to risk it, though; and knowing about its being condemned, I had been dreading the danger for some time. I was on top of the car (my usual place) when we arrived at the bridge, and when near its center the train came to a standstill. I looked over the edge of the car far down into the valley, where cattle grazing looked as small as sheep. The engines began to puff and blow and slip, then a slack was followed by a quick jerk, when it seemed that the frail structure was giving way and sinking beneath me. This slacking and jerking lasted one hour, though it appeared to last longer than the war (four years). Conjectures were rife as to the cause of the delay. It was my greatest fright during the war. However, we passed over in safety.

On reaching Staunton we left the railroad and marched down the valley a few miles, where we found Jackson's command. We went into camp just at the foot of the Shenandoah Mountains, where we received orders to cook three days' rations. The next morning we moved across the valley direct for the Blue Ridge. Crossing it, we went in a reverse direction. In a few days we were down on the Peninsula in the rear of McClellan's army.

Before we left Richmond for the valley a young man, Joseph Crompton, attached himself to our company and was received into our mess. Joe was a most noble fellow, handsome and polite. He had been reared by wealthy parents who had both died, leaving him a considerable fortune. Money had not spoiled him, as is often the case, and we greatly respected him. He had just graduated from Emory and Henry College (in June, 1862), winning the first prize in oratory, and came direct from school to the army.

On the morning of June 28, while we were seated on the ground eating breakfast, each one from his scanty haversack, some one remarked that he was expecting a fight that day, and two or three others concurred. "Well," said Joe, "if we do have a fight, I am going in, though I will not get a shot." When we expressed our surprise at his remark, he steadily held to the conviction that he would be killed before he got a shot. "Do you really feel that way?" two or three asked. "I do," he replied solemnly. "Well, I wouldn't go in then," said one. "Yes," said Joe; "if there is a fight, I am going in, though it will be just as I have said."

About ten o'clock that morning a lively skirmish opened up some distance in our front. We were ordered to double-quick forward. There was a skirt of timber with much undergrowth through which we had to pass, which caused breaks in the line, as we were marching by fours. The day was hot; our water had given out and none was available. We reached an old-fashioned rail fence which we tore down, and

entered a large level field. Beyond this field was another skirt of timber, which was occupied by the enemy, where the fighting was going on. Just as we were to charge, our first lieutenant in command (the captain was in the hospital) turned around with his back to the enemy and said: "Close up, men; I had rather fight than to double-quick this way." We were about out of breath, and just as he uttered these words I heard something like the noise of a rock thrown against a plank. Then I saw the lieutenant fall forward. He was shot in the back of the head and killed instantly.

After entering the field, we had changed from double-quick to quick time, and had gone about twenty yards when Joe said to me: "Let's drop our tin cups; they are so much in the way." I was next to the fence and Joe just to my left. Just then, bang! a similar sound to that when the lieutenant fell, and Joe Crompton fell forward on his face. I made an effort to catch him, but failed. There was no other way to pass except by stepping over his head and shoulders. As I did so I heard him groan, and I saw a stream of blood about the size of my finger shooting up through his black hair. I wanted to stop with him, but I knew he was dead and there was nothing I could do. Thus passed away one of our best young men. I never regretted anything more than his death.

We moved on some three or four hundred yards, halted, and came to a front, when Gen. W. C. Whiting, commanding our brigade, gave the order, "Come on!" (not go on). He was seated on his spirited dapple gray. We gave the Rebel yell and across that field we rushed, while men were falling thick and fast. Our orderly sergeant was killed and our second lieutenant wounded. Our third lieutenant being on detached duty, our second sergeant took command of the company. For a while the enemy was very stubborn; but evidently learning that it was Stonewall Jackson after them, they made a break. We pressed them for some distance to the top of a hill overlooking a small valley, where we halted and ceased firing, as the smoke and dust were so dense that we could scarcely see at all. When it had cleared, we noticed down the valley to our right many of the enemy moving out rapidly. They had thrown away their arms and baggage and were making good their escape, though in front of us on the hill across the valley they had succeeded in checking their men to some extent.

In a few minutes a balloon ascended containing a man whom they had sent to make observations. The balloon was attached to a long rope; and as soon as it had ascended as far as the rope would admit, it seemed to come to a perfect standstill. Just then Captain Riley, commanding our brigade battery at the time, had his guns in position and ordered a shot at the balloon. Hundreds of us witnessed it, and I venture to say that no better artillery shot was made during the war. The shell exploded just between the car and basket containing the man and the balloon, and out tumbled the poor fellow.

Not longer than three years ago I was passing along the street in front of a hotel in Columbus, Miss., where some gentlemen were sitting out in front talking. As I came near I heard an old gray-haired gentleman remark that one of his men was shot out of a balloon during the war. This caused me to halt. I said to him: "My friend, did not that happen at Gaines's Farm, Va., during the Seven Days' Battle?" "It did," said he. "Well," I replied, "would you believe it when I tell you that I was within fifty feet of the cannon that made the shot? Was the man killed?" "He was," he replied, "and was a member of my company." Then we had a long and very pleasant conversation.

Well, we had no more fighting that day, and remained in line where we first halted until about dark, when we fell back one hundred yards or more into an open field for the night. Our company had entered the fight with seventy-six men. When we halted on top of the hill, there were only sixteen of us left. The second sergeant was in command. Many of the missing ones had broken down from the long distance double-quick in the heat and without water.

That night we were ordered to remain in line, and no one was to break it. I know it was the most miserable night of my life. The cry of the wounded for help and for water could be heard in every direction by both armies, and no help or water could we give. My own thirst was unspeakable torture. I had not had a drop of water since nine o'clock that morning. My tongue was swollen. Gladly would I have risked my life for a drink had I known where to find it. To add to the discomfort, we were cold to freezing. It was one of those hot days in June followed by a cold night.

At daybreak we moved off in the direction the enemy had taken. We could hardly avoid stepping on the dead, so thickly were they strewn; many had died during the night. Some lay on their backs with one arm uplifted as if signaling for help. About eight o'clock we came to a small creek containing holes of stagnant water which we drank gratefully.

GOD'S WAYS ACCEPT; THEY ARE UNCHANGEABLE.

BY W. J. SLATTER, WINCHESTER, TENN.

Cold days are here, and heartaches and distress
Doth blend with comfort, ease, and happiness;
Some planning how their Christmas shall be spent,
And some, alas! how they shall pay their rent.

For fuel some and some for warmer clothes,
And how or what they'll do God only knows;
And God these days does not vouchsafe to man
His purposes except on general plan.

He makes not waters of the sea flow back,
Nor stops the sun upon its ceaseless track;
And to shorn lambs he tempers not the wind,
But in the almanacs his will you'll find.

His mighty will—you see it everywhere,
In summer's breeze and in the winter's air—
Relentless will that changes not at all
And never has, forsooth, since "Adam's fall."

Alas, poor me! I know not what to do
For Mike, my dog, and I to pull it through.
I'd pray, I could, but then of what avail?
I've known so many earnest prayers to fail.

I'll tell you what I think would sure succeed
In giving joy and health to those in need
And place you *en rapport* with future bliss
Without concern for creeds or Church. 'Tis this:

Give of the wealth you've gained, perhaps by chance
Or fraud or wrong or by inheritance;
Go help the poor to clothes and meat and bread,
And help them now; wait not till you are dead.

[Major Slatter is one of the best-known and most beloved of the Tennessee Press. In Confederate service he commanded his father, who was a member of his company. The senior Slatter was an insubordinate member.]

MISSOURI STATE REUNION AT WARRENSBURG.

I regret that you were unable to be present at our State convention on the 26th and 27th of September at Warrensburg. We had a successful reunion. There were about three hundred and twenty veterans present, and the town took good care of us. The parade was quite a success. The address was delivered by Rev. C. C. Woods, Chaplain St. Louis Camp, No. 731, who served as chaplain in the Confederate army. The services were held in the hall of the State Normal School. The room was packed, and it is estimated that there were at least thirteen hundred people present. Comrade Woods delivered a most interesting, witty, and instructive address.

The reunion was closed by a ball in the Elks' Hall, and one of the entertaining sights during the evening was an old Virginia reel in which five old veterans took active part. Brig. Gen. A. W. Moise, of St. Louis, led the dance.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. Will Hall, Liberty, Major General Commanding the Division; A. W. Moise, St. Louis, Brigadier General Eastern Division; W. M. Minshall, Warrensburg, Brigadier General Western Division. *

HE KNEW WHERE TO GET MILK AND HOECAKE.

STORY BY THE LATE HON. JOHN M. BRIGHT.

I traveled with Gen. Sam R. Anderson, of the Confederate army, across the Cumberland Mountains on the march of General Bragg's army into Kentucky. He had achieved distinction in the Mexican War, and was recognized as a man of much financial ability as President of the old Bank of Tennessee. He was of genial disposition, princely in demeanor, and exceptionally fine in conversation.

As we rode on our way the subject of army rations was introduced, and he remarked that a hot hoeecake with fresh butter and a glass of cool sweet milk would be a gratifying tribute to his stomach. I replied that at the first house we came to that could furnish such luxuries we would seek accommodation. Soon we passed a well-to-do-looking house, and he remarked: "Here we can be accommodated." But I said: "No, not here."

We passed house after house, with the same disappointing result. At last as we were descending the mountain I discovered a comfortable-looking cabin in a cove of the mountain, and I exclaimed: "Well, General, here they are." We rode up and a neatly dressed lady came to the door in response to our call; and when we asked if she could give us milk and a hoeecake, she replied promptly, saying: "Yes; come in and I will give you something to eat." She called her husband, who was working in a field near by. He took our horses and fed them bountifully, while the good lady went about her culinary affairs. Soon we were called to the repast, which consisted of hot hoeecake, cold milk, and butter from the springhouse, also fried ham and eggs, with real bird's-eye gravy. How we did eat! The famous Delmonico never spread a more satisfying meal to two hungry men. It taxed our eloquence to express our appreciation of their generous hospitality. Our hosts refused compensation.

As we rode off General Anderson asked me to explain how I knew that there were milk and butter at that house. I replied: "Did you see that calf lot adjoining the yard with two or three young calves in it? I knew that where there were young calves there were flush cows." Those were the first calves I had seen since we ascended the mountain. The General shook with laughter at the simple solution.

A TALE OF A GRANDMOTHER.

[By James Bumgardner, Jr., the author, of whom Col. W. H. Harmon, his commander, reported in "War Records," Part I, Vol. XII, "It is due to mention in the very highest terms for their gallantry and intrepidity Adj. James Bumgardner, Jr., and Sergt. Maj. John W. Carroll" in the battle of Kernstown. Comrade Bumgardner, although past threescore and ten, is active in the practice of law at Staunton, Va.]

She died about sixty years ago. She was born one hundred and fifty-three years ago. She knit socks and spun and wove clothing for Washington's hungry and naked soldiers at Valley Forge. Her parents came from Saxe Weimer with the earliest settlers in the Valley of Virginia. The speech of her infancy was German; but sixty years ago her ordinary conversation was in English, which she spoke, however, with a German accent. She lived near a Presbyterian church.

Dr. Calhoun was then a leading Presbyterian minister. The writer, then a boy some sixteen years old, occasionally attended the church near which she lived, and always went to see his grandmother after the church service was concluded. On one Sabbath near the close of her long life I went, as usual, to grandmother's room. After saluting her and taking my seat, she said to me: "Vell, you vas at church to-day." I replied: "Yes." Then she asked who preached. I replied: "Dr. Calhoun." "Ah!" she said, "Dr. Calhoun vas such a funny man. I never heard him preach but vat he said something vat made me laugh right out in meetin'. The very last time I heard Dr. Calhoun preach was here at Bethel. It vas communion day, and there vas a great crowd at church. There vas more people there than could get in. It vas a very hot day and the vinders vas open. Some folks vas talking outside close to the vinder vile the Doctor vas preaching, and he stopped preaching and said: 'Brother Blackwood, vill you kindly step out and tell those people who are talking out there by the vinder not to talk quite so loud? They vill disturb some members of the congregation who are asleep.'"

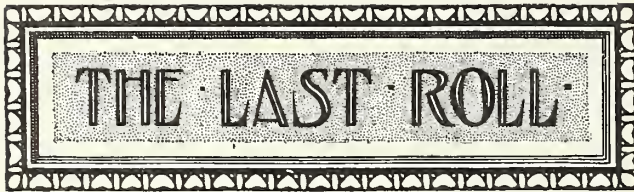
"NEW SOUTH" AND "LOST CAUSE."

BY J. W. SANDELL, MAGNOLIA, MISS.

I observe in the VETERAN that a standing notice is kept that these terms are objectionable. The ideas conveyed by these terms are contradicted by facts, for there is no New South in this Southland. The sons and daughters of the fathers and mothers who passed through the purifying fires of suffering are improving the heritage of truth and righteousness in the same order as did their ancestors from Revolutionary times.

No, we want no word, new or old, to separate us from the South of our fathers. We reject any descriptive word joined with South that would signify a change from the principles of government claimed by our forefathers. When Jefferson Davis left Richmond and R. E. Lee surrendered, the South retained the right of press and speech. The "Lost Cause" is an expression of despair that is inconsistent with the spirit of the Southern people. It is especially so of the real cause—peace—which was the leading principle of the Confederacy. The desire for universal peace is greater now than ever before in the history of mankind. The term "Lost Cause" as applied to the South expresses lack of confidence in an all-wise Providence in human government.

[The VETERAN continues its plea to omit use of these terms. Their influence is against the acceptance of articles. For "lost" cause use "Confederate."]



WALTER H. CALDWELL.

(Company D, 8th Texas Cavalry, Terry Rangers.)

On many a field where valor bled
Beneath St. Andrew's cross,
On many a raid through sleet and snow,
No matter what the cost,
He rode with Terry's gallant troop,
A fearless cavalier;
And when the sergeant called the roll,
He always answered "Here!"

A thousand times the bugle call
Rang in the still night;
A thousand times he "saddled up"
And rode into the fight.
From old Kentucky's hazel dells
To Georgia's grassy glades
He followed brave Joe Wheeler
Through all his fights and raids.

A soldier true in time of war,
A Southern gentleman born,
We'll miss his cheerful greeting now—
They tell us he has gone.
Go ask his comrades living yet,
And every one will say
No braver, truer Southern lad
E'er wore Confederate gray.

And when the final roll was called,
He promptly answered "Here!"
Then passed across the river
To join old comrades there.

—V. C. G.

DEATHS IN CAMP J. R. WOODSIDE, No. 751, COUCH, MO.

The great Commander of all forces has detailed from J. R. Woodside Camp, No. 751, Missouri Division, U. C. V., to report on the other side of the Great Divide four of our comrades.

Capt. J. Posey Woodside, Company D, 4th Regiment, Missouri Infantry, and the Sergeant Major of our Camp, No. 751, U. C. V., died May 21, 1912.

Private A. P. Couch, of Company C, 10th Missouri Infantry, died on May 2, 1912.

Private O. F. Bettes, of Company I, Reeves's Regiment, and a member of this Camp, died June 10, 1912.

B. Frank Huff, of Company F, Lawler's Regiment and a member of this Camp, died —.

These men were brave and chivalrous in battle, noble, generous, and patriotic as citizens, and in their death our Camp has lost four worthy members, the country as many good citizens, and their families devoted husbands and fathers. This Camp extends heartfelt sympathy to their families.

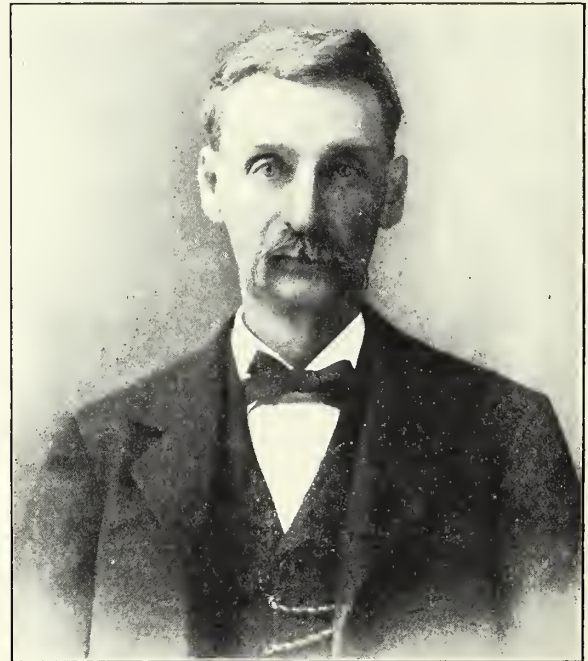
Committee: H. C. Kirkpatrick, T. B. Garrison, and John Yancey.

CAPT. JOHN E. GILBERT.

John Edmundson Gilbert died September 28, 1912, at the age of seventy years, less two days. He joined Company B, 50th Alabama Regiment, in June, 1861, and surrendered May 8, 1865, at Greenville, S. C.

The "War Records" report Captain Gilbert as present for duty in Hill's Division and Deas's Brigade on March 31, 1865.

While the funeral was conducted by the Masonic fraternity, there was a large attendance of his comrades and many other friends. The sermon was preached by Rev. John H. Nichols, of Spring Hill. Four children and the wife survive. One of the two sons surviving, W. E. Gilbert, resides in Nashville, while another son is dead.



CAPT. W. S. PECK.

William Smith Peck was born in Lexington, Ky., November 22, 1842; and died in New Orleans December 3, 1910. He was of distinguished ancestry, identified with the Democratic party and prominent in the councils of the State and nation for many years preceding the War of the States. His father, Dr. Henry J. Peck, was an esteemed citizen, eminent physician, a member of the legislature, and an ante-bellum planter of Sicily Island, Catahoula Parish, La.

This son was at college in Kentucky when the alarm of war occurred early in 1861. He promptly returned to his home in Louisiana, and in August of the same year he enlisted in the Tensas Cavalry, organized for the war in Tensas and Catahoula parishes, and which subsequently became Company A of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Col. Wirt Adams commanding. As a member of this regiment he participated in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, and all the other battles and skirmishes fought during that time.

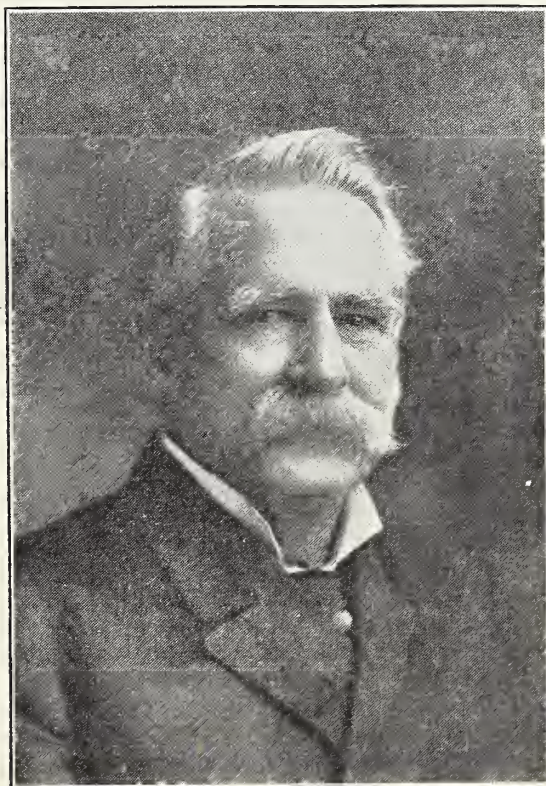
On April 8, 1862, after the battle of Shiloh had been fought and the decimated regiments were falling back to Corinth, the Tensas Cavalry, the rear guard of the Confederate army, made a brilliant and successful resistance and forced the enemy to retire with considerable loss in killed and wounded.

JUDGE ALEXANDER WATKINS TERRELL.

In the life of Judge Alexander W. Terrell there were sterling attributes of a fearless and magnanimous soldier, a wise and judicious statesman, and a sagacious jurist. He was a broad-minded citizen, a true and loyal friend, and a consecrated Christian. Every step was for a purpose, for the sowing of seed for a harvest, and that harvest was the glorification of God.

Judge Terrell was born in Patrick County, Va., on November 3, 1827, a descendant of an old English family. His father was a native of Virginia and a distinguished physician. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Kennedy, of Virginia, of German ancestry.

In 1832 the family emigrated to Cooper County, Miss., where Judge Terrell was reared. He completed a thorough course of studies in the University of Missouri, and in 1847 began the study of law at Booneville with Judge Peyton R. Hayden, an eminent jurist. He was admitted to the bar in 1849 and began practice at St. Joseph, where he was eminently successful. In 1852 he removed to Austin, Tex., where he again took up the practice of law, and in a short while he became distinguished as a member of the Texas bar. In 1857 he was elected judge of the Second Judicial District. In 1863, at the expiration of his term of office, he entered the Confederate army as lieutenant colonel of the 1st Regiment of Texas Cavalry. He was soon promoted to the rank of colonel, and commanded that regiment until near the close of the war. He was prominent in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins Ferry, and other engagements during the campaign against General Banks. He was a daring and efficient officer. In 1865 he was promoted by Gen. E. Kirby Smith to the rank of brigadier general, and was in command of a brigade at the termination of hostilities.



HON. A. W. TERRELL.

At the close of the war he settled at Houston and resumed the practice of law; but in 1867 he retired to his plantation in Robertson County, and for several years devoted his attention to his planting interests. In 1871 he returned to Austin, where he again took up the practice of law.

In 1875 he was a member of the State Senate, and was distinguished for his fruitful efforts to clean Texas of the filth of Reconstruction. His first effort effected a radical improvement in the jury system. In 1879 he was again a member of the Senate and drew the bill donating 3,000,000 acres of land in the northwestern part of the State whereby the magnificent granite capitol was erected. He wrote the bill that gave to Texas her railroad commission law. He also wrote the Terrell election law, which liberated the people from the tyrannical decrees of predatory masters.

During President Cleveland's second administration Turkey was again the bleeding victim of a reign of terror. The Armenians and Turks were engaged in bloody conflicts and deadly encounters. Many of the missionaries were taking part on one side or the other, consequently being numbered among the massacred. It was the time for this cool, discreet, and clever diplomat to act well his part. President Cleveland realized that the man for this place was Alexander W. Terrell, of Texas, so he sent him as a minister to the royal court of Abdul Hamid. It was during this ministry that nearly one hundred thousand men, women, and children were massacred and when the civilized world, aghast with horror, branded the proud Sultan with the appellation of "Abdul the Damned."

Judge Terrell, after reaching Turkey, soon realized that the only avenue to the defense and protection of the American missionary was through the friendship of the Sultan. It was not long until this friendship was put to a test; and while many missionaries of other countries were tortured and put to death, not one of the one hundred and seventy American missionaries was injured.

The cause of education had no greater champion than Judge Terrell. He was always active in the interest of everything that tended toward the advancement and betterment of social, political, and industrial conditions of Texas, and he realized to the greatest extent that the safeguards of society, the purity of government, and the development of the various industries must rest upon the foundation of a better educational system, the perfection of which is largely due to his efforts. He served several years as Regent of the State University, and his pride seemed anchored in the many magnificent buildings that dot the university campus.

Judge Terrell was regarded as the greatest patriot and statesman whose name ever adorned the pages of Texas history. He was unselfish and charitable, always ready to sacrifice himself or his personal interests for good of the country.

When the war clouds of civil strife hung over our nation, he patriotically stood against secession; but when his adopted State seceded from the Union, he, like the immortal Lee, sacrificed his own feelings and in that characteristic spirit, "My country, right or wrong, my country!" buckled on his sword and responded to the pleading call of the Southland, his country.

One night during a series of public speeches at the temporary capitol grounds Judge Terrell arose to speak, to the surprise of the audience, as he had been a lifelong "anti." After a few introductory remarks he said in substance: "I returned to Austin last night on a late train. The business

houses were all closed. The saloons were open and many of the young of the city were there, and I resolved that the remaining years of my life should be spent in fighting this nefarious traffic against the manhood and womanhood of Texas." His wise and diplomatic counsel was sought and carried into action. The moral forces of this State owe to Judge Terrell a debt of gratitude that even years of loving tribute cannot pay.

On the walls of the State Senate hangs a life-size oil painting of Judge Terrell, placed there by a unanimous rising vote of the twenty-eighth legislature, and beneath it are these words: "The author of more good laws for Texas than any other man living or dead."

On his return from his old home in Virginia, where he went to visit his brother, he stopped off at Mineral Wells for a few days' rest before continuing his journey to Austin. In the afternoon he went out auto-riding with several friends, and returned to his hotel about noon feeling well and was unusually cheerful. A few hours later he was found dead in his room. Overexertion, together with old age, is supposed to have been the cause of his sudden death. So on September 9, 1912, the spirit of Judge Alexander Watkins Terrell, the peerless statesman of Texas, broke loose from its mortal moorings to answer the call of the One who gave it.

"A great man is a gift, in some measure a revelation of God. A great man living for high ends is the divinest thing that can be seen on earth. The value and interest of history are derived chiefly from the lives and services of the eminent men whom it commemorates. Indeed, without these there would be no such thing as history, and the progress of a nation would be little worth recording, as the march of a trading caravan across a desert."

[The VETERAN credits the Home and State with data in the foregoing and the excellent engraving used.]

O. L. MONCRIEF.

O. L. Moncrief, sixty-five years old, died suddenly at Prescott, Ark., on May 28, 1912. He was born in Lee County, Ala. He enlisted in the Confederate army when about sixteen years of age and served until the end of the war. Soon after the war he went to Louisiana and settled in Cleborne Parish, near Homer, where he resided a few years, and then went to Prescott. He was well known throughout the State. He was a Mason, K. of P., W. O. W., and I. O. O. F. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. W. G. Stainton, of Prescott, and Mrs. Van H. Williams, of Hugo, Okla.

A Little Rock paper states of him: "A year ago his heart was set on attending the Reunion here in Little Rock. He came, though feeble, and, mounted, rode in the parade on the last day. He felt that it was his last, and his soul was in it. He was never very strong again. Upon his companion for so long a journey and the children and grandchildren who have shared his hospitality we pray for blessings and comfort."

WILLIAM GEORGE BUSH.

Maj. William G. Bush, for many years one of the leading brick manufacturers and contractors of the South, a Confederate veteran, and a lifelong resident of Davidson County, Tenn., died in Nashville in October, 1911, in his eighty-third year.

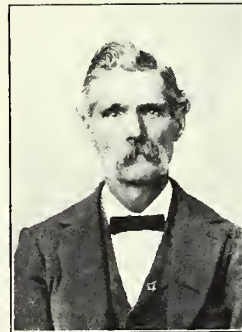
Major Bush came to Nashville as a penniless boy and served as an apprentice to a brick layer. When the war began, he joined the Confederate forces, and served throughout the struggle under General Forrest. He ever took an active interest in Confederate matters and was an esteemed member

of Frank Cheatham Bivouac at Nashville, and ever lent liberal aid in any undertaking by the members. He was affectionately called "Major" by his employees and friends. As a soldier he had a distinguished career, and as a citizen and business man he will long be remembered for his sterling integrity. Immediately after the war he went into business for himself as a brick manufacturer and contractor. He was eminently successful in his business, and at the time of his retirement, some fifteen years ago, the firm of W. G. Bush & Co. was known throughout the South. His son-in-law, T. L. Herbert, at whose home he died, succeeded him in the business.

Of his family, only a daughter, Mrs. T. L. Herbert, survives, his only son having died some years ago.

ROBERT T. BOND.

Many friends and relatives at Union City, Tenn., were grieved by the news from Gulfport, Miss., that R. H. Bond was dead. For some time his health had been failing; and while his death was not unexpected, the announcement created general sorrow. He had spent many years in Union City, a useful and honored citizen. His life had been one of earnest effort and true purpose, yet without ostentation. He was a Mason of high degree and loved the order. At his bedside with his beloved wife and daughter were his family physician and nurse and sympathetic friends. By his children he was honored and loved.



ROBERT T. BOND.

Robert Bond was born in Shelby County, Tenn., March 19, 1841. His parents, Robert and Sarah Bond, were from Virginia, but came to Tennessee in early life. Robert left school on May 24, 1861, to enlist in the first company that was organized in his neighborhood, Company E, 9th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. He was sworn in at Jackson, Tenn., by A. W. Campbell, and served with his command in the field until July 22, 1864, when he was honorably discharged. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh on April 7, 1862. He also received six wounds at Perryville, Ky., and another at Atlanta, Ga.

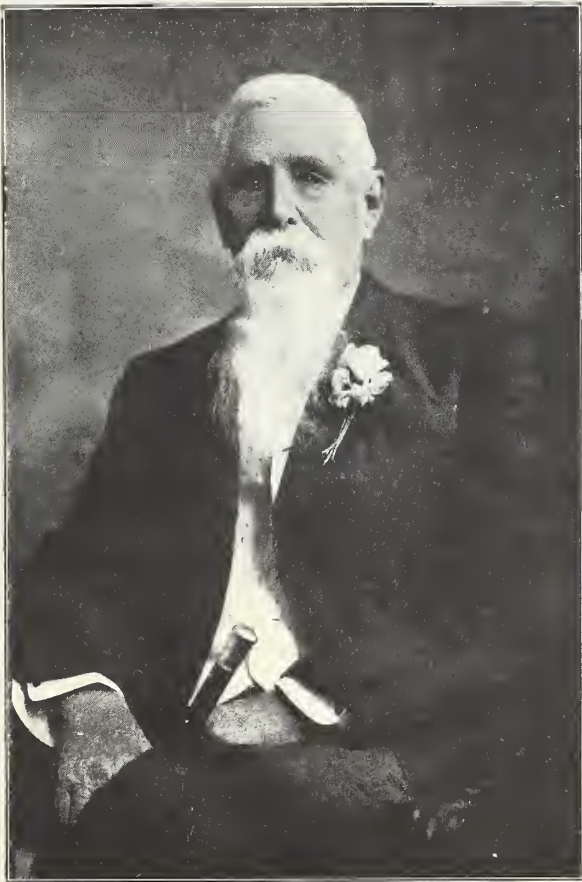
He professed religion during a revival in camp and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church after his return home. On October 25, 1864, he was united in marriage to Miss Bettie P., the youngest daughter of Dr. Jesse and Margaret Harrison. To this union seven children were born, four sons and three daughters. He had twenty-three grandchildren and one great-granddaughter. In 1866 the family moved from Shelby County to Obion County, where they lived until 1906, when the parents moved to Gulfport, Miss., in search of health. He bore his sufferings with fortitude and begged his dear wife not to grieve for him.

His remains were taken to Union City and the funeral service was held in the Cumberland Presbyterian church by Rev. Mr. Zwingle, after which the Confederate veterans took charge, conducting the burial service at the City Cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, four sons (Dr. Van Bond, of Cotton Plant, Ark.; Dr. J. B. Bond, of Union City; R. H. Bond, of Elbridge; Dr. J. Fred Bond, of St. Louis), and three daughters (Mrs. Margaret Whitson, of Union City; Mrs. Z. E. Morehead and Mrs. Sadie Chambers, of Gulfport, Miss.).

COL. MILTON WALKER SIMS.

Col. Milton W. Sims was born in Haywood County, Tenn., January 10, 1831; and died on October 4, 1912. He had been in feeble health for a few years. With Mrs. Sims and his daughter, Mrs. Fred L. Smith, of Dallas, he spent the summer at Chautauqua, N. Y., and enjoyed it greatly, though he failed to regain his fast-ebbing strength. He was very feeble when he reached home. He had no special illness, no great pain; it was only the coming to the end of the way of a long and useful life. Death came upon him so softly, so gently that it was scarcely perceptible, and like a little child he fell asleep, surrounded by his family. The sun had just risen.



COL. M. W. SIMS.

Colonel Sims was reared in Alabama and in Mississippi. His education was completed at Emory and Henry College, Virginia, where he graduated with high honors. He moved to Texas in 1857 and settled at Austin, where he entered upon the practice of law.

When the War of the States came on, the cause of the South was personal to him, and with all the devotion of his earnest soul he responded at once when the war alarm was sounded and, laying aside his law books, gave up his practice and went into the tented field.

Of Colonel Sims as a soldier, his old war comrade, Capt. Charles L. Martin, says:

"As tall and straight as one of the stately pines of Eastern Texas, with a strong and well-knit frame, an elastic step, keen and piercing blue eyes that beamed in kindness on all his fellow men, with a heart as tender as a woman's, and yet absolutely fearless, he was a model soldier throughout the

four years of struggle against overwhelming odds. He was colonel of a Confederate cavalry regiment, and I for a time served as his adjutant and later was captain of Company A of the regiment. I assisted him in its organization by scattering depleted companies from various causes. They were principally from furloughed men from east of the Mississippi. I grew to love him quickly. He was the soul of honor, kind-hearted, as tender in his sympathies as a woman, free-handed, frank, and utterly fearless. We messed together, so I came to know him well, to know every phase of his character, and at no time under any circumstances was there ever a break in his equable temperament.

"Colonel Sims while on staff duty and on detached service in Louisiana along the Mississippi River opposite Vicksburg on a delicate and important mission from Lieut. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, was captured by raiding Federal cavalrymen and taken across the river. After a short imprisonment in Mississippi he was sent, with a number of other prisoners, to Johnson's Island. The horrors of that prison hole he bore philosophically, doing all in his power to alleviate the suffering of his fellow prisoners, especially the privates who had not as many privileges as the officers. With officers and enlisted men who had none he shared his money.

"After some months of imprisonment on Johnson's Island, he was started South under a strong guard without knowing, until he reached Vicksburg, the reason for his being sent South. After arrival at Vicksburg he was informed that he was one of a few officers designated by the Federal War Department to be executed in retaliation for the hanging of some Federal soldiers not authorized by the rules of war. His hope of release from so cruel a fate never failed him. He was removed to New Orleans, then Federal headquarters, to receive his sentence of death. The prison sergeant was a pleasant-mannered fellow from Illinois, and showed clearly his sympathy for his prisoner. The trip to New Orleans was made on a steamboat, and Colonel Sims determined to make an effort for his liberty. This prison sergeant was detailed to have charge of the guard on the trip. With him Colonel Sims had an understanding. So one dark and drizzly night the sergeant, with some gold pieces snugly tucked away in his clothes, watched for an opportunity. Visiting the sentinel, the sergeant asked him if all was well; and being answered in the affirmative, he covertly rodged his head to Colonel Sims and then said to the sentinel: 'This is a muddy old night, pard; let's go forward and get a nip. The barkeeper is still on watch.' The sentinel followed the sergeant, and soon they were washing the cobwebs from their throats.

"With a strap of one of his military boots slipped through a strap of the other and hanging to his thumb, Colonel Sims stole from his stateroom, stepped across the guard, climbed over the guard railing, and slid down the fender into the river. The sergeant played his part well, keeping the sentinel long enough at the bar to give Colonel Sims time to escape. The boat was nearly a mile away, rounding a point, as Colonel Sims could see from the moving cabin lights, when he saw a flash and heard the faint crack of a musket; but he was safe. Putting on his boots, his clothing dripping wet, he was in the depths of a swamp without knowing the locality. For an hour or more he made his way as best he could into the heart of the swamp, so as to get as far from the river as possible. With daylight came better walking, and in a few hours Colonel Sims got out into the highlands and a few days later reached Shreve-

port, reporting to his commanding officer, Gen. E. Kirby Smith, again for duty. After a short leave of absence to visit his home in Texas and to rest a while from his thrilling and fearsome experiences, he was commissioned colonel and ordered to organize a regiment, which he commanded to the end.

"After the war Colonel Sims faced and grappled with every obstacle caused by the war and overcame it. As a lawyer he won success at the bar during the short time he practiced, and as a planter he mastered the situation so new and so puzzling to the South, achieving success where many others failed. Without guile, without ambition for public place or power, he was content to be simply a worker in the private walks of life, to be a good citizen, a good neighbor. Indeed, he was an exemplar in all these respects for others. Like Abou Ben Adhem's, his name was writ in the book of life as 'one who loved his fellow men.'"

[The "War Records" explain that Col. M. W. Sims was captured by the Federals at Natchez on July 13, 1863, having been captured while taking dispatches from Gen. E. Kirby Smith to Gen. J. E. Johnston. (See Series II., Vol. VI., page 394.) In Series I., Vol. XXIV., Part III., L. Kent, Provost Marshal General, reports that Major Sims and Lieutenant Sparks caused to be put to death two Federal officers; also that "he had four ministers to be dragged from their beds and brutally murdered" (?).]

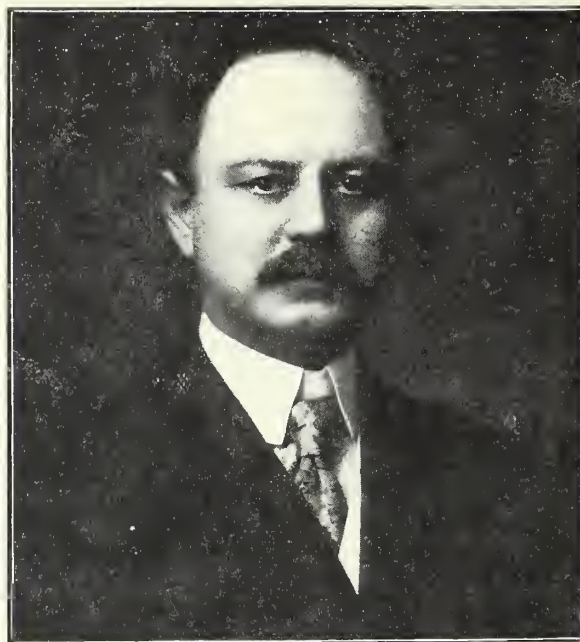
CAPT. CHARLES F. KOHLHEIM.

Capt. Charles F. Kohlheim, aged seventy-three, and for many years a prominent citizen of Saltillo, Miss., died April 8, 1912, at the home of his son, Dr. Louis Kohlheim, after an illness of several months. He enlisted in the C. S. army first as a private in the 14th Mississippi Infantry, and was one among the few that escaped capture at Fort Donelson. He returned to Mississippi and was elected first lieutenant of a company at Fulton, Miss., in May, 1862. After serving some months in Virginia, he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee under Bragg. He was captured at Missionary



CAPT. CHARLES F. KOHLHEIM.

Ridge, escaped, and again returned to Mississippi and was elected captain of Company G, 11th Mississippi Cavalry, which position he held until the surrender. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala. At the time of his death he was colonel on the staff of General Tyler, of Forrest's Cavalry Corps. He wrote several war articles for the VETERAN. He leaves three children. He was buried at Columbus, Miss.



DR. LOUIS KOHLHEIM.

On June 4, 1912, Dr. Louis Kohlheim died suddenly in a hospital in Memphis. He was from Saltillo, Miss., and had accompanied his sister-in-law to Memphis to consult specialists. Dr. Kohlheim, who lost a leg in a railroad accident, fell on the pavement and fractured his arm. Ether was administered to relieve the suffering incident to setting his arm. He never regained consciousness and died soon afterwards.

Dr. Kohlheim was the son of Capt. C. F. Kohlheim, who died on April 8, 1912. He had received diplomas from several of the leading medical colleges of the country, and had secured an extensive practice. He was recognized as one of the leading physicians of the State. He was extensively read outside of the professional works and enjoyed a wide literary reputation.

Dr. Kohlheim was a member of the Tupelo Camp, Sons of Veterans, and was Surgeon of the Camp. As the son of a loyal veteran he was an ardent believer in all the traditions of the Old South, and his heart and soul were zealous in the advancement of the material and social welfare of the Southern people. He was ever courteous and held a warm place in the hearts of many who were deeply grieved at his untimely death.

JAMES B. HENSON.

James B. Henson, Adjutant of Camp Frank Phillips, No. 1506, U. C. V., Graceville, Fla., was born February 6, 1839; and died October 8, 1912. He was living in Louisiana at the commencement of the war and enlisted in Benton's Artillery. In 1873 he moved back to Jackson County, Fla., his old home. He was taken sick while attending the Reunion at Macon, Ga., and was never well again.

MEMBERS OF JOE JOHNSTON CAMP, No. 94, MEXIA, TEX.

Deaths from July, 1911, to July, 1912, were:

ADAMS, L. A.—Born in Dickson County, Tenn.; died at Coolidge, Tex.; aged sixty-five years. Private in Company G, 11th Tennessee Infantry.

FRAZIER, W. D.—Born at Macon, Ga.; died at Coolidge, Tex.; aged sixty-eight years. Private in Co. I, 59th Ala. Inf.

JENNINGS, REV. G. L.—Born in Edgefield District, S. C.; died at Kirk, Tex.; aged eighty-one years. Captain of Company H, 31st Mississippi Infantry.

JORDAN, G. L.—Born in Washington County, Ga.; died at Mexia, Tex.; aged seventy-seven years. Private in Company B, 12th Texas Cavalry.

LOVE, SAM B.—Born in Tennessee; died at Fort Worth, Tex.; aged seventy-three years. Private in Company G, 6th Texas Cavalry.

RISIEN, SAMUEL.—Born in England; went down on steamer Titanic April 4, 1912. Engineer on Confederate steamer Alabama under Admiral Raphael Semmes.

ROBERTS, W. F.—Born near Knoxville, Tenn.; died at Mexia, Tex.; aged eighty-one years. Captain of Company G, 28th Texas Cavalry.

SIMMONS, H. F.—Born at Kosciusko, Miss.; died at Dallas, Tex.; aged sixty-six years. Private in Company D, Wood's Mississippi Cavalry.

SIMMONS, J. W.—Born in Mississippi; died at Mexia, Tex.; aged seventy-three years. Private in Company E, 27th Mississippi Infantry.

STOREY, J. W.—Born in Pickens County, Ala.; died at Mexia, Tex.; aged eighty-three years. Orderly sergeant in Company H, 28th Texas Cavalry.

WALKER, S. S.—Born in Brazos County, Tex.; died at Groesbeck, Tex.; aged sixty-seven years. Private in Company I, 2d Texas Cavalry.

[Data sent by Adj. H. W. Williams.]

JOSEPH C. FOWLER.

A sketch of this comrade appeared in the VETERAN for November, page 533. In it the statement was made that he

was born in Tennessee, but grew up in Missouri. When war was declared between the States, he was residing in Carroll County, Ark., and enlisted in one of the first companies that went out from Carroll and Madison Counties. He was with General Price in his last brave and chivalrous march through Missouri, fighting bravely throughout the entire war, during which time he did much valuable service as scout for Generals Price and Shelby. He was a true Christian,



JOSEPH C. FOWLER.

a Southern gentleman, and a true soldier in time of war.

CAPT. R. Y. JOHNSON.

On October 27, 1912, at his ancestral home in Montgomery County, Tenn., Capt. R. Y. Johnson, after a long illness, answered the last roll call and entered into rest in his seventy-sixth year.

Captain Johnson, familiarly known as Yeatman, was a good citizen, a brave soldier, a true man, and, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, finished his course in peace. His father came from Virginia and settled the fine plantation near Guthrie, Ky., where this son was born and reared.

When the war of the sections began, Yeatman Johnson was true to his State and enlisted in the 49th Regiment of Tennessee Infantry. He was elected first lieutenant of Company F. On the promotion of his captain to major of the regiment he became captain, and was with his regiment to the close of the war. He was surrendered at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and remained in prison at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island until September, 1862, when he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. Thenceforth he was in active service at Port Hudson, in the campaign of 1863 for the relief of Vicksburg, at Mobile until May, 1864, except at Dalton, Ga., for a few weeks, and a short campaign in Mississippi. Then he was in the campaign of 1864 in North Georgia until Atlanta was given up. He came to Tennessee in Hood's disastrous campaign, and in the battle of Franklin he was severely wounded in the head and arm. The color bearer was shot, and as Captain Johnson stooped to pick up the colors he too was shot. I took him off the field and helped dress his wounds, and he held on to the colors through all. He was sent to Mobile, where he was nursed back to health by the lovely Southern authoress, Miss Augusta Evans. He rejoined his regiment in North Carolina, where he was paroled on the surrender of General Johnston's army. He was a tried, faithful, and true soldier to the end.

Returning to his home in 1865, he engaged in tobacco-planting and was faithful as a citizen. He served his county in the legislature of the State, and was active in securing legislation for the benefit of the disabled Confederate veterans. He spent much time and labor in preparing a history of Quarles's Brigade, of which his regiment was a part. The history was probably unfinished at the time of his death.

Captain Johnson was very popular. He was never married, but lived with his sister at the old home. The house was burned about two years ago; but he refused to move from the place, and lived in one of the outbuildings in the yard, ministered to by faithful servants, his sister having died. In his last illness he had the devoted attention of his niece, Mrs. Puckett, and of neighbors and friends.

The funeral service was held under the trees in the yard on a lovely autumn day, and a large concourse of friends gathered from miles around. There was a large contingent of Confederate veterans, several from his old regiment. The funeral sermon was by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, the chaplain of the regiment; and as the character of Captain Johnson was set forth—his high principles, his great kindness, his generous gifts to every good cause, his charity to the needy, his patriotism, and finally his trust in the Saviour—all testified to the truth of the preacher's words. The burial in the family graveyard near the house was conducted by the Forbes Bivouac of Clarksville, of which he was a member. At the close Hon. Dancy Fort paid a beautiful tribute to the life and character of the dead soldier.

[Data from Rev. James H. McNeilly, D.D., of Nashville.]

SAM DAVIS MEMORIAL WINDOW IN RICHMOND.

November 11, 1912, was a memorable day at the Confederate Museum in Richmond. Members of the U. D. C. from North Carolina and Tennessee officiated in the dedication of a fine portrait of Gen. M. C. Butler, of the Old North State, and the Sam Davis memorial window in the Tennessee Room.

Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith, who served on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, opened the exercises for both events with most appropriate prayers, and various addresses were made.

It seemed fitting that a memorial window to Sam Davis be placed in the Tennessee Room directly over the main entrance. In response to the request that the Editor of the *VETERAN* make comment, he said that the Sam Davis memorial window placed there was most appropriate; that he had corresponded with Mrs. Jefferson Davis in her desire to ascertain if his family was related to hers.

REMARKS OF MRS. HARRIET HOLLAND, PRES. TENN. DIV.

Madam Regent and Daughters: We have gathered here in this historic old city and in this building, the White House of the Confederacy, hallowed by so many sweet memories and sacred recollections, to express our appreciation and devotion to our heroic dead. Heroism is admired and extolled by every nation on the earth. The story of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylae has been handed down through the centuries as an exhibition of matchless heroism. Some of us have stood uncovered beneath the gray walls of the Alamo because of the undaunted courage of the men who dared to die there for liberty. But nowhere in the annals of history have deeds of valor and heroic courage excelled those displayed by our soldiers.

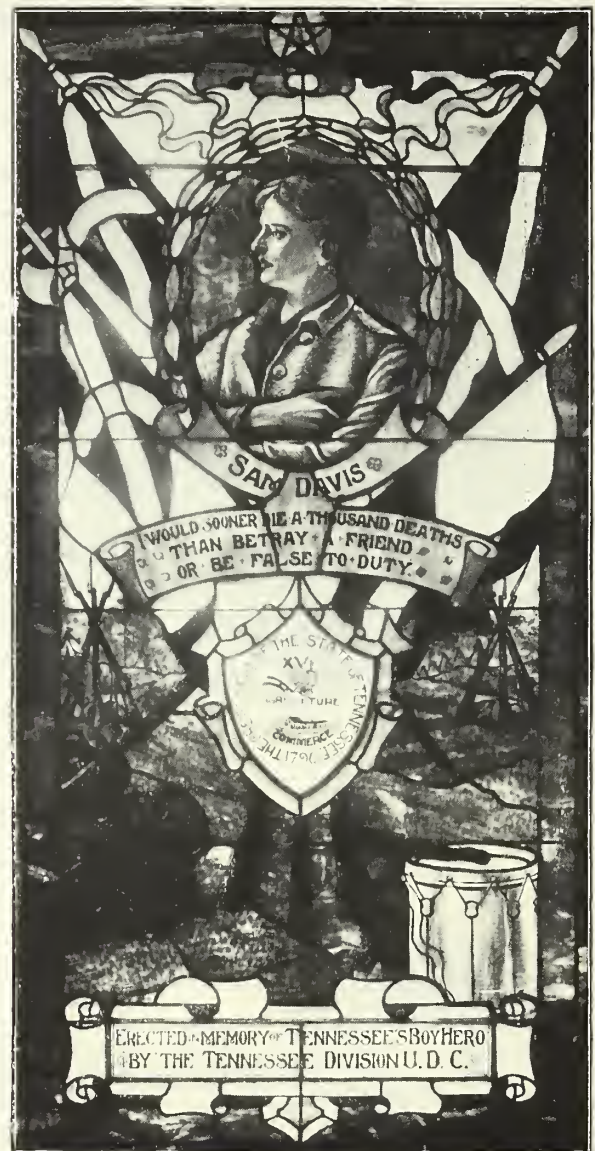
One of the most pathetic incidents of the war was in the battle of New Market, Va. It was in May, 1864, and General Lee's army was well-nigh depleted. His communications with the Shenandoah Valley were seriously threatened, and he was reluctant to use the body cadets at the Virginia Military Institute; but the emergency was so great that the order was finally given. As those noble lads moved with faultless step through the lead-stricken air General Breckinridge turned away; the sight was too tragic for his soldierly eyes. Those boys fought like veterans, capturing four pieces of artillery and one hundred prisoners. Of the two hundred and twenty-five boys who fought there, fifty-six were left on the field.

There was a Tennessee boy, a student at the old Military Institute at Nashville, Tenn., who responded to the call to arms which echoed in every valley in the South. This boy was Sam Davis, for whose memory, after the lapse of half a century, we have assembled here to honor. The story of this "Boy Hero of the Confederacy" is widely known. It requires no small courage to die for one's country, even amid the "splendor and glory of battle," animated by flying banners and the roar of cannon, under the leadership of brave commanders. But this boy was a prisoner, surrounded by his enemies, with no friendly voice to speak a word of encouragement. He was offered life if he would break his word. His response was in substance as follows:

"Had I a thousand lives to live,
Had I a thousand lives to give,
I'd lose them—nay, I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life a lie."

Such sentiment implies more than mere personal courage; it is in the truest sense heroic and places him in the pantheon of the martyrs who have won immortality.

Mrs. A. R. Dodson, of Humboldt, Tenn., conceived the idea of this memorial window several years ago when visiting this room, and to her and her able committee are due the thanks of not only every Tennessean but of the entire South for their loyalty and fidelity in this noble and patriotic work.



I congratulate them most heartily upon the completion of their work, and it is with pride, Madam Vice Regent, that I present this gift and adornment to your museum from the Tennessee Division.

The following is the committee on the Sam Davis window: Mrs. A. R. Dodson, Mrs. J. C. Estes, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. E. N. Gates, Mrs. E. B. Mosely, Mrs. Elise Abernathy.

There were other addresses, one by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Vice Regent of Richmond, who has done so much for the Tennessee Room that the Chautauqua salute was proposed, and a multitude of white handkerchiefs began to flutter, when the noble woman who was being honored suggested that they make it the "Rebel Yell," which was splendidly executed by the large gathering of women.

ARLINGTON MONUMENT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Arkansas: Mrs. J. T. Beale, \$5 in memory of her father, Craven W. Harrison; Mrs. H. F. Sloan, \$5 for her grandson; Mrs. Sifford, \$5 for C. of C.

California: Mrs. VanWyke, \$10 in memory of her father, Alexander P. Crittenden, of Kentucky; \$10 in memory of her mother, of Virginia; \$10 for the State of her birth, Texas; \$10 for the State of her rearing and home, California; \$25 in memory of her son-in-law's father, Mr. Peters, of Atlanta, Ga.; \$25 in memory of her son-in-law's father, Joseph W. Chinn; \$1 each for seven grandchildren; \$5 in appreciation of Sister Esther Carlotta's life work; \$5 in appreciation of past President General Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson's service to the U. D. C.; \$5 in memory of her aunt, Mrs. William Craighill, of Charleston, W. Va.; \$5 for a daughter-in-law waited for for fifteen years; \$25 for Jefferson Davis Chapter, San Francisco. Mrs. C. C. Clay, \$30 for her six grandchildren and \$5 personal; Mrs. DuBois, \$25.

District of Columbia: Miss Jessie Dell, \$10 in memory of her father and mother; Mrs. Pierce Horn, \$5 in memory of Mrs. Minnie Louise Hill Briggs; Miss Nannie Heth, \$10 in memory of Gen. Harry Heth and Mrs. Harriet Selden Heth; Captain Hicky, \$800 from old soldiers in the District of Columbia; Mrs. C. H. Ford, \$3 for Mildred Lee, C. of C.; Miss Frances Weeks, \$5.

Florida: \$250 from the Division; \$10 in memory of a father who was with Pickett at Gettysburg; Mrs. M. E. Drew, \$4 for her two granddaughters, Edna E. Aird and Mary Edna Owen; Mildred Lee Chapter, \$3; Mrs. Broom, \$10; J. J. Findley Chapter, \$10; Jacksonville Chapter, \$52; Mrs. W. M. Dial, \$5.

Illinois: Mrs. Manson, \$5 for her grandson, Grant Carpenter Manson; Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, \$15; Illinois Division, \$10; Miss Margaret Breckinridge, \$10 for Sisters of Loretta.

Kentucky: \$100 from the Division; Mrs. Maltby, \$5 in memory of her father, James Monroe Goggin; \$5 in memory of her mother, Elizabeth Nelson Page Goggin; Mrs. Mary Campbell, \$10 for Christian County Chapter; Mrs. J. M. Arnold, \$10 for James Madison Arnold IV.; Mrs. Mary C. Cantrell, \$5 for her grandson, Cecil Cantrell, Jr.; Mrs. Mary Campbell, \$5 for her grandson, John P. Campbell IV.

Louisiana: Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, \$5 for her two grandchildren, Amelie Longer May and John May, Jr.; \$5 from Dr. Vaught, of Beauregard Camp, U. S. C. V., grandson of T. L. Bayne; Mrs. Youree, \$25 in memory of her only son; Mrs. Youree, \$25 for the Children of the Confederacy.

Maryland: Mrs. Smith, \$2; Mrs. William N. Allen, \$5 in memory of her husband and her brother, John E. Harding; Mrs. Hunter, \$5 for her nephew, S. H. Williams; Mrs. M. C. Campbell, \$5 in memory of her father, R. Lindsay Coleman; \$5 in memory of her nephew, Chester Coleman; \$5 in memory of her mother, Elizabeth Elliott Coleman; \$5 in memory of her sister, Maria W. Hart.

Mississippi: Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, \$25 for her god-child, Alice Alexander Myers; Mrs. Lillian C. Perkins, \$10 in memory of her mother, Mary R. Crawford; Mrs. Monroe McClurge, \$5 for her granddaughter, Helen Drain Irvin; Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, \$50 in memory of 50,000 lost daughters; Mrs. Monroe McClurge, \$5 in appreciation of her father-in-law, Captain McClurge; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, \$5 for D. H. Money Chapter; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Yazoo City, \$10; Annie Kincaid Dent Chapter, C. of C., \$2.50.

New York: Mrs. J. D. Beale, \$10 for her grandson; New York Chapter, \$25; Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, \$25; Mrs. James Henry Parker, \$100; Mrs. Burke, \$25 for her father, \$25 for her mother, \$25 for her native State, and \$25 for the State of her present residence; Mrs. M. M. Sullivan, \$5; cash contribution, \$10; Mrs. Augustus Jones, \$10 in memory of her brother, Dr. Augustus Fitch.

North Carolina: Mrs. W. O. Shannon, \$5 for Harley W. Jefferson, Jr.; Mrs. Williams, \$5; Mrs. I. W. Faison, \$5 each for her grandchildren, Harvey Allen Lamb and Eliza M. Ray.

Missouri: \$15 from the Division.

Ohio: Mrs. Sells, \$5 for her mother-in-law.

Oklahoma: Choctaw Chapter, McAlester, \$5, from sale of stamps; Mrs. T. D. Davis, \$5 for her son, T. Jefferson Davis.

South Carolina: \$50 from the Division.

Tennessee: \$50 from the Division; Mrs. Davis, \$5; Mrs. J. B. Armstrong, Nashville, \$5; Mrs. Watson, \$25 for Mrs. Robert Bridges, of Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C.; Mrs. Bridget Worthington, \$25.

Texas: Dick Dowling Chapter, \$10; Barnard E. Bee Chapter, \$10; Children's Auxiliary to the Verve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Galveston, \$5; Mrs. Mollie R. Magill Rosenberg, \$1 each for the twelve children she did not have; Mrs. Bryan, \$5 for her grandson, William F. Bryan; Mrs. Baugh, \$5 for her grandson; Mrs. A. R. Howard, \$5 for her grandson, E. E. Howard; Mary West Chapter, \$25; Mrs. Hal Greer, \$5.

Utah: R. E. Lee Chapter, \$1.

Virginia: \$50 from the Division; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$25; Hanover Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Pool, for Lancaster Chapter, \$10; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, \$25; Petersburg Chapter, \$25; Wythe Grey Chapter, \$25; Barnes Rifles Chapter, \$10; Danville Chapter, \$10; Middlesex Chapter, \$20; Isle of Wight Chapter, \$10; Fincastle Chapter, \$10; Rawley Martin Chapter, \$10; Radford Chapter, \$50; Lee Chapter, \$10; Hope Maury Chapter, \$5; Turner Ashby Chapter, \$5; Mrs. Smoot, \$5 for her son, Albert A. Smoot; Mrs. C. G. Blakey, \$10 in memory of her mother, Mrs. Louise B. Rice, and her two sons; Mrs. George L. Simpson, \$5 for Lieut. G. R. Simpson and F. C. Simpson; Mrs. W. D. Cardwell, \$— in memory of Gen. T. L. Rosser; Mrs. B. A. Blenner, \$5 in memory of Mrs. J. H. Timberlake; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, \$5 in memory of her father and mother; Gen. Dabney Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, \$25; Mrs. Dorset Chesterfield Chapter, \$3; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, \$10 for her grandson, Ellyson Crump; Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, in memoriam, \$10; Mrs. O'Brien, of Alexandria, \$5; Mrs. H. K. Dillard, \$5 in memory of her father; Mrs. Montague, \$5 in behalf of Lee Auxiliary, C. of C.; Mrs. Taylor, \$5 for her grandchild; Ella M. Howison, \$— in memory of Maj. Jed Hotchkiss; Mrs. Smoot, \$30 for 17th Virginia Regiment Chapter; Mrs. Alice Magill Drury, 50 cents for each of her twelve grandchildren and \$1 in memory of her husband; Miss Betty Ellyson, \$5 for the Grandchildren Chapter, C. of C., Richmond; Mrs. Griff Edwards, \$5 in memory of her husband; Hope Maury Chapter, Norfolk, \$5; Mrs. W. A. Anderson, \$5 for her youngest grandchild; Virginia Davison, \$10 in memory of Mrs. G. W. Nelves; Mrs. C. G. Wright, \$1 each for niece and nephew; Mrs. Owen, \$5 in memory of her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Chalmers; Mrs. R. K. Parker, West Point, \$5; Mrs. Pell, Harrisonburg, \$25; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, \$10; Mrs. Randolph, \$5 for the Grandchildren Chapter; Mrs. Walter Christian, \$10 for her grandson, Walter Christian Johnson; Floyd Chapter, \$10.

West Virginia: Lawson Botts Chapter, \$5 in memory of Rev. A. C. Hopkins, Chaplain Stonewall Brigade; Mrs. Smith, of Parkersburg, \$20.

Georgia: \$300 from the Division; Dorothy Blount Lamar, C. of C., \$5; Mrs. Raines, \$20 for four hundred children in one Chapter; for the descendants of Frances Bartow, \$15; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., \$5.

Mississippi: \$50 from the Division; J. Z. George Chapter, Greenwood, \$50; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, \$10; Col. H. M. Street Chapter, \$10; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, \$10; Mary E. Snipes Chapter, \$5; Corinth Chapter, \$5; Regina Harrison Lee Chapter, \$5; Mississippi College Rifles Chapter, \$2.50; W. C. Boyd Auxiliary to Mary E. Snipes Chapter, \$2; Jefferson Davis Chapter, C. of C., \$2; E. C. Mitchell, Tooley Springs, \$2.50; J. M. Stone Chapter, \$5; Laura M. Rose Chapter, \$5.

Alabama: Mrs. John L. Moulton, \$1 for each of her four sons; Mrs. Clifford A. Lanier, \$5 for her grandson, Clifford Anderson Lanier; Mrs. Bashinsky, \$6 for her daughter, Mary Elizabeth Bashinsky.

Miscellaneous: Mrs. A. R. Shands, \$4 in memory of Dr. R. E. Shands, from his four children, Richard, Alfred, George, and Agnes Shands; Mrs. Oglesby, \$5 for her first granddaughter, Moselle Carswell Oglesby; Mrs. Clement L. Shaver, \$10 for her husband, in memory of his father; Mrs. Stephen E. Dillon, \$5 in memory of her father, D. S. Ryan; Mrs. William W. Huntley, \$1 for her daughter, Helen L. Huntley; Mrs. James Wysong, \$10 for her grandson, C. N. Wysong; Mrs. Fred C. Newman, \$10 for her great-granddaughter, Virginia Dennis; Mrs. Adelaide W. Bagley, \$10 for Worth Bagley Daniels; Mrs. Reid, \$20; Frank Bennett Auxiliary, \$10; Mrs. Putney, \$10 for her three grandchildren; Mrs. Gamble, \$5 for her father, Lindsey Cole; Mrs. E. E. Moffett, \$10 for the Johnson Pettigrew Chapter, Raleigh, N. C.; R. E. Lee Chapter, Minnesota, \$5; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, of Florida, \$25; Mrs. Samuel Spencer, \$100 in memory of her father, Gen. Herry L. Benning, her mother, Mary Howard Jones, and her brother, Capt. Seaborn Jones Benning; Mrs. W. A. Wayne, \$5 for her grandnephew, Noble Wayne Abrams.

FAITHFUL TO THE "OLD MAMMY."

[Rev. G. L. Tucker, in the Living Church.]

This incident is of personal knowledge to the writer.

Old Aunt Amanda, a negro mammy, lay dying in a hospital in New Orleans. She had been a slave in one of the sugar parishes of Louisiana. After the death of her mistress, she cared for the children. The family scattered, the two daughters making their home in a small city of the same State, while the brother went to Chicago. News of the mortal illness of the old negro mammy brought one of the sisters from her many responsibilities in the care of a large family and several boarders half a day's journey into New Orleans to visit the old nurse. The other daughter, unable to leave, sent her friend, a Christian minister, to offer prayer and to minister the sacrament to the dying woman. The son, whose residence is in Chicago, received the telegram in Pittsburg while on a business trip, and immediately journeyed all the way to New Orleans to be at her bedside.

Some years ago on the death of the father of these three persons, who had been the owner of the old woman, several thousand dollars came as an inheritance to each member of the family. The son relinquished his share in favor of the old woman that she might be cared for in her declining years.

TRANSPORTATION FOR U. D. C. TO WASHINGTON.

BY SIDNEY DUFFIE BISHOP, CHAIRMAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Your Committee on Transportation for the United Daughters of the Confederacy appointed to secure reduced railroad rates for the Convention to be held in Washington, D. C., November 12-16, 1912, submits the following report:

"The matter was taken up with the Southeastern, the Southwestern, and the Trunk Lines Associations.

"The Southwestern Passenger Association declined to make us any reduced rate whatever, though repeatedly urged to do so. The Trunk Lines and the Southeastern Passenger Associations granted us a rate of one and one-half fare plus fifty cents for the round trip on the certificate plan. As the Trunk Lines had never before granted our Convention a reduction, we were of course pleased and gratified with this rate, but felt that the S. E. P. A., from which territory a large majority of delegates and visitors would come, should have given us a much better rate. Much correspondence with this S. E. P. A. failed of results, and I as chairman of the committee then made a strong personal appeal to the Southern Railway headquarters in this city, which resulted in the very low rate of three cents a mile one way, plus twenty-five cents, for the round trip from all points in Southeastern territory, except that from distant points the rate obtained was one fare plus twenty-five cents with uniform selling dates November 8-14, inclusive, and the very liberal final limit of December 1 to reach home."

[The VETERAN copies the above report especially to give credit to the Southern Railway and the result of its action by other systems. For years in the early period of the U. D. C. the Editor of the VETERAN sought diligently to secure better rates for the unselfish, devoted women who worked all the year at home and then had to incur expenses that many could ill afford in order to keep in touch with their fellow workers in a cause that is as sacred to them as it was to their fathers and mothers in the sixties. Railroad authorities seem not to have yet comprehended the spirit and purposes of this organization. Its magnitude deserves such consideration as does the United Confederate Veterans, and railroad official bodies in conference should prepare to give the United Daughters of the Confederacy rates in close proximity, if not altogether equal, to the Veterans, for whom they have been conspicuously liberal.—EDITOR.]

CONFEDERATES SEND CONGRATULATIONS.

The following letter of congratulation by the Adjutant, S. L. Crute, of the William Watts Camp at Roanoke, Va., was ordered sent to President-elect Wilson: "The William Watts Camp, United Confederate Veterans, wishes to congratulate you and the United Confederates throughout the United States upon the selection of a Virginian by birth and the son of a Confederate as President of our United States. Verily we believe 'thou hast come to thy kingdom for such a time as this.' The blue and gray will meet in July, 1913, on the famous field of Gettysburg to clasp hands with truly loyal hearts and present to the world an object lesson of friendship such as only Americans can whose valor has been tried by fire."

VOTES FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—Woodrow Wilson, 6,156,748; Theodore Roosevelt, 3,428,140; W. H. Taft, 3,376,422; Eugene V. Debs, 673,783; Chaffin, 160,644; total, 13,795,737.

VERY IMPORTANT—ABOUT THE VETERAN.

Many magazines have increased their subscription price, while the VETERAN, which is continued at \$1 a year, has increased its quality of paper in weight the ratio of two hundred and forty to three hundred and twenty pounds with an advance of at least twenty-five per cent in price. While the VETERAN does not show in bulk to be as large as other \$1 magazines, in condensation of matter, the size of type considered, it will challenge any magazine of its price in America. A careful comparison will amaze the reader.

With these facts the lamentable condition prevails that thousands of subscribers have allowed their dates to get far behind in renewing. This feature must be eliminated, and it must begin with the January issue. Hundreds of dollars have been expended in sending notices as reminders which have been ignored.

With the January issue thousands of names will be erased. This must be, for disappointment has resulted so many times that serious loss results. This is not right and apologies are not due from the VETERAN, but from the delinquent patrons. Unless some error has occurred in the delivery, every subscriber has been given more than the price paid for it.

In view of the foregoing all patrons who know the effort that has been put forth through twenty years of service, and who appreciate it, can be helpful in commending the VETERAN as they feel its merits and in sending the names of persons who would be gratified in helping it along. It will require heroic effort on the part of many friends in submitting names at least of those who might become subscribers. Many persons share the gratitude of neighbors by calling attention to the VETERAN who became ardent patrons and deplore that they did not know of it sooner. Such persons frequently try to secure all the back numbers and regret that they cannot do it. In the sense of doing your neighbor a favor, try this.

WHAT ABOUT NEXT YEAR?

The most sweeping measure ever undertaken by the VETERAN is to be adopted now. Every subscriber who is not assured about his time is earnestly requested to look at the date by his name; and if, after the month given, the date is prior to "12" or "1912," notice is served now that the name will be withheld from this date. Anybody can tell what is due. For instance, "June 11" means that the subscriber owes from June, 1911, one and a half years. To those who do not respond by the 20th of December a statement will be sent naming the amount due and this notice repeated.

Don't misunderstand. It is more pleasant to oblige comrades than any other class of persons. If indulgence is necessary, it will be extended on some suitable plan; but to ignore request is evidence of lack of interest, and that must be presumed by silence after December 20 the latest.

ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS EXPIRING IN 1912.

Take notice, good friend, that your time has expired. See the date by your name and you can tell in a moment how much you are behind. If it be "March 12" or "1912," you owe seventy-five cents. The VETERAN should not, and it cannot, continue the risk of sending them without a specific understanding. Much honestly earned money has been lost in the effort to oblige specially comrades and the widows who appreciate it but cannot always have the money at the time of expiration. Harsh lectures to the management upon its duty and refusal to pay have depressed the incentive to so continue the effort to favor patrons.

CONCESSION IN THE PRICE.

It is so much better to remit for three years at a time that the price of \$2.50 is offered to all patrons. This is for those who are in arrears as well as to advance payers. Bear this in mind when remitting, stating that the payment is for three years. This reduction makes the VETERAN the cheapest, most carefully prepared publication, and the most worthy reading of any magazine in the country.

BE SURE TO READ IT.

The failure to read the VETERAN carefully is the cause of most indifference. Readers of fiction may find in it as much of thrilling interest which is true and about their own people. Get your neighbor to read it. Either send your own copies or send the names to the VETERAN and copies will be sent free of charge. This request is not for your neighbor, but for *you*, and *now* is the time to comply with it.

ADVERTISING SUGGESTED.

A gentleman in New York who is well informed about the desire of merchants there to secure advertising in the South urges the importance of presenting the VETERAN to them. He says they use periodicals often specially to secure the circulation they have in the South, and is assured that they would gladly buy space in the VETERAN if they only knew. At his suggestion request is made of friends who take the VETERAN in various sections, especially those in other States than Tennessee, to write what they think of it as an advertising medium. Will *you* do this now? Write on official or business letterhead and be as concise and strong as possible. Compliance with this request might do much good.

INQUIRIES FOR VETERANS AND WIDOW'S.

J. W. Long, of Pea Ridge, Ark., seeks information concerning Maj. J. W. Copper, who made up a battalion in Northwest Arkansas in 1864.

Thomas F. O'Rourke, of Mobile, Ala., makes inquiry for Archibald Bryant, member of the field band of the 22d Mississippi Regiment. Write any information to him.

WIDOW OF PAUL C. HARLOW.

Mr. Frank M. Hagan, of New Haven, Ky., writes: "Mrs. Paul C. Harlow, living near this place, seeks a pension as a widow of a Confederate veteran under the new law in Kentucky. She does not know Mr. Harlow's company. He lived at Wartburg, Tenn., and worked at William Schooler's mill. He joined the army at Indian Tavern, in Morgan County, and those she remembers joining with him were Joe Bird, Dave McPeters, and — Mullins. He was employed during a part of the war shoeing horses for his company. Mrs. Harlow is in great need."

The writer is a son of Edward C. Hagan, of Company B, 9th Kentucky Infantry, and replies may be sent him.

INQUIRY ABOUT WILLIAM ALEX THOMPSON.

Will any one who knows kindly write me of William Alexander Thompson, who was a soldier in the Confederate army, and when discharged? He served in the 44th Tennessee Regiment under Captain Bounds (or Bonds). He enlisted at Shelbyville, Tenn., and was wounded in the battles of Chickamauga and Franklin. His widow is aged, in poor health, and without support or any one to depend upon, and I am trying to get her a pension. Kindly address Rev. W. T. Allen, Chaplain General U. S. C. V., Jacksonville, Ala.

VALUABLE WORKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

BOOKS SUPPLIED BY THE VETERAN AT LOWEST PRICES.

R. E. LEE AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY. By Henry A. White. The author has gathered data for this volume from the most authentic sources, and gives an account that is vivid and personal. Neatly bound in cloth, \$3.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. Compiled and written by his son, Capt. R. E. Lee. A collection of letters which illustrate the domestic side of General Lee's character, with comments of much interest. Cloth, \$2.50.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C.B. The best biography of Gen. T. J. Jackson ever written, presenting clearly the science of military strategy so successfully followed. Two volumes. Cloth, \$4.

JOHNSTON'S NARRATIVE. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's history of his operations and a vindication of his side of controversies with President Davis. Half morocco, \$3.25; sheep, \$2.75.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. A most interesting personal narrative of the War of the States in fascinating style. In cloth, \$1.50; first edition, cloth, \$3; memorial edition in half morocco, \$4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John Allan Wyeth. This book is standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle." It was written with great care, important statements being verified. Illustrated. Cloth, \$4.

TWO WARS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Gen. S. G. French, of Florida. A handsome volume of four hundred pages, illustrated, giving an interesting account of his service in the Mexican and Confederate Wars. Bound in cloth, \$2.

MORGAN'S CAVALRY. By Gen. Basil Duke. The history of this remarkable command is by one who participated in its many adventures under the gallant John Morgan and was his successor. Cloth, \$2.

CAMP CHASE. By Col. W. H. Knauss, a veteran of the Federal army, who gave his services freely toward the preservation of the Confederate cemetery at Camp Chase, and in this book gives its history during and since the war, with a list of those there buried. Cloth, \$2.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. A new edition of this standard work on operations of the Confederate navy, giving the history of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Cloth, \$4.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. A companion book to that by Admiral Semmes by one who served under him during the wonderful career of the Alabama. Only a few copies left. \$3.

PRISON LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Dr. John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of Mr. Davis's imprisonment, and whose friendly attitude toward the distinguished prisoner led to his removal. Price, \$1.50.

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED. By Maj. J. Ogden Murray. A worthy and accurate account of the six hundred Confederate officers who were held as hostages and exposed to the fire of their own friends in the siege of Charleston, S. C. The story is of heroic suffering and strength of character. Bound in cloth, \$1.50.

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MEN IN GRAY. By Rev. Robert L. Cave. This is a collection of the leading addresses by the distinguished orator, having the indorsement and commendation of prominent Confederates. Especially commended to students of Southern history. Price, \$1.

SIMPLE STORY OF A SOLDIER. By Samuel Hankins. A vivid record of the life of a Confederate soldier told in a quaintly humorous way that is especially attractive. Paper, 25 cents.

ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER. Adopted by the U. D. C. as their guide in parliamentary ruling. Cloth, 75 cents.

All of the foregoing are furnished at the publisher's price or much less, the "Confederate Military History" at exactly half price. The publishers list it at \$48; \$60 for the twelve volumes. The VETERAN procuring the stock, sells it at \$24 and \$30.

"A FOLIO OF OLD SONGS."

Mrs. S. H. Watson, former Historian of the Texas Division, U. D. C., has on market a delightful little book entitled "A Folio of Old Songs." The volume is bound in gray and gold, and contains many songs that cannot be found elsewhere, some of which are gems of patriotic origin sung to the old melodies unequaled by recent compositions, which we love from association and want our children and grandchildren to love also. The work is truly patriotic and will be welcomed by the North and South alike.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR VETERANS.

"Personal Reminiscences of the War, 1861-65," by Capt. W. H. Morgan, of Floyd, Va., is good reading for old soldiers and their sons and daughters. Handsomely bound in gray cloth, gilt top, well printed on good paper with large type, it would make an acceptable gift to any Confederate veteran. It tells in a pleasing way of a soldier's life in camp, on the march, on picket, and in battle under Kemper, Pickett, Longstreet, Hill, and Lee, in plain, simple language, vindicating the South and her people and the valor of her soldiers. And it tells of the atrocities of the Yankees without mincing words.

The style is natural and easy, relating the events and expressing the thoughts plainly and distinctly, holding the interest of the reader from the beginning to the end.

The book has been highly commended by the press of the South and North. Price, by mail, \$1.15, from the author.

NEW ORLEANS CONFEDERATES HONOR UNION SOLDIERS WITH A WREATH.—On the occasion of a joint reunion of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy in October a floral wreath was placed on the monument erected to the Massachusetts regiment in the National Cemetery, their reciprocal for the splendid liberality of its survivors to the Louisiana Confederate veterans in the Home at New Orleans.

MISSOURI CONVENTION, U. D. C., AT MARSHALL.

The Missouri Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held at Marshall, Mo., October 16-18, 1912, will be remembered with pleasure for a long time by the Daughters, guests, and citizens. The M. E. Church, South, where the Convention convened, was packed with Marshall's representative people to welcome the ladies of the Missouri U. D. C. in our midst and to witness the opening exercises of their fifteenth annual Convention. On the platform were the officers of the State organization, Rev. A. R. Faris, Mayor Ed Mitchell, Hon. A. F. Rector, and Miss Lulu Lamkin, President of the R. E. Lee Chapter of Marshall.

The invocation was made by Rev. Mr. Faris. After roll call by the State President, Mayor Mitchell welcomed "this band of inimitable Southern women to our city, our homes, and our hearts." The beautiful response was made by Mrs. Funkhauser, of St. Louis. Hon. A. F. Rector made an enthusiastic address of welcome in behalf of the Sons of Veterans. Miss Lulu Lamkin, President of the hostess Chapter, welcomed the guests in her dignified, easy manner, and her address was enthusiastically received by the visiting ladies.

At the close of the evening session the dear old veterans and the Sons of Veterans of John S. Marmaduke Camp gave the delegates and home Chapter a brilliant reception. The Elk Club rooms were never so beautifully decorated. The veterans, headed by Col. James A. Gordon, were in receiving line, and gave hearty welcome to the guests. F. E. Rigney, Jr., Esq., in an address of welcome to the veterans paid a glowing tribute to the undying faith of the Southern women.

On Wednesday at noon the ladies were served in the Christian church classrooms with a luncheon by the Commercial Club, in charge of the Young Ladies' Aid Society. Their services were faultless in every detail. Colonel Gordon made a speech in which he paid a lovely tribute to the Daughters, showing how an old veteran feels toward them.

A large number of guests left Thursday afternoon, expressing themselves delighted with Marshall and her people. We felt honored to have with us this strong, intellectual body of Southern women. *

"HAND-WOVEN COVERLETS."

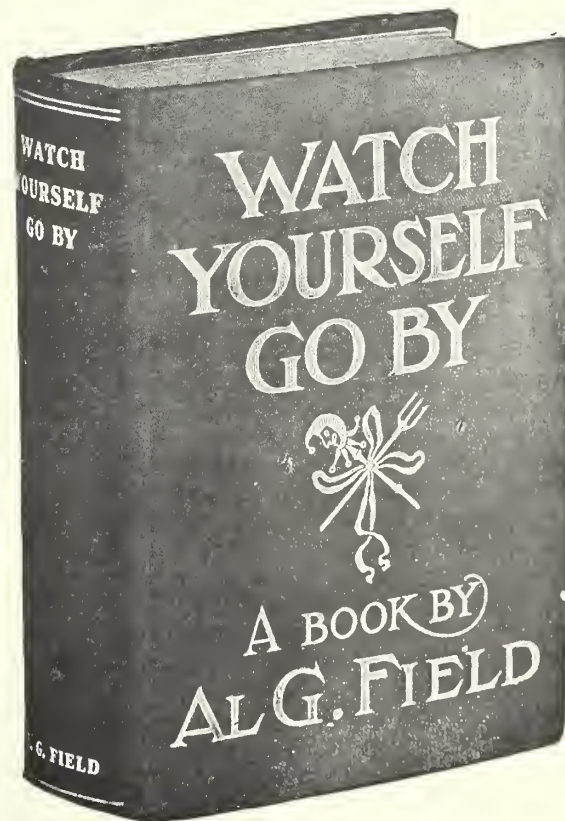
In her latest work, "A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets," the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" writes of an art once well and generally known in the South—namely, the art of hand-weaving. Nearly every Southern family cherishes some old hand-woven coverlet which recalls memories of days "before the war," and the names and patterns of these coverlets are so rich in artistic and historic significance that a book has been written about them. Two of the historic names are "Confederate Flag" and "Lee's Surrender." The latter design is said to be a modification of a very old pattern called in colonial days "Braddock's Defeat," and the renaming was probably done by some Kentucky woman who sympathized with the Confederacy and named her coverlet in commemoration of its downfall. A coverlet of this pattern has lately been woven at the Allanstand Industries, in North Carolina, and will be exhibited in Atlanta, Ga., and various other cities where the products of the Allanstand looms are in demand. It was the custom of the mountain weavers of the Southern States to commemorate historical events in the names of coverlet designs, and such record is worthy. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY ADVERTISES THE SOUTH.

The Southern Railway Company will advertise the advantages and opportunities which the Southeastern States specially offer to industrious home seekers by displays during the next few months at more than twenty-five Southern fairs and expositions. These exhibits will be very extensive and will be made at Northern fairs and expositions, including the States of Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and New York; also at Toronto, Ontario. Each exhibit has been selected with a view to its character, attendance, and probable interest in locations. Four sets of exhibits have been prepared, each of which will be shown at from six to nine different fairs, covering a wide stretch of country.

The exhibits will consist of fresh fruits, cotton, tobacco, potatoes, and truck crops, and colored pictures showing farm and orchard scenes will be displayed. Representatives of the land and industrial department of the Southern system will be with each exhibit, and attractive literature giving full information about the Southwest has been prepared especially for these fairs. Southern views will be given as souvenirs.

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Ben Arthur, Sr., of Rockdale, Tex., R. F. D. No. 6, wants to locate some members of Company B, 10th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. He wishes to apply for a pension.

Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., New Orleans, La., wants to complete his file of the VETERAN and needs the volume for 1894, also a copy of December, 1896, and September, 1897. It is hoped that some of our patrons can supply him.

Mrs. W. N. LeVan, 915 Tennessee Street, Paducah, Ky., is anxious to hear from some comrades of her husband, William Newton LeVan, who enlisted at McMinnville, and was discharged at Murfreesboro, she thinks. He served under a Colonel Bruster or Brooster (perhaps Brewster).

Any surviving comrades of Charlie Donohue, of Mineral Wells, Tex., who served in Company F, 28th Texas Dis-mounted Cavalry, under Colonel Randall, will confer a favor by writing him as to what they remember of his service. He wishes to make application for a pension and needs his comrades' testimony to make proof.

J. Y. Turnbull, of Company B, 12th Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Legion, Pegram's Brigade, would be pleased to hear from any other surviving members. Address him at Keller, Tex.

Comrade H. Rose, of Copperas Cove, Tex., Route No. 1, wants to hear from some member of his company who can testify to his record. He was a member of Company B, 15th Texas Volunteer Infantry, under Captain Herring and Colonel Speight.

J. H. Gold, of Washington, Ark., inquires for any surviving members of the 48th Tennessee Regiment, commanded by Colonels Nixon and Voorhees, of Columbia. He would like to hear from them. He asks especially about Lieut. Col. Henry Evans, Maj. J. T. Younger, T. K. True, and others.

For Sale—Genuine signatures of Presidents Buchanan and Grant appearing on old land patents; perfect condition; no value except for President's signature. Also a Confederate almanac in good order, date 1863. Will dispose of these relics very reasonably. Address Mrs. C. Harkness, 154 S. Michael Street, Mobile, Ala.

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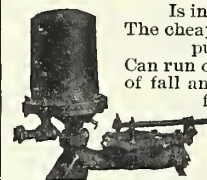
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Among the 390,000 people who have been restored
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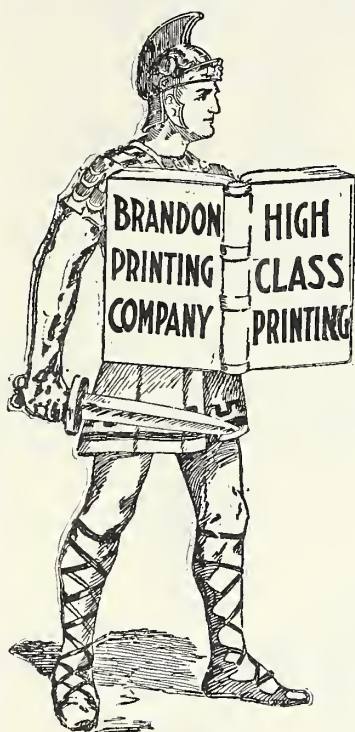
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Mrs. M. S. Logan, 99 N. Lawn Street, Atlanta, Ga., seeks to get proof of the service of her husband, John Samuel Logan, as a Confederate soldier. He was born at Lafayette, Ala., in 1847, but was working at Columbus, Ga., as a boy of sixteen, and ran away from there and joined the army. The only comrade of his known by his wife was Mr. Bob Mitchell, of Lafayette, Ala., now dead, but she supposes that he must have joined a company from his home place. It is hoped that some of his comrades will see this and respond to Mrs. Logan's request, as she needs a pension.

Miss Virginia A. Converse, Historian U. D. C. at Harrisonburg, Va., wants copies of two old songs which do not appear in any collection known to the VETERAN, and request is made of any patrons who can supply them to send to Miss Converse. One of the songs runs thus, "I lay five dollars down and count them one by one," and the other, "Virginia, when Lee and his soldiers had to part."

Mrs. F. H. McCrea, of Denmark, S. C., is trying to secure the war record of her grandfather, Dr. T. S. Laffitte, who was with the army in Virginia as surgeon. He was a native of Barnwell, S. C.

Southern Writers Wanted

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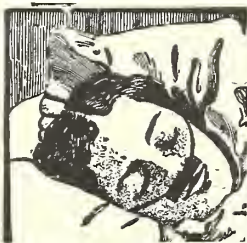
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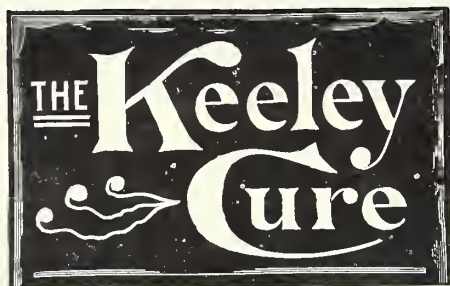
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